

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 4: An Ex-Husband For A Nanny - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 4: An Ex-Husband For A Nanny

Estelle and Penelope moved to a different private dining room and ordered a fresh spread of food.

Before long, an assistant knocked on the door and said respectfully, "Dr. Yara , hello. I am Mr. Sloan's assistant. Mr. Sloan sincerely wishes to hire you and hopes you can spare some time for a chat."

Estelle lightly pursed her red lips. "I'm still eating. Let him wait." After all, she used to prepare meals and wait from dusk till dawn without him ever returning. In the past, it was always her waiting for him; now, it was time for a change.

An hour later, the assistant returned.

Estelle was squinting in a light doze. "It's my lunch break right now."

Another hour passed before she finally agreed.

Nathaniel had waited at Dewdrop Garden for two hours. For a man like him, every minute was precious. Who would normally dare to make him wait? It was only because this concerned Christian that he had managed this rare display of patience.

He headed to the private room Yara had designated. As soon as he walked in, Nathaniel saw a woman sitting on the sofa with her head down, flipping through something. He wondered why her outfit and figure looked a bit familiar.

Frowning slightly, Nathaniel walked over. Just then, the woman on the sofa raised her head.

"What a coincidence," Estelle said, resting her chin on her hand. "It's only been two hours, and we meet again, Mr. Sloan."

A deathly silence instantly fell over the room.

Nathaniel's footsteps halted, his eyes narrowing sharply. "It's you?" No wonder this woman had left so decisively earlier; she was Yara.

"That's right. Surprised?" Estelle offered a half-smile. "I heard Mr. Sloan has a favor to ask of me?"

In a split second, Nathaniel adjusted his expression and cut straight to the chase. "It seems Dr. Lockwood already knows why I'm here."

Estelle clicked her tongue. It seemed she had still underestimated Nathaniel's thick skin.

"Indeed, I know Mr. Sloan has been trying to hire me as your son's private doctor," she said, cupping her face in her hands. "But you know, what we pediatricians fear most are unreasonable parents. Some parents are a bit too full of themselves—they think any

doctor getting close is just throwing themselves at them. Mr. Sloan surely understands my concerns?"

She would definitely treat the child, but she wasn't going to let this man off easy. Everyone present was shrewd enough to read between the lines; anyone could hear that Dr. Lockwood was mocking Nathaniel for being unreasonable. The assistants broke into a cold sweat on her behalf.

Nathaniel didn't so much as bat an eye at her sarcasm. "Rumor has it that Dr. Lockwood is as kind-hearted as she is beautiful. I wasn't aware that the world's definition of 'kind-hearted' had changed."

"Right back at you. I could never compare to you, Mr. Sloan. After all, self-righteous, arrogant people like you are quite rare these days. If you want me to work as a doctor for the Sloan family, you'll have to wait. Take a number."

Nathaniel's eyes darkened, and for some reason, his thoughts drifted back to Estelle. Estelle had never refused his requests. Even when he allowed Noelle to move into their marital home, she had agreed, albeit reluctantly.

"Dr. Lockwood, I'm sincerely inviting you. As long as you're willing to work for the Sloan family, you can name any condition!"

Estelle feigned interest. "Any condition?"

Nathaniel's gaze remained steady as he promised, "Yes."

"Oh..." She rested her chin in her hand, her eyes darting playfully. "Then how about this, Mr. Sloan: you serve me. Serve me until I'm happy, and I'll agree to be your son's private doctor."

Once again, the room plunged into a deathly silence. The assistants stared with their mouths agape, rooted to the spot in shock. Yara was way too bold! Did she not know who Mr. Sloan was? Asking Mr. Sloan to serve her? Impossible!

Estelle sat fearlessly on the sofa, her long, fair legs crossed as she met Nathaniel's gaze head-on. "Is Mr. Sloan refusing?"

Nathaniel's eyes dimmed slightly. Even though the face before him had repeatedly left him in a daze, making him suspect that Estelle had returned, this woman's every word and action were completely unlike hers. Every word she spoke was a reminder that Estelle was dead, and the person in front of him was an out-and-out imposter.

Nathaniel snapped his eyes shut. When he opened them again, his gaze had returned to its usual cold, composed state. "Fine. How does Dr. Lockwood wish to be served?"

"I'm currently lacking an all-around nanny. I just returned to the country and don't know much about the domestic nanny market, making finding a good one nearly impossible.

"While I treat your son, you will be my nanny. You'll handle my transportation and three meals a day. You'll do whatever I tell you to do. If I tell you to go east, you can't go west. No problem, right?"

Nathaniel lifted his eyelids, his eyes a deep, unfathomable black that betrayed no emotion. "A nanny?" Normally, everyone trembled with fear in his presence. Never

before had anyone demanded he become a nanny!

"What, not willing?" Estelle's tone rose lightly. "Why the conflicted expression, Mr. Sloan? If you aren't even willing to be a nanny, it seems you don't love Christian all that much..."

"Fine," Nathaniel interrupted. "But we need to establish a few ground rules."

The man issued his warning, enunciating every word. "I know why you got plastic surgery to look like this. You are not to come within three steps of me, and don't harbor any more inappropriate fantasies about me!"

Upon hearing this, Estelle dropped her smile and scrutinized him seriously for several moments. "Is your paranoia really that severe? Mr. Sloan, that brain hospital I recommended earlier really is quite good. Don't hide your illness for fear of treatment."

Her? Harboring inappropriate fantasies about Nathaniel? Her heart had died the moment she received those divorce papers five years ago.

Nathaniel felt a lump form in his throat. He remained uncharacteristically silent for a long moment before turning to instruct his assistant, "Bring Dr. Lockwood back home with us."

An hour later, at Imperial Crest.

The car slowly came to a halt at the entrance of the villa, and the driver opened the doors for Nathaniel and Estelle. "Dr. Lockwood, after you."

The layout of the courtyard was exactly the same as it had been five years ago. Rosalind Garden, which she had planted with her own hands, was blooming brilliantly, its flowers vivid and lush. The "tree of love" in the corner, which she had bought for a hefty price back then, had also been well cared for, its branches and leaves flourishing.

They were nothing but reminders of how foolish she once had been. Back then, she had harbored the naive desire to be a good wife and loving mother. She had loved Nathaniel to her very bones, willing to do anything for him, constantly fantasizing that he would turn around and finally realize her worth. Yet, in the end, all she got was a divorce agreement—one he wouldn't even hand her in person. Afraid she wouldn't sign it, he had even allowed Noelle to set the fire that burned her to death.

"Killing me on one hand, while preserving the traces of my existence on the other. Nathaniel, you truly are a hypocrite," she thought.

Estelle's face turned cold. "I want roast turkey for dinner tonight. Go to the kitchen and make it for me yourself."

Tip: You can use left, right, A and D keyboard keys to browse between chapters.