

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 5: It's Been Five Years - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 5: It's Been Five Years

Nathaniel Sloan paused in his tracks. "Cook?"

Although he knew how to cook, he had only ever made one meal in his entire life—for Estelle. And even then, she didn't get to eat it because of... that incident. Now, this woman was actually telling him to cook?!

Before Nathaniel could say another word, Estelle issued more instructions.

"I don't eat meat that's too undercooked or overcooked. I don't eat anything too greasy, too salty, or too bland. Mr. Sloan, make sure you control the heat and seasoning properly." Nathaniel's face darkened another shade.

Estelle raised an eyebrow. Was he getting mad over making just one meal? Oh, so now he realized cooking wasn't easy? Back when she had willingly slaved away in the kitchen for him, only for him to enjoy a lavish feast with Noelle at a five-star hotel, why didn't he consider how hard it was for her?

Estelle's eyelids fluttered as she drawled lazily, "I'm the boss now, and you're the nanny. You need to get used to this as soon as possible. But it's fine. If you really don't want to do it, I can leave right now."

Nathaniel's Adam's apple bobbed. "Yara Lockwood, don't push your luck."

"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."

"That's fine."

Two voices played from the voice recorder. Estelle raised a brow nonchalantly.

"Forgotten already? It seems Mr. Sloan's memory really isn't too good."

Nathaniel swallowed his anger. "Fine. Just you wait."

Estelle's lips curled up. "Sure, I'll be waiting."

She ignored Nathaniel and walked into the villa. Just as she was about to start picking out a room, a gentle female voice suddenly came from upstairs.

"Nathaniel, did you find Christian?"

Estelle paused and narrowed her eyes.

The woman's voice drew closer. "Who is this? Is she the one who helped find Christian? We really must thank her properly... Ah, you...!"

Whatever the gentle-voiced woman saw made her instantly terrified! Her previously tender smile shattered, and her expression twisted into a look of absolute horror, as if she had just seen a ghost.

Estelle calmly looked up. Meeting Noelle's terrified face, she slowly formed a smile.

She had wondered who it could be. It turned out to be Noelle—the fake heiress who had monopolized her biological parents, the "good sister" who had stolen her husband, and the chief sinner who had caused her death. It had been five years. What a pleasant reunion.

Noelle's eyes widened sharply, all words catching in her throat. She subconsciously took a half-step back and shrieked, "Y-you are..."

How could this be? How could this be? Estelle was long dead! She had watched her burn to ashes with her own eyes; she was as dead as could be! Then who on earth was the woman standing in front of her?

"Miss Lockwood, this is Dr. Yara Lockwood," the assistant hurriedly stepped forward to introduce her.

Estelle curled her lips into a half-smile. "This lady seems quite surprised to see my face."

Noelle suddenly snapped back to reality. Yara Lockwood? This was the world-renowned pediatrician?

Estelle spoke casually, "It's rather strange. Mr. Sloan was also very surprised when he saw my face earlier. Do I look like someone?"

Noelle shuddered violently and immediately regained her hypocritical smile. "N-no, I was just seeing things. So you're Dr. Lockwood. Nathaniel, why didn't you tell me you invited Dr. Lockwood over? I could have cooked a whole table of dishes to welcome her."

Noelle was truly a master manipulator. She quickly began her performance, adopting the posture of the lady of the house.

"Dr. Lockwood, thank you for taking the time to treat Christian. He has a bad temper and doesn't like to talk, so please bear with him.

"Sigh, we've looked for many doctors over the years. As his mother, I've worried myself sick over him, but it's been to no avail.

"Don't worry, Dr. Lockwood. Nathaniel and I aren't unreasonable people. If he really can't be cured, it won't be your fault."

A flash of disgust crossed Christian's dark eyes as he hid behind Estelle.

Listening to this familiar manipulative tone, Estelle raised an eyebrow in amusement. It seemed the relationship between this "mother and son" wasn't very good.

"Are you doubting my medical skills?"

Noelle instinctively feigned helplessness. "I..."

"I am a world-renowned doctor, after all. What is the meaning of Miss Lockwood claiming I can't cure him right from the start?"

Estelle headed upstairs as she spoke. "Mr. Sloan, you should change your wife while you're still young. With her talent for offending people, you're in for a treat for the rest of your life. Alright, I'm taking Christian to rest. Call me when dinner is ready."

Christian obediently followed her.

Once Estelle left, Nathaniel turned his head coldly. "Who said Christian can't be cured?"

His son only had a weak constitution; he didn't have a terminal illness. He could never bear to say a single bad word about Christian, yet Noelle had told the doctor that his son had a "bad temper, didn't like to talk, and made trouble," even asking the doctor to "bear with him"?

Noelle bit her lower lip, looking utterly helpless. "Nathaniel, that's not what I meant. I was just afraid Dr. Lockwood would be like the previous doctors and run away after being pranked by Christian..."

Damn it, she thought. She had gone to such great lengths to make that little bastard's health deteriorate, and she had schemed to drive away all the previous doctors. But now, this woman...

Nathaniel's voice was cold and indifferent. "Christian likes her very much. She will stay in the villa until he recovers. Although you are temporarily playing the role of his mother, you are not his biological mother. You must remember that if it weren't for your sister, I wouldn't let you stay here."

Regardless of what this woman's purpose was, as long as she could make Christian a little happier, it was enough.

Jealousy churned fiercely in Noelle's heart. "But, but... I didn't mean to speak ill of Dr. Lockwood. It's just that over the years, so many women have pretended to be my sister to get close to you. That face of hers... I'm just worried. Nathaniel, don't you think..."

Nathaniel paused in his tracks. Without looking back, he spoke flatly. "Don't do anything unnecessary."

Years ago, after Estelle gave birth and set fire to herself to commit suicide, it was Noelle who rushed into the flames and struggled to save the child. As a result, Noelle suffered a miscarriage and lost her own child. Coupled with the fact that she had once saved his life and later saved his mother's, Nathaniel tolerated her staying by his side. But that didn't mean she could act as the lady of the house and dictate his decisions.

Noelle was so angry she could vomit blood. She bit her lip in exasperation. Bitch! She looked so much like that bitch Estelle! One Estelle had died, and now another bitch was here to snatch Nathaniel away from her! No, she had to teach this woman a lesson...

Not long after, dinner time arrived.

Estelle yawned as she walked downstairs, immediately spotting the roast turkey in the center of the dining table. Then, she saw Nathaniel walking out of the kitchen with a dark expression on his face.

Estelle raised an eyebrow. "What's with the forced expression, Mr. Sloan? At a conservative estimate, Christian will need a year of treatment, which means you'll have to be my nanny for a year. You'd better get used to it soon."

Normally, if Nathaniel heard such mocking words, he would definitely tell her to shut up. But at this moment, he simply glanced at her a few times and took his seat. As long as she could cure Christian, he could endure anything.

The dining table at the Imperial Crest villa was rectangular. Nathaniel sat on one side, while Estelle and Christian sat on the other. However, just as she sat down, Noelle

walked over holding a bowl of soup and said hypocritically, "Children are hard to take care of. Dr. Lockwood, you are a guest. Let me, his mother, coax him into eating."

Holding the soup, Noelle forcefully squeezed between Estelle and Christian, reaching out to feed him. Suddenly, Estelle caught a whiff of something, and her expression changed drastically!

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