

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 6: Nathaniel Gets Skeptical - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 6: Nathaniel Gets Skeptical

"Christian, come here. This is the soup Mommy specially made for you. You—Ah!"

Estelle was about to speak when suddenly, Noelle's hand trembled. She deliberately brushed against Estelle, and at that very moment—

SPLASH! The bowl of soup overturned, spilling all over Noelle!

Noelle's eyes turned red. "Dr. Lockwood, what are you doing? I respect you as Christian's doctor and as a guest, so I deliberately didn't ask you to help. But how could you spill the soup I made for Christian?"

"It's fine if the soup spills on me, but it also splashed onto Christian. His skin is so delicate. What if he gets burned?"

Having said that, she put on a distressed expression. "Christian, how are you? Let Mommy see."

Nathaniel noticed the small blisters forming on Christian's hand from the burn. He immediately stood up and instructed the butler, "Go get the first-aid kit."

Christian immediately dodged Noelle's hand. "It has nothing to do with Dr. Lockwood. You knocked it over on purpose."

Noelle's heart skipped a beat. She couldn't believe she had actually been startled by this little bastard.

"Christian, you..." Noelle gritted her teeth, feigning helplessness. "Fine, whatever you say. I know you like Dr. Lockwood, so it's normal that you want to cover for her."

"After all, you're the only one who saw what just happened. If you speak up for her, no one will believe me no matter how I explain it... Forget it. Who asked me to be your mother? How could I possibly blame you?"

Christian pressed his lips tightly together.

Estelle narrowed her eyes.

It was clearly Noelle who had deliberately brought the bowl over to frame her, yet now she was acting as if she were the innocent victim. Just look at the expressions on the servants' faces; they were all sympathizing with her, thinking, "How pitiful. Miss Noelle is Young Mr. Christian's mother, and she's trying her best, yet the young master treats her like this."

It was always like this. She was always the perpetrator, yet she could forever play the victim, turning black into white.

With tears in her eyes, Noelle said, "Christian, it's all Mommy's fault. If you don't want

the soup, you don't have to drink it. I know Dr. Lockwood doesn't like me, but for the sake of your illness, Mommy can endure anything."

After saying this, she sniffled, putting on a magnanimous front.

"Dr. Lockwood, if there's anything about me that dissatisfies you, you can just point it out directly. There's no need to play these petty tricks at the dining table and delay Nathaniel and Christian's meal.

"Alright, alright, I won't hold it against you. Everyone, just let it go. I'm going to go get cleaned up; you all eat first."

Noelle looked so wronged, yet so understanding of the bigger picture. Who wouldn't feel sorry for her upon seeing this?

Nathaniel furrowed his brows. He was about to say something when Estelle suddenly interrupted him.

"Miss Lockwood, please wait a moment. I'm sorry, but this matter hasn't been cleared up yet. You can't leave."

Noelle's eyes were red. "Dr. Lockwood, don't go too far. I already said I wouldn't hold it against you. Wasn't spilling soup all over me enough? Now you won't even allow me to go clean up? What exactly do you want?!"

Estelle raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure I deliberately bumped into you?"

Noelle looked innocent and pitiful. "I said, I forgive you..."

"There is something I'm quite curious about." Estelle suddenly smiled. "Miss Lockwood, you've lived here for five years. Could it be you don't know there are security cameras here?"

She pointed at the ceiling, her tone meaningful. "I suppose Mr. Sloan knows the locations of the cameras, right? What, Mr. Sloan didn't remind his fiancée before she made a fool of herself?"

The surroundings instantly fell silent. Nathaniel's sharp gaze shot toward Estelle, his fingertips curling slightly.

He wondered, "How did she know there was a security camera there?"

An impossible thought slowly surfaced in his mind. Nathaniel ordered in a deep voice, "Pull up the security footage."

Noelle's face instantly turned deathly pale!

A trace of panic flashed in her eyes, and she subconsciously wanted to rush forward and stop the butler! But she was a step too late.

The footage was quickly brought up. It clearly showed that Noelle hadn't touched Estelle at all, nor had she touched Christian. She simply flipped the bowl out of nowhere, spilling all the soup onto herself. Then came the scene where, with reddened eyes and a grievance-filled expression, she accused Dr. Lockwood of targeting her.

The room was dead silent. Nathaniel's face darkened.

Noelle's mind went blank. She couldn't understand why there were security cameras

here. She had lived at Imperial Crest for so long and had no idea there were cameras in this spot!

"I... I might have just been too anxious earlier, so, so... I didn't realize I was the one who accidentally overturned the soup bowl..."

"Accidentally?" Estelle tilted her head. "In other words, you truly intended to feed this bowl of soup to Christian?"

Noelle forced a smile onto her face. "Of course..."

"Actually, even if Miss Lockwood hadn't deliberately framed me, I would have knocked this bowl of soup over myself."

Estelle took the first-aid kit the butler had brought over and applied ointment to Christian's hand. Then, she stared straight into Noelle's eyes, enunciating every word clearly.

"Christian's medical records clearly state that he is allergic to celery. Even a small dose of celery could cause him to go into anaphylactic shock and faint."

"Even a newly arrived doctor like me knows this. So how is it that you, who keep claiming to care for him, brought him a bowl of celery soup?"

"Forgive me for asking, but are you really his biological mother? Do you actually want him to be cured, or do you want him dead?"

Noelle shuddered violently and instinctively shrieked, "I! I didn't! I didn't know; I just wasn't paying attention..."

Suddenly, she clutched her chest and let out a pained cry, her face deathly pale.

"Nathaniel, my heart... My heart hurts so much..."

Estelle sneered coldly.

It was this trick again. Back then, whenever Noelle framed her, all it took was one phrase—"my heart hurts"—for her own biological parents to persuade her to be the bigger person and not hold it against Noelle. Her husband would also have to abandon her in the middle of the night to visit Noelle at the hospital.

Was she pulling her old tricks again?

Nathaniel frowned. Just as he was about to look over, he heard Christian's small, soft voice call out, "Daddy, my heart hurts a lot too."

Christian never complained. He had always been in poor health, but no matter how uncomfortable he felt, he never said a word. But now, he was saying that his heart hurt.

Nathaniel's heart immediately ached for the boy. Without a second thought, he quickly walked over to Christian, leaned down, and scooped him into his arms. "What's wrong, Christian? Why does your heart feel uncomfortable? How about Daddy carries you back to your room?"

Estelle was puzzled. 'His heart feels uncomfortable? I looked at his medical records before, and there was no history of heart disease.'

At that moment, she suddenly saw Christian, who was resting against Nathaniel's

embrace, quietly wink at her.

Where was the frail and weak appearance from just a moment ago?

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