

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 7: The Dead Wife - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 7: The Dead Wife

Estelle suddenly understood.

She hadn't realized it before, but even though this kid despised Noelle, he had certainly inherited her knack for playing the innocent victim!

Seeing that Nathaniel was about to leave, Noelle gritted her teeth in frustration.

"Nathaniel, I'm sorry. It was my oversight. I can—"

"From now on, Yara will be responsible for Christian's daily needs. You don't need to come over and take care of him anymore," Nathaniel said to the butler. "Chapman, escort her back to the Lockwood family."

Without sparing another glance at Noelle's reaction, he carried Christian straight upstairs.

"Nathaniel! Nathaniel!" Noelle tried to chase after him, but the soup dripping all over her left her looking like a complete mess.

She even heard the servants whispering among themselves.

"No wonder Mr. Sloan hasn't let Miss Noelle marry into the family after all these years. Who would want to marry someone so irresponsible toward her own child?"

"Kids don't lie. We used to actually think the boy just had a bad temper. But if you were fed things you were allergic to every single day, would you be in a good mood?"

"Dr. Lockwood is far more attentive than his actual mother..."

Noelle's eyes were bloodshot. She shot Estelle a vicious glare before Chapman escorted her out of the villa.

Estelle's red lips curled into a smirk.

Could she really not handle this much? The fun had only just begun. She would slowly take back everything she had lost five years ago, piece by piece.

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After Christian fell asleep, Estelle was just about to return to her room when a man's voice sounded from behind her. "Dr. Lockwood."

Estelle raised an eyebrow. "Is there something you need, Mr. Sloan?"

Nathaniel's gaze was piercing. His dark eyes seemed capable of seeing right through a person as he asked in a deep voice, "Noelle has lived at Imperial Crest for five years and never knew there was a security camera there. How did you know, Dr. Lockwood?"

Estelle paused, immediately guessing what Nathaniel was thinking. She gave a mocking smile. "I saw the surveillance layout in the security room, of course. What else did you think, Mr. Sloan?"

Nathaniel's eyes darkened, and his Adam's apple bobbed slightly. If she really was...

The next moment, Estelle suddenly leaned closer, her tone highly suggestive. "You don't suspect I'm your late wife, do you, Mr. Sloan?"

Nathaniel snapped out of his daze.

She wasn't Estelle. Estelle had been sincere and innocent, definitely not the kind of woman who excelled at playing mind games like Yara!

Yara had specifically checked the surveillance layout and gotten plastic surgery to look exactly like Estelle just so she could impersonate her!

At that thought, Nathaniel's expression turned cold.

Estelle couldn't be bothered to entertain this pretentious man. She slammed the door shut, washed up, and got into bed.

RING RING RING. Just then, her phone chimed. It was Penelope.

"How's it going? Did you move into your ex-husband's house?"

Lying in bed, Estelle replied, "Yeah, it went very smoothly. I even taught Noelle a lesson while I was at it."

"That's so satisfying! She was always bullying you back then. It's about time she got a taste of her own medicine!" Penelope said. "By the way, are you going to attend the Star Group banquet hosted by the Kendrick family tomorrow? I heard that two-faced fake saint Noelle has her eyes on your perfume, and your ex-husband plans to spend a fortune to get it for her."

Star Group had burst onto the scene three years ago, dominating the countryM market in one fell swoop. Even Nathaniel's Evernight International wanted to collaborate with them. However, very few people knew that Star Group's core perfumer and one of its hidden shareholders was actually Estelle.

The banquet in a few days was for the launch of a new perfume, and figures from all industries had been invited.

Estelle sounded unconcerned. "If Nathaniel wants to throw money around, I'll let him have his way... Penelope, I'm going to hang up now. Mia is calling me."

"Alright, alright. Go coax those two little terrors of yours."

Estelle quickly answered the video call from her two precious babies.

Both of the little ones were huddled in front of the camera, their serious expressions making Estelle laugh.

"What's wrong? Why are my babies so serious?"

Then, Mia asked sweetly, "Mommy, did you meet your future husband at the airport today?"

Zachery and Mia both stared at her expectantly.

Estelle's smile vanished.

That bogus fortune-telling! The first person she had turned around and seen at the

airport was Nathaniel!

Nathaniel was clearly her ex-husband. How could he be her future husband?

Estelle told a little white lie. "No."

"Really?" Mia sounded disappointed. "Alright then. Good night, Mommy. I'll leave you to Zachery, that little dummy."

Estelle spoke a few more words with her son, reminding them to eat and sleep well, before ending the video call.

However, the two little dumplings on the other end of the line didn't obediently go to sleep. Instead, they huddled together, whispering about something.

"Life is so hard," Mia sighed. "The divination said that although her romantic star is shining, a villain is meddling. Could it be that our scumbag dad is interfering with Mommy's love life? I heard from Penelope that some men are just like that. They're super petty. Even though they're divorced, they still insist their ex-wives stay entirely devoted to them."

Zachery rubbed his hands together. "That's easy. Once we go back to the country, we'll go investigate our scumbag dad's company first. I've got it all arranged! Mia, when the time comes, you'll just do this..."

Mia was a bit skeptical. "Really?"

Would this little dummy's plan really go without a hitch?

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Estelle had just hung up the phone and was getting ready for a good night's sleep.

Suddenly, she heard the butler knock on Nathaniel's door. "Mr. Sloan, your headaches are getting worse. You can't take too much of this medicine. When you go to Star Group..."

"I know."

Estelle remembered now; Nathaniel had always suffered from migraines. In the past, she had carefully managed his condition through his diet and aromatherapy. It was exactly because she had created custom incense for him back then, poring over numerous books and gaining a wealth of knowledge, that she had eventually become a perfumer.

Upon returning to the country this time, she had purposely switched to an incense that was useless for headaches, ensuring Nathaniel wouldn't benefit from her presence at all.

It served him right. He could suffer for all she cared!

Satisfied, Estelle pulled the covers up, turned off the light, and drifted into dreamland in a wonderful mood.

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The next day, at Evernight International.

Nathaniel's expression was cold, and his lips were pale.

Back when she was still around, simply smelling her scent had been enough to significantly alleviate his headaches.

Nathaniel could recognize Estelle just by her scent. That Dr. Yara, who was impersonating her, clearly hadn't accounted for that.

His assistant, Luke White, spoke up cautiously. "Mr. Sloan, the item you ordered has arrived. The courier is waiting for you in the reception room."

Nathaniel gave a brief hum of acknowledgment. Gathering his thoughts, he turned and headed toward the reception room.

The assistant following behind him let out a quiet sigh. His wife's death anniversary was approaching. Every year around this time, Mr. Sloan would prepare a gift for her.

Back then, everyone had said that Mr. Sloan only married her because of Old Mr. Sloan's wishes and a sense of duty.

However, those closest to him could tell that Mr. Sloan had simply been in love without realizing it.

Now that she was truly gone...

Luke shook his head. This year's gift was a blue diamond necklace that he had specifically commissioned someone to win at an auction in France and fly back on a private jet.

He heard that she had loved it when she was alive. It was just a pity she could no longer receive it.

"Mr. Sloan! I didn't expect you to come in person. It's an honor to meet you."

A middle-aged man holding a safe rushed forward with a fawning expression, eager to shake Nathaniel's hand.

Nathaniel sidestepped slightly, his tone placid. "Where's the necklace?"

"Right here, right here. I heard you were planning to give this necklace to your fiancée. As soon as I bought it, I hurried back to the country. Take a look—"

"Not my fiancée," Nathaniel interrupted. "It's for my wife."

The middle-aged man was speechless for a moment. "Yes, of course."

Goodness, the rumors were actually true! Mr. Sloan really treated Noelle well. This necklace was worth hundreds of millions!

At that moment, two little heads peeked out stealthily from outside the reception room.

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