

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 8: Their First Meeting With The Scumbag - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 8: Their First Meeting With The Scumbag

The two little ones snuck into the company. Zachery looked disgusted. "That scumbag dad actually cares so much about that bad woman. Ms. Pepe was right. He's complete trash!"

He remembered that their mommy had also taken a liking to this necklace, only to have someone buy it right out from under her. He never expected that the one who snatched it away was their scumbag dad—and that he was going to give it to Noelle!

Zachery scoffed coldly and lowered his voice. "Mia, do you still remember our plan?"

Two streams of tears instantly rolled down Mia's serious little face, making her look irresistibly soft and pitiful. "Our plan is to expose our scumbag dad's true colors, avenge Mommy, and vent her anger for her! Charge!"

The next moment, she dashed out like a little cannonball.

Meanwhile, in the reception room, Nathaniel accepted the necklace. He had just finished inspecting it and was about to leave when, suddenly, a voice rang out.

"WAAAH, Daddy! Mia finally found you!"

A little girl bundled up in fluffy clothes burst into the reception room and threw her arms around Nathaniel's thigh!

"Daddy, Mia missed you so much! Can you give Mia a hug? BOO-HOO-HOO..."

The girl's cries instantly pierced through the entire room. Dead silence fell over the crowd as everyone stared in shock. What was going on? Did Mr. Sloan have a daughter?!

Mia was equally shocked. She wondered why her scumbag dad was emitting a golden glow. She was born with senses far sharper than an ordinary person's. Her great-grandfather once said she was highly suited for the mystical arts because she could see the karmic light on everyone. An ordinary person with no outstanding merits or sins glowed white. Evildoers glowed red, and the truly wicked turned from red to black. Only those with immense merit could possibly glow gold. Her scumbag dad was clearly trash, so why was he radiating a blinding golden light?!

Mia racked her little brain and suddenly realized the answer. She concluded that she must not have mastered her skills! Genuine tears instantly streamed down her face. The thought of being so useless despite studying under her great-grandfather for so long made her burst into loud, heartbroken sobs.

Nathaniel's eyes darkened slightly after being rammed into so suddenly. However, in the next second, he caught a whiff of a familiar scent, and his severe headache was instantly relieved. The man paused slightly and frowned. He wondered what was going

on. This child actually carried Estelle Lockwood's scent. No, it had to be his imagination. Nathaniel lowered his eyes. "Let go."

'You scumbag, do you really think I want to hug you?' she thought, rolling her eyes internally.

On the surface, however, the little girl's eyes brimmed with tears as she spoke in a deeply wronged tone. "Daddy, why are you telling me to let go? Do you not want my brother and me anymore?"

"It's okay, Daddy. Mia and my brother are very well-behaved. Even if you don't want us, we won't blame you."

"Even though my brother and I have to work and do odd jobs every day just to get a tiny bit of food, we will definitely work hard not to spend a single penny of your money. That way, Daddy will have enough money to buy necklaces for his new wife."

The crowd's gazes toward Nathaniel became incredibly strange. Even the middle-aged man from earlier gaped at him in utter disbelief. "Mr. Sloan, you..."

They wondered how someone so wealthy could abuse his own flesh and blood. And they couldn't even assume she wasn't his—this little girl's face was practically a carbon copy of President Sloan's!

Nathaniel felt his temples throbbing. He lifted Mia up with one hand. A second later, he subconsciously shifted his grip to carry her properly in his arms. He walked straight out of the reception room and spoke in a deep voice.

"Little kid, didn't your parents ever tell you that you can't just scam anyone you please?"

Mia was about to continue playing dumb when Zachery suddenly darted out from the side.

"I'm sorry, Mister. Mia is still young. She didn't mean to scam you just now. She just mistook you for our dad. I'm her brother, and I apologize to you on her behalf."

Zachery's eyes looked very much like Estelle's. When stared at by those eyes, one would willingly fall into his trap, even if he was spinning lies.

It was Estelle again.

Nathaniel's lips pressed into a tight line as his heart constricted repeatedly. He couldn't bring himself to speak harshly to the two children. Seeing how sensible the boy appeared, he couldn't help but frown.

"Where are your parents?"

Zachery's eyes darted around. He puckered his lips and began wailing loudly without shedding a single tear.

"Our dad is dead! Even after getting married, he still went looking for mistresses! Because he was so unfaithful, God couldn't stand the sight of him and struck him dead with a lightning bolt! The weeds on his grave are taller than Mia now! BOO-HOO-HOO! Mister, you look exactly like our dad!"

Mia, who was still in Nathaniel's arms, stiffened. She wondered what the weeds on his

grave had to do with her.

Nathaniel felt that there was something completely wrong with the line, "You look exactly like our dad," but before he could stop him, Zachery launched into a new round of dry howling.

"Our mom works so hard to make money that she's fallen ill. Our family is really poor. Mia and I don't want Mom to worry, so we had to come out and make a living ourselves..."

As Zachery faked his cries, a flash of smugness crossed his eyes. 'You think you can outsmart a little genius like me? Hmph!' he thought proudly.

"My poor mom and Mia don't even know where their next meal is coming from. It's so tragic!"

The surrounding employees gradually turned to look. They couldn't figure out what was going on, only hearing the two children clinging to President Sloan, calling him "Daddy," and claiming their father was a scumbag.

An indescribable sense of weirdness pooled in Nathaniel's heart, but these two children were about the same age as Christian. How malicious could their intentions really be? They had probably just mistaken him for someone else out of sheer grief.

"Stop crying," Nathaniel said. "The dead cannot be brought back to life. Even if you cry, your dad won't come back."

Zachery immediately clamped his little hands over his mouth to keep himself from laughing out loud.

"You're right, Mister. The dead cannot be brought back to life."

For some inexplicable reason, Nathaniel didn't want to hear this child mock his own father any longer, so he said flatly, "I'll have someone take you home."

"We can't, Mister." Zachery pouted. "We haven't made any money today, and we can't let Mommy worry. Could you take us in for a while, Mister?"

Mia nodded as well. She thought of the saddest things she had experienced in her entire life and squeezed out two genuine tears. "Mia is very good. I promise I won't cause any trouble."

It felt as if something had struck Nathaniel's heart. They were so soft, so small, and so adorable.

Back then, Estelle had been pregnant with triplets, but in the end, only Christian survived. If those two children had grown up, would they be as well-behaved and affectionate as this pair of siblings?

He wiped the dust from Zachery's little face. Without knowing what possessed him, he spoke as if driven by some unseen force.

"Alright. If you don't mind, you can come live with me for a while."

Nathaniel instructed his driver to wait downstairs, then took the two children by the hand, preparing to head back to Imperial Crest.

Zachery threw up a victory sign in his mind. He was so excited that he didn't even notice the little notebook slipping from his person and dropping to the floor.

As the two little dumplings obediently walked in front, Nathaniel suddenly stepped on something. He lowered his eyes and saw a tiny notebook. It had likely been dropped by the boy just now.

Nathaniel bent down and picked it up. He had no intention of snooping through a child's diary, but a gust of wind blew past, flipping open the first page. A few large words immediately caught Nathaniel's eye.

"If you find this notebook, please contact the child's guardian, Yara Lockwood, at XXXX.

"The children are still young and prone to wandering off. If you return them safely, I will provide a reward of five hundred thousand dollars."

Nathaniel finished reading the message. 'Heh, so these are Yara Lockwood's children.'

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