

Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It #Chapter 9: Adorable Babies Defending Their Mommy - Read Mommy, Daddy Has Already Regretted It Chapter 9: Adorable Babies Defending Their Mommy

Nathaniel thought to himself, 'Their mom fell ill, and their family is dirt poor? If I hadn't picked up this notebook, I really would have been fooled by them.'

Zachery realized Nathaniel hadn't caught up. Turning around with a sweet, innocent smile, he asked, "What's wrong, Mister?"

Nathaniel put the notebook away. Looking straight ahead, he gave a faint smile. "Kiddo, those who have lied to me in the past all met a very miserable end."

Zachery didn't quite grasp the implication. "Huh? Oh."

He thought, "So what if I lied? Scum Daddy didn't even notice."

Mia, however, looked up at Nathaniel, her little hands twisting together anxiously.

She wondered, "Wait a minute... Why does it feel like Scum Daddy already knows what we're up to? Could it be that Zachery, the little dummy, botched his very first attempt at playing innocent?"

Nathaniel didn't believe two toddlers could stir up any real trouble, but he had always preferred to keep unpredictable factors right under his own watchful eye. He scooped them up, one in each arm. "Let's go home."

Zachery was beyond pleased. "You're so nice, Mister! You're just like a real dad! Can I call you Daddy?"

Nathaniel let out a soft scoff, his thoughts drifting to his own two children who had perished in a fire. "Suit yourself."

"That's great, Daddy! I love you, Daddy!" Zachery cheered half-heartedly. "Mia, what are you spacing out for? Say it!"

Mia was speechless.

Something wasn't right. Something was definitely off!

She pinched her fingers, trying to do a quick fortune-telling calculation to grasp their current situation, but suddenly, her little face turned pale.

She realized with a jolt, "Oh no, someone is bullying Mommy!"

Meanwhile, at the Sloan Family villa.

"Mrs. Lockwood, you can't go in there..."

"Mrs. Lockwood, Dr. Lockwood is resting..."

"What doctor? She's just a vixen! I absolutely refuse to leave my grandson in the hands of a home-wrecker!"

A sharp, mean-spirited woman's voice echoed through the hall. "Don't be afraid, Noelle! I'm going to get justice for you today, no matter what!"

Rose stormed into the villa, dragging a tearful and fragile-looking Noelle behind her. "Where is that little b*tch? Get out here right now!"

Estelle, awakened by the commotion, narrowed her eyes in displeasure as she looked at the woman in front of her.

Rose Lowell.

Her biological mother. The same mother who had tricked her own flesh and blood into returning just to harvest her bone marrow for a fake daughter, and who had eventually driven her real daughter to her death—all for that very same impostor.

She thought, "Perfect timing. I've been waiting for a chance to cross swords with her."

Rose stared at the woman standing before her, her eyes widening in disbelief as she gasped, "Estelle?!"

Hasn't this country bumpkin been dead for years? Back when they first brought Estelle home, Rose had found absolutely nothing pleasing about her.

Noelle was kind, generous, polite, and considerate; she felt much more like her true biological daughter. In contrast, Estelle was just a hillbilly who constantly caused her grief, turning the Lockwood Family into a laughingstock among high society for having such an unpresentable daughter.

Rose often wished Estelle had simply died back then instead of just going missing, saving her the humiliation of her return and the endless mockery from the other wealthy ladies.

She looked at the woman in front of her and thought, "Whether she's Estelle or not, bullying Noelle is simply unacceptable!"

Rose roared, "Didn't you hear me talking to you?!"

Estelle gave her a sidelong glance. "Who are you?"

Seeing that the woman didn't recognize her, Rose completely relaxed. She thought, "Right, right. Estelle is dead as a doornail. How could she possibly come back to life? There's nothing to be afraid of!"

"I am Nathaniel's mother-in-law! And I'm warning you, you little tramp, get out of my daughter's marital home right now! Moving into someone else's marital home at your age—have you no shame?!"

Estelle almost laughed out loud.

She wondered, "So Rose actually knows that moving into someone else's marital home is shameless?"

Back then, when Noelle was living in her brother-in-law's house, why hadn't Rose objected? She had even told Estelle, the legitimate wife, to be a little more "generous."

Estelle swept a nonchalant glance over her and turned to head upstairs. "Go say that to Nathaniel Sloan. Who knows how many women have lived in this house? If Noelle

doesn't find it dirty, I certainly do."

Rose gnashed her teeth. "Don't think you're safe just because Nathaniel is protecting you right now! Nathaniel is Noelle's fiancé—someone a woman like you could never reach! You'd better get out of here, or I'll make sure everyone knows what a shameless mistress you are!"

If it were the Estelle of the past, she might have been heartbroken by Rose's harsh words. But now...

She flashed a meaningful smile.

"He's unmarried, and so am I, so how exactly am I a mistress? Besides, even if I did successfully usurp the wife's place as a mistress, that's just something Noelle would have to endure. After all, a man who cheats once will cheat again. Isn't it perfectly normal for a man, who was stolen using a mistress's underhanded tactics to be stolen away again by the next mistress?"

Noelle's face turned ashen!

Rose froze, seemingly unable to process the meaning behind those words.

Two seconds later, a loud buzzing went off in her brain as the realization suddenly hit her. This b*tch was mocking Noelle for being a mistress, too!

She thought furiously, "How is Noelle a mistress? The real mistress was that cheap tramp, Estelle! Nathaniel was the man Noelle had her eyes on. Even if the marriage agreement originally belonged to Estelle, she should have handed it over!"

"You... You're courting death!"

Rose raised her hand and swung it hard toward Estelle's face.

"You little sl*t, trying to steal my daughter's husband... You shameless, cheap wretch! I'll ruin your face! AHH!"

Estelle smoothly caught her wrist and twisted it down viciously. The slap meant for Estelle ended up landing squarely on Rose's own face.

"Ms. Lowell, I wouldn't even bat an eye at trash like Nathaniel. But if you keep provoking me, I don't mind causing a little trouble for your daughter so that she never gets to become Mrs. Sloan in this lifetime!"

"Ah! How dare you hit me!" Rose shrieked.

"Sir, you're back!"

Just then, the butler's voice suddenly rang out.

The next moment, the villa doors swung open. Nathaniel strode in with swift, steady steps, his brows slightly furrowed.

"What's going on?"

Rose was about to speak, but Noelle quickly pulled her back.

Putting on a brave face, Noelle said hypocritically, "Nathaniel, it's nothing. Dr. Lockwood didn't mean to hit my mom. Please don't blame her."

Nathaniel narrowed his eyes and looked at Estelle.

Estelle leaned lazily against the wall and generously admitted, "Yeah, I hit her. Are you going to vent your anger on behalf of your mother-in-law, Mr. Sloan?"

Rose, a true veteran hypocrite, feigned magnanimity as she said, "Nathaniel, there's no need to seek justice for me. I just offered Dr. Lockwood a few words of advice, and she slapped me without a second thought..."

Nathaniel cut her off. "Dr. Lockwood is my guest. By insisting on 'offering her a few words of advice,' are you, Mrs. Lockwood, questioning my decisions?"

Estelle was slightly surprised. She had expected Nathaniel to side with the mother-daughter duo just like he used to. What did he mean by this?

Noelle's expression stiffened, and her hands abruptly curled into tight fists.

Rose was utterly dumbfounded. She was only pretending to be magnanimous! What was Nathaniel implying? Was she supposed to just take that slap for nothing?!

Noelle gritted her back teeth, though her voice remained soft and gentle. "Dr. Lockwood, I'm sorry. I apologize to you on my mother's behalf.

"Nathaniel, my mom came to see Christian," she added.

Rose finally remembered her main purpose. "Right, exactly! Nathaniel, we are Christian's actual family! I simply can't bear the thought of you leaving him in the care of an outsider.

"If Noelle hadn't accidentally let it slip, I wouldn't have known that this Dr. Lockwood took it upon herself to kick Noelle out. Our Noelle is too kind-hearted to fight back, but I can't just stand by and watch. I—"

Before she could finish, a soft, sweet little girl's voice chimed in from the doorway.

"Daddy, is this my grandmother who mixes up right and wrong, is completely clueless, blind as a bat, throws tantrums, and acts completely unreasonable?"

As her words fell, an eerie silence settled over the villa.

Rose's eyes widened, blood rushing to her head in absolute fury. "Who are you?!"

Mia tilted her head, flashing a delightfully adorable smile.

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