

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1483-1486

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1483

"I'm more than happy to bless you two. Not like I ever liked you anyway, and I'm not gonna haunt you creepy stalker," she snapped.

like some sort of

Leslie asked curiously, "Have you hooked up with Nigel?"

"None of your business."

"Guess I thought too highly of you. Bonnie told me you spent a few nights in his house, and I thought you didn't do anything with him. I thought wrong. You're also a gold digger." He leered and hung up.

Queenie's face turned red with anger, and she wanted to curse, but Leslie had already hung up. She was about to curse him through a text, but Nigel asked curiously, "Calling off a marriage?"

Queenie put her phone down and nodded. "Yeah. This Friday." It's still embarrassing. How should I make myself look better?

An idea popped into her mind, and she stared at Nigel. Stupidly, she asked, "Do you have time this Friday, Nigel?"

“Why do

you ask?” He cocked his eyebrow.

She answered sheepishly, “Can you come with me to the calling off of my engagement as my fake boyfriend? I wanna look better in front of them.”

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Nigel had no interest in that kind of appointment. He refused, “I don’t have time, and I’m not interested.”

“But you can get something from this. I can treat you to ten meals.” She tried to bribe him.

“You’ll do anything as long as I help you out?” He narrowed his eyes.

She blinked. “As long as it’s reasonable and within my abilities.” She added, “Not gonna sleep with you, though.”

“Fine, but you owe me. And you can’t say no when I wanna cash in.” One meal for a favor from her. This is a good deal.

Her eyes

lit up. She wasn’t looking forward to Friday, but now she was. Not gonna let those b*tches take all the spotlight during Friday’s dinner. I’ll show up with Nigel and tell everyone that I dumped him and not the other way around. If I wanna do that, I’ll have to get someone as rich and powerful as Nigel.

When Queenie was about to pay the bill, the waiter told her it had been paid for. She looked at Nigel. When did he do that? Great. Now I owe him one more meal.

She was still complaining about what Nigel did when they came out, but he drove her straight back to the company so she could drive her car back home.

Queenie walked toward her million-dollar Ferrari.

He didn't leave right away. Instead, he watched as she revved her car up and drove away from the car park. She rolled her window down and waved at him before heading onto the streets.

He followed her closely like a dark knight protecting his princess. His car was just a few yards away from her.

She knew he was right behind, and it made her heart race. For some reason, she felt safe. When they finally went down different roads, she felt a little down.

It was amusing that she was fired on the first day of work, but she was also happy that he would be helping her out on Friday. Feels like we're friends.

She came back home and bade her parents good night before heading to her room. When she passed by Bonnie's room, she overheard her talking. Bonnie didn't lock the door, apparently.

She heard Bonnie say, "I'm not going to get engaged to you. Yes, you're calling off the marriage with Queenie, but I'm not going to get engaged to you."

Looks like it's Leslie. So she's dumping him?

The first thing Queenie did when she woke up the next day was look at the time. Eight-fifty? She froze for a few moments. Oh no, I'm gonna be late! She quickly got out of bed but remembered that she was fired a few seconds later. Oh, no work today.

Queenie pulled her hair back and lay back down. She wanted to sleep, but sleep wouldn't come to her. In the end, she got out of bed and washed herself up, and then she changed into casual wear before going downstairs.

She was just about to go down when she heard Bonnie say, "Aw, please, Dad. Take me with you, I wanna learn how to manage a company. Please, teach me."

"Sure. Come with me, but you might get exhausted," Brandon said lovingly.

"Yay! I won't get exhausted. I'll learn as much as I can so I can take over in the future," she said confidently.

"You're all pumped up, Miss Bonnie," a servant praised.

"Well, I am my father's daughter," Bonnie answered sweetly.

Queenie saw the two of them off before she went into the dining room, and a servant served her breakfast. This servant practically raised her, and she said gently, "You should go to the company and learn some management skills from the master as well, Miss Queenie. But after breakfast."

Even the servant could see Bonnie was trying to show herself off in preparation for the inheritance. Aside from the masters of the house who seemed to be oblivious about everything, the servants could see what was going on. From the moment Bonnie came home, she had been trying to take everything for herself. It was obvious she wanted to own everything.

Queenie took a sip of the chicken soup and smiled. "Your chicken soup is getting better now, Mrs. Lowman."

Courtney smiled. "But you've been having the same soup for ages. You must be tired of it."

"No, I'm not. I won't ever get tired of your soup." Queenie beamed.

"Miss Bonnie said it's tasteless." Ever since Bonnie came back, Courtney's job got harder. She just kept complaining about everything, and Courtney just about had it.

"I think it's fine," Queenie assured her. It's Thursday today. The dinner's tomorrow, and

I'm looking forward to it.

Queenie was sorting her items out in the afternoon. When she opened her jewelry box and noticed that her earrings were gone, she felt anger welling up in her. Bonnie! She did this!

Bonnie came home at three, and she was holding a few shopping bags. Instead of learning how to manage a company, she was there to get some money out of Brandon so she could shop.

The dinner was around the corner, and she had to get a few dresses for the occasion. Even though she didn't want to get engaged to Leslie, she still had to look better than Queenie.

Queenie stopped her right away. "You took my earrings away, didn't you? Give them back to me."

Bonnie crossed her arms and sneered. "And what proof do you

"Nobody else would enter my room."

have?"

"The servants will. When they need to clean it." Bonnie dragged the servants into this on purpose.

The servants tensed up and defended themselves, "We would never take Miss Queenie's things, Miss Bonnie.""

"And I trust that they won't. I can't say the same about you, so hand. Them. Over," Queenie demanded.

Bonnie's gaze dripped with venom. "You've had everything you wanted since you were a kid. All I took were some earrings, and you're lecturing me about it? I needed to pair them up with my dresses, and I didn't want to go out of my way to buy new earrings. I'm your sister, so can't you just let me have this one?"

Queenie was tired of hearing the same rhetoric. She would relent in the past, but not now. Not when she knew about Bonnie's true colors. If she kept relenting and giving in, Bonnie would just keep pushing her over the edge