

My Baby's Daddy

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1561

Chapter 1561 Attempt to Reconcile

“Wait for a second. I’ve got something to tell you.” Nigel stopped Queenie from leaving.

She was startled and began to wonder, He said nothing along the way, so what does he want to say now?

“What?” she inquired while blinking.

“Come closer.”

Queenie lowered her upper body in a submissive stance toward him and Nigel did the same to close the distance between them.

When their faces were so close to one another that they could feel each other’s breath, she blinked her long lashes in bewilderment.

At that moment, he reached out and rested his palm on the back of her head before leaning in to seal a dominant yet tender kiss

on her lips. Her lips curled up as she allowed him to kiss her, and she returned the affection, albeit bashfully.

Then, in hushed tones, he said, "I like you."

Did he deliberately kiss me to convey this message? So, if we don't kiss, he won't say it?

"I know, and I like you as well," she confessed finally. It was a statement that she had the intention to tell him for some time.

"Don't forget to think about how much you will miss me tonight," Nigel reminded her.

"Okay, I will." Thrilled, Queenie stepped out of the car.

She stood at the door for a while before realizing that Nigel was waving at her from the car, signaling her to enter before he left.

However, she waited until he had driven off before entering. She went through the gate reluctantly but was relieved to see him

turning around to drive away. It was only then that she entered the house with a smile.

Meanwhile, someone on the third-floor balcony saw the whole scene unfold. The person had noticed their intimate behavior in the car as well as their passionate kiss and reluctance to part ways.

Bonnie feared that Queenie would marry Nigel as she viewed him as intimidating. Even though she had met numerous men before this, she had never encountered someone like him. He had a knack for reading her mind and took great pleasure in mocking her, which left her feeling trapped and threatened. So, she had to prevent Queenie from marrying him if she wanted to keep using Bonnie's identity indefinitely.

After taking a shower in the evening, Queenie changed into her pajamas and went downstairs to get water.

At that moment, Bonnie walked up and said, "Queenie, I'm sorry for any mistakes I've made in the past or offense I might have

caused you. I wanted to be loved and acknowledged in this family, which is why I am always picking on you. I had no intention of doing so. Will you forgive me?"

Standing there with the cup in her hand, Queenie was taken aback by her words. She had been mistreated by Bonnie on so

many occasions that she could not determine whether or not Bonnie was honest with her. It didn't matter how Bonnie

approached her because she always felt like Bonnie was setting up some elaborate conspiracy trap.

As Queenie brushed past her, she remarked, "If you have nothing to do, you should get to bed early!"

Then, she ascended the stairs, leaving Bonnie staring with an expression that shifted from regret to resentment.

Earlier, while in

her room, Bonnie had racked her brain for a way to make amends with her sister and avoid any future confrontations.

She tried

to engage Queenie in polite conversation, but Queenie's apathy led her to abandon the idea.

After a moment's reflection, she realized that she could use her identity as Bonnie Silverstein to do whatever she pleased.

Anyway, only Lisbeth knew the truth about her identity.

Early in the morning at Manson Residence, Brenda couldn't help but be shocked when she received a message from a friend

informing her that her son had beaten someone. How could her son have assaulted someone? She realized it had been several

days since their last conversation because she avoided calling him out of respect for his work. At this very moment, she did not

hesitate before grabbing her phone and tapping her son's number.

"Hi, Mom." A groggy voice sounded.

"Nigel, why did you beat someone up last night?" Brenda asked anxiously.

“Oh, nothing. I just didn’t like him. Why? Did he come to our house?” Nigel asked his mother.

“We’re not sure if he’ll come to our house, but you shouldn’t have beaten up someone last night. Stay away from him, even if you don’t like him. Why did you have to hit him?” Brenda lightly reprimanded him.