

N Destiny 1281

Chapter 1281

“Do I need to repeat myself, Queenie? Yes, I did get engaged to you, but the one I love is Bonnie. Can't you be the bigger person and allow Bonnie and I to be happy together?” Leslie's expression was cold. He was the one who was in the wrong, but he made it seem like he was the victim instead.

“I'm not deleting. I refuse!” Queenie's eyes were bloodshot. Her mother's hurtful words, her sister's act, and her fiancé's unreasonable demands made her heart turn to stone.

Maggie turned pale from anger. She turned to the bodyguards and instructed, “Take her back. Don't let her escape.” “Leslie, you can go ahead and talk to the hotel! We're family, so let's not get the police involved. It's too much of an embarrassment. Bonnie, come home with me.” Maggie reached out and took Bonnie's hand in a great display of motherly love.

The air was tense inside the elevator. The bodyguards locked Queenie's hands behind her like she was some kind of criminal. Queenie tried to struggle. “Let go.”

“I'm sorry, Miss Silverstein.” The bodyguards dared not go against Maggie's command. “Ignore her. You can even tie her up if you have to,” Maggie called out behind them.

The doors to the elevator opposite them opened at the same time, and a tall man stepped out. The two pairs of eyes locked gazes. “You...” “It's you!” Nigel narrowed his eyes in quiet fury. This woman had offended him twice in a row today.

Queenie turned scarlet. The memory of seeing him in the washroom earlier flashed across her mind and she smiled sheepishly. “What a coincidence!”

Bonnie was holding onto her mother's hand, and as soon as she looked up, she could not tear her eyes away. The man who just came out of the elevator opposite them was like a giant magnet that was making it impossible for her to not be attracted to him.

He's so handsome. She saw Queenie and the man staring at each other. They seemed to know each other, and that made her incredibly jealous.

In everyone else's eyes, Queenie and Nigel staring at each other for so long, along with Queenie blushing as she greeted him, made it seem like their relationship was not quite so innocent.

Maggie was still seething with rage and had not noticed this, but Bonnie was shocked. Was Queenie uninterested in Leslie because she was in love with this handsome man instead?

Bonnie flicked her long hair and smirked. She was hellbent on snatching away anything that belonged to Queenie. Including men. Nigel was the first to turn and leave, while Queenie bit her lip in embarrassment and stared after him.

"Good morning, Mr. Manson." The hotel manager came forward and greeted Nigel as the eight receptionists stood up and crossed their hands in front of their waist to send him off. The sight of this left Bonnie thunderstruck. What's going on? Is that man the president of Manson Group?

According to what she heard, there was only one heir that was set to inherit the entire Manson Group. Does that mean he's Nigel Manson, the Mansons' family heir?

Her eyes gleamed as her scheming mind began to fire up again. How did you get so lucky, Queenie? When did you manage to get acquainted with Nigel Manson? If I can steal Leslie away from you, I can steal your new boyfriend too.

The Silversteins' family business had been established for over a century. They had a hand in over ten different industries, including food and beverage, tea, wine, and traditional medicine. The company had shops all over the country and was one of the nation's rising corporations.

Chapter 1282

As a company that was more than 100 years old, and on top of Brandon Silverstein being a successful businessman who played a huge role in developing and managing the company, it managed to secure a lot of earnings throughout the years. The Silversteins were known to have one daughter, Queenie Silverstein.

This wasn't the case in the past-Queenie was from a happy family that once had twin daughters. However, a devastating tragedy befell them years ago, and they were separated from one of their twin daughters. The poor four-year-old child was never heard from again after that.

The Silversteins tried all sorts of methods to reconnect with their daughter, but nothing worked until a woman showed up at their front door a year ago. This girl looked exactly like Queenie-they shared the same facial features.

Queenie's mother, Maggie, brought the girl home and checked the back of her neck to find a red birthmark that was shaped like a thumbprint. Both Maggie and Brandon bawled their eyes out as they were certain this girl was the daughter they had been searching for since the girl had the same features and birthmark as their child.

Maggie's close friend, Lisbeth, suggested that she run a DNA test with the girl just to be sure of it. So, Maggie brought the girl to the DNA testing center and watched as the girl's blood was taken and tested in the lab. When they got the results, Maggie cried tears of joy once more-the results indicated a 99.9% similarity between Maggie and the girl's samples. It was confirmed that the girl was Maggie's daughter..

Ever since then, the Silversteins had a new addition to their family. Bonnie. Silverstein was the youngest and favorite daughter in the household.

Both Maggie and Brandon doted over the girl as they wanted to compensate for all the years that they had lost with her. As a result, the couple completely neglected their elder daughter, and this went on for more than a year.

Queenie had initially been overjoyed to reunite with her sister, but she later realized that Bonnie didn't feel the same at all. Instead, all Bonnie wanted to do was to snatch away everything that Queenie owned.

Bonnie got everything that she wanted- she received all the bags, clothes, lipsticks, and men that Queenie had. Queenie couldn't stand it at all, and this resulted in the whole scene where she caught Bonnie sleeping around with her man that morning.

However, Queenie's confrontation was a failure, and Maggie ended up dragging Queenie home as if she were some criminal.

When they got home, Brandon was already sitting in the living hall of the Silverstein Residence. He seemed furious. at Queenie's actions. "Hand your phone over and delete those videos," he growled.

"Why should I do that? I'm the victim here." Queenie looked up at the man. Her loose maroon curls made her face look small, and tears were threatening to roll down her cheeks even though she was stubbornly holding them back. "Bonnie's your sister. Do you want to ruin her reputation?" Brandon asked.

"Don't be mad at me, okay, Queenie? I'm willing to return Leslie to you." Bonnie, who was standing by the side, got down on her knees all of a sudden. She was facing Queenie instead of her parents, and her frail figure made her look like a delicate little flower. Anyone who saw her would feel sorry for her. However, everything that Bonnie said only seemed to trigger Queenie even more.

Chapter 1283

What's this talk about being willing to do it? Did she say she's returning Leslie to me? Why does it sound like I'm picking up the trash that she doesn't want? Why am I expected to hand everything over to Bonnie?

I'm the eldest daughter of the Silverstein Family-since when do I have to do such things? Queenie thought. "Do you want to give me a man you've slept with? I'd find it disgusting even if you don't." Queenie was so furious that she felt like she was about to puke. She didn't bother to be nice to her sister anymore.

Brandon was furious when he heard Queenie's words. "What nonsense are you talking about, Queenie?"

"Don't you understand the situation, Queenie? You and Leslie aren't fated to be with each other, so you should let go of him and show your support for his relationship with Bonnie. Wouldn't that make

everything easier for all of us?" Maggie uttered in a patient tone as she walked over to help Bonnie to her feet. "We're your family, Bonnie. You don't have to be all cautious around us. Queenie's your sister- you shouldn't have to beg her for her support."

"Mom, Dad, it's all my fault. You guys should stop blaming Queenie for this." Bonnie tried to take the blame. Her actions only made Maggie feel bad. "What are you talking about?" Maggie cried as she held her daughter's arm. "I'll protect you, Bonnie. I'll make sure Queenie doesn't ruin your reputation," Brandon declared.

Queenie shut her eyes in exasperation. Throughout the year, all she heard from her parents were words of sympathy toward her sister. She had told herself not to care so much about this, but she was still their daughter, and her heart wasn't made out of stone.

"Ahem...." Bonnie let out a sudden cough. "What is it? Are you ill? Do you feel unwell?" Maggie asked worriedly. "I'm thirsty, Mom," Bonnie said in a whiny tone. "Alright. I'll bring you a glass of water." Maggie hurried off to get water immediately. Queenie no longer wanted to stay home at this point. She was about to leave when Brandon stopped her in her tracks. "You need to delete those files in your phone before you leave.. Otherwise, you're not allowed to go anywhere."

"Don't go, Queenie. I was wrong. I'm the one who should leave." Bonnie walked over and reached out to hold Queenie's hand. Queenie didn't want the other girl to touch her at all, but Bonnie had already grabbed Queenie's wrist before Queenie could avoid her.

Queenie was about to pull her hand away when she felt a force pushing her hand toward Bonnie's chest. The moment her palm came in contact with Bonnie's chest, Bonnie let go of her wrist before falling backward, as if Queenie had shoved her onto the ground.

"Ah... Bonnie cried as the back of her head struck the coffee table. Queenie was stunned. She hadn't pushed her at all. Bonnie was putting up a show all on her own. "Bonnie!" Brandon immediately got to his feet to help Bonnie up. "It hurts! Why did you push me, Queenie..." Bonnie wailed as she held the back of her head.

When Queenie saw her parents' gaze falling upon her, she held her hands up with an innocent look on her face. "I didn't... I didn't push her. She fell on her own."

“Do you want your sister to die, Queenie? Do you think she'd survive if she hit the sharp corner of the coffee table? Since when did you turn into such an evil person?” Maggie’s eyes were burning with rage after she saw what had happened. To her, it felt like her daughter had transformed into a selfish, calculative, and malicious woman, and the thought of it made her heart ache.

Chapter 1284

“I didn’t push her. Why don’t you guys believe me? She was just putting on an act. Didn’t you guys see that?” Tears trickled down Queenie’s cheeks as she felt sorry for herself.

“I know you don’t like me, Queenie. You're angry at me because I stole Mom and Dad’s love away from you. But you can’t blame me for that...” Bonnie started wailing as well.

“Shut up, Bonnie. Do you think Mom and Dad don’t know what you’re doing? Do you think I don’t know the sort of person you are?” Queenie hissed. Cough... cough... Bonnie choked on her tears, and her face turned pale. “Queenie...”

“Stop it! Stop with your acting!” Queenie was losing her mind. The moment she finished shouting at her sister, Brandon stepped forward to slap Queenie across the face. “Get lost. I don’t have a daughter as evil as you. You don’t even care about your sister’s life! I'd rather care for a dog than a witch like you!”

Queenie was too stunned to do anything. Her father had never hit her as she was growing up, yet he was now staring at her with a hateful glare in his eyes. More tears threatened to roll down her cheeks. “Don’t hit Queenie, Dad... Bonnie scrambled to her feet as she held her father’s hand. “You should hit me too!”

Queenie felt like regurgitating her breakfast when she saw the pretentious look on Bonnie’s face. Brandon caught Queenie giving Bonnie a hateful glare, and he quickly stepped forward to protect his younger daughter. “I'll never forgive you if you cause any more harm. upon your sister, Queenie.”

His words felt like another stab in Queenie's chest. She hadn't done anything, yet her parents somehow saw her as an evil woman who was out to get Bonnie. "Fine. I'll leave. I'll leave now and disappear off to a place where you guys will never find me." Queenie ran clumsily toward the front door.

"Queenie..." Maggie was shocked. How did we end up chasing Queenie out of our household? "Ignore her. She's 24; she won't get lost, Brandon growled angrily. All he wanted to do was to teach his eldest daughter a lesson. He figured that she would come home after calming down.

All of Brandon and Maggie's focus was on their elder daughter who was running out of the house, so neither of them realized the sly smile that had formed on their younger daughter's face. | finally managed to chase that nuisance out of the house! The Silverstein Residence will be my haven from now onward!

"She didn't drive, and she didn't even take her bag with her. All she has is her phone! Is she going to be okay?" Maggie couldn't help but worry about Queenie. "Don't worry, Mom. I'll try to convince Queenie to come home," Bonnie said in a comforting tone. "| just wanted you two to get along. | never knew how stubborn Queenie could be," Maggie muttered.

"| want to get along with Queenie too, Mom. | don't know what | did wrong... She always seems to find fault in me. Maybe | should've never come home in the first place. She wouldn't be so mad if | didn't come back," Bonnie uttered with tears in her eyes.

"This isn't your fault at all. We're so lucky to have you back home," Maggie said while giving Bonnie a loving hug. The grief and agony Maggie felt from losing a daughter had finally been resolved after Bonnie came home.

Chapter 1285

Meanwhile, Queenie didn't hail a cab after she ran out of the house. Tears streamed down her face as she continued storming away from the residence. She had never felt so agonized and heartbroken in her whole life-she had decades' worth of memories of her loving parents, yet she couldn't seem to recall what it felt like to be loved after what she had experienced in the past year. Maybe I'm the one who isn't needed in this household!

Upon having this realization, tears gushed down her cheeks. However, a determined look quickly flashed across Queenie's face after a while. She rubbed her tears away with the back of her hand.

For everyone's sake, I'm not going to go home for now. | guess it's about time | live on my own. Where should | go? My two best friends have boyfriends, so it wouldn't be nice to disturb them at night. Forget it. I'll go to some random hotel just to stay the night.

Queenie had just figured her plan out when the skies started roaring with thunder. The lightning that followed it zapped through the clouds like a slithering snake, and the sight of it sent chills down Queenie's spine. Without any warning, rain began to pour from the skies, and the thunder continued to growl.

Queenie was so shocked that she covered her head and ran in search of shelter. She took a glance at the mall opposite her. There wasn't a pedestrian crossing on the road that lay between her and the mall, but she figured that she could just run over.

She looked left and right and made sure that it was safe to cross. However, she didn't catch a black sports car that was speeding along the road from a distance away. The driver was in a rush, and he was practically just ten yards away from Queenie when he noticed her.

Sparks of fire shot out of his car tires as the brakes screeched before stopping. The girl who was making her way across the road was so shocked that her legs gave way-by the time she knew what was going on, she found herself on the ground with water splashed all over her face.

A gust of warm air came from the black car in front of her-it felt like a fierce beast was breathing air against her face. Queenie's eyes rolled backward before she passed out.

At the same time, a lanky figure hurried out of the car before bending down to check on the girl who had passed out. She was soaking wet, so he quickly carried her into his car before bringing her to Presgrave Group's private hospital.

A number of doctors and nurses were already on standby in the corridor of the emergency department when the sports car arrived, and they quickly brought the girl into the emergency room after that.

Meanwhile, a thoughtful nurse brought the man a clean towel. “You should wipe your face, Young Master Nigel!”

The man who had bumped into Queenie was Nigel. He took the towel over and let out a sigh. How could | have expected someone to cross the road when it’s pouring outside?

| wouldn't be sending this girl to the emergency room if | had braked a second later, but the cemetery. The girl was covered in dirt and water earlier, so Nigel didn't pay any attention to who she was. However, he figured that she'd be fine since she had just fainted from shock.

Chapter 1286

Meanwhile, Queenie opened her eyes in the emergency room to find a white light hanging above her head. Am | dead? Am | in heaven already? That was the first thought in her mind. “You’re awake?”

All of a sudden, Queenie felt someone shaking her arm before the white light disappeared from above her. Then, a few people in masks showed up in front of her face. They were doctors dressed in their surgical outfits, and they were all giving her concerned stares.

Queenie was so shocked that she sat up before hugging herself with a joyful look on her face. “I’m alive! I’m not dead! Thank God I’m alive!” she cried. The doctors around her heaved a sigh of when they saw that all she had were a few scrapes and bruises.

After a while, Queenie was pushed out of the emergency room. She was still lying on the bed, and the doctors had ordered her to be pushed into one of the regular wards for further observation.

She wanted to find out who the car earlier belonged to, and she happened to catch sight of a doctor talking to a man the moment she was wheeled out. The man turned around and looked at her at the same time.

“Hold on,” she uttered as her gaze widened in shock. The nurse slowed the gurney down as Queenie sat up to look at the man. “It’s you,” Queenie uttered.

Nigel didn’t manage to get a good look at the girl earlier, and he only saw her face when she sat upright in bed. “What are you doing here again?” he grumbled as his handsome face darkened.

“Do you guys know each other, Young Master Nigel?” the doctor asked puzzledly.

“No.” Nigel frowned before taking a glance at his wristwatch. “I’ll head home now. She can stay the night for further observation, and you guys can send her off tomorrow,” he ordered. Then, he turned around to leave. His car was parked at the front entrance of the hospital. Queenie looked around for a moment before leaping out of bed. “You need to stay for a night, young lady!” a nurse cried from behind her.

“It’s fine. Thank you.” After finishing her words, Queenie sped toward the man who was just about to get into the driver’s seat of his car. She ran over and opened the back door to let herself in. “What are you doing? Get out,” Nigel ordered as he turned around to stare at her.

“You nearly hit me. You need to provide some compensation for what you’ve done! How about this-why don’t you provide me with some food and a place to stay? We won’t owe each other anything after that.” Queenie was trying to get benefits from Nigel. Nigel hadn’t expected the clingy girl to demand so much from him. “I’ll count to three, and I expect you out of my car by then,” he

ordered.

“No way. I know you’re the president of Manson Group and the young master of the Manson Family. It shouldn’t take much for you to feed and house me for a week!” Queenie had some knowledge about the wealthy figures in town.

The waiters had been extremely polite to Nigel when they last met, and the doctors seemed really respectful toward him earlier. It was pretty clear that he was the mysterious young master of the Manson Family.

“Do you want to spend the night in the police station right after you get out of the hospital?” Nigel shot her a threatening glare. Queenie chuckled. “Of course not.

Chapter 1287

However, if you’re not going to take responsibility for this matter, I’ll go to one of your family’s hotels tomorrow and throw a fit to tell the public that you hit me and refused to take accountability after that. Who do you think has more to lose here?” she asked.

Nigel narrowed his eyes as a dangerous look flashed across his eyes. He had never been threatened by a woman in that manner. Furthermore, this woman didn’t just threaten him; she also bumped into him, saw his private bits, and stole an access card at his hotel, which resulted in him receiving complaints from clients.

At that moment, Nigel realized how he might be too kind to let her go just like that. “Fine. I’ll take responsibility then,” he uttered with a slight smirk.

Right after finishing his words, his car sped off onto the road. “Ah!” The girl sitting in the back wasn’t prepared for this at all, and her forehead struck the back of the man’s seat as she didn’t have a seatbelt on.

Only then did the man slow the car down. “I’m sorry; I forgot to tell you to buckle up,” he uttered in a rather playful tone. “You did it on purpose,” Queenie wailed in an accusatory tone.

Along the way back, the man was focused on the speed of the car while Queenie was focused on the view outside. She completely forgot who was driving the car. All of a sudden, she realized that something was missing. The phone she had been holding earlier had somehow disappeared.

Queenie let out a sigh. I must have dropped my phone somewhere when I fainted earlier. Did this guy pick my phone up or not? She was tired, hungry, and dirty... In one night, she had turned from a rich family’s precious daughter into a homeless woman who didn’t have anything to eat.

Queenie gritted her teeth in frustration. Fine! I'll just let my phone stay missing. I'm not going to spend any of my parents' money while I'm away from home. I'm going to rely on myself, she thought.

Nigel wasn't used to having a woman in his car. He was thinking of ways to deal with this woman. If she had actually gotten injured after the accident, he would've definitely taken responsibility for her condition, but now that she was fine and alive, he didn't want to get involved with her at all. "I'll give you some money, and you can leave!" Nigel finally told the girl in his backseat.

However, the girl didn't respond at all. When Nigel's car came to a halt at the traffic light, he turned around to find the girl sprawled across his backseat. She was fast asleep. "Hey!" Nigel let out a cry of exasperation. However, the girl didn't wake up at all-she seemed to have been drained from the incident earlier.

She had just fainted from shock a while ago, after all. Nigel sighed as he wondered, Where should I bring her? Should I bring her to a hotel? No; if anyone from the hotel tells my parents that I brought a girl there, I'd never hear the end of it from them.

Chapter 1288

Nigel's parents were desperate for him to get married, especially after his cousin's had their second child. They were really eager for him to find someone.

Whenever he got close to a girl, his parents would assume that the girl was their future daughter-in-law, and his mother would keep asking him about his relationship with the girl. If Nigel wanted to avoid these hassles, he would only be left with one option.

He'd have to bring the girl home-his house was the safest place he could think of. So, Nigel drove his car back home and parked it in his garage. When he opened the back door, he smelled a muddy stench that came from the dirty water that the girl was soaked in earlier. "Hey! Get out of the car." Nigel pinched his nose as he urged the girl to wake up.

Queenie opened her eyes. She was still dazed and drowsy as she looked at her surroundings, and she only recalled her plan when she saw the man standing before her eyes. "Is this your house?"

She looked around before she helped herself out of the car. She was in the garage of what seemed like a grand-looking place. Nigel stuck his hands into his pockets as he walked toward the elevator.

"Did you see my phone?" Queenie asked, as she tagged along behind the man. Nigel frowned as he recalled how she hadn't been holding anything in her hand when he carried her into the car earlier.

"No," he replied flatly. Queenie felt rather helpless for a moment, but she figured that the skies were telling her to survive on her own. Fine! I'll accept my fate.

Queenie was shocked when the elevator headed all the way up to the third floor. "You'll be sleeping in the third guest room tonight," Nigel said as he stepped out of the elevator.

"Do you have women's clothing in your house?" Queenie couldn't bear the stench on her clothes, and she felt the urge to shower immediately. "No!" the man replied almost instantly.

She gave him a dumbfounded stare. | can't believe this handsome, young master of the Manson Family doesn't have a single set of female clothing at his place! | bet someone as handsome and rich as him would bring a lot of girls back home, right?

"You can have one of my sleeping robes for now. I'll get my assistant to bring you some clothes tomorrow." Nigel wasn't lying-no girls visited his place, and it was even rarer for his mother to drop by.

So, why would he have any women's clothing? It was late at night, and he didn't want his assistant to drop by at this hour as he was worried that his assistant might go around spreading rumors. He didn't want anyone to misunderstand the relationship between him and Queenie.

"Sure. Thanks!" Queenie was quick to agree to his suggestion. She headed down the corridor to the third guest room. The room was clean and tidy-it was even better than what she would find in a five-star hotel.

Queenie grew up in a sheltered and wealthy household, so she wasn't too surprised by what she saw. She headed. into the shower and started washing her hair.

After showering for nearly thirty minutes, Queenie came out in her bathrobe. She blew her hair dry, and strands of hair framed her sharp and small face.

Her lashes were naturally curled, and her lips were a light shade of pink. She had a pointed nose and smooth skin that made her look like she was using a camera filter. Her overall look gave off a rather natural and sweet aura.

Chapter 1289

Right then, Queenie's tummy began to rumble. She realized that she was starving as she hadn't had much to eat since breakfast. Young Master Nigel seems like a pretty decent person, so I'm sure he'd offer me some food, right?

She couldn't help but return to the washroom just to check herself out in the mirror. She was satisfied with what she saw-even though she didn't have any makeup on, she knew that she was still pretty good-looking.

Queenie knew how to put her strengths to good use, and she knew that it'd be hard for a man to reject a pretty girl. She walked out of her room to take a glance at her surroundings.

The private and large villa didn't seem like something every rich person could afford, but one who was both wealthy and powerful. It was clear that the Mansons were among the wealthiest families in Aversa.

She strolled around the large house while admiring the furniture and the view outside the window. The whole place looked extremely modern, and there was a boyish tone to all the decorations.

Young Master Nigel has pretty good taste, Queenie thought to herself. When she got into the hall, she took a look at her surroundings with a hopeful gaze in her eyes. She was hoping that a whole, scrumptious meal would have already been prepared for her right then.

“What are you looking for?” A man’s icy voice came from behind her. Queenie was shocked by his sudden appearance, and she turned around to find a man dressed in a set of gray pajamas. The man looked fresh after a shower, and his lean body and gray outfit made him look like a young wolf that was wild and energetic.

Queenie stared at him for a while before telling him honestly, “I’m looking for food. I didn’t get to have dinner earlier,” she said. “Don’t get me wrong! I’m not some thief. My name is Queenie Silverstein, and my dad is Brandon Silverstein. He’s pretty well-known in the business world. You’d find him online if you did your research,” she added after a while.

“I don’t have any food at home,” Nigel replied with one eyebrow raised.

“Don’t you have any biscuits? I wouldn’t mind having some snacks.” Queenie was begging him at this point-she knew that she wouldn’t be able to sleep if she was too hungry.

“No.” Nigel was amused by the look on her face. “Can you bring me out for food, then? Please...” Queenie gave him a puppy-eyed look as she clasped her palms together. He felt as if he was staring at a pitiful little dog at that moment, and he could feel himself softening at the sight of her.

Deep down, he was trying to remind himself not to be too nice to her. After what she did, she deserves to starve, he told himself. She bumped into my head, she saw my body, and she’s even the reason that my hotel received a complaint for the first time in the past six months. Why should I pity someone like her?

At that moment, the girl’s tummy let out a loud rumble that rang across the silent hall. Blood rushed to her face as her tummy protested against the man’s words.

She was genuinely hungry. “You can look around in the cupboards beside the fridge, Nigel finally said. The girl rushed to the fridge immediately, and she let out a gasp the moment she opened the cupboard. Is this a whole collection of snacks?

Chapter 1290

The whole cupboard is filled with food! These are all expensive snacks -they aren't the cheap brands you'd see in regular grocery stores. Is Young Master Nigel secretly a fan of snacks? That's cute. He acted all high and mighty earlier, but it seems like he's actually a collector of snacks. Hah!

Queenie felt as if she had just stumbled upon one of the man's secrets. The corner of her lips was curled upward as she happily picked out a few snacks for herself. Then, she hugged the packets of snacks against her chest as she walked over to the couch in the hall. "Here. This one's for you." She was kind enough to offer the man some snacks.

Nigel shot her a glare, and he narrowed his eyes when he saw the number of snacks in her arms. "Are you sure you can finish all of that?"

"Yeah. I have a huge appetite, Queenie replied. I never get to do this at home! Mom's always so strict about the snacks I have. Now, I'm going to have the time of my life, she thought. Up until this point, Nigel had only ever shared his global collection of snacks with one person-his nephew, Jared. He was surprised to see himself sharing this with a random woman.

"This chocolate... must be pricey!" Queenie held a box of chocolates up. She gulped as she glanced at the brand of the chocolates. She knew that these chocolates cost more than 10,000, and she knew that this wasn't a local brand. Nigel's collection of snacks was worth at least 100,000 in total, and the woman already had tens of thousands worth of snacks in her arms.

Queenie opened the wrapper of a piece of chocolate and popped it into her mouth. The chocolate melted in her mouth, and she could taste the thick cocoa flavor which made her exclaim with joy.

"This is so good. This is probably the best chocolate I've ever had in my life," Queenie uttered with a wide grin. She looked like a three-year-old child who had just received some candy. Her eyes were bright, and they twinkled like stars in the night sky.

For some reason, her happiness was contagious, and it was kind of therapeutic to see her smile. Nigel couldn't stop himself from smirking when he stared at the girl. | tried so hard to get those chocolates, and this girl is gobbling all of them down. Yet for some reason, | can't seem to get mad at her.

It feels like this chocolate is only worth its price because of how happy it makes her. "That's 30,000, Nigel announced just to mess with her. Queenie was munching on the second chocolate when she gave the man a puzzled look. Do | have to pay for these snacks?

The chocolate in her hand seemed to be calling for her to munch on it. "Fine. 30,000 it is. I'll return you the money when | have it," Queenie explained before popping another chocolate into her mouth. Soon enough, she finished all six pieces of the chocolate.