

N Destiny 1311

Chapter 1311

The waitress apologized, "Sorry, miss, but this spot is reserved. They're in the bathroom right now." Well, this is awkward. Queenie took the spot beside the window seat. She couldn't have a full view of the scenery, but at least the vista was still okay.

"I think we should get ourselves a room." Nigel suggested. He didn't like having his meals in the common area.

"But I like the common area. Queenie loved lively places, and she didn't want to stay in a room alone with him. Guess there's nothing I can do about that. Nigel then pulled back the chair opposite her and sat down.

She skimmed through the menu. Wow, the food costs a lot. She ordered a few of her favorites and handed the menu back to the waitress. On the other hand, Nigel had ordered a lot of food.

The food here was great, but the portions were minuscule. But since he has ordered a ton, I can now eat all I want. After that, the waiter poured two glasses of wine for them. Queenie held up the glass and took a sip as she enjoyed the sunset view.

The beauty mark under her eyes stood out like a little glowing obsidian. Nigel was sipping on his wine as well, but

instead of the sunset, he was enjoying the view of the lady before him. He couldn't believe the kiss just now almost made him lose control of himself. The feeling was so overwhelming that he even had a strong physical reaction.

That never happened before. Even when he had a crush on Anastasia, he felt more respect than affection for her, so he had never touched her before. However, when Queenie said he wasn't straight, he just felt the need to prove that he was indeed into women, and the kiss was the best way to go.

Queenie noticed someone coming out of the restroom, and she looked at them, but all it did was stoke her hatred. What a coincidence. It just has to be them that we run into out of all the people out there.

Bonnie was holding Leslie's hand, coming back to their spot with her head held high like a proud peacock. Just as she was about to flip her hair with her other hand, her movement froze when her eyes met Queenie's gaze. Her eyes went wide. It was surprising to see Queenie and Nigel here, and even more surprisingly, their seat was right next to hers.

Bonnie quickly pulled back her hand, which was held by Leslie, as if doing so could prevent a misunderstanding. Leslie saw them both as well, and his face fell. Did she bring him here to get her revenge on me?

"Queenie, fancy seeing you here. Bonnie approached Queenie with a big smile. She then greeted Nigel as well, "Hello, Mr. Manson. We meet again."

Nigel frowned at the couple. He disliked getting disturbed. "We should go back to our table now." Leslie tried to take Bonnie back to their table.

She purposely evaded Leslie's touch stiffly but then willingly returned to her seat after a brief contemplation. After all, it was facing Nigel. She could still impress him right over her spot. "Dad and Mom are worried about you, Queenie. Come home. Please don't make them worry, alright?" She put on a concerned act Queenie sipped some wine and looked at her. "I'll come home tonight."

Nigel clenched his glass and narrowed his eyes. She's going home?

Leslie looked upset as well. Never thought she'd be capable enough to date someone like Nigel. He's uber-rich. He also noticed how Bonnie was staring at Nigel from time to time.

Chapter 1312

"The common area is a bit rowdy. Why don't we get a room?" Leslie decided to stay away from Nigel and Queenie since he felt uneasy around them.

"I think being here is fine." Bonnie refused to change spots. She loved to keep Nigel in her sights. However, right then, Nigel waved at the waiter, who quickly came over. "What can I do for you, sir?"

"Get us a room," Nigel said. "Room number eight is vacant. I'll take you there." The waiter got him a room right away. Being the VIP here had its perks. Queenie thought the room was a good idea, so she picked her handbag up and followed Nigel.

Bonnie's smile went stiff. She bit her lip and saw them off, feeling green with envy. She's staring at him again. Leslie coughed slightly to catch her attention. "Let them be, Bonnie. Let's have dinner."

Right on cue, a waitress came over to serve them food, but Bonnie had no appetite. Just the thought of Nigel and Queenie flirting with each other in the room soured her mood. She thought stealing Leslie from Queenie would break her heart, but instead, Queenie got herself an even better boyfriend..

"Here, say 'ahh.'" Leslie tried his best to cheer Bonnie up. "This doesn't taste good!" she snapped and turned her face away. On the other hand, Queenie felt instant relief as soon as she moved to the room.

Finally some peace and quiet, she thought. She was just about to get some water when Nigel asked coolly. "So, you're not going to stay at my home anymore?"

She blinked and nodded. "My mom told me to go home. | don't want them to worry, so I'll be heading home tonight." "Great. It's not like | want you in my home anyway, he commented cockily.

Queenie smiled. 'Good for you, then. Nobody is going to steal your snacks anymore. Though, it's cute that a guy has so many snacks at home.

"Will you still be coming to work, then?" He squinted. She has returned to her family now. Guess she doesn't need the salary already. Is she gonna quit?

"Of course! You made me your assistant.. remember? There's no way I'm letting such a great opportunity slip by. The thought of quitting never crossed her mind. Work gave her life meaning. making her days not as dull as they used to be.

"Don't be late, then, Nigel said. 'I won't, don't worry.'" She bit her lip and counted something with her fingers. "Your snacks cost about 41 hundred dollars, the clothes you gave cost about 14 hundred, and all the food you treated me to cost about the same. So, | owe you 69 hundred dollars. I'll give you the money tomorrow."

Queenie never liked taking advantage of people. She had spent his money for a while now, so she must pay him back, or it wouldn't sit right with her.

Nigel froze up for a moment. Does she have to go that far? Is she serious about paying me back? 'It's alright,' he answered generously. "You don't have to do that."

"No. I do have to do that, Queenie replied stubbornly. "No, you don't." "Yes, I do." "No, you don't." "Yes, I do. And I will!" "Well, I'm not taking it, then." Queenie laughed and stared at Nigel..

Fine, I won't do it, then

He stretched his legs out. "I have never asked any woman to pay me back."

She smiled and looked outside the window. The street lamps started to light up like fireflies flying through the city, and she was engrossed in the view.

Chapter 1313

As she stared at the street lamps, Nigel was also staring at her profile. She was more beautiful than he thought.

Queenie noticed the look he was giving her. Most women would have looked away in embarrassment, but she wasn't like any other woman. She turned her head and stared back at him boldly. She then rested her chin on her hand, not even once averting her gaze from his.

No hints of fear showed in her eyes as she continued to stare at him. She blinked and pursed her lips, but never once had she shifted her gaze away from him as if the first one doing so would be the loser. or something.

In the end, Nigel blushed a little and coughed before looking away. "You think I'm pretty, don't you?" Queenie asked confidently.

He looked at her again. She was confident and straightforward. Perhaps, it was because she grew up in a family lacking nothing, so she was not an overly ambitious or scheming woman. Nigel then commented, "Just average."

Queenie was slightly disappointed by that comment, but she wouldn't beat herself up over it. She joked, "At least I'm not ugly."

Nigel froze for a few moments. She cheers herself up like that? He wanted to tell her. she wasn't ugly. If she debuted in the entertainment industry, she would look better than most celebrities.

But then food was served, and Queenie's eyes shone. "I'm starving."

She was about to take some food, but someone opened the door, and in came a tearful Bonnie. "You have to help me, Queenie. Queenie stared at her estranged sister in confusion. What's going on?"

Leslie came in after Bonnie and quickly explained, "You took it the wrong way. Bonnie. | never flirted with anyone else.. That was just a joke." He tried to hold Bonnie.

Bonnie reacted fiercely. "Don't touch me!" Leslie looked shocked, and Queenie was surprised Bonnie found out Leslie was hitting someone else up.

"Listen to me, please. You're the only one | love. | promise | won't say anything stupid anymore,' he quickly promised. There was panic in his eyes.

Bonnie snapped coldly, "I don't care about your promise. Don't touch me." "Bonnie..." Leslie couldn't do anything: about the situation. Bonnie was usually a seductive woman, but her temper was atrocious.

Bonnie suddenly hid behind Queenie. "Tell him off for me, Queenie. | don't want to see him anymore. | wanna break up with him. Tell him to leave me alone."

"Don't drag me into this. Dad and Mom can handle this," Queenie told her. Bonnie started tearing up again. "I'm sorry, Queenie. Can you forgive me?"

Leslie was starting to fumble a little. This is going to be hard to handle. "Don't interrupt them while they're having dinner. I'll take you home." Leslie tried to take her away.

But Queenie jumped like a shocked little bunny. “I’m not going with you. Don’t touch me. Go away!”

Wow, if I didn’t know better, I would’ve thought Leslie abuses her every day. Queenie frowned, and Leslie had no choice but to leave things in Queenie’s hands..

“Take her home, Queenie. She’s a little unstable now, so try to keep her calm.” And then he left.

Queenie turned around and sneered. ‘I thought you loved him. Did you fall out of love?’

Chapter 1314

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Chapter 1315

Bonnie stared at her face and answered without any shame, 'Oh, but | refuse The look in Queenie's eyes could kill. "Then, you'll pay for that."

Bonnie froze for a few moments, but she thought things were getting interesting. If | get my hands on Nigel, she's gonna cry, isn't she? I'm looking forward to that.

The first thing Queenie saw when she came into the house was her father sitting on the couch. He wasn't even watching the news like he usually did. Instead, he was sipping some tea, looking like he was waiting for her. She felt a little guilty for having left now that she saw how much her father cared about her.

"I'm back, Dad, Queenie said. Brandon sighed. She's fine. | shouldn't have been so harsh to her. | even raised a hand against her. She's my beloved daughter whom

| never want to hurt. "I see. | heard you found a job. You can quit if you want." Brandon loved her. Queenie never had a job before, nor did she even have any job training. He didn't want her to just stand there and take the workplace's beatings.

"| want this job. Working is fun," she answered seriously. "Even when you're just an usherette? Can you even stand for hours on end?" She's so frail. | don't want her to do this job.

"| was an usherette, but I'll have an office from tomorrow onward. I'm the president's assistant now." Her eyes glinted with anticipation. Should be interesting working as Nigel's assistant.

"Who are you working for?" Brandon frowned. | thought she quit her job, but now she's someone's assistant? Probably some small-time company. | shouldn't have yelled at her. She must feel really hurt if she went so far to support herself. "I'm Manson Group's president's assistant. You know who he is, right?"

Brandon looked shocked. "You're working for Nigel Manson?"

Bonnie came just in time to hear that, and envy filled her eyes. She became Nigel's assistant in two days? How did she do that? Bonnie sneered. But we have the same face. He'll fall for me sooner or later. He'll see that I'm more feminine than she'll ever be. Any man would pick me over her.

I am better in bed than she is, and I know how to please men. It's a good thing she's involved with him now because it'll be easier for me to make him mine. "I'm back, Dad." Bonnie came in holding her handbag and stared at Brandon like a kid who did something wrong. "It's my fault you did all that to Queenie." She brought up the slap..

Queenie was about to let it slide while Brandon didn't want to bring it up, but he did feel a pang of guilt. Now that Bonnie brought it up, they had to talk about it again.

"You should have shut up if you know it's your fault." Queenie shot her a nasty glare. "If you're still mad at me, then I'm sorry." Bonnie always acted like she was the victim whenever Brandon was around.

"It's in the past now. Go back to your room, Queenie, Brandon said. "Where's Mom?"

"Shopping with Lisbeth. She should be back soon, Brandon answered.

At this moment, they heard the humming of a car engine in the yard and subsequently, two women chatting happily. A short while later, in came Maggie, and the servant behind her was holding a few big bags. Apparently, the ladies shopped a lot.

Chapter 1316

Bonnie quickly went and held Maggie's arm. "Mom!" When Maggie came into the house, Queenie said, "Mom."

Maggie was delighted. Her daughters were both gorgeous. Getting pregnant with them was hard work, but it was worth it. And ever since Bonnie came back, her days were filled with laughter. Even some of her ailments like migraines, depression, and insomnia, were gone. She used to cry just from looking at Bonnie's stuff and had to take medications for it, but now she was okay.

She bought two different handbags for her daughter and asked them to choose what they wanted. Bonnie looked at Queenie, waiting for her to make a choice. Queenie picked one and said, "I want this one, Mom."

"Oh, that one looks nice. It's my lucky color today. I love it," Bonnie said on purpose. Ugh, she just has to take whatever I have. Queenie raised the bag. "Fine, you can have it."

She picked up the other bag and was about to leave, but Bonnie handed the first bag back to her. "I just said I liked it, didn't say I wanted it. I wouldn't take anything from you."

Disgusting fake b*tch. She snapped, "What do you want, then? Pick one and stop pestering me."

Bonnie bit her lip and teared up. She looked to her parents for help, and Maggie came over. "What would you like, Bonnie?" she asked gently..

"I'm fine with anything you bought me." Bonnie pursed her lips. "Fine. You can have both of them. Happy now?" Queenie picked her bag up and went upstairs.

Bonnie pouted. "Was it something I said? I made her angry again. I didn't mean to."

"Queenie is a feisty girl. It's not your fault. I like this one, don't you?" Here, you I Maggie gave Bonnie the bag she wanted. Brandon sighed. "Stop making her mad, Bonnie. You're her sister. Get along."

"Got it. Dad." She blinked nicely. "I'll take this to Queenie." She picked the other bag up and went upstairs. Queenie had just entered her room and was about to sit down, but someone knocked on the door. "Who is it?"

"It's me." "I don't want to see you," answered Queenie.

Bonnie opened the door anyway. She closed it behind her and came over to hand Queenie a bag. "Here's yours." Queenie was really happy her mother bought her a gift, but her mood soured all because of Bonnie. "You like them both, don't you? Take them and leave me alone." Queenie turned away.

Bonnie smirked and remarked sarcastically, "I love everything you have. I do want to take them, but that depends on my whims."

She was not just talking about the bags. She was talking about everything in the house, including the men Queenie liked.

"I try to be a nice sister, but you're making this hard. I don't understand how you can be so evil." Queenie was flabbergasted. We're sisters by blood. Even if we grew up differently, we should share the same kindness.

But ever since Bonnie came back, she had been nothing but fake and vicious. Queenie tried to hold it in, but Bonnie kept toeing the line. She could even make herself look like a victim over one little handbag.

Chapter 1317

Yet, she was now being intentionally obnoxious. She takes my stuff on a whim? That's not something a girl should say to her sister.

"I grew up in the dregs of the world, sister. You have no idea how it is to live like maggots. Dad and Mom gave you everything you wanted. Piano classes, dance classes, vacations all over the world. Every single thing you use, I could only dream of. No matter how much I tried, my adoptive parents wouldn't give me what I wanted." Her eyes were dripping with venom.

Queenie should have felt pity for Bonnie and shower her with some sisterly love, but she couldn't. "Fine, just tell Dad and Mom whatever you want, but stop being fake. Be kind. She opened the door and told Bonnie to leave. 'I need to sleep.'"

Bonnie pursed her lips and smirked. "But I have no idea how to be kind. Do you wanna give me lessons on that?" Queenie's patience ran out, and she pointed at the door. "Piss off."

The moment Bonnie left the room, she turned around and shouted, "Queenie, I came all the way to give you the bag, and this is how you treat me? What did I ever do to you?"

Maggie was on the porch, and she asked, "What's wrong, Bonnie?"

“Queenie told me to piss off,” Bonnie said sadly. “Queenie, you just got home. Can't you be nice to your sister?” Maggie admonished softly.

Queenie stared at the smug Bonnie. / can't believe Mom would take her side without even asking. ‘Fine, Mom,’ Queenie answered. Not like she could say anything else..

After she closed the door, she teared up. How did our family end up like this? | don't want to let Dad and Mom down, but this is hard.

Shortly after. came to discuss something with Queenie. ‘Your father talked to the Paynes. We will cancel your marriage with Leslie this Saturday. But first we're gonna have dinner and tell our friends. And then your engagement will be canceled.’

“You can also hold Leslie and Bonnie's engagement party at the same time. They have my blessing.”
“Really? You're blessing them?” Maggie was really glad her daughter could be so generous. It delighted her.

“Yeah. Since he loves her so much, | think | should let them be together. And nobody else is better suited for a guy like Leslie than Bonnie. Get them hitched,” she said seriously.

“That's what your father and | think as well. He loves her, and we're good friends with the Paynes. It's our wish that Leslie and Bonnie can get married. Maggie was happy. Right after Maggie was gone, Queenie smirked. I'm going to match them up no matter what. One's a b*tch, while the other's a

f*ckboy. If Bonnie has Leslie on her plate, she won't have time to harass Nigel. She had a good night's sleep.

Morning came, and she changed into professional attire for work. Queenie even put on some makeup and managed to make herself look like a princess.

She had a more natural look compared to Bonnie. It felt like her face was a perfect opal. It was glimmering and comfortable to look at, while Bonnie's looks had a hint of aggression to them.

She took her car key and went to the underground garage. The place used to only have a white Ferrari, but now it also had a red one which belonged to Bonnie.

Chapter 1318

Queenie drove her own car and zipped past the traffic. She was feeling different that day. In just two days, her life changed, and it was all because she ran into Nigel.

When she stepped into the hotel lobby, all the receptionists almost gawked. They couldn't believe this gorgeous and elegant lady was the Queenie they knew..

She had brand-name goods all over her, and the Chanel bag on her arms was the latest model of the season. Even her heels, were the latest model of some big-name brand, but they didn't look showy on Queenie. She was just so gorgeous, they couldn't even feel jealous about what she was wearing.

"Morning, Yelena, Queenie said. "We almost couldn't recognize you, Queenie."

Just then, Queenie's phone rang, and her heart started thumping when she saw who called. "Hello?" "Where are you?" Nigel demanded. "I'm in the lobby. Coming right over."

"Thirty-eighth floor." "Right away." Queenie said bye to the receptionists and went into the elevator.

"| Googled her. Guess what | found?" a receptionist asked. "What?"

"She's Brandon Silverstein's daughter. Her father's a billionaire." Oh, no wonder she's Nigel's relative. So she's from a rich family as well.

Queenie went all the way up to the thirty- eighth floor. The whole story was made up of offices, and Nigel's office was in the innermost part of the story. It was spacious and modern.

Nigel was wearing a black shirt and black pants. Unlike his usual self, he looked like a dark knight, and he was staring at her. She looks like a proper lady today. It suits her status.

“Happy to be of service, Nigel. She approached him with a smile and bowed. He observed her and was more than happy with her attire, and then he led her to her office. “I'll take you to your workplace.”

Queenie followed him out and entered an office with a big french window inside. There was a spot for her, and the desk next to her belonged to the other assistant.

“This is Cecily. Try to get along, Nigel introduced. Queenie quickly smiled at her. ‘Hello.’”

“This is Queenie, my new assistant. Get along with her, Nigel told Cecily.

There was a warm smile in Cecily’s eyes. “Of course, sir.” Cecily had been working as Nigel's personal assistant for two years. She was a caring woman, and at twenty- eight years of age, she was capable and mature enough to handle things.

Nigel looked at the time. “Time for al meeting. You ladies get to know each other”

The moment he left, Cecily’s smile turned into a slight scowl, and she turned. to look at Queenie. ‘Queenie, is it? You'll be handling the files. I'll deal with Mr. Manson’s personal life.’”

“Sure. Queenie blinked. Oh, she prepared the clothes for me back in Nigel’s house. | should thank her

Cecily adjusted her glasses and said. solemnly, “There is one rule you must remember: don’t get any ideas about the boss. We're not allowed to date him. That's the rule.”

Queenie blinked again. “I understand.”

Cecily gave her another look. “Next time, just come in regular attire. You look too much like a princess in this one. How are you supposed to work if you stand out so much?”

Chapter 1319

Queenie nodded. ‘T'll keep that in mind.’”

"If the boss' girlfriend sees you in this attire, she might fire you just because she doesn't like it," Cecily added. That made Queenie curious. "Mr.. Manson has a girlfriend?"

"Why do you want to know? Do you think you have a chance?" For some reason, Cecily didn't like Queenie from the first moment she saw her. Maybe it was because of her looks, or maybe because she was wearing brand-name goods all over. Cecily just didn't like her.

Queenie quickly waved her hands. "No, of course not."

"Only uber-rich ladies are worthy of the boss' love. We're just the little guys, so give up. His girlfriend was still sleeping in when I sent a set of female clothes to his house, or I would have seen what she looked like if she was awake."

Queenie's eyes went wide. "Wait. Whent did you go to his house again?"

"Yesterday morning' Cecily rested her chin on her hand. Three days ago, Nigel told her to send a set of clothes over to his house. She thought there must be a lady in Nigel's house for him to make that request, so she picked some clothes and lingerie from the hotel store and sent them over to his place.

Queenie held her forehead. Oh god, that was me. Cecily thinks I'm Nigel's girlfriend. "You probably took it the wrong way. She probably isn't Mr. Manson's girlfriend." / need to explain myself.

"She spent two nights at the boss' place. Of course she's his girlfriend. I've worked as his assistant for two years, and that was the first time a girl was staying over," Cecily answered adamantly.

Queenie was amused, but she knew arguing was useless, so she smiled. "Anything for me to do?" she asked. Cecily placed a stack of files on her table. "Turn the PC on and log into the hotel. system. I'll teach you how to handle these."

"Sure." She was happy she had something to do. Cecily had a lot more time on her hands now with Queenie around. She suddenly felt like having coffee. "You free? Get some coffee for us."

“Sure.” Queenie was enthusiastic about her first job, and she wasn’t averse to doing more work, so she agreed swiftly, “You need to finish these today. It’s almost the cutoff for the monthly payroll. We can’t delay any longer.”

Queenie was a little surprised. I've been working for twenty minutes and | only got through two pages. There's a stack here. Can | even finish these on time? | think | might have to do overtime. Queenie went and bought some coffee. And she paid it out of her own pocket.

Nigel had lunch with the top brass after the meeting and went for golf in the afternoon. Work hours were already over when he came back to the hotel. Queenie working alone.

Queenie was typing really slowly from the lack of experience in computer work. What was more, she wasn't too good with numbers, so she had to double or triple check. Work was going at a snail's pace for her.

Nigel emerged from the elevator. He was just here to get some files, but when he went by the office, he noticed the lights were still on, and there were sounds of someone typing on the keyboard. Nigel took a look and saw someone sitting in front of the computer and typing as slow as a sloth. Queenie? “Why are you still here?” he asked.

Queenie almost had a heart attack.. Everyone on this floor should have left.. She was the only one working overtime, and him suddenly calling out to her almost scared the living daylights out of her.

Chapter 1320

But she heaved a sigh of relief when she saw who it was. Her eyes felt dry, so she rubbed them. She then picked the files up and waved them in the air. “Doing overtime.”

He approached her and took a seat beside her. “Do you really work so slow?”

“This is my first job. | have no experience at all.” Queenie typed a few strings of numbers and huddled closer to the screen so she could confirm it was the right number.

Nigel stared at her in awe. Any boss would feel annoyed seeing her work so slowly. She spent a whole day just transferring these files' info into the system?

Queenie turned around. "So why did you come back?" "Pack your stuff and clock out. Leave these for Cecily. You're coming with me for all the appointments | have to handle." And then he asked, "Did you have dinner already?"

"No, Oh, | owe you a few dinners, so this one's on me." She smiled and stood up. but then her calves cramped up from her sitting too long.

"God, my legs are cramped." She held the edges of the table and sat back down. massaging her calves.

Man, she's a princess. She's not suited for work. She'd be better off as a wife... Holy sh*t. Did I just consider marrying her? Nigel froze up for a moment.

'Help me up, Mr. Manson,' Queenie pleaded. He extended his hand, and she held it like a crutch as she stood up. Queenie took a few steps, but her legs were still numb.

'Don't come to work tomorrow,' Nigel blurted. Queenie stared at him. "Why?" "You're not a good assistant. You're fired," he said coldly.

Is he looking down on me? She bit her lip. "Fine, | quit. | don't think I'm fast enough for the job. | don't wanna waste your money," she agreed right away.

Queenie waited for him at the office's doorstep, and he came out holding a document. The moment he saw her, a smile curled his lips. She was beautiful. curvy, and sweet to the eyes. The light that shone on her almost made her look like an angel, and there was not an ounce of darkness in her eyes. Purity was all that existed.

Beauties were a dime a dozen in this society, but Queenie felt different from those ladies. Nigel narrowed his eyes calmly, but there was a hint of admiration in them. When he went by Queenie, he said coolly, 'Let's go.' She followed him to the car park, and he asked, "Did you drive to work?"

"Yeah." "Get in my car," he demanded. Queenie didn't object and went into the passenger seat, thereafter Nigel drove them to a restaurant he picked. Queenie was starving. She had cafeteria food that afternoon, but it wasn't filling. Work exhausted her as well, so she wolfed down the food they ordered.

Nigel smiled. Every woman would put on the act of elegance when they were in his presence, but only she would show him her real self. She doesn't want me to take her food, huh?

At this moment, her phone rang. She picked it up and snapped. 'What the hell do you want?'

'Bonnie and I love each other. Don't give me any trouble this Friday.' Leslie warned coldly. Queenie put her cutlery down and sneered, "Listen here, Leslie. Bonnie is my sister. You slept with her, so you'd better not dump her."

Leslie asked hoarsely, 'You're giving your blessing? To us?'