

N Destiny 1381

Chapter 1381 Stop Being Absurd

“Queenie, do you understand the number in this report?” Bonnie asked in a hushed tone. Queenie shifted her gaze to her. “Don’t you understand?” “O-Of course, | can.” Immediately, Bonnie pretended to be confident.

Instead of trying to blow Bonnie’s cover, Queenie started paying attention in the summary meeting and taking note of which sectors were profitable and which were not as well as methods to strike a good balance between income and expenses.

On the other hand, Bonnie was remarkably uninterested, and she couldn’t make heads or tails of what was being discussed by the managers or the material on the presentation decks.

The meeting lasted more than two hours, and when it concluded, Bonnie was about to leave when Brandon called the two sisters into his office. When Bonnie saw him sitting on the couch and looking as authoritative as the head of a major corporation, her heart raced.

She was taken aback by how distant and unapproachable her father appeared, especially considering how friendly he seemed around the house.

“Queenie, Bonnie, I’m interested in hearing your thoughts and opinions regarding this meeting.” Bonnie wisely suggested, “Queenie, let’s start with you!” After giving the topic some thought, Queenie offered her thoughts on personnel transfers and financial gains.

Bonnie sat next to Queenie and listened with a blank expression on her face. When she noticed Brandon looking in her direction, she muttered, “I-| agree with Queenie.”

He was no fool and agreed with his eldest daughter’s perspective. However, when he saw how distressed and pretentious his younger daughter appeared, he felt sorry for her. It was their fault that she was never given a chance to learn how to run a business as her sister had done.

“Alright. You can head home now!” Brandon stood up from his seat, but he suddenly felt lightheaded, so he plopped back down again.

“Dad! Dad... What’s wrong?” Queenie hurriedly rushed to his aid and Bonnie followed suit, coming as quickly as possible to offer her support.

He supported himself on the couch and continued, “I’m feeling lightheaded due to hypertension. This is why I asked you to attend today’s meeting. There will come a time when I have to turn over the reins of the business to you both.”

“Dad, let's get a checkup at the hospital!” Queenie suggested.

“Yeah! You can’t afford to get sick, Dad.” Bonnie was adamant because she didn’t want Queenie to take over the company so quickly.

“I’m fine. I just have to rest for a while.”

“Dad, it has been a while since you and Mom took a vacation. Let me tag along to the office with you this week, and after you've taught me the ropes of running the business, I'll take care of everything while you and Mom take a vacation,” Queenie suggested.

After hearing that, Bonnie quickly agreed. “Yes, Dad. Leave the management of the company up to us. You should take a break.”

Brandon responded with a smile. “It would be disastrous if I let two people have the final say over the company’s direction. How about this? I should probably get some rest anyway, so I'll let Queenie take over my responsibilities for the time being. Bonnie, why don’t you stay behind and accompany your mother and me on vacation?”

Although Bonnie was dissatisfied, she held back from voicing her displeasure. So, she nodded and complied. “Okay. I know I’m not as good as Queenie.”

These words broke his heart, and he reached out to comfort her by patting her head. “In my eyes, you are both equally talented children.”

Suddenly, Queenie felt a tremendous pressure bearing down on her. She used to believe that her parents were still young and that she would be able to enjoy a carefree and joyful life under their protection, but she now realized that her parents had aged significantly.

Willful defiance was no longer an option for her, and it was time for her to take responsibility so that her father could get some much-needed rest.

Brandon insisted that they return home afterward.

When they exited the building, Bonnie and Queenie walked in tandem. As they approached Queenie's car, Bonnie mocked her from behind, "Queenie Silverstein! You should be proud of yourself. Do you have a sense of superiority now?"

The moment Queenie reached for the car door, she paused to turn around and shot an icy stare at Bonnie. "Please stop making such ridiculous statements. Dad isn't feeling well, and as his daughters, we should bear some of his burdens."

Chapter 1382 Cecily, Long Time No See

"Then, why are you the one taking over the company instead of me? Have you secretly won over Dad's affection and proven your worth to him without my knowledge?" Bonnie sneered.

"Personally, I don't even bother with that sort of thing. It's completely up to Dad, and all we can do is respect his decision, seeing that taking over the company doesn't really change anything. Don't take it personally because I don't feel confident in assuming company leadership either."

It was hard to fathom how Queenie could have failed to notice Bonnie's jealousy.

"There is a possibility that I am superior to you in another respect." Bonnie cocked an eyebrow, wondering how she could speedily assume this responsibility. How likely she could take control of the business was something to think about down the road.

Queenie had no doubts about Bonnie's abilities; instead, she had witnessed Bonnie struggle to understand the report earlier in the meeting.

"Bonnie, if you are concerned about our parents, please refrain from being self-willed in this circumstance. We are a family, and no matter who runs the company, we will not mistreat you." Queenie calmly explained.

Nonetheless, the tension in Bonnie's eyes did not soften and she snorted softly. "I know what you're up to. You're just bullying me because you plan to take over the company soon for financial gain, and you think I'm naive and uneducated."

"Our family's wealth is sufficient for me to live a prosperous life. Why would I need that much money?" Queenie frowned.

When she heard what Bonnie said, she was completely taken aback because she had never met someone with this particular mindset before.

"Hmph! I will learn to manage the business and refuse to give up or admit defeat without a fight." After making that statement, Bonnie walked over to her red Ferrari, opened the door, and drove off arrogantly.

Queenie turned around and sighed as her father's health was the only thing on her mind at the time, for which she sincerely wished for a speedy recovery. Then, she glanced at her watch and realized it was lunchtime, which prompted her to call Nigel.

"Missed me?" His gentle voice lingered languidly.

"I'd like to have lunch with you. Are you available now?" Queenie's heart swelled with affection. "Of course. Do you want me to pick you up?"

"Nah. I'll drive over. Are you at the headquarters? I'm leaving right now."

Then, she ended the call.

Nigel called an internal line from his office and instructed, "Prepare a bouquet for me."

"Red roses?" Cecily Wentworth, his assistant, enquired.

"Yes."

"Alright. I'll order them right away."

It was the afternoon rush hour and Nigel had arrived at the lobby entrance to greet Queenie. Cecily had already made her way upstairs with a bouquet in her arms when she noticed he wasn't in the office, so she hurriedly called his phone.

"Mr. Manson, I have the bouquet. Where are you?"

"I'm at the lobby entrance. Please deliver the bouquet!" Nigel instructed.

"Okay. I will send it to you immediately." Cecily had no choice but to dash to the elevator with a bouquet. She thought, The recipient of this bouquet must be the female guest in his home on that day, and she must be his girlfriend! I have no idea what his girlfriend looks like, but hopefully, I'll get to meet her in the future.

Nigel spotted a familiar Ferrari approaching the entrance from a distance. As he awaited her arrival, he couldn't help but smile broadly.

At that moment, Cecily had arrived at the hall. She dashed over with a bouquet and handed it to him. "Mr. Manson, your bouquet of flowers."

He accepted the bouquet while the red Ferrari pulled to a stop elegantly in front of him. She intentionally stood there, eager to get a glimpse of his girlfriend.

When the door to the driver's seat was opened, a woman exited the vehicle as her hair fluttered and hid part of her face in the breeze. Cecily's eyes widened in shock as the woman brushed her hair gracefully out of the way to reveal her face.

Cecily stared at the woman in complete bewilderment. How could it possibly be Queenie Silverstein? The flowers had already been given to Queenie by the man standing next to her. "You're finally here. Here you are."

Queenie accepted the flowers with a grin and looked up to see Cecily standing next to her; consequently, she smiled and greeted, "Cecily, long time no see."

Chapter 1383 Don't Be Shy Around Me

"Y-You're Mr. Manson's girlfriend?" Cecily inquired boldly. "Yes. That's me. I was present when you last delivered the clothes to his home. Thank you so much for your thoughtfulness." Queenie expressed her gratitude.

Cecily couldn't help but shudder. When she thought about how she had teased Queenie in the past, Cecily became so anxious that she nearly passed out. "Don't mention it, Miss Silverstein. I have to get back to work."

After making that statement, she quickly turned on her heels and headed to the hallway.

During their lunch at the hotel's restaurant, Queenie informed Nigel about her father's health, after which he agreed to let her manage the company while her father took a break. "Although I have no experience, I will try my best."

"Any time you have a question, feel free to ask me. Don't be shy and ask me right away." Nigel was worried that the pressure would be too much for her to bear. "I'll definitely do that!" She smiled.

Her anxiety hadn't entirely subsided on the ride over, but she felt a lot more secure knowing that she had his support. It seemed as if he would always be there for her, regardless of her challenges.

“Why would you be shy around me? | certainly won't be around you.” He arched his brow. “W-What do you mean?!” Queenie lowered her head bashfully.

Nigel gazed menacingly at her. “As you know well, | will soon turn twenty-eight, and a man my age has the stamina of a beast. Consider that a friendly reminder.”

As soon as she heard that, her ears flushed. “So, don't be shy around me, okay?” He smirked and stopped making fun of her. Summoning her courage, Queenie bravely replied, “Got it. I'm not going to be shy around you.”

The sight of her being provoked amused him. To Nigel, it was endearing when she could trust him and cause him any trouble without feeling bad about it. It was the only way for him to gain any significance in her life.

After the meal, Queenie decided to purchase some work attire at a nearby store. Since she was expected to maintain a professional appearance, she could not wear dresses to work every day.

“Let's go! I'll come with you.” “Don't you have a meeting in the afternoon?” she queried while tossing her bag in his direction. “Why? Could the meeting be more important than spending time with you?”

After hearing his words, Queenie almost melted into a puddle because Nigel was even sweeter than the dessert she had just eaten. She submissively hugged his waist and replied, “Okay, then! Kindly assist me in making a clothing selection that reflects your taste, Mr. Manson.”

When she touched his muscular and firm waist, she felt compelled to pinch it as if to verify that it was buff. In addition, Nigel also appreciated the intimacy that she shared with him. As soon as they stepped outside the restaurant, they were greeted by a group of hotel staff in uniform.

Queenie's daring gestures suddenly halted, and she quickly withdrew her hand. At that moment, Nigel placed his arm around her shoulder to pull her close as they walked past a group of staff.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Manson.” In unison, the group of people greeted him while concurrently having a curious gaze on the woman in his arms. They speculated that she had to be his future wife!

“Good afternoon,” Nigel responded while directing her to the elevator.

While they were in the elevator, Queenie’s hand rested on his waist once more. She complimented him as she raised her head, “Mr. Manson, you've been working out frequently.”

“Of course. I can’t disappoint my future wife, can I?” He stared intently at her.

Those were the words that he was speaking for her to hear. She nodded without the slightest sign of being shy. “Well, I’m quite pleased.”

Nigel snorted as she drew into his embrace.

Queenie’s delicate face was pressed against his chest, and her lips had almost kissed him through his clothes. His eyes briefly darkened before he leaned down to kiss her passionately on her red lips.

Chapter 1384 Too Sexy

At that moment, the door of the elevator opened to reveal a group of hotel employees waiting outside after their lunch break. They had witnessed how intimate their abstinent boss was with a woman in public.

Queenie was so embarrassed that she hurriedly covered her face and allowed the man to lead her out. She felt that people wouldn't recognize her if she covered her face.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Mason,” the group of staff greeted.

“Carry on with your work!” Nigel showed no sign of embarrassment as opposed to Queenie. He waved his hand coolly in return to his employees while leading her to the door.

Soon, whispers of discussion sounded behind them.

She raised her head and warned, “Mr. Mason, don’t kiss me in front of the public anymore, alright? Even if you want to, do it when there’s no one around!”

Narrowing his eyes, he questioned, “Does that mean I can kiss you as much as I want when there is no one around?” Queenie was dumbfounded.

“Fine! That is one way to understand it. Anyway, I no longer want to be seen kissing you in public.”

She still cared about her reputation.

“Okay.” Nigel went along with her request.

Queenie thereafter allowed him to drive her car as they drove to a nearby shopping mall.

Going to the mall was probably the happiest activity for couples. They could buy whatever they wanted while being accompanied by someone.

As soon as Queenie entered the mall, her footsteps became lighter. It was natural for women to enjoy shopping.

When they walked into a women’s clothing store, she looked around for work attire and found a suit she liked. Hence, she went to the fitting room to try them on. When she came out, her demeanor instantly changed from the daughter of a wealthy family to a smart and professional businesswoman.

Her body assets that were hidden beneath her usual attires were accentuated at this very moment. The midi skirt wrapped around her graceful figure and exposed her slim and flawless legs. She definitely had enviable body proportions.

Nigel, who was looking from the side, secretly gulped. He didn't even know he had a kink for his girlfriend in uniform! "Do | look good in these?"

"No. You don't," he denied. If she wore that to the office, wouldn't it be a feast to the eyes of his male employees? Nope, he wasn't going to allow that.

"| like it, though! Besides, this outfit fits me just fine. What are you not satisfied with?" Queenie had other thoughts. Moreover, she liked the material of the clothes.

"Too sexy. It's not suitable for work. Change into another one," Nigel commented without beating around the bush. Hearing what he said, she could only change her outfit. However, he gradually noticed that she looked good in everything, so he

stopped making remarks and went to a few more shops to look around. After getting four sets of clothes, the two were quite exhausted, so they stopped by a cafe for a break.

Queenie was so worn out that she leaned in his arms and closed her eyes for a moment. Unexpectedly, a quick eye shut turned into a nap. Nigel immediately turned into a pillow for her to catch a comfortable nap. When she opened her eyes again, she realized that half an hour had passed!

"Why didn't you wake me up?" Queenie rubbed her sleepy eyes and questioned.

"| couldn't bear to wake you up when you slept so soundly." In an attempt to tidy her messy hair, his hands sifted through her long locks. Feeling her silky hair, he couldn't help resting his hand on her hair before playing with the strands.

After a nap, she felt more energetic, so the two shopped around for a little while again. She then insisted on buying him some clothes, which left Nigel with no choice but to comply and pick two sets of suits. They eventually shopped until 4.30PM, but he couldn't send her home since he had to attend another meeting at night.

Queenie felt bad for occupying so much of his time because she had once seen his schedule and knew he was preoccupied with meetings all day.

“Drive safe and call me once you arrive home,” Nigel ordered. Nodding, she replied, “Okay. | got it.”

After watching her car blend into the traffic, he turned around and returned to the company. Just then, his phone rang. It was a call from his mother, so he answered it. “Hi, Mom.”

Chapter 1385 Am | Pretty?

“Nigel, free up your time tomorrow night. | want to take you to dinner.”

“What restaurant, Mom?”

“It's a secret for now. Anyway, just free up your time tomorrow after 5.00PM, alright?” reminded Brenda. “Okay! I'll free up my time,” he answered.

“Has work been hectic?”

“It's fine. | can handle it.”

“Come home for dinner when you're free. It's been two weeks since we last saw you,” Brenda complained.

Nigel was slightly taken aback by his mother's statement. He recalled meeting Queenie the last time he went home for dinner. He thought he and Queenie had known each other for a long time, but he didn't expect it to be only two weeks!

Was that how love at first sight felt?

Some people he met in life might not be acquainted with him for long, but it seemed like they were destined to be the most important person in his life. It was as if his abstinence after all these years was for her to appear in his life one day.

“That's all. I'll call you again tomorrow night.” Brenda hung up after the call. The corners of Nigel's lips curved upward. Tomorrow night, he would tell his parents something they would be delighted to hear.

In Silverstein Residence, Queenie, who was carrying a few bags of clothes, bumped into Bonnie, Maggie, and her good friend, Lisbeth, who were having afternoon tea.

Bonnie stared at her shopping bags and felt jealousy arousing in her heart. Did Queenie get her work attire ready already? “Hello, Aunt Lisbeth.” After placing the clothes down, Queenie took a seat at the table beside the balcony. “You're getting more and more beautiful, Queenie! You've always been pretty since you were young!” Lisbeth praised.

“No, silly. She looks like any ordinary girl!” Brenda smiled. In her heart, she knew how beautiful her daughter was, but she didn't dare to agree since Lisbeth wasn't living a good life right now. She tried to avoid showing off her children in front of Lisbeth because the latter's son had been arrested for gambling and wasn't going to be released until a few years later.

“What about me, Aunt Lisbeth? Am I pretty?” Holding her teacup, Bonnie purposely tossed the question at her. In response, Lisbeth smiled at her and replied, “Of course, you are. You and Queenie are equally beautiful!” “Thanks, Aunt Lisbeth.” Bonnie smiled in satisfaction.

Maggie smiled upon hearing that. When Bonnie first found them, Lisbeth was with her. While she marveled at the return of her second daughter, Lisbeth firmly told her not to be rash and that she had to do a DNA test before making sure she was truly her daughter. Lisbeth even introduced her to a renowned DNA testing center.

Due to that, Maggie had worried that Lisbeth might not like her second daughter!

“Queenie, I see you bought a lot of clothes! These brands must not be cheap!” Bonnie deliberately exclaimed. Hearing that, Maggie inquired, “Why did you suddenly buy so many clothes, Queenie?”

“These are all work attire, Mom. I'll need them when I go to work,” Queenie explained.

“You're so capable, Queenie. You're qualified to work at Dad's office, unlike me, who didn't receive a proper education. I can't help out in the slightest to this household and am only a hindrance to the family.” After saying that, Bonnie sighed with her head low.

Maggie immediately held her hand reassuringly, “Bonnie, don't say that. You are as important as Queenie in our hearts. We're happy that you managed to return to us safe and sound.”

Lisbeth was also secretly observing Maggie's reaction. Seeing how bad Maggie felt for Bonnie, a smile appeared on the corner of her lips.

“I'm going back to my room now, Mom.” Queenie excused herself.

Once she went out, it was almost time for Lisbeth to leave as well, so Bonnie got up and volunteered, “Mom, let me send Aunt Lisbeth off.”

“Sure. Go ahead!”

“This child is filial and obedient,” Lisbeth praised Bonnie at the right time. Smiling in return, Maggie agreed, “Yeah! Bonnie is a good girl.”

“It's my fault for overthinking back then,” Lisbeth apologized.

“Don't worry about it.” Maggie patted her shoulder in reassurance.

Bonnie came out holding Lisbeth's hand as she escorted the latter to her car. Suddenly, Lisbeth squeezed her hand, and her gaze was no longer as kind as before as her expression turned serious. “Bonnie, don't rush it. Queenie is just going to work. Their family's assets will still be divided in half in the future.”

Chapter 1386 Nigel Won't Be an Exception

"How can I not be anxious? With Queenie around, I'll always be inferior to her. Also, what if she gets to inherit more of the family inheritance because she's better?" Bonnie whispered.

"It's fine. You can occasionally say some stuff to evoke their guilt toward you, but remember, don't cause any more trouble." "Don't worry, Aunt Lisbeth. I'll follow your plan." Bonnie nodded.

While watching Lisbeth's car drive away, a sudden thought emerged in Bonnie's mind. If I get half of the Silverstein inheritance, I'd still need to give half of it to Lisbeth. That's billions of cash. Why should I share it with a woman who has done nothing?

Then, some new thoughts seeped into her head. She and Lisbeth had only known each other for over one year, and they were merely completing a task together. In other words, there was no filial relationship between them.

Once Lisbeth was dead, no one in this world would be able to expose the secret of her identity. A vicious glint flashed across Bonnie's eyes as her lips curled into a smile. At last, she returned to the Silverstein Residence.

Queenie was instructing the servants to do her laundry when Bonnie came up the stairs, after which she could not help but ridicule, "Queenie, you're such a spendthrift, unlike me, who has to watch my spending every time I head out."

"Nigel gave me these clothes. You can find a boyfriend, too, if you're jealous!" Queenie retorted. "Are you still afraid that I'd steal Young Master Nigel from you, Queenie?" "He's different from Leslie. Plus, you don't have the charm to do so," Queenie answered calmly.

"From your words, I can tell that you don't understand men. Men always prefer novelty. Do you think Nigel will still be attracted to you once he loses interest in you? With his wealth and appearance, he has countless women actively lunging at him! By then, you'd have no choice but to cry!" Bonnie decided to plant some evil thoughts in Queenie's mind.

A trace of anxiety flickered through Queenie's mind, but she soon stated firmly, "I believe he's different from other men."

Just as she was about to enter her room, a sarcastic voice sounded from behind her. "Oh, Queenie, don't be full of yourself. Once a man gets the woman he wants, he won't feel the same passion anymore. I'm sure Nigel won't be an exception."

"Are you done?" Queenie snapped while turning around.

"That's right! I heard you received a newlywed home. Now, Dad and Mom are planning to buy me a house too. How big should I go?" With a smile, Bonnie smugly raised an eyebrow.

Naturally, Queenie could not say anything because her parents had long since prepared a 400-square-meters house in the city center as her newlywed home.

Back in her room, Bonnie's words remained upsetting as they raised suspicions within her toward her marriage. Yet, after thinking about it, Aren't the happiest people in the world right by my side now?

Ever since she was young, her parents had always been a loving couple and had accompanied each other until now. Therefore, it was one-sided of her to be pessimistic about marriage. Also, she should have more faith in Nigel.

Discarding those thoughts away, Queenie began to look through the files her father had assigned her. While she sat before her computer, she found these complicated sales reports difficult to comprehend, but to help her father, she had to cheer herself up and fight through these boring reports.

She perused the documents until late at night. When she was unable to keep going, she instantly plopped onto the bed and fell asleep.

The following morning, she went to her father's company at 8.00AM. Meanwhile, Bonnie watched Queenie leave from the balcony on the third floor as her grip instinctively tightened out of jealousy. Although she was not the real Bonnie Silverstein, she had indeed replaced the real one and could not control her greed to want more.

The Silversteins were so rich that she had never seen so much wealth in her life, which fed her greed and made her want to have the entire Silverstein Family for herself.

Now, the only obstacle in her path was Queenie's boyfriend, Nigel. The more contact she had with that man, the more worried she was that she might not be able to hide her secret and be exposed later on.

Chapter 1387 Bonnie's Jealousy

Also, if Queenie is to live a good life in the future, would she bully and step on me instead? During the year she came to the Silverstein Residence, she had grown increasingly jealous of Queenie. We're both humans, but why is Queenie's life so much better than mine?

She has everything, but what about me? | met a pair of gambling-addicted parents who didn't even care about me and forced me to start earning money after graduating from junior high. To rid myself of this unfortunate family, | had no choice but to work at places with high pay and suffer grievances and criticism from other people.

When she reflected on her life, she felt both jealousy and hatred for Queenie's pristine and happy life; she hated the heavens for their unfairness.

Therefore, even though Lisbeth had reminded her not to target Queenie, she still could not control the displeasure she felt when seeing Queenie's unchallenging life, along with the elegant and noble temperament she was born with.

That afternoon, Bonnie had her mother accompany her to visit all the large residential showrooms. | must own a large flat for myself, and it must be in the city center as well.

At the Silversteins' company, Queenie sat beside her father with a pen in her hand and a laptop beside her while attentively making notes. Meanwhile, Brandon was a patient mentor to his daughter. Thanks to her sharp mind, he only needed to provide her with a few key points before she grasped the concepts he was teaching.

As a result, Brandon took note of all that and secretly made a decision. In the future, he would leave the company to Queenie because that would be the only way he could ensure that the company would fall into good hands. After all, the family business was established by his grandfather and the elders of his generation, so he could never afford to lose it.

“Queenie, keep it up. The company and I will be counting on you in the future.” Brandon laid that out straightforwardly. With pursed lips, Queenie nodded. “I will do my best to not disappoint you.”

“I’m worried that with Bonnie’s personality, she might compete with you to take over the company. I’d better talk to her and tell her that managing a company is not as easy as she thinks.” He sighed.

Regarding this matter, Queenie also abided by her father’s arrangement. If he wanted her to take over the company, she would wholeheartedly take on that responsibility. “If that’s your plan, you need to have a good talk with her,” she told her father.

“Sigh! That child had a poor life when she was young, and I can tell that she desperately wants our acknowledgment. Your mother and I treat you both equally, so why would we disregard her?” Brandon sighed. Of course, he knew his younger daughter had some flaws in her personality, which was why he and his wife had tried their best to help her overcome those shortcomings.

Ring! Ring! Noticing his buzzing phone, Brandon picked it up to answer the call. “Hello.”

“Dad, it’s me, Bonnie. Mom and I are looking at showrooms now! I found a house that I like, but it’s quite expensive.” “That’s not a problem! As long as you like it.” He chuckled.

“It costs eighty million, though!” Bonnie added.

“Eighty million? How’s the location? Daddy will take a look with you soon,” Brandon suggested affectionately.

“Sure. Then, I’ll look at some more houses.” After saying that, Bonnie hung up.

Meanwhile, Queenie remained silent on the side. The house she chose back then cost fifty million and it was apparent that

Bonnie was selecting her house in the utmost best locations. Still, she could not comment on the situation because it was her parents' money. As their daughter, she could only support their decision.

"Queenie, if you ever wish to have a different house, I'm on your side as well." Brandon comforted her.

"Dad, I don't need to change houses. I'm happy with the one I have now," she answered. The company was not doing well recently, so she did not want to spend any of her family's money and add to her father's pressure.

Later, the daughter-and-father duo got off work together. Just as they had arrived at the company's exit, his phone suddenly rang. It was a call from one of his business partners asking him out to dinner for some work discussion.

Seeing that Queenie was with him, he asked her to tag along. "Queenie, come with me to meet with one of our clients. This is something you will have to do in the future."

"Sure." Queenie nodded.

At Manson Hotel, Nigel had just thrown aside the information for a meeting and was planning to take a rest on the couch when his phone rang. Picking the phone up, he took a look and immediately sprang to his feet. He had almost forgotten that he had a dinner appointment with his mother.

Chapter 1388 | Have A Girlfriend

"Hello, Mom." He quickly answered his phone. "Have you finished your meeting? I'll send you an address. Come over at 6.30PM sharp. Don't be late!" Brenda ordered him.

“Alright. | know, Mom!” He supported his forehead. The day-long meeting and international video conference had made him so busy that he did not have time to rest. After taking a look at the clock, he retrieved his keys and left. The restaurant he was heading to happened to be the same place where Brandon was, but they arrived one after another.

Queenie followed her father into the private room the client had booked in advance and began their meal after exchanging a few pleasantries. It was not long before a white and cool-looking sports car arrived at the restaurant's entrance. Nigel descended the car and took a look at the private room's number. Then, his long figure began heading inside the restaurant.

“Mr. Manson, please follow me,” a waiter greeted him enthusiastically. When Nigel arrived at the private room that his mother was in, he was met with a room filled with women. Being the only man in the room, he was taken aback. Then, he naturally looked at his mother. What kind of dinner is this? How can Mom ask me to come to dinner with her besties?

Brenda immediately smiled and introduced him to everyone. “This is my son, Nigel.” After that, she beckoned him over. “Nigel, have a seat.”

Since he was already here, he thought he could not embarrass his mother in front of her friends, so he found an empty seat and sat down. The seat beside him was occupied by a beautiful young woman, who was his blind date for tonight.

As he was surrounded by women at this point, Nigel did not notice that the person sitting beside him was a young lady. However, the young lady was staring at him with shy and cheerful eyes. What's 'love at first sight' you ask? This. This is it. I've fallen in love with Nigel Manson.

“Nice to meet you, Young Master Nigel. I'm Ingrid Sawyer.” The young woman took the initiative to introduce herself.

Meanwhile, Nigel was famished and had already started eating. He glanced at Ingrid and reciprocated, “Hello.” After that, he focused all his attention on eating.

Oh, Nigel. Brenda shot her son a glare as a warning to not mess things up. This is a blind date! | can't let him scare the young woman away!

“Mom, I’m hungry.” Nigel turned to look at his mom. It was then that he realized his mom had set up another blind date for him.

“Here, let me introduce you two. This is Ingrid, and she’s Pheona’s niece. She comes from an excellent family, and she’s intelligent and beautiful. You two should get to know each other.” Once Brenda finished speaking, she blinked at her son, indicating that he should seize the chance.

Meanwhile, he turned to look at Ingrid while eating. “Hello, Miss Sawyer.” “Nigel must be famished! With such a huge company, there must be a lot of work to do. It must be tiring!”

“Of course. Nigel is a very excellent child. Not only is he young, but he’s also very capable. Such young men are tough to find nowadays.”

At that, Brenda proudly looked at her son before gazing at Ingrid. She thought the two children looked so well together, so she began wishing that her son would be interested in Ingrid.

“Nigel, don’t just eat on your own! Pay some attention to Ingrid,” Brenda urged.

“Nigel, Ingrid is an excellent woman. A perfect match for you!” “You’re right. This is what they call a perfect match!”

Hearing that, Nigel revealed a smile and explained, “Thank you for the compliments, but I’m sorry to tell you that I have a girlfriend.”

As he said that, Ingrid almost choked on her water and coughed lightly before looking at the man beside her in disbelief.

On the other hand, Brenda could not help but glare at her son. He had always used this excuse to get out of blind dates, so she naturally did not believe him. “Nigel, I like Ingrid a lot, so you’d better not use the same old excuse again. I don’t care. You have to get to know Ingrid no matter what,” Brenda authoritatively warned him.

In return, she saw her son explaining seriously, “Mom, I do have a girlfriend. Her name is Queenie Silverstein, and I am thinking of bringing her home to meet you someday!”

Chapter 1389 Catching Nigel in His Lie

However, Brenda refused to believe him still. Her son had used so many excuses to refuse the blind dates she had arranged, so she would not believe him no matter what he said. Although he had told her a name, she still disregarded it as a lie.

“Don't try to fool me. Do you think I'm so easily fooled?” Brenda retorted without mercy.

Meanwhile, Ingrid let out a sigh of relief. It turns out Nigel is such a humorous person! It's alright. I'll take it slow and make him like me.

Maybe he's just not used to dating someone on blind dates! The older ladies mentioned his past blind dates earlier, and his refusal to go on those dates demonstrates that he is neither a playboy nor a scumbag.

“Mrs. Manson, perhaps Nigel and I can become friends first! Don't pressure him too much.” Ingrid smiled and suggested. “Oh, Ingrid, you're such a good child! Sure, you two can start as friends first.” Brenda nodded.

Meanwhile, Nigel secretly felt resigned. It did not matter to him whether Ingrid was beautiful or not because he already had someone in his heart. Moreover, he was a person who prioritized feelings over everything in a romantic relationship. After meeting so many young women, only Queenie could make his heart race wildly.

At that moment, he received a message on his phone. ‘Wassup?’ Queenie asked.

Surveying his current situation, he knew he could not tell her that his mom had arranged a blind date for him. Therefore, he made up a lie. ‘I'm still at the company. How about you?’

'My dad and I are accompanying a client for dinner.' 'Seems like Miss Silverstein is about to become President Silverstein.' Rising to his feet, Nigel excused himself from the table. "Excuse me. I need to make a call."

At that moment, Ingrid's aunt eyed her niece to hint at her to follow him outside to have some alone time with him, at which Ingrid got the message and left the room as well.

Later, Nigel came to the railing near the corridor on the second floor to text Queenie while also taking a breather.

Near the railing on the third floor, Queenie was also out taking a breather as the men were smoking inside the private room, making it feel stuffy. She smiled when she saw the message and replied, 'Aren't you going to have dinner?'

After sending that message, she suddenly caught a glimpse of a man standing near the railing on the second floor and her eyes widened in surprise. Isn't that Nigel?

It was then the man turned around and she immediately recognized him. Just as she was about to call out to him, a young woman suddenly appeared and stood beside him. Then, she began happily chatting with him.

At that sight, Queenie felt her heart sinking and stared disbelievingly at them. Why would the man, who just said he was at the company, suddenly appear in this restaurant? More importantly, an attractive woman was standing beside him. Judging from what she could see, they seemed to be happily conversing.

As Queenie watched them, the grip on her phone tightened. 'I'll be having dinner soon,' Nigel replied at that moment.

Looking at the message he sent, she suddenly felt suffocated. Nothing could beat the despair one felt when finding out the person one loved had lied to them. How can this be? Why would he lie to me?

Soon enough, the situation led her to think about Bonnie's words. Am I wrong to think that Nigel is different?

While she hid behind the pillar, she peered at the conversing couple on the second-floor corridor. Though she could not hear what they were talking about, she could see the adoration in the young woman's eyes as she looked at Nigel.

She felt her heart break into pieces once again. After hiding for a while, Queenie glimpsed at the second-floor corridor but discovered that the two had disappeared. It seemed like they had returned to have dinner in their private room.

Clutching her chest, she felt her heart hurt so much that she could not breathe. A dispirited Queenie headed to the bathroom while her eyes innately turned red. She wanted to rush over and question him on his affectionate behavior with another woman while being in a relationship with him. Am I just one of the many girls you have?

When she returned to her private room, she did not feel like listening to her father's conversation with the client anymore. Rather, she hung her head low, and her mind was filled with the scene of Nigel happily conversing with that young woman earlier.

Chapter 1390 The Joke Is on Queenie "Queenie, what's the matter? Are you not feeling well?" Brandon noticed something off with his daughter. "It's nothing, Dad. I just want to go home." Queenie wanted to head out for a walk to clear her mind.

"Sure, go ahead! It has been a tiring day for you." Although he was having a good time chatting with his client, he also understood his daughter's condition, for she had just started getting involved in the family business.

When Queenie arrived on the second floor, it seemed like her legs had a mind of their own as they brought her to the private room where Nigel was. She wanted so badly to confirm the thoughts in her head, so she headed for the door of his private room.

At that moment, the door was pushed open, and out came a noble-looking woman. Then, Queenie dashed toward the door and took a quick peek inside. Her eyes happened to notice Nigel's back and he was sitting right beside the woman who was talking with him earlier.

Meanwhile, the woman who exited the room closed the door while Queenie stood frozen in the corridor while a ball of rage burned inside her. Why? Why would he pretend to be an affectionate and devoted person before me, then converse so happily with another woman behind my back?

Awaiter came over and politely inquired, "Miss, are you here for someone?" Frantically retreating a step, Queenie stammered, "N-No. I came to the wrong side."

After saying that, she turned around and scurried toward the elevator. She sprinted out of the restaurant before the stuffiness inside her chest subsided. Then, she aimlessly walked toward the brightly lit area. Tears began to uncontrollably stream down her cheeks as her mind was filled with sweet moments of her and Nigel.

Is all of this just an illusion?

Arriving at an unoccupied bench, she plopped onto it and closed her eyes while letting her tears drift down her face. She had never put so much effort into liking a man, and she would even imagine their future together before falling asleep at night. Yet, all of that was now crumbled into hopeless fragments.

Just like her heart, it was shattered into pieces.

Once again, Bonnie's words rang in her head. "Men always prefer novelty. Once his interest in you has subsided, a man like Nigel will definitely get a new woman."

To her dismay, she did not expect Bonnie's words to be so on point. Moreover, she was so certain that he was different. The joke is on me.

Ring! Ring!

Fishing out her phone, she took a glance and noticed that it was Nigel calling. As she stared blankly at his name on the screen, she let it ring without any intention of picking it up. At last, she rose to her feet and hailed a cab home.

Back in the restaurant, Nigel thought it was blaring inside the room, so he deliberately came out with his phone to make a call. However, confusion dawned upon him as he realized that Queenie had missed his calls twice. Is her phone not with her because she's swamped with her work? If so, I'll call again later.

The dinner party was almost over, but since his mom was present, he was not allowed to leave early and had to wait till everyone finished their dinner before heading out together.

"Mom, I'll drive you home," Nigel offered.

"You don't have to. I've asked Steven to send me home. How about you send Ingrid home? She needs a ride," Brenda ordered specifically.

"Nigel, I'm sorry for the trouble." Ingrid seized the chance.

"Mom, I'll let Ashley come over to send her home. | have somewhere to be." Nigel wanted to head over to the Silverstein Residence.

However, Brenda's gaze turned serious as she warned, "Nigel, that is an order. Be good and send Ingrid home."

Since Brenda was satisfied with Ingrid and refused to have her son avoid getting married, she was dead set on forcing him to send Ingrid home.

"Nigel, my house is not far from here," Ingrid added shyly. Feeling defeated, he could only nod. "Fine. I'll send her home. You should head home early." When Brenda saw that Nigel had finally agreed, she turned to Ingrid. "Have a nice chat with Nigel on your way home, Ingrid!"

"| will, Mrs. Manson." She nodded appreciatively. Of course, she knew Brenda liked her. As long as she could snatch Nigel's heart, pleasing her future in-laws would not be an issue.