

N Destiny 1411

Chapter 1411 Trap “Can you take me to his suite, please?” Bonnie asked. She had no idea where Nigel's suite was.

The receptionist was more than happy to do that. She smiled and led Bonnie to the elevator. Even on their way up, Bonnie could feel the look of envy she was receiving, and Bonnie raised her chin haughtily. Eventually, they came to Nigel's suite, and Bonnie went inside.

The first thought she had of the suite was: luxurious. This is some kind of dream house.

The whole city unfurled beneath the French window. A happy Bonnie ran to the balcony and admired the view. Just one look and she felt like she was on top of the world. | love this place.

“| wish this were mine.” Jealousy and greed filled her soul once more. Being rich is nice.

She snapped out of her delusion quickly. | have to set things up quickly. | have to turn off the lights and change into some sexy lingerie before he gets here.

She got showered, changed into sexy lingerie, and took a seat on the couch, then waited for Nigel to show up. She had left only the lights on the balcony open, making sure nothing but a dim light shone into the suite.

The moment Nigel entered the lobby, the receptionist said, “Miss Silverstein is waiting in your suite, sir.”

Nigel nodded and hastened his steps.

The receptionist giggled. Looks like the president has finally taken a liking to a woman. Wonder how she managed to make him fall for her.

Nigel went into the elevator and started humming a happy tune. A small smile kept tugging at his lips, and it slowly broadened. Hope | can get lucky tonight. Eventually, he came to his suite. Everyone else had to use a key to unlock the door, but all he had to do was press his finger against the smart door access system. The door unlocked, but what greeted him was a dim room. Odd. Is she not here yet?

Just when he was about to turn on the lights, someone on the sofa said, "Don't turn the lights on." Bonnie spoke softly in her best attempt to mimic Queenie's voice.

Nigel froze for a few moments, then he smiled. "Why not? Do you have a surprise for me?"

"Yes, a surprise," Bonnie answered softly. She then stood up, but all Nigel could see was her back.

Bonnie and Queenie had similar looks and bodies. Nigel didn't notice it was Bonnie just by looking at her back.

However, he then noticed she was wearing a camisole. He had grumbled that she had never worn a camisole for him the day before. But now she's wearing one.

"Okay, what happened? What's with the camisole?" Nigel put his car key down and approached Bonnie.

Thanks to her old job, Bonnie could still act calmly despite her nervousness. She looked at Nigel, but the light kept her face in the shadows. "Why? Don't you like it?"

"I love it," Nigel answered, but still he thought Queenie was uncharacteristically forward tonight.

"I'll be waiting for you on the bed. You take a bath." She then went to the bed, leaving Nigel dumbfounded. She's being really forward.

"Is something wrong, Queenie?" He was worried for her all of a sudden. Why is she doing this? Did something happen?

"No. Just feel like sleeping with you." Bonnie tried to make her voice sound as seductive as possible. "Don't you want me?"

Chapter 1412 The Plan Continues

Nigel narrowed his eyes. He stared at the lady before him, a strange feeling welling within his heart. Queenie had always been a straightforward woman. Even if she liked him, all she would do was give him a big hug. This seduction play was not like her at all.

Any other man would have taken the invitation, but not Nigel. He would show respect to the women he loved. "Did something happen, Queenie? Tell me." He then approached the bed.

When he was about half a meter from the bed, Bonnie decided to make her move. She turned around, and before Nigel could see her clearly, she hugged him. "Don't talk. Just hold me," she whispered.

His chin was resting on her head, and he noticed her scent. It wasn't the scent of Queenie. Instead, it was a sickly fragrance. He shoved her away like she was the plague at once while hissing icily, "You're not Queenie. Who are you?"

Bonnie staggered backward, panic flashing in her eyes. She never thought Nigel would see through her this quickly, but she had no time to analyze where it went wrong. Calmly, she said, "You're right. I'm not my sister, but I'm here for you." She pulled the strap of her camisole down. "I've loved you ever since I saw you. I'm willing to give you everything I have."

Nigel turned away in disgust. He never expected Bonnie to be the one behind those texts. "Get changed and get out of my room," he commanded furiously.

The look on Bonnie's face changed. She pounced and wrapped her arms around him. "I love you, Nigel. I love you a lot. Please don't say no to me. I'll give you everything."

Nigel pried her hands away and shoved her backward. He then strode to the room's entrance. "Leave, or I'll call the cops." He opened the door and stormed off.

Now Bonnie was really panicking. Embarrassment and frustration painted her face red. She quickly changed into her dress that was lying on the sofa and picked her bag up before following Nigel out. He was standing right outside with his hands in his pockets. Even when he was angry, she still found him

endearing. She bit her lip. "I don't understand. Queenie and I are twins. Why do you like her but not me? How is she better than me?"

Nigel shot her a look. "Because she has integrity and morals. You're an embarrassment of a sister."

Bonnie's face turned redder. The reply felt like a big insult to her. "And how did you find out I wasn't my sister?" That got her curious. I turned the lights off. How did he manage to see through me?

"Because she smells innocent, while you smell like a sl*t," he snapped.

Bonnie hung her head low. "That's insulting, Nigel."

"You did this to yourself. Now scram and don't breathe a word to Queenie about this. I don't want you disgusting her," he hissed angrily.

Bonnie scurried off like a mouse and hopped into her car. It was already half past eleven by then. She sneered. Nobody knows what happened. I can tell Queenie he asked me out. Not like they have any proof. I just need to ruin their relationship, that's all.

Nigel was washing his hands in another suite. The hotel manager and supervisor were standing next to him.

Chapter 1413 Dumb. F*cking. Move. "What are your orders, sir?" "Clean my room thoroughly," Nigel answered.

He was disgusted just thinking about the fact that Bonnie touched his stuff. Nigel sat on the sofa and whipped his phone out, then he took a deep breath and made a call, but all he got was an automated voice saying, "The number you dialed does not exist."

He froze. What? Her number doesn't exist?! He texted her and looked at the time. She's probably asleep. Little did he know that Queenie's phone was set to Do Not Disturb.

In the end, he took his car key and left the place. | have to go to her place and explain everything. After what happened last time, I'm not going to hide anything from her.

Bonnie drove all the way home. It was already half past midnight when she reached home. She got out of her car and went up to the third floor. Queenie's room was still lit. She's still awake. Bonnie smiled and knocked on her door.

Queenie opened it, but the sight of Bonnie made her frown. "I thought you were crashing at your friend's place. Why are you back home already?"

Bonnie entered the room. Just one look at Queenie's face made her snap. Queenie's beauty stoked her flames of envy, and she would make her suffer for what Nigel said to her tonight. | will break her heart. "You want to know where | went? | didn't go to my friend's place. No, | went to Manson Group to see Nigel." She whispered the last part of that sentence.

If looks could kill, Bonnie would be dead by now. "Why did you see him? What did you do to him?" Queenie knew Bonnie too well. She would sleep with anyone. Did she seduce Nigel too?

"He gave me a key and told me to wait for him in his suite." She gave another vague answer so Queenie would assume the worst.

"Impossible. He would never let you into his suite."

Oh, wait. | have evidence. | snapped some photos in his room. She whipped her phone out and scrolled through the photos until she found what she wanted. Then she showed them to Queenie. "I snapped these in his room. There's a Bearbrick there too, am | right?"

The color drained from Queenie's face. The photos couldn't convince her, but the Bearbrick in it could. "Impossible..." She felt her heart getting torn into shreds. He's not that kind of person.

"I told you all men are the same. Leslie and Nigel are the same," Bonnie said smugly. If one didn't know better, one would have thought Nigel had already slept with her. "And he said he was going to bring me chocolates. The one you finished last time." Queenie staggered backward. All the blood rushed to her head, and she almost fell.

Bonnie gloated for a few more moments and tried to leave, but then someone pulled her back, and then she got slapped in the face.

Before she could do anything, Queenie grabbed her hair and pulled them out. With anger in her voice, she roared, "I'll kill you, Bonnie!"

Bonnie had no idea what she just did. An angry Queenie was a berserk Queenie.

Chapter 1414 Catfight Bonnie was in agony. She thought her scalp would be pulled off, and she let out a scream. "Aaaahhhh!!!! It hurts!!!!"

"I told you to stay away from him!" Madness surged within Queenie's eyes. No longer could she stand Bonnie's taunts. If murder was not a crime, she would have taken Bonnie's life right there and then. She knew Nigel wouldn't betray her, but Bonnie was a b*tch. She must die!

"My hair, my hair!" My head's going to come off at this rate. Queenie pulled out a big lock of her hair, but that was not the end. She kept pulling Bonnie's hair while keeping her pinned to the ground.

"What did you do to him?" Queenie hissed like a possessed woman.

"Are you mad? Let me go, Queenie!" Bonnie shouted and screamed from the pain. Queenie was holding all of Bonnie's hair, which revealed a faint scar behind her ear.

Even in all her fury, Queenie still thought the scar looked weird. Just then, sounds of footsteps rang in the air, and in came the Silverstein couple in their pajamas. The sight of their daughters fighting shocked them.

Bonnie was relieved to see them. She shrieked, "Dad, Mom, you have to save me! Queenie's going to kill me! She's going to kill me!"

Brandon and Maggie entered the room and broke up the fight. "Stop it, Queenie. Talk it out." Brandon was pulling Queenie.

But Queenie was still livid. With hatred in her eyes, she glared at Bonnie. "Ask her. Ask her what she did and where she went tonight."

Bonnie held her head. Like a crazed woman, she shouted, "Mom, she was going to pull my head off!" She hugged Maggie tightly, burying her head in her mother's shoulder in an attempt to seek protection.

"What happened, Queenie?" Maggie asked.

Queenie's eyes were still on Bonnie, and she hissed, "I can forgive you for stealing Leslie, but try any of your tricks on Nigel. |. Will. Kill. You. Then."

The Silverstein couple got the gist of it. So, Bonnie's trying to steal Queenie's boyfriend again? "What did you do, Bonnie?" Maggie held Bonnie tightly in her embrace.

"I-I didn't do anything. Queenie tried to kill me," Bonnie denied. She was nervous. Her plan was to annoy Queenie, not get herself kicked out of the house.

"Tell me the truth. What did you do tonight?" Brandon was angered. Bonnie's personality is rotten. | need to educate her. Queenie never believed Nigel would mistake Bonnie for her. She knew he wasn't the same kind of man as Leslie. If anything went wrong, it must be Bonnie's fault. She was the only one around who would do anything to get what she wanted.

"Dad, Mom, | can leave if you don't want me around. | don't want to annoy you." Bonnie put on the victim act again.

“Explain yourself, Bonnie. What did you do tonight? Did you go and see Nigel?” Maggie held her hand. She didn’t want her daughter to leave, not after they just got reunited.

Queenie gnashed her teeth. “If you want to leave, leave.”

That’s what | was waiting for. Bonnie turned around and sneered. “See? She wants me gone. She doesn’t like me at all. She hates that | took away her stuff. She hates me because | took away your love and attention. That’s her jealousy speaking. She’d rather | die than come home.”

Queenie remained tense and quiet. She had finally refused to see this woman as her sister.

“Silence, Bonnie. You tried to hurt your sister first. You're hardly the victim here.” Brandon finally stepped in for Queenie.

Chapter 1415 Confrontation

Tears welled up in Bonnie’s eyes once more. “Even you, Dad? | know I’m not as capable as Queenie. | know | can’t bring in any profit for the company. That’s why you don’t like me. I’m useless, | know.”

“T-That's not what | meant.” Brandon was a little nervous. Queenie wished to slap her once more. Why does she have to make it hard on Dad? Dad already loves her enough. Does she want them to die for her before she’s happy?

Little did anyone know that someone had arrived at their residence. Nigel got out of his car and noticed that the lights in the house were still on. He also vaguely heard the sounds of an argument, and he frowned. Since he wanted to make it quick, he skipped ringing the doorbell and climbed over a wall that was eight feet tall.

The first floor’s door was locked, but he could enter through the second floor’s balcony. He climbed up the wall to avoid waking up the Silverstein couple and getting them to open the door, and he leaped into the balcony.

Before he could even go to the third floor, he heard someone ask angrily, "Tell me what you did at the hotel, or you're leaving this place."

Queenie. Nigel's heart skipped a beat. | knew Bonnie would use this to get on her nerves.

"Why should | tell you? Just know that we made love," Bonnie said with no shame at all. Queenie was trembling with rage. "Why you..."

Brandon held her back. "Calm down, Queenie. Let's talk this out."

"We should ask Nigel to explain." Maggie was worried Queenie might fall ill from getting too mad. But then a ragged voice said, "I'll explain, Queenie."

Asilhouette appeared on the third floor, much to everyone's shock. Queenie stared at Nigel intently. All she wanted to know was if he had fallen for Bonnie's tricks and slept with her.

Bonnie blanched and stood behind her mother nervously. Never did she expect Nigel to come so quickly. He must have heard everything.

"Oh, you're here. Good. You can explain everything." Brandon heaved a sigh of relief.

Nigel whipped his phone out and tossed it to Queenie. "All the answers you want, huh? It's in there. Bonnie texted me with your phone, asking to meet up in the suite. | did go, but nothing happened."

"How can you say that? You saw me half-naked," Bonnie shot back defiantly.

Queenie glared at her. "And it's still the same as seeing you fully clothed." Nigel's face fell. Coldly, he said, "The whole room was dark, and | had my back turned to you. | didn't even want to look at you." "But | hugged you. And you hugged me too."

Nigel retorted, "No such thing. The moment I noticed the way you smelled, I pushed you away. You pretended to be Queenie and tried to sleep with me, and now you're telling lies to everyone."

Queenie had gone through all the texts, and it stoked her flames of fury. She never thought Bonnie would impersonate her. Any guy with a weaker will would have fallen for her. Leslie, for example. If I had married a man like that, I'd have lived my whole life in hell. "I can't believe you'd do this, Bonnie. I don't care whom you hook up with, but just not him. He's your future brother-in-law!" Queenie hissed.

Chapter 1416 Departure

Nigel gave her a look. He could see her determination to marry him. Maggie didn't want to defend Bonnie anymore. All she felt now was heartache. She couldn't believe Bonnie would be a homewrecker, and her heart went out to the suffering Queenie. Any woman would find her own sister's betrayal unbearable. "Bonnie, apologize to Nigel and your sister," Maggie said sternly.

Oh, sh*t. I just messed it up. Things are getting out of my control. She bit her lip, and tears fell down her cheeks, but still, she refused to apologize. "I did nothing wrong. Love isn't wrong. She's not the only one who's allowed to love Nigel. I love him too."

"Not everyone falls for your tricks, Bonnie. You think you can steal everything just because you took Leslie away?" Queenie sneered. The presence of Nigel alone made her feel safe.

Nigel looked at Queenie. It was then he decided that he would keep her safe for life. He would never betray her, and she could confidently tell everyone nobody could steal him away from her.

But Bonnie thought otherwise. She said, "Too early to make that conclusion, sister. He might just fall for someone else, you know."

Not even Maggie could stand that b*tchy attitude anymore, so she slapped Bonnie. "That's enough!" Maggie despised homewreckers and troublemakers like Bonnie.

“Even you, Mom?” Bonnie stared at her mother in disbelief as she clutched her swollen cheek.

“She's your sister. You will not ruin her relationship, not even if you're our daughter.” Maggie would not allow anyone to ruin Queenie's relationship.

“Fine. You hate me? I'll leave. You never liked me anyway.” That was the only excuse she could find. Anything else would only make things worse for her.

Bonnie picked her bag up and left in a hurry. The Silverstein couple exchanged a look. Worried, they went down to talk to her.

Nigel stared at the agonizing Queenie and held her tight. Hoarsely, he apologized, “Sorry | didn't realize she was the texter. | did this to you.”

“You did nothing wrong.” Queenie was delighted. He only fell for the trick because his love for her ran deep. But Nigel still thought it was his fault. “This is my fault.”

“How did you get in anyway?”

“The wall.”

“Are you hurt?” She checked up on him.

“No. Don't worry.” He shook his head. They then heard someone driving away.

Bonnie had probably left, but Queenie only cared about her parents as they were hurting the most. “I'm going to check on my parents.” Queenie led him downstairs.

The Silverstein couple was sitting on the sofa. They apologized to Nigel when they saw him. “This is an embarrassment. You shouldn't have to go through this.”

"It's alright. Queenie's the victim here," Nigel answered calmly. He didn't mind getting duped, but he wouldn't have it if Queenie was hurt.

Queenie was livid, but right now she felt for her parents. They must be disappointed in Bonnie. "Let her go. She needs time to calm down. Just ignore her for now. Also, I'll be moving in with Nigel for the time being," she said.

Her parents and Nigel were surprised. Nigel was delighted, of course, but he still had to stay calm in front of Queenie's parents. "I think you should talk to your parents before making that decision."

Chapter 1417 Bonnie Never Changes

"It's alright. We respect her decision. She's been suffering for a while now. That's a failure on our part. We're counting on you now, Nigel," Brandon said.

Maggie agreed as well. She would like for her daughter's relationship with Nigel to be free of any misunderstanding. They could see how much Nigel loved Queenie, not to mention he was way better than Leslie. With a guy as great as him, they had no reason to disagree with her.

"I'm going to pack up now and leave tonight." She went upstairs. Nigel helped as well. A while later, he came back down with some suitcases.

Queenie consoled, "Dad, Mom, don't worry too much about this. I'm going to stay away from her, though. I hope you'll understand why."

"All we wanted was to find her and give her a home. We never wanted this." Tears welled up in Maggie's eyes. Queenie hugged her mother. "Mom, just keep an eye on her whenever you can. Don't let her do anything stupid." "We'll do our best." Brandon thought they had to step in now. They would not let Bonnie rot any further.

Nigel and Queenie left, but the Silverstein couple was not able to sleep. They were worried about Bonnie.

Bonnie was driving around aimlessly, though she stopped by a bar in the end. Sh*t. What was | doing? | messed up. Now they know who | really am, but it's too late for regrets.

Still, | can take the chance to go abroad and return after | undergo cosmetic surgery. Now, I'll just lay low until | get half of the family fortune. I'll break those two up when | have the chance. She was truly afraid of Nigel now. Out of all the men she met, he was the most special one. He was handsome, loyal, and rich. Not once had she met that kind of man before, and the only one she knew wanted to marry Queenie. She was jealous.

Why does she have everything? She's the heir of the family and lady of the Manson household. She has such a good life. She also grew up surrounded by love.

Bonnie thought Queenie was the epitome of unfairness. Why can she live her life without any problems while | have to steal someone's identity only to get a fraction of what she has?

Just the thought of watching Queenie marry Nigel and raise a family with him struck anger within her.

Bonnie used to work in places like this bar, so she was familiar with how the ladies here worked. That made her appreciate her current status more. She never wanted to return here and shake her booty just for a few dollars.

Just when she was about to leave, a drunkard stopped her. "Hey, don't go. Why don't you have a drink with me?"

Bonnie sneered. "You're not worth my time." She left before the man could react. She knew what she wanted. | will marry someone as brilliant as Nigel. No way I'm going to sleep with these losers.

All of a sudden, she was reminded of Lina. Now that Queenie and Nigel were lovey-dovey, she'd give them a wide berth. However, she could give those photos to Lina and let her use them however she wanted.

She got back into her car and picked some photos out for Lina. Only her face was in those photos, while the only part of the man that made it into the scenes was his arm or his back. The man was none other than Leslie. Bonnie had taken those pictures to commemorate the occasion.

Chapter 1418 Dark, Dark Heart Now, they were useful chips for her plan. Lina's call came a moment later. "Bonnie, why did you send me those photos?"

"They're private pictures of my sister. She's getting along with Nigel well. Don't you want to break them up?" Bonnie smiled. Lina asked for confirmation. "Are you sure it's her in these photos?"

"Doesn't matter. I just want to help you. You want to marry Nigel, and I don't want my sister to date him. I'm jealous of her." "She's your sister, Bonnie."

"So? Just use the photos however you want to, Miss Perez. I'll be looking forward to the day you marry Nigel." Then, Bonnie hung up.

Lina was also in a bar at the same time. She felt conflicted about the photos, but one thing was for sure: these photos were helpful. There weren't many single men left in the upper society. If she didn't get herself married off soon enough, she would be left with no one to choose, and among the scarce single men that remained, Nigel was the best.

She might not get the chance to marry him even if she broke him and Queenie up, but as long as Queenie was his girlfriend, she would not have the chance to even get close to him. She had to chase off all the ladies around Nigel if she even wanted a chance.

After everything that happened, Bonnie decided to leave for Hogland as soon as possible. Her manager was making all the arrangements now anyway. Since there was tension between her and the Silversteins, staying around would only annoy them more, so she bought a ticket for the first flight the next morning.

Bonnie went back home to pack up. The Silverstein couple was still awake. They couldn't understand why Bonnie was so different from her sister. This was beyond minor pranks. At the rate she was going, Bonnie would run into something she couldn't settle soon.

"We need to whip her into shape, or she's done for," Maggie said. "I'm taking her to a psychologist."

"Yeah. Time to step in," Brandon agreed. He might have a successful career, but if his daughter was a failure of a human, then he wouldn't have done his job as a father.

It was then they heard Bonnie coming home. They both stood up, and Bonnie was shocked to find them still awake.

"Dad, Mom? You're still awake?" She averted her gaze nervously.

"Bonnie, we need to talk," Brandon said.

"I have to leave first thing tomorrow morning. I need to pack up. We'll talk tomorrow." Bonnie was reluctant to listen to their lecture. Not like I'm their real daughter anyway. Sometimes, they even look at me weirdly, and their lectures are annoying. "You're leaving tomorrow?"

"Yes. I already bought a ticket too. I don't want to annoy you, see. I know, I know. I'm sorry. I'll change." And then she went upstairs.

Brandon and Maggie wanted to talk, but Bonnie left without giving them a chance. They had no choice but to leave the talk for the next day.

It was late at night. Queenie was on the sofa in Nigel's house, but she couldn't sleep. What happened earlier upset her and made her feel embarrassed. With a sister like that, she couldn't help but worry for her parents. They were getting on in age, and what Bonnie did was only going to make their health worse. Dad and Mom might have to settle everything from marriage to childbirth for her. Just the thought of that made her lose sleep.

Nigel was next to her. He too was furious over these events. Bonnie tried to sow misunderstanding and discord between him and Queenie, and she also hurt the Silversteins.

Chapter 1419 Beginning of the End

“Get some sleep and put this behind you. You have me.” He pulled her into his arms and kissed her head.

That calmed her down a little. She was still confused about her future, but his assurance gave her strength and direction. Queenie woke up at ten the following day. She ran into a servant cleaning the corridor the moment she emerged from the room. Happily, the servant greeted, “Good morning, Miss Queenie.”

“Mrs. Lowman!” Queenie was surprised to find Courtney here. So, she got a job here.

“Yeah. I came here three days ago. Nigel gave me a good offer. Thank you, Miss Queenie.”

No. This is all my fault. Bonnie slandered you. We owe you this much.

“Oh, I made your favorite chicken soup. You should have some.”

“Sure.” Queenie nodded. “I can take it myself.”

Queenie went downstairs to have some chicken soup. Nigel had gone to work, but they agreed to eat out during lunch. He wanted to take her around town.

While she was having her soup, Queenie was reminded of what she saw the night before. She noticed a scar behind Bonnie’s ear. But Mom and Dad never told me I have a birthmark behind my ear. The only birthmark I have is on my back. I saw it myself, but neither of them told me I have it on my back.

She rested for a bit after breakfast and left the house to get some makeup products. Ladies' essentials, so to speak. Queenie was picking her lipstick when a woman called out to her. "Queenie!"

Surprised, she turned around and saw a vaguely familiar face staring back at her.

The woman noticed her staring in confusion, and she gasped. "It's me, Melina. Melina Worcester."

Queenie's eyes widened in surprise. "Melina? My gosh, you've changed a lot."

"I know, right? You couldn't even recognize me." She laughed. Melina was still as straightforward as ever. The only thing that had changed was her face.

"Yeah. I couldn't recognize you if you hadn't told me your name," Queenie said honestly. She was observing her friend in silence, and surprise grasped her. Melina's nose used to be flat, but now it was aquiline. Even her lips had a perpetual smile tugging at them, and her face got sharper.

Melina whispered, "It's obvious, but I underwent cosmetic surgery. It went well."

Queenie nodded. "Yeah. You look great now."

Melina and she were longtime friends. They were deskmates for a year back in high school, and they got along well. After that, they attended different colleges, and they never did get back in touch.

"There's a coffee shop there. Let's chat." Melina dragged her to a coffee shop. She was nice to Queenie and kept asking her what she did for a living. She also asked how life treated her.

This was the first time Queenie saw the product of a cosmetic surgery up close and personal. After they sat down, she kept staring at her friend. Curiously, she asked, "So, what kind of surgery did you get?"

"Almost everything on the list. Damn, it's torture." She raised her chin. "See this scar here? And then she pointed at her mouth. "And this part got operated on too." And then she remembered something, so she showed the back of her ear. "Took a bit of bone here to prop up my nose."

When Queenie saw the scar on the back of Melina's ear, her eyes went wide with shock. She shot up and approached her friend. "Can I have a closer look?"

"Sure. It might look small, but god, the surgery almost killed me." Melina showed the scar to her.

Chapter 1420 Another DNA Test

Upon closer inspection, Queenie realized the scar was similar to the one she saw behind Bonnie's ear. Even the position and length were identical. "Melina, just asking, but if someone has a scar behind their ear, does that mean they've undergone cosmetic surgery?"

"Did you see someone like that? As far as I'm concerned, anyone with this scar must have propped up their nose. The doctor needs a bit of bone to prop it up and having a little scar on the back of your ear won't affect how you look. Cover it with your hair, and presto, you got a pretty nose and barely any scar to boot."

Queenie was so shocked that her mind went blank for a few moments. Wait... This is unbelievable, but Bonnie might be a fake. "Let's talk next time. I have something important to settle right now." Queenie picked her bag up and dashed out of the coffee shop. She wanted to verify if Bonnie was her real sister. Her instincts told her she wasn't.

So how did the first DNA test come out positive? What does Bonnie know? What is she hiding? Does she know who my real sister is? Is she stealing her identity? A multitude of questions raced through her head as she sped home.

At the same time, Bonnie was about to board her flight. She too was nervous. If anyone found out she underwent cosmetic surgery, they would know she was a fake. She had to leave as soon as possible.

Barely after Queenie parked her car, she ran into her house like a lightning bolt. Maggie was coming downstairs and was surprised to see her daughter coming in a hurry. "What happened, Queenie?"

“Where's Bonnie? Where is she?” “She left for Hogland this morning and wouldn't stay no matter what we told her.”

Sh*t. She didn't go to Hogland for a vacation. She went for another cosmetic surgery. Hogland's famous for its cosmetic surgery industry. “There's something | need to say, but you have to stay calm, Mom.” Queenie decided to tell her mother about her suspicion.

“What is it?” Maggie asked. “She might be fake. Bonnie might be an identity thief. She underwent cosmetic surgery and assumed the real Bonnie's place.” “What did you say? And how can you be so sure of that, Queenie?” The news came as a bombshell for Maggie as well.

“When | got into a fight with her last night and pulled her hair, | saw a scar behind her ear. | thought it was a birthmark, but you never said she had a birthmark behind her ear. Today, | ran into my friend who underwent cosmetic surgery as well. She told me anyone with a scar behind their ear might have propped up their nose with a part of their bone. Bonnie has that scar. Don't you think she looks really weird without makeup? Like her face is fake?” Queenie gnashed her teeth. “I know she's not my real sister.”

Maggie gasped in shock. “What? She's not Bonnie? She's a fake?” “Let's go for another DNA test.” “But she's gone!”

“| pulled out a lot of her hair last night. It's right in my room. Did the servant clean it up?”

“No. The cleaning lady didn't come this morning,” Maggie said. Delighted, Queenie said, “Then we have all we need for a DNA test. Let's go.” “Sure.” Maggie nodded. She too wanted to know the answer.

Queenie went upstairs and looked at the hair on the floor. She didn't hold back the night before, and she was confident they could do a test with the available hair. The hair was all scooped up and tucked away in a Ziploc bag.

Maggie's chest was heaving. If Bonnie were to be a fake, then it would mean they had mistreated Queenie for a whole year.

At the same time, the plane Bonnie was in had taken flight. Little did she know, her real identity would be revealed soon.