

# My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1427-1430

## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1427

Meanwhile, Qucenie opened her eyes in the emergency room to find a white light hanging above her head. Am/ dead? Amlin heaven already? That was the first thought in her mind. "You're awake?" All of a sudden, Qucenic felt someone shaking her arm before the white light disappeared from above her. Then, a few people in masks showed up in front of her face. They were doctors dressed in their surgical outfits, and they were all giving her concerned stares,

Qucenic was so shocked that she sat up before hugging herself with a joyful look on her face. "I'm alive! I'm not dead! Thank God I'm alive!" she cried. The doctors around her heaved a sigh of relief when they saw that all she had were a few scrapes and bruises. After a while, Queenie was pushed out of the emergency room. She was still lying on the bed, and the doctors had ordered her to be pushed into one of the regular wards for further observation

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

"Hold on." she uttered as her gaze widened in shock. The nurse slowed the gurney down as Queenie sat up to look at the man,

"It's you," Qucenie uttered.

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

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

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

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

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“You nearly hit me. You need to provide some compensation for what you’ve done! How about this-why don’t you provide me with some food and a place to stay? We won’t owe each other anything after that.” Qucenic was trying to get benefits from Nigel.

Nigel hadn’t expected the clingy girl to demand so much from him. “I’ll count to three, and I expect you out of my car by then,” he ordered.

“No way. I know you’re the president of Manson Group and the young master of the Manson Family. It shouldn’t take much for you to feed and house me for a week!” Queenie had some knowledge about the wealthy figures in town. The waiters had been extremely polite to Nigel when they last met, and the doctors seemed really respectful toward him earlier. It was pretty clear that he was the mysterious young master of the Manson Family.

“Do you want to spend the night in the police station right after you get out of the hospital?” Nigel

shot her a threatening glare.

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

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

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

Right after finishing his words, his car sped off onto the road.

"Ah!" The girl sitting in the back wasn't prepared for this at all, and her forehead struck the back of the man's seat as she didn't have a seatbelt on.

Only then did the man slow the car down.

"I'm sorry: I forgot to tell you to buckle up," he uttered in a rather playful tone. "You did it on purpose," Queenie wailed in an accusatory tone. Along the way back, the man was focused on the speed of the car while Queenie was focused on the view outside. She completely forgot who was driving the car.

All of a sudden, she realized that something was missing.

The phone she had been holding earlier had somehow disappeared.

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Qucenic let out a sigh. / must have dropped my phone somewhere when I fainted earlier. Did this guy pick my phone up or not? She was tired, hungry, and dirty... In one night, she had turned from a rich family's precious daughter into a homeless woman who didn't have anything to cat. Qucenic gritted her teeth in frustration. Fine! Il just let my phone stay missing. I'm not going to spend any of my parents' money while I'm away from home. I'm going to rely on myself she thought.

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

However, the girl didn't respond at all. When Nigel's car came to a halt at the traffic light, he turned around to find the girl sprawled across his backscat. She was fast asleep. "Hey!" Nigeller out a cry of exasperation. However, the girl didn't wake up at all, she seemed to have been drained from the incident earlier. She had just faited from shock a while ago, after all Nigel sighed as he wondered, there should I bring her? Should I bring her to a hotel? No: if anyone from the hotel tells my parents that I brought a girl there, I'd never hear the end of it from them.

Nigel's parents were desperate for him to get married, especially after his cousin's family had their second child. They were really cager for him to find someone. Whenever he got close to a girl, his parents would assume that the girl was their future daughter-in-law, and his mother would keep asking him about his relationship with the girl. If Nigel wanted to avoid these hassles, he would only be left with one option.

### **My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1430**

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

Queenie opened her eyes. She was still dazed and drowsy as she looked at her surroundings, and she only recalled her plan when she saw the man standing before her cys. "Is this your house?" She looked around before she helped herself out of the car. She was in the garage of what seemed like a grand-looking place. Nigel stuck his hands into his pockets as he walked toward the elevator.

"Did you see my phone? Queenie asked as she tagged along behind the man. Nigel frowned as he recalled how she hadn't been holding anything in her hand when he carried her into the car earlier. "No," he replied flatly Queenie felt rather helpless for a moment, but she figured that the skies were telling her to survive on her own. Fine! I'll accept my fate.

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

"Do you have women's clothing in your house? Queenie couldn't bear the stench on her clothes. and she felt the urge to shower immediately, "No!" the man replied almost instantly. She gave him a dumbfounded stare. I cant believe this handsome, young master of the Manson Family doesn't have a single set of female clothing at his place! / bet someone as handsome and rich as him would bring a lot of girls back home, right?

You can have one of my sleeping robes for now. I'll get my assistant to bring you some clothes

tomorrow." Nigel wasn't lying-no girls visited his place, and it was even rarer for his mother to drop by. So, why would he have any women's clothing. It was late at night, and he didn't want his assistant to drop by at this hour as he was worried that his assistant might go around spreading rumors. He didn't want anyone to misunderstand the relationship between him and Queenie.

"Sure. Thanks!" Queenie was quick to agree to his suggestion. She headed down the corridor to the third guest room. The room was clean and tidy-it was even better than what she would find in a five-star hotel. Queenie grew up in a sheltered and wealthy household, so she wasn't too surprised by what she saw. She headed into the shower and started washing her hair.

After showering for nearly thirty minutes, Queenie came out in her bathrobe. She blew her hair dry, and strands of hair framed her sharp and small face. Her lashes were naturally curled, and her lips were a light shade of pink. She had a pointed nose and smooth skin that made her look like she was using a camera filter. Her overall look gave off a rather natural and sweet aura.