

# My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1463-1466

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1463

"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."

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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.

"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.

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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. I don't want them to worry, so I'll be heading home tonight."

"Great. It's not like I 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, I 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."

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"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.

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.”