

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1471-1474

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1471

Bonnie stared at her face and answered without any shame, "Oh, but I refuse."

The look in Queenie's eyes could kill. "Then, you'll pay for that."

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

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

"I'm back, Dad," Queenie said.

Brandon sighed. She's fine. I shouldn't have been so harsh to her. I even raised a hand against her. She's my beloved daughter whom I never want to hurt. "I see. I heard you found a job. You can quit if you want." Brandon loved her. Queenie never had a job before, nor did she even have any job training. He didn't want her to just stand there and take the workplace's beatings.

"I want this job. Working is fun," she answered seriously.

“Even when you’re just an usherette? Can you even stand for hours on end?” She’s so frail. I don’t want her to do this job.

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

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 1472

“Who are you working for?” Brandon frowned. I thought she quit her job, but now she’s someone’s assistant? Probably some small-time company. I shouldn’t have yelled at her. She must feel really hurt if she went so far to support herself.

“I’m Manson Group’s president’s assistant. You know who he is, right?”

Brandon looked shocked. “You’re working for Nigel Manson?”

Bonnie came just in time to hear that, and envy filled her eyes. She became Nigel’s assistant in two days? How did she do that? Bonnie sneered. But we have the same face. He’ll fall for me sooner or later. He’ll see that I’m more feminine than she’ll ever be. Any man would pick me over her. I am better in bed than she is, and I know how to please men. It’s a good thing she’s involved with him now because it’ll be easier for me to make him mine. “I’m back, Dad.” Bonnie came in holding her handbag and stared at Brandon like a kid who did something wrong. “It’s my fault you did all that to Queenie.” She brought up the slap.

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

“You should have shut up if you know it’s your fault.” Queenie shot her a nasty glare.

"If you're still mad at me, then I'm sorry." Bonnie always acted like she was the victim whenever

Brandon was around.

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

"Where's Mom?"

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

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

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1473

Bonnie quickly went and held Maggie's arm. "Mom!"

When Maggie came into the house, Queenie said, "Mom."

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

She bought two different handbags for her daughter and asked them to choose what they wanted.

Bonnie looked at Queenie, waiting for her to make a choice. Queenie picked one and said, "I want this one, Mom."

"Oh, that one looks nice. It's my lucky color today. I love it," Bonnie said on purpose.

Ugh, she just has to take whatever I have. Queenie raised the bag. "Fine, you can have it."

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

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

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

"I'm fine with anything you bought me." Bonnie pursed her lips.

"Fine. You can have both of them. Happy now?" Queenie picked her bag up and went upstairs. Bonnie pouted. "Was it something I said? I made her angry again. I didn't mean to."

"Queenie is a feisty girl. It's not your fault. Here, you like this one, don't you?" Maggie gave Bonnie the bag she wanted.

Brandon sighed. "Stop making her mad, Bonnie. You're her sister. Get along."

"Got it, Dad." She blinked nicely. "I'll take this to Queenie." She picked the other bag up and went upstairs.

Queenie had just entered her room and was about to sit down, but someone knocked on the door. "Who is it?"

"It's me."

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

Bonnie opened the door anyway. She closed it behind her and came over to hand Queenie a bag. "Here's yours."

Queenie was really happy her mother bought her a gift, but her mood soured all because of Bonnie. "You like them both, don't you? Take them and leave me alone." Queenie turned away.

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

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

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

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