

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1475-1478

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1475

Yet, she was now being intentionally obnoxious. She takes my stuff on a whim? That's not something a girl should say to her sister.

"I grew up in the dregs of the world, sister. You have no idea how it is to live like maggots. Dad and Mom gave you everything you wanted. Piano classes, dance classes, vacations all over the world. Every single thing you use, I could only dream of. No matter how much I tried, my adoptive parents wouldn't give me what I wanted." Her eyes were dripping with venom.

Queenie should have felt pity for Bonnie and shower her with some sisterly love, but she couldn't. "Fine, just tell Dad and Mom whatever you want, but stop being fake. Be kind." She opened the door and told Bonnie to leave. "I need to sleep."

Bonnie pursed her lips and smirked. "But I have no idea how to be kind. Do you wanna give me lessons on that?"

Queenie's patience ran out, and she pointed at the door. "Piss off."

The moment Bonnie left the room, she turned around and shouted, "Queenie, I came all the way to give you the bag, and this is how you treat me? What did I ever do to you?"

Maggie was on the porch, and she asked, "What's wrong, Bonnie?"

“Queenie told me to piss off,” Bonnie said sadly.

“Queenie, you just got home. Can’t you be nice to your sister?” Maggie admonished softly.

Queenie stared at the smug Bonnie. I can’t believe Mom would take her side without even asking. “Fine, Mom,” Queenie answered. Not like she could say anything else.

After she closed the door, she teared up. How did our family end up like this? I don’t want to let Dad and Mom down, but this is hard.

Shortly after, Maggie came to discuss something with Queenie. “Your father talked to the Paynes. We will cancel your marriage with Leslie this Saturday. But first we’re gonna have dinner and tell our friends. And then your engagement will be canceled.”

“You can also hold Leslie and Bonnie’s engagement party at the same time. They have my blessing.”

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“Really? You’re blessing them?” Maggie was really glad her daughter could be so generous. It delighted her.

“Yeah. Since he loves her so much, I think I should let them be together. And nobody else is better suited for a guy like Leslie than Bonnie. Get them hitched,” she said seriously.

“That’s what your father and I think as well. He loves her, and we’re good friends with the Paynes. It’s our wish that Leslie and Bonnie can get married.” Maggie was happy.

Right after Maggie was gone, Queenie smirked. I'm going to match them up no matter what. One's a b*tch, while the other's a f*ckboy. If Bonnie has Leslie on her plate, she won't have time to harass Nigel. She

had a good night's sleep.

Morning came, and she changed into professional attire for work. Queenie even put on some makeup and managed to make herself look like a princess.

She had a more natural look compared to Bonnie. It felt like her face was a perfect opal. It was glimmering and comfortable to look at, while Bonnie's looks had a hint of aggression to them.

She took her car key and went to the underground garage. The place used to only have a white Ferrari, but now it also had a red one which belonged to Bonnie.

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Queenie drove her own car and zipped past the traffic. She was feeling different that day. In just two days, her life changed, and it was all because she ran into Nigel.

When she stepped into the hotel lobby, all the receptionists almost gawked. They couldn't believe this gorgeous and elegant lady was the Queenie they knew.

She had brand-name goods all over her, and the Chanel bag on her arms was the latest model of the season. Even her heels were the latest model of some big-name brand, but they didn't look showy on Queenie. She was just so gorgeous, they couldn't even feel jealous about what she was wearing.

“Morning, Yelena,” Queenie said.

“We almost couldn’t recognize you, Queenie.”

Just then, Queenie’s phone rang, and her heart started thumping when she saw who called. “Hello?”

“Where are you?” Nigel demanded.

“I’m in the lobby. Coming right over.”

“Thirty–eighth floor.”

“Right away.” Queenie said bye to the receptionists and went into the elevator.

“I Googled her. Guess what I found?” a receptionist asked.

“What?”

“She’s Brandon Silverstein’s daughter. Her father’s a billionaire.”

Oh, no wonder she’s Nigel’s relative. So she’s from a rich family as well.

Queenie went all the way up to the thirty–eighth floor. The whole story was made up of offices, and Nigel’s office was in the innermost part of the story. It was spacious and modern.

Nigel was wearing a black shirt and black pants. Unlike his usual self, he looked like a dark knight, and he was staring at her. She looks like a proper lady today. It suits her status.

“Happy to be of service, Nigel.” She approached him with a smile and bowed.

He observed her and was more than happy with her attire, and then he led her to her office. “I’ll take you to your workplace.”

Queenie followed him out and entered an office with a big french window inside. There was a spot for her, and the desk next to her belonged to the other assistant.

“This is Cecily. Try to get along,” Nigel introduced.

Queenie quickly smiled at her. “Hello.”

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“This is Queenie, my new assistant. Get along with her,” Nigel told Cecily.

There was a warm smile in Cecily’s eyes. “Of course, sir.” Cecily had been working as Nigel’s personal assistant for two years. She was a caring woman, and at twenty–eight years of age, she was capable and mature enough to handle things.

Nigel looked at the time. “Time for a meeting. You ladies get to know each other.”

The moment he left, Cecily’s smile turned into a slight scowl, and she turned to look at Queenie. “Queenie, is it? You’ll be handling the files. I’ll deal with Mr. Manson’s personal life.”

“Sure.” Queenie blinked. Oh, she prepared the clothes for me back in Nigel’s house. I should thank her.

Cecily adjusted her glasses and said solemnly, “There is one rule you must remember: don’t get any ideas about the boss. We’re not allowed to date him. That’s the rule.”

Queenie blinked again. “I understand.”

Cecily gave her another look. “Next time, just come in regular attire. You look too much like a princess in this one. How are you supposed to work if you stand out so much?”