

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1479-1482

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1479

Queenie nodded. "I'll keep that in mind."

"If the boss' girlfriend sees you in this attire, she might fire you just because she doesn't like it," Cecily added.

That made Queenie curious. "Mr. Manson has a girlfriend?"

"Why do you want to know? Do you think you have a chance?" For some reason, Cecily didn't like Queenie from the first moment she saw her. Maybe it was because of her looks, or maybe because she was wearing brand-name goods all over. Cecily just didn't like her.

Queenie quickly waved her hands. "No, of course not."

"Only uber-rich ladies are worthy of the boss' love. We're just the little guys, so give up. His girlfriend was still sleeping in when I sent a set of female clothes to his house, or I would have seen what she looked like if she was awake."

Queenie's eyes went wide. "Wait. When did you go to his house again?"

"Yesterday morning." Cecily rested her chin on her hand. Three days ago, Nigel told her to send a set of clothes over to his house. She thought there must be a lady in Nigel's house for him to make that request, so she picked some clothes and lingerie from the hotel store and sent them over to his place.

Queenie held her forehead. Oh god, that was me. Cecily thinks I'm Nigel's girlfriend. "You probably took it the wrong way. She probably isn't Mr. Manson's girlfriend." I need to explain myself.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1480

"She spent two nights at the boss' place. Of course she's his girlfriend. I've worked as his assistant for two years, and that was the first time a girl was staying over," Cecily answered adamantly.

Queenie was amused, but she knew arguing was useless, so she smiled. "Anything for me to do?" she asked.

Cecily placed a stack of files on her table. "Turn the PC on and log into the hotel system. I'll teach you how to handle these."

"Sure." She was happy she had something to do.

Cecily had a lot more time on her hands now with Queenie around. She suddenly felt like having coffee. "You free? Get some coffee for us."

"Sure." Queenie was enthusiastic about her first job, and she wasn't averse to doing more work, so she agreed swiftly.

"You need to finish these today. It's almost the cutoff for the monthly payroll. We can't delay any longer"

Queenie was a little surprised. I've been working for twenty minutes and I only got through two pages.. There's a stack here. Can I even finish these on time? I think I might have to do overtime. Queenie went and bought some coffee. And she paid it out of her own pocket.

Nigel had lunch with the top brass after the meeting and went for golf in the afternoon. Work hours were already over when he came back to the hotel.

Cecily clocked out on time, leaving Queenie working alone.

Queenie was typing really slowly from the lack of experience in computer work. What was more, she wasn't too good with numbers, so she had to double or triple check. Work was going at a snail's pace for her.

Nigel emerged from the elevator. He was just here to get some files, but when he went by the office, he noticed the lights were still on, and there were sounds of someone typing on the keyboard. Nigel took a look and saw someone sitting in front of the computer and typing as slow as a sloth. Queenie? "Why are you still here?" he asked.

Queenie almost had a heart attack. Everyone on this floor should have left. She was the only one working overtime, and him suddenly calling out to her almost scared the living daylight out of her.

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1481

But she heaved a sigh of relief when she saw who it was. Her eyes felt dry, so she rubbed them. She then picked the files up and waved them in the air. "Doing overtime."

He approached her and took a seat beside her. "Do you really work so slow?"

“This is my first job. I have no experience at all.” Queenie typed a few strings of numbers and huddled closer to the screen so she could confirm it was the right number.

Nigel stared at her in awe. Any boss would feel annoyed seeing her work so slowly. She spent a whole day just transferring these files info into the system?

Queenie turned around. “So why did you come back?”

“Pack your stuff and clock out. Leave these for Cecily. You’re coming with me for all the appointments I have to handle.” And then he asked, “Did you have dinner already?”

“No. Oh, I owe you a few dinners, so this one’s on me.” She smiled and stood up, but then her calves cramped up from her sitting too long.

“God, my legs are cramped.” She held the edges of the table and sat back down, massaging her calves.

My Baby’s Daddy Chapter 1482

Man, she’s a princess. She’s not suited for work. She’d be better off as a wife... Holy sh*t. Did I just consider marrying her? Nigel froze up for a moment.

“Help me up, Mr. Manson,” Queenie pleaded.

He extended his hand, and she held it like a crutch as she stood up. Queenie took a few steps, but her legs were still numb.

“Don’t come to work tomorrow,” Nigel blurted.

Queenie stared at him. "Why?"

"You're not a good assistant. You're fired," he said coldly.,

Is he looking down on me? She bit her lip. "Fine, I quit. I don't think I'm fast enough for the job. I don't wanna waste your money," she agreed right away.

Queenie waited for him at the office's doorstep, and he came out holding a document. The moment he saw her, a smile curled his lips. She was beautiful, curvy, and sweet to the eyes. The light that shone on her almost made her look like an

angel, and there was not an ounce of darkness in her eyes. Purity was all that existed.

Beauties were a dime a dozen in this society, but Queenie felt different from those ladies. Nigel narrowed his eyes calmly, but there was a hint of admiration in them. When he went by Queenie, he said coolly, "Let's go."

She followed him to the car park, and he asked, "Did you drive to work?"

"Yeah."

"Get in my car," he demanded.

Queenie didn't object and went into the passenger seat, thereafter Nigel drove them to a restaurant he picked. Queenie was starving. She had cafeteria food that afternoon, but it wasn't filling. Work exhausted her as well, so she wolfed down the food they ordered.

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Nigel smiled. Every woman would put on the act of elegance when they were in his presence, but only she would show him her real self. She doesn't want me to take her food, huh?

At this moment, her phone rang. She picked it up and snapped, "What the hell do you want?"

"Bonnie and I love each other. Don't give me any trouble this Friday," Leslie warned coldly.

Queenie put her cutlery down and sneered, "Listen here, Leslie. Bonnie is my sister. You slept with her, so you'd better not dump her."

Leslie asked hoarsely, "You're giving your blessing? To us?"