

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1516

It was almost 11.00PM when a grumpy Bonnie finally deigned to return home. The resentment was even more evident in Bonnie's expression when she looked at Queenie sitting on the couch.

Queenie said, "Did you know that Leslie had a car accident tonight?"

"What?!" Bonnie shrieked in shock. "What car accident? Where?"

"Outside the restaurant. You shook off his hand and ran across the street. He chased after you and was hit by a car," Queenie said.

Bonnie was taken aback for a few seconds. Then, she remembered that only a few seconds were left on the green light when she crossed the street, but she didn't see if Leslie had caught up with

her. She felt somewhat guilty for a moment, but on second thought, she felt that Leslie deserved it. She never asked him to chase after now, did she?

"He didn't die. So, what's the fuss?" Bonnie blurted indifferently.

At this moment, Maggie came down the stairs. Bonnie's expression changed immediately, and she cried as if she got straight into her character, "Oh my goodness! Is Leslie alright? It's all my fault. He wouldn't have had an accident if it weren't for me."

Queenie frowned in disgust when she watched Bonnie acting immediately as soon as Maggie showed up. "Cut the

"Cut the crap,

will you?!"

Maggie happened to hear what Bonnie said. She rushed downstairs and assured her, "Bonnie, it's not your fault. Leslie wasn't seriously injured, fortunately. He just got a few scrapes, that's all."

"Mom, I'm sorry. I've disgraced you today. Did the Paynes give you a hard time?" Bonnie embraced Maggie, and her eyes turned red instantly.

Queenie's jaw dropped when she witnessed the scene. Even an actress would not be able to cry as fast as she could. Despite being used to such a thing, she still felt agitated and resentful at the fact that her parents had never seen past Bonnie's façade.

“Never mind us, but you have to break up with Leslie. But, Bonnie, don’t worry. Your dad and I will find a better husband for you,” Maggie avowed.

Bonnie nodded timidly. “Okay.”

“Go and take a shower. I’ll ask Courtney to make sandwiches for you.”

“No, I don’t want them. Her sandwiches are not delicious at all. But, mom, I want to eat your sandwiches,” Bonnie pouted and even grimaced in disgust even though Courtney was standing next to them.

Courtney lowered her head sadly. She had been cooking for over a decade and took pride in her cooking skills. Bonnie’s belittling remarks had truly hurt her.

“Courtney’s food is very delicious. It doesn’t suit your taste, that’s all,” Queenie rebuked.

“Delicious? Blargh! Mom, we should fire her and hire a new chef. I’ve been eating the same dishes. every day. I’ve had enough of it!” Bonnie sneered with disdain.

Maggie hurriedly coaxed, “Shush. Alright now, that’s enough out of you. Go and take a shower. I’ll make the sandwiches.”

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As Bonnie headed upstairs in a huff, she glared at Courtney as she walked the stairs.

As soon as Bonnie was out of sight, Maggie comforted Courtney before going into the kitchen to cook something up for Bonnie.

Meanwhile, Queenie was fuming with anger inside. Ever since Bonnie returned, everyone at home had not been in a good mood and had to coax her like she was a princess.

Arriving upstairs. Queenie found that Bonnie had already taken a shower as she came out of the bathroom wearing a pair of revealing pajamas. At that, Queenie’s face darkened as she chided, “Hey, Dad is still at home. Why are you dressed like this?”

“Oh, Queenie. You must be jealous, aren’t you? After all, I’m much better than you when it comes to certain aspects.” Then, Bonnie proudly puffed out her chest while taunting, “Yours look like they have yet to hit puberty. What a shame.”

In actuality, Queenie’s figure was not as bad as Bonnie made it out to be; her chests were merely not as exaggerated as Bonnie’s, which looked fake since she had some surgery done.

“Yeah, fine, sure. Yours are bigger than mine. Are you happy now? Change your clothes and head downstairs,” ordered Queenie as she gritted her teeth.

Although Bonnie was their father’s daughter, it would still be embarrassing for her to go downstairs in such clothing and get seen by their father. Moreover, their mother would be upset. as well if she saw it!

Yet, Bonnie only wore this outfit with the intention to show Queenie how her figure was better than hers.

Seeing that her sister had gone back to her room, Queenie heaved a sigh of relief. There were times when Bonnie’s actions and behavior reminded her of the shameless women from nightclubs.

As such, Queenie went back to her room and came to the mirror in her bathroom. She turned to her side and looked at her figure in the mirror. Puberty has yet to hit me? Pffi. I think they’re already better than others. Ring! At that moment, her phone rang. She picked up the phone and saw that it was a call from Nigel.

“

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Hello!” she answered the call as she plopped onto the bed.

“Are you asleep?”

“Nope. What about you?”

“I just came out of the shower.”

Queenie’s mind immediately fled to the scene of that man coming out of the bathroom. Her pretty face flushed as she replied, “So, are you going to bed soon?”

“Yeah, soon.”

“I can’t sleep, though.”

“Why? Are you too excited to sleep?” Nigel teased her.

“No. I’m too angry to sleep.”

“Did your sister anger you again?”

Distressed, Nigel was actually empathetic to her situation. This was because even at first glance, Bonnie did not look like a person that was easy to deal with. He knew that Queenie must have suffered a lot of grievances to have to interact with a person like her.

"I'm going to ask you a question, but you have to answer me honestly." As Queenie finished her words, she lowered her head and looked at her sash. The words Bonnie had said earlier continued to challenge her confidence.

"Ask away." Nigel listened carefully to what she was about to ask.

"You promise not to laugh at me."

"Of course." He was looking forward to her question.

Plucking up her courage, Queenie took a deep breath and asked, "What do you think about my body? Is it good?"

"Pretty good."

"If so... Do I look... small?"

"Where do you mean?" Nigel asked in a serious manner.

"There!" She buried her face into the blanket in shame.

As if she heard the man's muffled laughter, she exclaimed, "You promised not to laugh at me!"

"Cough... I didn't. I think you're fine. According to my visual inspection, I think they're quite good," Nigel reassured her.

"When did you visually inspect them?" she asked while biting her lip.

"When I was with you. Not really a hard task to do so," Nigel replied.

Queenie snorted. As expected, men never have pure intentions! Even Nigel's one of them. In that case, does that mean he's checked out Bonnie's too?!

"According to your 'visual inspections, my sister's chest must be more attractive, right?" With jealousy rising within her, it became evident in her tone as well.

The man on the other end did not expect her to react this way, so he responded straightforwardly, "I only look at women whom I am interested in. Women that I am not interested in will not attract me, no matter how good they look."

"But my sister and I look quite similar. If you like my looks, you should like hers too!" Queenie argued while biting her lips.

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"To me, you guys are polar opposites. No matter how similar you both look on the outside, your personalities are obviously different. Queenie Silverstein, you should have more faith in me," Nigel replied solemnly.

As soon as Queenie heard that, her confidence immediately returned and she hummed in response before saying, "Okay. I'll let this go."

"Do you have any plans for tomorrow?" she continued.

"If you agree to have lunch with me, then I will have a plan for tomorrow," he replied.

Suddenly, Queenie felt a surge of anticipation in her chest. "Sure! Let's do that."

"Rest early and don't think about anything else."

"So, I can't think about you tonight? Sure, I'll do that," she deliberately teased.

Nigel was speechless. "Except... for me. Think about me."

"Will you be thinking about me too?" she asked.

"Yes."

Finally satisfied, she concluded, "Good. I'll be thinking about you too. Good night."

"Good night," he responded.

Queenie waited for a while before hanging up. With anticipation, she was imagining her lunch date with Nigel tomorrow.

Meanwhile, Bonnie had changed into casual clothes and was having her meal downstairs. She asked her mother, "Mom, are Queenie and Young Master Nigel dating?"

"Judging by the situation, I think they are." Maggie was happy, as she no longer had to worry about her eldest daughter since Queenie was such a lucky person to have met Nigel. For now, she only had to worry about her younger daughter's future.

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"Mom, do you really think that our family can match up to the Manson Family? What if Young Master Nigel is only playing her?" Bonnie asked worriedly.

Truth be told, Maggie was also worried about that matter, for she did not want her daughter to fall for an ungrateful person either. With a frown, she stated, "I will tell Queenie to be more alert. If he is playing with her feelings, then she should stop this relationship and not let it ruin her life."

"Mom, don't worry. I'll help Queenie keep a lookout as well." Bonnie smiled.

Assuming that it was a kind gesture, Maggie grinned approvingly. "That's good! This is how sisters are meant to be; always loving, helping, and thinking about each other."

At about 9.00AM next morning, Courtney heard the doorbell ring before she went to open the

door. It was then she saw Leslie standing there with a bouquet of flowers in his hands.

"Mr. Payne, you're here so early!"

Although Leslie still had a bandaid on his face, he looked to be in high spirits as he dressed up handsomely. He held the flowers in his arms, came into the house, and entered the dining room.

Brandon had left early in the morning whereas Bonnie and Queenie had just finished their breakfast while Maggie was instructing the servants about something.

Just as Bonnie was about to head upstairs, she heard footsteps coming from the entrance and turned her head to see Leslie walking in with a bouquet of flowers. Her expression immediately turned disdainful and she rolled her eyes. "Leslie, didn't I make myself clear? I told you to never

come-

However, before she could finish, she saw him walking toward the couch with the flowers and knelt on one knee before the couch where Queenie was sitting. "Queenie, please accept these flowers. They are a token of my gratitude."

Queenie was stunned for a few seconds. Is Leslie giving me flowers? What's going on?

"Leslie, you've got the wrong person!" She frowned.

On the other hand, Bonnie also wondered if Leslie had hit his eye in the car accident yesterday. Otherwise, why was he unable to differentiate between Queenie and herself?

Although Bonnie had given up on him, watching him present flowers to her sister made her feel uncomfortable.

"No, I've got you right. This flower is meant for you, Queenie. I apologize for all the hurt I've brought to you. Please forgive me." Leslie felt like he had been reborn and did not even spare Bonnie a glance since he came in.

Meanwhile, Bonnie bit her red lips as she looked disbelievingly at what had happened. Did Leslie just ignore me and is now confessing his love for Queenie?

"Leslie, I heard that you got into an accident yesterday. Where are you hurt?" Bonnie took the initiative to ask about his well-being and walked toward the couch.

As the man turned his head to look at her, his eyes were no longer filled with affection anymore; instead, there was only coldness. "I don't need your sympathy."

"I'm sorry. It was all my fault. I shouldn't have left you behind and caused you to get into an accident." While saying so, Bonnie was shooting him with eyes full of grievances. Back then, she only had to frown a little and Leslie would buy her gifts to coax her.