

My Baby's Daddy

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1562

Chapter 1562 Company Meeting

“Mom, I’ll explain why I was beating him later. Tell him to look for me if he comes to our home.” Nigel whimpered slightly. “I’m so tired and need to get some extra shut-eye.”

Brenda let out a sigh as she hung up the phone. My son has been experiencing a lot of stress lately due to his work, so I should give him some space.

Suddenly, her phone rang again, and after glancing briefly at the display, she answered the call with a gleeful expression.

“Hey,
Jovane!”

“Brenda! I was able to ask the girl whose information you requested. She is currently single and has no boyfriend. Maybe you

could set up a blind date for Nigel so they can get to know each other.”

“Wonderful! I’m quite pleased with this girl, and I’ve noticed she has a pleasant personality since meeting her at the jewelry exhibition last time and having a little chat with her.”

“Exactly! She comes from three generations of scholars, is beautiful in the classical sense, and has a stellar personality.

There is utterly zero ground for any criticism.”

“Whenever I set Nigel up on blind dates, he reacts as though I’m pleading for his life. I’m worried he’ll turn me down.”

“Oh, Brenda! Simply invite him to join you for dinner, but don’t tell him that this is a blind date. Maybe he’ll reconsider once he sees the girl at the table!”

Brenda’s eyes brightened when she realized that her friend had a fantastic idea, and she knew she ought to give it a shot, so she

responded, "Okay. Let's do that. This Friday, we'll all go out for dinner together, and you can ask that girl out while I ask my son out."

"Sure, no problem."

"It's decided, then." Brenda's eyes sparkled with excitement as she ended the call. It would be wonderful if her son would get married this year so that she could have grandchildren in the coming year.

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While having breakfast at the Silverstein Residence with his two daughters, Brandon's gaze briefly strayed in their direction. He turned to Queenie and asked, "Queenie, are you available at noon? Come join me at a meeting."

"What sort of meeting, Dad?"

"I'd like you to come along and sit in on a company meeting," he replied.

When Bonnie heard his words, she complained, “Why can’t I come, Dad?”

“Bonnie, stay at home with your mother and listen to me,” he persuaded.

“What’s the reason that Queenie gets to go and I don’t?” A growing sense of resentment caused Bonnie to slam her spoon on the table.

“Bonnie, your dad is getting older and is hoping to find someone to manage the company’s affairs on his behalf. Queenie

attended business school, so she is more qualified than you to join the company and oversee operations,” Maggie consoled her.

Bonnie’s frustration was amplified by that remark. Does this imply that my father intends to hand over the company to her rather than me?

“Dad, I may not have the same credentials as Queenie, but I can run the business just as well, so please let me come along,”

she insisted.

Maggie and Brandon exchanged glances before she said, “Alright! You can join them!”

Bonnie finally picked up her cutlery and resumed her meal with contentment, but she soon discovered that her appetite was

gone, even though the meal was delectable. It turned out that her parents had decided long ago to hand over the business to

Queenie. Were they prejudiced against her because of her lack of education?

“Okay, we’ll leave after breakfast.”

At the Silverstein Family company headquarters, a summary meeting was taking place to conduct a semi-annual stocktaking.

Since both Bonnie and Queenie came to the meeting merely as observers, they were given seats at the end. After taking a seat,

Bonnie saw that Queenie was perusing the report on their performance that had been sent in.

After picking up the report, Bonnie flipped through a few pages and was astounded to see that, aside from the handful of words

written in the local language at the introduction, the rest of the report was written in a foreign language. She had no idea what the

numbers on the pages meant, but it was like reading a Bible verse.

Frustrated, she looked furtively at Queenie, who was reading the pages intently as if she understood them. It brought out an

intense feeling of jealousy and anxiety in Bonnie's heart. If Queenie was as good as she claimed to be, how could she beat

Queenie for the company's management position?

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