

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1439-1442

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1439

This was the first time Queenie had a proper job. She was determined to work hard and make something of herself. At the very least, she wanted to be able to support herself.

"Queenie, what's your relationship with Mr. Manson?" Susanna asked quietly.

"I'm a distant relative of his-a cousin of sorts." It was much easier to give this answer now that it wasn't her first time doing so. Susanna smiled even wider as she thought to herself, Here I was worrying that she was Mr. Manson's new girlfriend! Gosh, I was so afraid that was the case! Well, if she's just family, then I still have a shot.

Queenie had a good head on her shoulders and was quick in picking up the tasks as well. Susanna was also shocked to see how fast of a learner she was. From the looks of it, she would be able to handle the job herself way before three months of training were over

One of the young women working as a greeter started getting a stomach ache, so she turned to Susanna and said, "Susanna, can you take my place for a bit? I need to use the restroom."

Susanna didn't want to be standing on her feet for so long, so she turned to Queenie. "Queenie, go and cover for her."

"Alright!" Queenie got up from her seat and stood in place by the main entrance with three other female employees. Soon after she took the position, a flurry of footsteps rang out from the elevator lobby. Five stern-faced middle-aged men came out with Nigel at the helm. The men carried themselves

in a serious manner that made it clear they were the company's senior executives, while Nigel's figure and handsome features made him look more like a model instead.

Even so, Nigel still had an imposing aura that made it obvious he was in charge.

The moment he got to the main entrance, he spotted Queenie standing nearby. Although she wore the same uniform as all the other pretty young women working as greeters, there was still something unique about her presence that made him pick her out of the crowd right away.

All of a sudden, he realized that the silk scarf she wore as part of her uniform was a little crooked. He had an obsessive-compulsive streak which got the better of him as he stepped over to her. She was alarmed, and before she knew what was going on, he started rearranging her scarf with his long, slender fingers.

Queenie gulped. She froze as she looked up at him. Nigel had a serious expression on his face as he carefully adjusted her scarf. She took in his arched eyebrows, dark, glittering eyes, high bridged nose, and tempting lips. He has the ladykiller features, she remarked in her mind.

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The other three greeters sorely wished their scarves had been crooked as well so that they could have Nigel adjust theirs for them.

Queenie's heart rate was soaring through the roof. This was her first time having a man arranging her scarf for her so intimately right in public.

"Thank you, Mr. Manson," she said politely once Nigel stepped back with a satisfied look.

He glanced at her. "Make sure you always look presentable."

"Yes, Mr. Manson," she promised at once.

Nigel finally left with the other men, and as soon as he was gone, everyone turned their gazes onto Queenie. All the employees in the lobby had witnessed everything that took place, and she nearly drowned in their looks of envy.

She cleared her throat awkwardly.

"It's obvious that someone did it on purpose!" A harsh voice rang out all of a sudden.

Queenie looked across to see a pretty but mean-looking woman staring at her scornfully.

"I think everyone has misunderstood this. I didn't do it on purpose," Queenie quickly defended herself.

"Stooping to these tricks just as soon as you started the job, huh? I don't think you're here to work. You're here for Mr. Manson!"

"That's right."

For the sake of clearing things up, Queenie had no choice but to use the same cover story again. "Please don't get the wrong idea! I'm just his cousin."

The greeters who had been clouded in jealousy just moments ago immediately gasped in shock. "You're Mr. Manson's cousin?"

“Yeah, albeit a little distantly related, so please don’t misunderstand anything.” Queenie could tell that all the unmarried women working in this hotel had a crush on Nigel. To avoid being the target of their jealousy, she figured it would be best to lie and say she was his cousin.

Sure enough, her words wiped off the looks of intense jealousy in the eyes of the three female employees who were glowering at her earlier. It explained why Nigel had personally adjusted her scarf for her.

Naturally, such things spread like wildfire among the employees, and at the very least, Queenie no longer had to suffer from similar misunderstandings.

At Silverstein Residence.

When Maggie woke up in the morning, she began to worry about her eldest daughter. There had been a thunderstorm last night, and Queenie had run off just like that. I wonder if she got caught in

the rain.

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“Mom, are you worried about Queenie? I’m worried about her too, but none of my calls are getting through.” Bonnie came downstairs and hugged Maggie. “It’s all my fault. She ran away

from home because of me.”

“It’s not your fault. Don’t blame yourself. I’ll get your father to look for her.” Maggie patted Bonnie on the hand affectionately.

“Mom, if it means Queenie will come back, I can just move back in with my adopted parents! Queenie won’t be happy if I stay here in this house.” Bonnie looked as if she were wallowing in guilt.

“Oh, you silly child. Don’t say such ridiculous things. Both your father and I consider you our most precious baby. We spent two decades looking for you, and we’re not going to let you leave us again.” Maggie hugged Bonnie. Moments ago, she had been worried about Queenie, but right now, the only one she cared about was Bonnie.

Bonnie smirked smugly. She would be the happiest person alive if Queenie never came back! It’d be even better if she died while out there. That way, the entire Silverstein Family’s fortune will be mine.

Just then, Bonnie’s phone started ringing. She checked to see that it was Leslie calling, so she happily said to Maggie, “Mom, give me a minute to answer this.”

Bonnie walked out into the garden before answering. “Have you reached, Leslie?” she asked sweetly.

“I’m almost there. I’ll take you to a nice restaurant later.”

“Okay, I’ll be waiting,” Bonnie gushed. Her life now revolved around indulging in all her desires. She could eat, drink, and shop to her heart’s content.

Life couldn’t get any better than this for her. She was even more thrilled that she didn’t have to see Queenie around the house anymore.

Soon, the day came to an end, and it was time to get off work.

Queenie had been standing for half of her shift and had to take in a lot of new information for the other half. At last, it was 6.00PM, and everyone started getting off work. Some went home, while others had dates that night. She was the only one left sitting in the staff lounge, and it suddenly hit her that she had nowhere to go.

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She had neither the money to buy herself a meal nor pay for a night at a motel; she had no single cent on her. She had never felt this lost and helpless before. Although her parents would come and get her if she called home, she just couldn't bring herself to make the call.

Her other option was to call a friend, but she was down in the dumps right now and didn't want to trouble any of her friends.

Well, perhaps she was just being stubborn! She wanted to prove that she could face all obstacles in life by herself.

Queenie couldn't get in touch with Nigel either. She didn't know where he was or where his house was. After recalling how kind he had been to her so far, she didn't feel like troubling him any further.

She looked around the empty staff lounge. I guess I can just stay here for the night! The hotel will provide breakfast tomorrow morning, and I can think about the rest after work tomorrow!

At 8.00PM, Nigel left his parents' home after dinner and started driving back to his place. He turned the music up while driving and began to enjoy his alone time as usual when all of a sudden, he started getting the feeling as if he had left something undone.

Soon, a woman's face popped up in his head. He narrowed his eyes. Right. That woman's still at the hotel. She should've gotten off work by now. Where did she go? Did she go home? But she did say she

ran away from home and even refused to leave my place last night, so she's probably too ashamed to go home. That means she could still be at the hotel.

His brain was telling him to forget about Queenie, but his hands had already started steering the car toward the hotel.

Half an hour later, Nigel's distinguished figure made its way across the hotel lobby. He had a pretty good idea of where he could find her. If she were still in the hotel, there was only one place she could be—the staff lounge.

He headed up to the floor with all the various lounges. No one else seemed to be around at this hour, and he started checking every single one of the staff lounges until he finally found Queenie all curled up and fast asleep on the couch in the lounge at the end of the corridor.

The air was chilly in the air-conditioned lounge, causing Queenie to curl up like a ball. Her hair was tied up, which left her beautiful face clear for all to see. As the light in the room cast upon her, her pretty features looked all the more mesmerizing. She looked even more alluring in her sleep. Nigel had to admit that she was a fairly attractive woman.

He started thinking that her fate would have been very different if another man had taken her home instead of him last night.