## My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1431-1434

My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1431

Right then, Queenie's tummy began to rumble. She realized that she was starving as she hadn't had much to eat since breakfast. Young Master Nigel seems like a pretty decent person, so I'm sure he'd offer me some food, right? She couldn't help but return to the washroom just to check herself out in the mirror. She was satisfied with what she saw-even though she didn't have any makeup on, she knew that she was still pretty good-looking.

Queenie knew how to put her strengths to good use, and she knew that it'd be hard for a man to reject a pretty girl. She walked out of her room to take a glance at her surroundings. The private and large villa didn't seem like something every rich person could afford, but one who was both wealthy and powerful. It was clear that the Mansons were among the wealthiest families in Averna.

She strolled around the large house while admiring the furniture and the view outside the window. The whole place looked extremely modern, and there was a boyish tone to all the decorations. Young Master Nigel has pretty good taste, Queenie thought to herself When she got into the hall, she took a look at her surroundings with a hopeful gaze in her eyes. She was hoping that a whole, scrumptious meal would have already been prepared for her right then.

"What are you looking for?" A man's icy voice came from behind her. Queenie was shocked by his sudden appearance, and she turned around to find a man dressed in a set of gray pajamas. The man looked fresh after a shower, and his lean body and gray outfit made him look like a young wolf that was wild and energetic. Queenie stared at him for a while before telling him honestly, "I'm looking for food. I didn't get to have dinner earlier," she said. "Don't get me wrong! I'm not some thief. My name is Queenie Silverstein, and my dad is Brandon Silverstein. He's pretty well known in the business world. You'd find him online if you did your research," she added after a while.

"I don't have any food at home." Nigel replied with one eyebrow raised.

"Don't you have any biscuits? I wouldn't mind having some snacks." Queenie was begging him at this point-she knew that she wouldn't be able to sleep if she was too hungry.

"No." Nigel was amused by the look on her face. "Can you bring me out for food, then? Please..."

Queenie gave him a puppy-eyed look as she clasped her palms together. He felt as if he was staring at a pitiful little dog at that moment, and he could feel himself softening at the sight of her. Deep down, he was trying to remind himself not to be too nice to her. After what she did, she deserves to starve, he told himself. She bumped into my head, she saw my body, and she's even the reason that my hotel received a complaint for the first time in the past six months. Why should I pity someone like

her?

At that moment, the girl's tummy let out a loud rumble that rang across the silent hall. Blood rushed to her face as her tummy protested against the man's words. She was genuinely hungry. "You can look around in the cupboards beside the fridge," Nigel finally said. The girl rushed to the fridge immediately, and she let out a gasp the moment she opened the cupboard. Is this a whole collection of snacks? The whole cupboard is filled with food! These are all expensive snacks-they aren't the cheap brands you'd see in regular grocery stores. Is Young Master Nigel secretly a fan of snacks? That's cute. He acted all high and mighty earlier, but it seems like he's actually a collector of snacks. Hah!

Queenie felt as if she had just stumbled upon one of the man's secrets. The corner of her lips was curled upward as she happily picked out a few snacks for herself. Then, she hugged the packets of

snacks against her chest as she walked over to the couch in the hall. "Here. This one's for you." She was kind enough to offer the man some snacks.

Nigel shot her a glare, and he narrowed his eyes when he saw the number of snacks in her arms. "Are you sure you can finish all of that?"

"Yeah. I have a huge appetite," Queenie replied. I never get to do this at home! Mom's always so strict about the snacks I have. Now, I'm going to have the time of my life, she thought. Up until this point, Nigel had only ever shared his global collection of snacks with one person-his nephew, Jared. He was surprised to see himself sharing this with a random woman.

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"This chocolate... must be pricey!" Queenie held a box of chocolates up. She gulped as she glanced at the brand of the chocolates. She knew that these chocolates cost more than 10,000, and she knew that this wasn't a local brand. Nigel's collection of snacks was worth at least 100,000 in total, and the woman already had tens of thousands worth of snacks in her arms.

Queenie opened the wrapper of a piece of chocolate and popped it into her mouth. The chocolate melted in her mouth, and she could taste the thick cocoa flavor which made her exclaim with joy. "This is so good. This is probably the best chocolate I've ever had in my

life." Queenie uttered with a wide grin. She looked like a three-year-old child who had just received. some candy. Her eyes were bright, and they twinkled like stars in the night sky.

For some reason, her happiness was contagious, and it was kind of therapeutic to see her smile. Nigel couldn't stop himself from smirking when he stared at the girl. I tried so hard to get those chocolates, and this girl is gobbling all of them down. Yet, for some reason, I can't seem to get mad at her. It feels like this chocolate is only worth its price because of how happy it makes her.

"That's 30,000," Nigel announced just to mess with her. Queenie was munching on the second chocolate when she gave the man a puzzled look. Do I have to pay for these snacks? The chocolate in her hand seemed to be calling for her to munch on it. "Fine. 30,000 it is. I'll return you the money when I have it," Queenie explained before popping another chocolate into her mouth. Soon enough, she finished all six pieces of the chocolate.

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"How much is this? I'll return you all the money at once," she offered as she held a packet of biscuits up. Then, she tore the packet open and threw a piece into her mouth. "Didn't you say that you'd pay for my accommodation and food for a whole week, Young Master Nigel? Why are you. asking me for money now?" she protested.

"I'm charging for the snacks, Nigel said with one eyebrow raised. He enjoyed watching Queenie lose her temper. The snacks in Queenie's mouth didn't taste as good once she heard that she had to pay for them. Well, do I have a choice? I'm the one who's staying in his house now, right? "Are you still hiring staff for your hotel, Young Master Nigel? Can I work there?" Queenie was thinking of getting a job, and she figured that since there was a business owner right in front of her eyes, she might as well ask. I bet the pay will be good if I work at his hotel, she thought.

"I'm not hiring," Nigel replied. He didn't want to hire female staff like her who'd only cause him trouble. "I'm begging you. My parents chased me out of the house, and I don't have anywhere. else to go, so I need to make my own living. I'd work for you even if you offered me a job as a cleaner Queenie didn't have high expectations.

"Why don't I work as your maid at home? You can just provide me with a room and food. I promise I'll keep your whole house spick and span, and I promise I won't steal any of your snacks." Queenie pressed her palms together as she looked at him with a sincere gaze. Nigel wasn't a cold and heartless man, and he was usually a nice boss to work with. However, this was a woman who had offended him in the past, so his pride didn't allow him to be nice to her.

"No," he rejected her immediately. Queenie bit her bottom lip as a hint of disappointment flashed in her eyes. She munched on her biscuit as she tried to come up with a new plan for her future. "You can clean up and go to bed after you're done," Nigel said before he went upstairs with the packet of snacks that she had handed him earlier. Queenie heaved a sigh.

There were a few more packets of snacks on the table, and food felt like happiness to her at that moment, even though she felt rather glum after the rejection. Being the naturally optimistic girl that she was, she quickly forgot about her sorrows as she munched on her snacks. However, the silence of the hall seemed to enhance the loud thoughts in her mind. Did Mom and Dad try to call me at all? Would they be worried about me? Or... do they not care about me anymore?

Tears formed in the girl's eyes as she munched on her snacks. She bit her lip to stop herself from making any noise, but a sob escaped her in the end. Meanwhile, the man who had come downstairs to get some water froze when he heard the sound of sobs by the couch in the hall. He was stunned for a few seconds, and he turned to find a girl munching on snacks while drying her tears with the back of her arm. Nigel fell deep in thought after that.