My Baby's Daddy Chapter 1513

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Mesmerized by Queenie's beauty, Nigel felt that one kiss was not enough. So he extended his arm to embrace her and kiss her again, but this time, Queenie responded quickly by taking a step back and pushing him away.

"No, stop... You can't just do whatever you want to me. If you kiss me again, you have to be my boyfriend." Queenie was wise regarding her love life. Hence, she barely held hands with Leslie when they were 'dating'.

Nigel snorted because he felt that she was snubbing him. "Do you think I don't want to date you?"

"Do you want to date me?" Queenie's eyes lit up with delight.

Nigel narrowed his eyes as he replied affirmatively, "Of course."

This time, it was Queenie's turn to be shocked. She had always been relatively levelheaded in the relationship department, so she bit her lips and muttered, "Wait... Give me some time to think about it, okay?"

She didn't know much about Nigel's family other than the fact that they were extremely wealthy. She and Nigel were not of the same social status, and he was way out of her league.

Nigel was dumbstruck by her question. What was there to think about? Was he not good enough

for her?

"I'll give you three days to think about it. Then, when the time comes, we'll date."

"What if I need more time?" Queenie blinked and asked, fighting for a way for herself.

As Nigel walked toward his car, he proclaimed, "You can't run away from me no matter what."

Queenie felt like she was a rabbit that had become the target of the big bad wolf, Nigel.

As she tried to digest what was happening, she finally came to her senses, and her lips curled into a smile. Challenge accepted! Her clear eyes shone with anticipation of a new journey ahead of her.

If she succeeded, she would become Mrs. Manson. If she failed, she would return to being Miss Silverstein. It seemed that she wouldn't suffer any loss either way.

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On the way home, Queenie's phone rang. She frowned when she saw the caller ID. "Leslie? Why is he calling me?"

"Don't answer it," Nigel commanded in an authoritative tone.

Queenie didn't answer his call, but Leslie called for the second time. She wondered if something terrible had happened to Bonnie, so she answered, albeit unwillingly, "Hello! Is something the

matter?"

"Queenie! You finally answered my call. I'm fine. I just want to talk to you…"

"I don't have anything to say to you."

"No! Please don't hang up... I'm so moved today! Do you know how much you mean to me? I just realized today that you are ten thousand times better and kinder than

Bonnie... I was so stupid to break up with you. You would have been my wife now if I hadn't been charmed by Bonnie," Leslie confessed his feelings affectionately.

"That's enough. Stop it." Queenie was irritated by his frankly shameless attitude.

At this moment, the car stopped at the traffic light. Nigel snatched the phone from Queenie's hand and warned Leslie, "I like Queenie. Stop pestering her." After that, he ended the call and handed the phone back to her.

When Queenie took the phone, her face flushed crimson, and her heart thumped wildly.

It felt as if someone had made a reservation for her lifetime happiness, and the person who made the reservation was a rich and handsome young man.

Did it mean that the snack pantry in his house belonged to her?

When they reached the entrance of Queenie's house, Nigel parked his car under the tree. Queenie looked in the direction of her house and then at Nifel beside her. Then, she murmured reluctantly. "Thanks for the ride. I'll head off now."

"Go on!" Nigel tilted his head and looked at her as he said gently.

Queenie opened the door and got out of the car. Only after watching his car leave did she enter the house.

As soon as she walked into the house, her parents were deep in conversation, and she heard Maggie's guilty voice. "It's all my fault. I didn't educate Bonnie well, so the Paynes thought she was an ill-mannered brat."

"Alright, don't blame yourself. We'll talk to Bonnie when she gets back. But, since Leslie did not want to take responsibility for what he had done, we won't allow Bonnie to get married to an irresponsible man like that. She will have a tough life if she marries him," Brandon dismissed in

anger.

They were angry at the Paynes instead of Bonnie.

"Mom, Dad, I'm home." Queenie walked in with her handbag in hand. The moment she caught sight of Maggie's red eyes, she instantly headed over to comfort her. "Don't be sad, Mom. It's all my fault."

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"I know that Leslie and Bonnie wronged you, but Queenie, promise me that you won't take out your anger on Bonnie again, okay? Both of you are my daughters. I'll be heartbroken and torn if either of you is unhappy."

Queenie understood Maggie's anguish, but she could not expect Maggie to understand her misery. It was even more challenging for her to tell Maggie about all the nasty things Bonnie had done to her.

She could not whine about them. All she could do was keep them to herself.

Only by restraining herself would her family have a modicum of peace.

"Okay, I'll try not to needle her," Queenie promised. Her parents had had a hard time today after handling the whole lot of angered Paynes, so she did not want to upset them further.

"Where is Bonnie? Why hasn't she returned yet?" Brandon asked worriedly. "She can be quite stubborn. What if something bad happens to her?!"

A horrified and worried Brandon made another call to Bonnie. Bonnie obviously answered the call because Brandon quickly asked, "Bonnie! Where are you? Hurry up and come home. Queenie is already home."

"Dad, I'm sad. I don't want to go home yet."

"No, you must come home now! It's already ten. Send me your current location. I'll go over and fetch you," Brandon demanded.

"Alright, but I'll go home by myself. You don't have to come and fetch me," Bonnie said on the other end of the line.

"I'll ask the driver to fetch you."

"No, you don't have to. I'll take a cab back." After that, Bonnie hung up.

Queenie disapproved of Bonnie's behavior as she looked at her parents' apparent anxiety over their wayward daughter. The twins had a 10.00PM curfew, and she had never caused her parents such worry by returning home on the dot.