

N Destiny 1291

Chapter 1291

“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.

Hel 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.

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The hotel manager had told Nigel about what happened at the hotel earlier that morning. Nigel knew that Queenie had a twin sister and that she had taken the room card to catch her sister sleeping around with her fiancé. Yet, just hours later, Queenie was the one who was chased out of the home. What happened after that? What did this woman go through?

Nigel took his phone out to search for Brandon's name. The recent news mentioned how Brandon's company had received recognition for being a 100- year-old company, and some other articles also spoke of his recent reunion with his daughter.

Nigel tapped on the news to read about the celebration that they had for the younger daughter that had just come home. There was an image of the family in a hall, where Brandon and his wife were hugging their long-lost daughter. Queenie was standing beside them.

It was clear from the image itself that the younger daughter had turned into the princess of the family, while the elder daughter looked like she was just blending into the background.

After Nigel saw the news, he looked up to see the girl who was still drying her tears. He felt both amused and sorry for the girl when he saw how she had finished all the snacks on the table.

Then, Nigel kept his phone away and went downstairs. Queenie quickly hung her head low as she rubbed her eyes furiously. Why did this man come downstairs again? "If you want to work, you'll have to leave the house with me at 8.00AM tomorrow." The man walked past her without looking into her eyes, and he headed upstairs after taking a bottle of water from the kitchen.

When Queenie came to her senses, she let out a cry of joy. 'Alright. I'll wake up on time. Thank you, Young Master Nigel.'

The following day, Nigel stood outside the guest room with a bag in his hand. It was already past 8.00AM, and the woman who agreed to wake up the night before was completely quiet inside the room.

He bit his lip for a moment before he stepped forward to knock on her door. Queenie was barely awake when she heard the man's knock on her door, and she mumbled some words in response to him. "Stop knocking, Mom... I'm coming..."

All of a sudden, something seemed to click in her mind, and she immediately opened her eyes wide. She took in the unfamiliar room around her and quickly recalled everything that had happened the night before.

Ah! What time is it? She threw the sheets off her before rushing to the door with her sleeping robe on. While opening the door, she pushed her hair back and put on a wide grin on her face. "Hey, Young Master Nigel. Good morning!"

The girl's smile was as bright as the sun, and her lips were as red as roses. Her wrinkled sleeping robe and her messy hair gave her a lazy yet adorable look.

The loose sleeping robe revealed the bare skin below her collarbones, and Nigel found himself stunned when he saw the girl in front of his eyes.

For some reason, he felt a lump building up in his throat, and he quickly turned his head away as he shoved the bag of clothes into the girl's hand. "I want you in the garage in five minutes. If you don't reach in time, you won't get the job," he uttered.

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"I got it. I'll be right there." The girl immediately grabbed the bag and shut the door behind her. Nigel let out a soft sigh. His mind had been occupied by thoughts of the meeting he was about to have later, but he couldn't seem to focus on anything else after he saw the girl's smile. He shook his head furiously as he walked toward the elevator.

Meanwhile, Queenie's room was like a battlefield. She hastily threw a shirt on before pulling a pencil skirt up to her waist. Then, she rushed to brush her teeth and wash her face in the washroom before pulling her hair back into a half-bun.

Once she was done, she sped out of the room. She knew that she didn't have much time, and she wasn't sure if her five minutes were up, but she rushed down to the garage anyway.

When she got downstairs, she found the man dressed in white shirt and white slacks. He was sitting on the couch in the garage. The regular man might not have been able to pull off a full-white outfit, but Nigel seemed especially elegant and posh in it. Furthermore, there was a mixture of class and trendiness in the aura he gave off, so whatever he wore somehow made him seem unique.

He had one leg crossed over the other as he glanced at the watch on his wrist. He looked as if he was very focused on the time. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Was I late?" Queenie asked the moment she appeared. The man scanned her from head to toe before he let out a laugh. "Are you planning to wear slippers to work?" he asked.

Queenie bowed her head in embarrassment for a few seconds before replying, "The shoes I wore yesterday were too dirty. I already threw them out."

Nigel stared at her in exasperation. He had no idea why he put himself through all this trouble. It could've just ended with him letting her stay at his place for a week before shooing her away, so why did he even agree to give her a job as well?

"Forget it. Let's just go to the hotel." He opened the door to his sports car before calling out to her, "Get in."

"Thank you, Mr. Manson!" Queenie replied at once. She was beginning to feel bad about everything. Just last night, she even threatened to start a protest in front of his hotel!

| never would've expected Mr. Manson to be a pretty decent man and a rather forgiving one to boot! After getting into the car, she started apologizing again, "Mr. Manson, | need to apologize to you. | threatened you last night by

saying that | would bring a banner and start a protest in front of your hotel, but it was just something | blurted out in the heat of the moment. Please don't take it to heart!"

Nigel cocked his eyebrows and turned to look at Queenie. She flashed him a smile and said, "Someday, I'll do my best to repay your kindness for taking me in."

He didn't feel like talking. He felt like his ears had been buzzing all morning. Usually, he was the only one in the house, and thus he was used to having complete silence, which suited him perfectly.

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The hotel he took her to this time was Manson Group's main hotel located in the city center. The one where Queenie had caused a scene was part of the chain and situated in a different location. Beneath the glow of the morning light, the hotel's brilliant facade seemed to take on a golden hue that made it look even more majestic as if it were a grand palace.

Meanwhile, Queenie had already gaped. in awe at the sight of the magnificent hotel, while at the same time, she was still in somewhat disbelief that she got a ride from the heir of the Manson Group himself.

"Your family's hotel looks so luxurious!"

She marveled. For some reason, Nigel was pleased to hear those words coming out of her mouth. His lips curved into a faint smile as he pulled into his designated parking spot ever so elegantly.

The security guards immediately greeted him politely, and the doorman came over to welcome him as well. Their actions made it feel as if a prince had arrived.

"Good morning, Mr. Manson," said the manager who came over to greet Nigel. The manager, Faye Loughlin, glanced at the woman standing beside Nigel and wondered, Did Mr. Manson get a girlfriend?

“Ms. Loughlin, arrange for her to work at the concierge,” Nigel instructed Faye. Faye was a little taken aback. She’s not his girlfriend? Is she just an employee he selected personally!

“What's your name, miss?” Faye asked Queenie. Queenie smiled and replied, “My name is Queenie Silverstein.” Nigel eyed Queenie’s shoes and instructed Faye once more, “Find her a pair of suitable footwear, along with a cell phone.”

“Yes, Mr. Manson.” Faye quickly acknowledged with a smile. After glancing at Queenie one last time, Nigel strode off toward the elevator lobby.

Queenie had a look of surprise as she watched Nigel leave. Faye took it all in and couldn't help but probe with a smile, “Miss Silverstein, do you mind if I ask how you’re related to Mr. Manson?”

“Uhh... I'm.... I'm a distant relative of his... a cousin of sorts...” Queenie came up with a random response.

Though, what she didn’t know was that this random reply of hers led to her receiving far better treatment from Faye.

Faye brought her to a changing room and gave her a uniform before instructing her to familiarize herself with the hotel first. Faye also gave her one of the hotel’s staff handphones. Once Queenie took the phone, she felt like calling home.

However, she reminded herself that it had only been a day since she left the house. She couldn't give in so easily. I should at least wait until I have a stable job here before letting them know that I'm doing fine!

“Queenie, you do fit the bill of requirements for those working at the concierge. Tell you what, I'll assign you to the concierge as a trainee first. This is company policy as all new employees need to go through a three-month training period before they can be given an official role.”

“Sure. That’s fine with me. I’m open to taking on any tasks required of me.” Queenie nodded in agreement. She saw this job as the start of her journey to being independent.

Faye led Queenie back to the main lobby and handed her off to another employee who would be her direct supervisor. "Susanna, I'm assigning Queenie to you as a trainee. From today onward, you'll be in charge of her training"

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Susanna Conklin had just seen Queenie coming into the hotel with Nigel, so she was warm and friendly as she replied, "No problem, Faye. I'll take good care of Queenie."

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.

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? | 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. | 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, | can just move back in with my adopted parents! Queenie won't be happy if | 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.

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. | guess | can just stay here for the night! The hotel will provide breakfast tomorrow morning, and | can think about the rest after work tomorrow!

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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. "Hey! Queenie Silverstein! Wake up." Nigel started calling out to Queenie.

However, she was sound asleep and didn't stir at all. Nigel had no choice but to resort to physical means. He started patting her soft, tender cheek with the back of his hand. "Hurry up and wake up, Queenie."

Queenie was startled awake at last. She shot up straight on the couch and looked at the man in front of her in fright before realizing who it was.

The anxiety in her eyes gave way to a look of child-like surprise. "It's you! Are you here to pick me up?"

The look in her eyes and the words that came out of her mouth made her seem like an abandoned puppy that had grown to rely on Nigel. He felt a pang in his heart. Is she really that ecstatic that I'm here to pick her up?

He stood up and said coolly, "We have rules in this hotel. Employees are not allowed to spend the night in the staff lounge."

Queenie was still smiling. His words didn't affect her sense of joy in any way. She felt as if someone had extended a warm hand out to her at her bleakest point in life.

"Ahh!" She had just planted her feet on the floor when she suddenly fell back onto the couch. Nigel, who had just turned to leave, turned his head around to look at her. He frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

She was a little too embarrassed to look him in the eyes. She massaged her calves and said, "My legs have gone numb from the way I was sleeping."

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He turned his head forward and waited patiently for her legs to recover their strength. After a while, Queenie hurried back on her feet again as she was afraid that his patience might wane. "I'm fine now. Let's go!"

Nigel led the way while Queenie forced herself to walk despite the numbness in her legs. She followed him down to the lobby, and as they strode across the grand hall, walking shoulder-to-shoulder, the other hotel employees weren't stunned anymore.

While they were still envious, they weren't as jealous about it anymore because even those on the night shift now knew that the newbie female employee was just Nigel's distant relative.

She wouldn't be marrying Nigel and wasn't going to steal their chance of becoming Mrs. Manson..

After getting into Nigel's car, Queenie's stomach began to rumble. She clutched her stomach awkwardly and asked hesitantly, "Have you eaten dinner yet?"

"Yes." Nigel's hands rested elegantly on the steering wheel as he drove them out of the hotel compound. Well, it's almost 9.00PM. Who else would've gone without dinner apart from me?

"Mr. Manson, would it be possible for me to make a somewhat unreasonable request?" Queenie ventured. He eyed her thoughtfully. An unreasonable request? What's she trying to do now?

She got straight to the point. "Can I get an advance of this month's salary?"

"That's not part of the company's regular practice." He denied her request without missing a beat. He wasn't about to make a special exception for her.

"Then, could you lend me some money for food? I'll pay you back once I get my salary. Oh, and with interest too." She was raised in a fairly decent family environment, which resulted in her being bold enough to make such a request without hints of shyness.

Other women probably wouldn't dare to ask a man like Nigel to lend them money. They were too afraid of embarrassing themselves.

"Nope." Nigel still remembered why he decided to take her in. It was to get his revenge, not for the sake of taking care of her.

Queenie pouted, but she wasn't angry. She sighed and looked out the window. Her eyes lit up suddenly as she pointed at a large pharmacy and exclaimed, "My family owns that pharmacy."

He glanced at where she was pointing. Her family's rich, alright, but she has fallen so low that she needs to borrow money from me now. Sounds like she's leading a great life. He couldn't help but snort as he remarked, "You can just ask your family for money."

She had a determined look on her face. "There's no way I'm doing that. My Dad kicked me out of the house. I have to survive on my own."

"From the looks of it now, that's not something you're capable of." Nigel shot her down right away. Queenie bit her lip and glared at him. Does he find it fun to put a damper on my spirits? I don't expect him to comfort me, but he doesn't have to dash my hopes like that now, does he? It's my first time getting kicked out of the house too! So, it's not like I have any experience in this.

She rested her head on the door and stared out the window. At the same time, her stomach started growling again.

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She had no choice but to try and negotiate with her stomach, "Can you be quiet for just one night? I'll feed you tomorrow morning." The hotel provided the employees with breakfast every morning, so Queenie's plan was to hold out until the next morning.

Nigel had encountered a lot of childish women before, but he had never seen one as silly and amusing as her. Suddenly, he turned the steering wheel and pulled up in front of a restaurant.

Queenie stared dazedly at the restaurant for a few seconds before turning to him. "Are you buying me dinner?" "Do you suppose I would let you eat up all of my snacks at home instead?" He scoffed as he retorted.

She remained seated in the car as she watched him get off. Although he always had a cold and indifferent look on his face, she couldn't deny that he had been nothing but kind to her.

She got down from the car and smiled at him. "Mr. Manson, you're only cold on the outside. If you show a little more gentleness, I'm sure that the line of women hoping to be your girlfriend would be long enough to circle the globe. You'll get a girlfriend in no time."

Amid her attempt at flattery, she accidentally bumped into Nigel's back, thanks to his abrupt halt. "Ouch!" Queenie quickly took two steps backward and rubbed her slightly sore nose as she looked at him.

Nigel turned around and warned coolly, "Stop talking so much if you want to eat."

He hated hearing talk about getting a girlfriend. He had no intention of getting one as he considered a girlfriend to be nothing but a nuisance to him.

He had chased after a woman for two years once. Yet, she was now his cousin's wife and had just given birth a second time. Ever since then, he realized that life as a single man was pretty fulfilling too. Therefore, over the last few years, apart from taking over the family business, he spent his time indulging in his interests and hobbies.

Queenie kept her mouth shut. Was | talking too much? Was he annoyed because of it?

Heeding his order, she remained silent from the moment they walked into the restaurant until the food was served at their table. However, her expression became a lot livelier once the food showed up. She rubbed her hands in eager anticipation.

Nigel didn't plan on eating, so he only ordered enough food for one. He took his phone out and started playing a game.

They were the only ones sitting in the restaurant's large dining area. One happily stuffed herself with food while the other sat quietly playing a game. Neither of them spoke, but the atmosphere wasn't tense or awkward.

Queenie looked at Nigel from time to time. Once she was full, she rested her chin on her hand and stared at Nigel, who was still engrossed in his game. In that instance, it struck her that he was quite a good-looking man. He had an excellent figure to go with his handsome features. The only thing that was less than satisfactory about him would be his somewhat unapproachable personality.

It was strange that a guy like him was still single. She had seen a lot of tabloids attempting to make their fortunes by reporting on various rumors and gossip about him. Once, he streamed a game with a female streamer, and the news stayed on the social media trending list for three whole days.

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Nigel was fully focused on his game when he felt a pair of eyes on him. He could feel the intensity of the staring. He put his phone away and eyed Queenie as he asked curtly, "Am I handsome?"

The woman who had been caught in the act didn't feel embarrassed in the slightest. She nodded her head and said, "You're quite handsome! Don't you know that?"

He was speechless. It went without saying that he knew that, but the way she was ogling at him made him suspect that she had ulterior motives! Nigel remembered that he didn't lock the door to his room last night. He made a mental note to do it tonight.

Since Queenie was done with dinner, he called the waiter over to settle the bill. They started heading back down to the car. She followed him into the elevator and burped before she could stop herself.

Mortified, she quickly covered her mouth, but she kept burping from time to time. She turned scarlet from embarrassment.

Nigel did his best to stop himself from chuckling. Even when they got to the car, she was still burping, so he passed her a bottle of water and commented a little irritably, "Why did you gorge yourself at dinner?"

Queenie was a little upset. It was hard for her to get a chance to eat, so she had to eat as much as she could! Her burping died down after drinking some water, and now that she was full, she began to feel sleepy again. Her eyes began to glaze over a little from the night breeze and the flurry of street lights flashing past. She gripped the seatbelt tightly and leaned against the window as she dozed off.

The car came to a stop at a traffic light. Nigel looked to the side and saw a sleeping beauty beside him. The street lights softened her features and made her look like a delicate fairy who had never seen the evils of the world. One look at her and everyone could tell that this woman grew up in a sheltered environment and had been doted on her whole life.

Nigel kept staring at Queenie to the point that he didn't even notice when the traffic light had turned green. He snapped out of it once the car behind him honked, and he cursed under his breath before driving off.

As for Queenie, she slept soundly and didn't wake up throughout the entire trip back.

Meanwhile, at Manson's Group main hotel, a couple came to book a room, and the receptionists working at the reception desk kept sneaking glances at the female guest. They were shocked.

Isn't that Queenie Silverstein? Didn't she just leave? Why did she come back to book a room with a man?

However, they were soon thankful that they didn't try to greet her because the name on the identification card read 'Bonnie Silverstein.'

After watching the couple head toward the elevators, one of the receptionists exclaimed, "She looks so similar to Queenie!" "I know, right?! | nearly said hi to her. Thank goodness | held myself back." "Do you think they're twins?"

"You could be right. Both their last names are Silverstein." The lobby manager looked over, and those at the reception desk immediately fell silent. After all, they weren't supposed to gossip about guests at the hotel.