

N Destiny 1301

Chapter 1301

Meanwhile, at the elevator, Bonnie was holding Leslie's arm with a look of satisfaction. Leslie had treated her to an expensive dinner and gave her a gift as well. Now, she was going to spend a romantic night with him at the hotel's presidential suite. This was the best life she could ever dream of.

She had a man who adored and doted on her, but most importantly, he was Queenie's fiancé. The fact that she had snatched him away from Queenie made her even more pleased with him.

"Once Grandpa agrees to it, I can break off my engagement to Queenie next month. When the time comes, the first thing I'll do is arrange our engagement, and then I'll start preparing for our wedding." Leslie announced eagerly. He was thirty, and it was time for him to start a family.

Bonnie's smile was a little stiff. Leslie couldn't wait to get married, but she wasn't interested in marriage at all.

She only wanted to revel in the joys of dating him. She enjoyed being pampered and doted on without being shackled by marriage. Furthermore, she recalled that Queenie had gotten involved with Nigel, and she was determined to steal away anything that Queenie had her eyes on.

"What's the rush, Leslie? Everything's great the way it is right now!" Bonnie flashed him a seductive smile and hooked her arms around his neck before getting intimate with him right in the hotel elevator.

Leslie was more than happy to respond in kind, and never once did they part from each other as they made their way to the room.

Nigel drove into the basement and turned off the engine. He looked at Queenie, who was still sound asleep. He narrowed his eyes as he called out. "Wake up, Queenie."

Queenie looked at him with bleary eyes. When she realized they were in the basement parking lot at his place, she smiled and exclaimed, "Oh, we're here!"

She got out of the car as if it were the most natural thing in the world-as though this was actually her place instead of his.

All at once, it occurred to Nigel that she wasn't at all shy about going to his place. They were complete strangers. Did she trust him that much? Didn't she have any sense of caution?

His eyes flashed with a devilish glint. He wanted to scare her a little. Queenie rubbed her sore arm as she entered the elevator. As soon as she got in, she saw the man inside the elevator studying her with predatory eyes.

She stared blankly at him. "Why are you looking at me?" Nigel purposely tugged at his collar with a hungry expression as he stared at her dangerously. Ding! The elevator arrived at their floor, and the doors slid open. Queenie eyed him puzzledly as she got out. He followed her all the

way to the guest room before raising his arms to trap her between his chest and the wall. "Miss Silverstein, you'll have to give me something in return for staying at my house."

Queenie realized what was going on now. Is he trying to chase me out? Does he think he can scare me off just like that? She blinked at him and seemed to have mustered up the courage to make a bold decision.

"Mr. Manson, let's get married tomorrow!" Nigel's hands shot back down as he took two steps back. "What did you say?" "Let's get married! Then, we elope!" Queenie repeated in all seriousness.

It was Nigel's turn to be dumbstruck. "Is that some kind of a joke? Who wants to get married to you?"

Chapter 1302

"You're the one who started joking around, Queenie retorted with a look of innocence. Then, she grew serious and said, "Mr. Manson, wouldn't it be exciting if we eloped? Are you sure you don't want to give it a go?"

Nigel wanted to scare her. He didn't expect to be the one getting a shock. It wasn't fun anymore. "Queenie Silverstein, you can stay here in my house, but don't even think about setting your sights on me, he warned.

Queenie watched him head off into his bedroom. She chuckled and went into the guest room as well.

It was 11.00PM when Nigel, who lay in bed playing a game, suddenly recalled something. He jumped out of bed and hurried over to his door to lock it. It was only then that he finally returned to bed with a sense of security.

He acted as if Queenie was some kind of hungry predator. The next morning.

Queenie woke up at 8.00AM and opened her door to find a bag of clothes outside the room. A warm, fuzzy feeling blossomed in her heart. That man has actually prepared clothes for me! She took the bag and realized it contained underwear as well.

That's quite thoughtful of him! Right at that moment, the door to the master bedroom opened, and the two of them stared right at each other.

Nigel saw the bag of clothes in her hand and instantly figured out who had prepared it for her. The only person who could enter his house so early in the morning and knew that a woman was staying with him was his assistant, Cecily Wentworth. No one else could've done it.

"Thanks, Mr. Manson!" Queenie happily took the clothes and went back inside the room to change. Ten minutes later. Nigel was sitting in the living room enjoying a cup of morning coffee when he heard footsteps coming down from the second floor.

He saw a woman dressed in a long, green dress that made her look like a forest nymph who just came out of the woods. Her skin was pale as snow, and the sunlight that came in through the windows cast a glow over her. Even her hair seemed to sparkle in the light.

He stared transfixed for a few seconds before snapping out of it. Immediately, he turned away his gaze as if giving the woman any more attention would make her conceited.

"Mr. Manson, when are you leaving? Can you drop me off? I'm late, Queenie asked frantically. Nigel glanced at his watch before setting his coffee mug down. He grabbed his keys and headed toward the elevator.

Queenie followed closely behind. At Manson Group's main hotel. Bonnie was woken up by a call from her mother. The Silversteins realized that Queenie's phone had been off the whole time. Brandon got so anxious that he filed a missing person report with the police, and Maggie called Bonnie to rush her home.

Bonnie was reluctant to even bother with it. It's not as if Queenie would seriously go missing anyway. She then woke Leslie up. and the two of them got ready before heading down to the lobby to check out of the room.

While sitting on a couch in the majestic lobby, Bonnie could sense just how extravagant the Manson Group's hotel was. All she could think about was what it would be like if she were to become Mrs. Manson someday. Everyone would be so envious.

Just then, two people came walking in through the entrance. It was a man and a woman, and Bonnie's eyes flickered over before widening in shock. That's Nigel Manson. And isn't that Queenie?

Leslie just finished checking out of the room. He had just walked up to Bonnie and was about to pull her into his arms to leave when she expertly avoided him.

She got up and rushed over to Queenie. "Queenie! Here you are! Mom and Dad are so worried about you. They're looking for you right now!"

Queenie was thinking about work when she heard someone calling out to her all of a sudden. She looked up and saw Bonnie running over to her, with Leslie following right behind.

She didn't even have to bother guessing. They must've come to the hotel to spend the night together again. Neither of them showed any respect for the fact that she was still Leslie's fiancée.

Bonnie was heading toward Queenie, but she swayed her hips and strutted in front of Nigel. Meanwhile, Nigel glanced curiously at Bonnie as he found the woman looked almost identical to Queenie.

Bonnie was confident that she was prettier and even more alluring than Queenie, so when she noticed that Nigel was staring at her, she didn't show any shyness at all. In fact, she boldly gave him a suggestive wink.

When he spotted Bonnie's flirtatious stare, Nigel suddenly realized that he could discern the two women easily. Their eyes alone were enough for him to tell them apart.

Chapter 1303

One had a pair of clear, bewitching eyes, while the other had a risqué look in their eyes.

"Who's this?" Bonnie pretended not to know who Nigel was. She assumed that all men would introduce themselves enthusiastically when she asked this question.

However, Nigel merely turned to look at Queenie. "I'll come and find you after work."

Queenie blinked and answered with ease, "Got it." Then, she realized that they were in public, and she had to show more respect for Nigel, so she added, "Have a good day, Mr. Manson."

Nigel, who started walking off earlier, turned back to give her a complex look before striding off to the elevator without looking back again.

Bonnie's eyes were glued to Nigel as he left. She even started comparing Leslie with him and realized that Leslie, whom she considered rather handsome before this, was completely average when held up against a distinguished man like Nigel. In fact, they were leagues apart and shouldn't even be compared to one another.

Leslie saw what was happening, but he could scarcely believe his eyes. Queenie, the woman he tossed aside, was now involved with Nigel Manson, the heir of the Manson Group. They even showed up here at a hotel together. What's going on? Are they here to get a room together?

He was furious. Once upon a time, he- tried to get Queenie to come to a hotel with him, but she acted as if she were staunchly against such behavior before marriage. And yet, she was perfectly willing to come to a hotel with Nigel now.

Was she just looking down on my family? On me?

“So, Queenie, this is the type of woman you are, huh?” Leslie came over with an icy expression and grabbed Bonnie’s hand. “Let's go, Bonnie.”

“You go ahead, Leslie!” Bonnie didn’t want to leave with him. “Bonnie, why do you want to stay here? Let me take you home.” Leslie didn’t want to be apart from her.

Queenie watched as they had their back- and-forth and turned to Bonnie. “Tell Mom and Dad that I have a place to stay. They don’t need to worry about me.”

She left right after finishing her sentence. Bonnie’s eyes were full of overwhelming jealousy. Is Queenie staying with Nigel? Did my plot to get her kicked out of the house end up pushing her into his arms instead? D*mn it! Bonnie was so mad that she nearly stomped her feet.

“Let's go, Bonnie!” Leslie pulled her hand again, but Bonnie swung him off at once and walked off. She didn’t let him hold her hand anymore. Now that she had a chance to latch herself onto an even better man, Leslie wasn’t even fit for her to keep on the back burner.

Queenie changed into her uniform and started working. Those working at the reception didn’t dare to gossip about her. Though she continued to work as a greeter, she somehow enjoyed what it felt like to be working. At Silverstein Residence.

Bonnie came home and saw the police officers gathered in the living room. Her eyes flickered shiftily, and she quickly called out. “Dad, I saw Queenie this morning. She’s not missing. She’s at a hotel!”

“What? You saw Queenie? Is she alright?” Maggie asked at once.

Chapter 1304

“Queenie’s fine. She told me to tell you guys not to worry about her,” Bonnie said. She wanted the police to leave as soon as possible.

Brandon sighed in relief. He apologized to the police and saw them out while Maggie pulled Bonnie over to continue asking more questions. “Where's Queenie staying now? Who was she with?”

Bonnie chuckled darkly to herself. Trying to stay with Nigel, huh, Queenie? | won't let you. I'll make Mom and Dad get you to come back. She thought this would give her more chances to meet Nigel as well.

She was fully confident that she would be able to snatch Nigel away just as easily as Leslie. I'm so much better than that dull Queenie, after all.

"Dad, Queenie... Queenie's staying with a man. | don't think it's a good arrangement, so why don't you let Queenie come back instead? I'm afraid she might get taken advantage of."

"What?! Queenie's staying with a man?" Maggie's expression was grim. How could a daughter of mine be so promiscuous?

Brandon's expression had darkened as well. He looked deeply disappointed. "How could she be so irresponsible? How's she going to get married in the future?"

"I'll go and bring her home. Which hotel is she at?" "I'll come with you, Mom." Bonnie didn't want to miss out on any opportunity to run into Nigel.

The driver took Maggie and Bonnie to the Manson Group's main hotel. Soon, the car pulled into the driveway at the main entrance, and two greeters came forward. Maggie stepped out of the vehicle, and Queenie, who was one of the two, stopped dead in her tracks.

"Mom?"

Maggie looked up and saw her daughter dressed in the hotel's uniform standing in front of her. She was stunned as well. "Queenie, why are you-

"I'm working here, Mom. Why are you. here?" Queenie was calm and unruffled.

Bonnie stepped out of the car on the other side and studied Queenie's uniform as she thought to herself, Is Queenie working here at the hotel? She's really doing whatever it takes to get to Nigel! How can she be so happy about working as a greeter?

“Queenie, your father was a little harsh before this, but he’s not angry anymore. Come home with me.” As soon as Maggie finished talking, she tried to pull Queenie into the car with her.

However, Queenie was determined as well. “I’m not going back, Mom. I’m working right now. You guys should leave!”

“Queenie, Mom came in person to bring you home. Shouldn't you show her a little more respect?” Bonnie fanned the flames from the sidelines. “You're the eldest daughter of the Silversteins, but here you are, working as a greeter. The whole family would be humiliated if words got out about this!”

Bonnie's words of contempt made Queenie’s expression darken once she heard that. “Don’t be ridiculous, Bonnie. Everyone deserves respect for working to support themselves. People like you who rely on their parents’ money don’t have any right to look down on others.”

The other greeters standing nearby had been furious when they heard what Bonnie said, so when they heard Queenie’s response, they rejoiced and agreed wholeheartedly in secret.

Bonnie flushed red and glared at Queenie. Meanwhile, seeing Queenie’s resolution to continue her job, Maggie had no choice but to respect her decision.

“Fine, but you have to come home after work. | won't stop you from working, but you must move back home.” Maggie didn’t want to lecture Queenie in public.

Chapter 1305

“Alright, I'll go home after work. You should leave now,” Queenie replied. She felt as if a heavy burden had been lifted off her chest. Naturally, she was overjoyed to see that her parents still loved her.

“Remember to come home, Queenie! People will talk if a young woman like you stays at a man’s house.” Bonnie didn’t forget to take a jab at Queenie before leaving.

Queenie could sense the gazes coming from her colleagues. She was fuming over Bonnie's actions but couldn’t do anything about it as the Silversteins’ car had driven off. “Queenie, that’s your sister, huh?! Are you two really sisters?”

“Yeah, she’s my younger twin sister,” Queenie replied.

They weren’t supposed to chit-chat while at work, so they carried on with their job. Queenie began to feel reluctant about going home again. She found it rather comfortable to stay at Nigel’s home.

If Nigel didn’t chase her out, she was rather keen on staying longer. She had been forced to swallow all manner of anger and frustration for the past year ever since Bonnie came home. The once warm and inviting home now made her depressed instead.

Meanwhile, Nigel was in one of the hotel’s meeting rooms going through his daily task of listening to reports from various subordinates. The hotel’s business had soared in the first half of the year, and the manager, who was giving the presentation, was reporting ever so enthusiastically.

However, it was clear that the manager’s young superior, who was sitting at the head of the table, wasn’t paying any attention to the presentation. Hm? What’s going on with Mr. Manson?

“Mr. Manson, what do you think about our suggestion?” the bravest soul among the employees asked.
“Mr. Manson?”

Nigel finally snapped back to reality, but his usually sharp eyes looked a little blank right now. He narrowed his eyes and asked, “What was the suggestion? Say it again.”

The managers were bewildered. True enough, Nigel had been distracted earlier. After listening to the presentation again, Nigel nodded. “Sure. Go ahead with the proposal. Meeting adjourned.”

He got up and left the meeting room. Just then, his phone started ringing. He checked and saw that it was a call from one of his closest friends, Julian Gilmore. He answered the call with a lazy drawl, “Hey, Mr. Celebrity.”

“Are you free today? Let’s grab a drink together. I’m almost at the hotel.” A silvery, sophisticated voice rang out through the phone’s speakers. It was a voice that could captivate its listeners.

“Sure, come over. I'll wait for you in the lobby.” Nigel ended the call after agreeing to meet up with Julian. At first, he considered taking his friend up to the cafe on the top floor, but he soon changed his mind and decided to meet him at the cafe by the lobby instead.

Back at the lobby, Queenie was still standing by the main entrance to greet the incoming guests. By now, her legs were completely stiff, and she finally realized it wasn't easy to hold down a job.

Right at that moment, she noticed someone coming over from the elevator. She glanced out of the corner of her eye and saw a tall, handsome man making his way over-it was Nigel.

All the female employees in the lobby immediately became even more passionate about their jobs. Their eyes lit up, and their movements became much swifter. Those at the reception desk

answered the phone with the sweetest voice they could muster, and even those who were hunching from exhaustion after standing all day straightened up immediately and became the embodiment of professionalism.

Chapter 1306

Nigel Manson was the man of their dreams. Just the very sight of him made their hearts leap with joy, and all of them did their best to make a good impression..

Meanwhile, Nigel's eyes flitted across the floor and landed on one of the young women who was working as a greeter at the main entrance. She carried herself with poise, and her willowy figure stood out among the crowd like a beautiful flower among the grass that drew everyone's attention.

Nigel walked into the cafe, and the seat he chose just so happened to face where Queenie was standing. All he had to do was raise his head, and he would be greeted with the sight of her standing by the entrance.

The cafe had an elegant and inviting ambiance that made the guests feel relaxed while spending time there. Naturally, Nigel was well within Queenie's view as well. Her eyes landed upon him

whenever she looked straight ahead. She saw that his head was lowered as he focused on a game on his phone. It felt as if she were staring at a prince as the light cascaded onto his crisp white shirt and illuminated his pale, handsome face. He was undoubtedly every woman's Prince Charming.

Queenie kept staring in a daze. It was her first time noticing that a man could look so handsome even when he was just playing a game on his phone. All of a sudden, a car pulled up outside the hotel. She quickly turned her focus back on her job and saw a bodyguard opening the car's backseat door. A handsome gentleman stepped out of the car.

Once again, it was the appearance of another man who could make all the young women's hearts flutter. The handsome gentleman was Julian Gilmore, an award-winning actor.

Queenie's beautiful eyes widened in surprise as well. She never thought working at this hotel would bring her the privilege of meeting one of the hottest stars.

"Mr. Gilmore, may I know what-" a member of the hotel's service crew rushed forward and started asking excitedly. "I'm here to meet someone," Julian responded lightly. Then, he saw Nigel waving at him from the cafe. "Over here."

Queenie couldn't tear her eyes off Julian. She couldn't hide the excitement in her eyes either. All of a sudden, she ended up looking into a pair of dark, piercing eyes. She blinked and quickly withdrew her gaze.

Oops! Nearly forgot that I'm supposed to be working! Her fangirling would need to wait until she got off work.

Julian walked into the cafe and saw his good friend, Nigel, staring at the entrance with an indiscernible expression. He followed suit out of curiosity. "What're you looking at?"

"Nothing. Sit down." Nigel turned his attention back to the table. Julian sat down opposite Nigel and started massaging his forehead. He was visibly fatigued.

"Did you stay up all night filming again?" Nigel asked out of concern.

"Yeah, we were filming up until dawn. I'm exhausted." "Why aren't you at home sleeping, then?"

"I had a few cups of coffee last night, so currently, I'm having trouble falling asleep. I'm thinking of heading to your place to play a game or two," Julian explained with his eyes closed.

Normally, Nigel would be more than happy to welcome Julian over, but when he noticed that the young woman opposite them was still sneaking glances over in their direction, he declined right away.

"I'm not free tonight. Let's play some other time."

Chapter 1307

Julian raised his eyebrows. "I'll crash at your place, then."

"I'll get you a room here. Go and take a nap right now." Nigel got up and dragged Julian with him. 'Let's go! Don't end up getting hospitalized from overexertion.'

It was a feast for the eyes to see two breathtakingly handsome men standing together, and it was even more thrilling to see one of them tugging on the other rather domineeringly. Of course, it also fueled everyone's imaginations.

As the two men came out of the cafe, the air seemed to tremble from all the brainwaves as everyone started making their wildest deductions.

The two men off-handedly conversed as they made their way to the elevators. Even the sight of their retreating backs was enough for the employees to spin a crazy tale. The two men disappeared into an elevator, and one of the employees finally couldn't hold back any longer.

"I can't believe it! Is Mr. Manson and Julian Gilmore...."

Queenie was baffled as well. One was the heir of the Manson Group, while the other was a young, award-winning actor, yet the two had never been in any rumors with any women. If these two handsome men got together, it had to be true love, no doubt!

She made up an entire novel's worth of stories in her head as she fantasized about the possible romance between the two men before a thought suddenly came to her. Considering my relationship with Nigel, I'm sure I can get Julian's signature!

Queenie couldn't wait to get off work.

At long last, she survived until her shift was over. She had gotten Nigel's personal number this morning, so she waited until all her colleagues were gone before calling him up while massaging her calves.

"Hello?" Nigel's crisp, cool voice rang out.

"It's me, Queenie. Are you getting off work now, Mr. Manson?" She introduced herself first, as he seemed reluctant when she asked for his number this morning, so she figured he wouldn't have saved her number.

"I'm giving you five minutes to get to the fountain," he said before hanging up.

Queenie grabbed her things and ran out.. She left the building through one of the side exits and headed to the fountain area. The evening glow made the fountain gleam like diamonds scattered all across. It sparkled in the light, and the mermaid statue in the center looked as if it had a golden veil draping over it.

There was a black SUV stopped on the road beside the fountain. Queenie jogged over and opened the door to the front passenger seat.

Nigel was seemingly deep in thought as he rested his arm on the car door.

Queenie recalled her promise to her mother that she would be going home today, but she loathed the thought of going back! "Where are we going, Mr. Manson?" she asked with a smile. "Have dinner with me."

She nodded. "Sure! You're buying me dinner now, but I'll pay you back in the future." Nigel glanced at her. "Are you sure you'll pay me back?"

“Hm? Of course. I made a record of every single meal you bought for me. I’m not going to take advantage of you!” Queenie was someone who knew how to be grateful. She always remembered the kindness of others.

Chapter 1308

Nigel started the car and drove off. Queenie’s calves were still sore, so she bent down and started massaging them again. Then, she started kneading her shoulders as well. It was clear that she was tired from the day’s work.

Nigel glanced at her once more. It was already pretty commendable for a pampered young lady like her to stand in the lobby all day.

“Have you worked as an assistant before?” “I’ve worked as my father’s assistant during summer vacation.”

“In that case, from tomorrow onward, you’ll be my personal assistant.” He gave her a promotion; she had jumped from working at the front desk to becoming his personal assistant.

Queenie was stunned by the news at first, but she quickly recovered and exclaimed with glee, “Really? I’m going to be your assistant?!”

“You’ll be on probation for one month. I’ll fire you if I’m not satisfied with your work,” Nigel added coolly. He didn’t want to let this get to her head.

“Sure, I’ll do my best.” She wasn’t about to waste this opportunity. Furthermore, being his assistant meant that she would get to see Julian every so often, which was an additional bonus!

“Mr. Manson, could you do me a favor? I’d like to have a signed photo of Julian Gilmore. I’ll give you the photo, so can you get him to sign it for me?” she asked expectantly.

Nigel side-eyed her and shot back, “Why should I help you?”

“Well... Since we're acquainted now, couldn't you just do me this one favor? You and Mr. Gilmore have a close relationship, so... so I'm sure you can help me, right?” Queenie clapped her hands together and pleaded. She was willing to act a little shamelessly for the sake of owning a signed photo of Julian.

Julian was one of the most famous celebrities in the entertainment industry. Numerous young women from wealthy families had fallen head over heels for him, and Queenie couldn't escape from it either, though she merely admired his talent and was drawn in by his incredible acting.

“Not doing it,” Nigel declined icily. Queenie pouted at him for a moment before a mischievous glint flickered across her eyes. “Mr. Manson, aren't you worried I'll expose your relationship with Mr. Gilmore if you don't do as I wish?”

Oh, now she's threatening me? Just what sort of drama has she been watching? With her here, there's never a day that goes by without anything happening. Just what does she think is going on with Julian and me? “What are you gonna expose to the public?” Nigel wondered what was going on in her head.

Queenie smiled. I've finally cracked the code. Mr. Gilmore has never dated any actresses he's worked with before, and I finally know why. She stared at Nigel. “Because he likes you!”

Nigel almost crashed into the car in front of them, but fortunately, he had a quick reflex and slammed down on the brake right away. Though, it still gave Queenie a scare.

Why is he overreacting? Did I hit the bull's eye? Is that why he's panicking? “Careful, Mr. Manson. I'll keep that a secret. Nobody's gonna know.” She regretted bringing that topic up when he was driving. She almost

caused a car crash because of that. Right then, Nigel pulled over to the side of the road, which was empty of cars.

Chapter 1309

As Queenie was wondering why the man had parked the car in this spot, she heard an icy voice coming from the driver seat. “What did you just say?”

She turned to him and noticed the fury in his eyes. If looks could kill, she figured she would be dead by now.

Her skin started crawling. Was it something | said? He doesn't want anyone to find out, does he? "Sorry, Mr. Manson. | didn't say anything. | don't know anything. That was just a joke, and | have seen nothing." She decided to take back what she said. So, he doesn't like anyone talking about his preference.

"Did you just say I'm in love with Julian?" Nigel was getting dangerously close to her.

Queenie took a deep breath and answered calmly, "Calm down, Mr. Manson. I'm an ally here. I'm not going to judge you because of your preference. In fact, I'll be supportive of your relationship with Julian. Love is love, so who cares what the public thinks?" She thought that would calm him down, but it did the contrary.

Nigel pressed his lips into a thin line, veins popping around his neck. He was refraining from yelling at her. How did she even get to that kind of conclusion?

For some reason, Queenie thought the air was getting thinner as he inched closer. His pearly white skin tone made his cold, handsome features appear all the more menacing as she started to suspect he was a vampire.

Was that not enough to calm him down? She was panicking, and her palms were sweating. | knew | shouldn't have spouted his secrets just like that. It brings nothing but trouble. "I promise | won't tell anyone about it. I'll even come up with an agreement. If | tell anyone-" She didn't get to finish that sentence.

Nigel finally snapped. He held her cheeks with both of his hands, which resulted in her lips puckering up, looking like a heart-shaped jelly. He closed his eyes as if he were making up his mind before he leaned forward and pressed his lips against hers. Her lips were sweet and soft,

not as detestable as he thought. He even shivered upon making contact with her lips as if a current of electricity had been running across his body, and by instinct, he pried her lips open and went in for a French kiss.

Queenie quivered as well as if she were shocked by electricity. Instinctively, she shoved him away and shifted herself close to the window by her side, covering her mouth with her hand.

“W-W-What was that?” she stammered. I- | thought he likes Julian? Why did he kiss me? Is he a bi? Oh my god.

Nigel lowered his head slightly as he brushed his finger across his lips. For the first time, he realized kissing wasn't as bland as he thought it to be. In fact, he wanted more of it from Queenie.

Chapter 1310

If she hadn't pushed him away, Nigel felt he could have kissed her forever. He stared at the woman sticking close to the door in disbelief, his gaze burning with the passion that was usually not there.

Queenie blushed and averted her gaze the instant she met his eyes, then fiddled with her fingers awkwardly. He poked the insides of his cheeks with his tongue and explained, “Listen closely. Julian's my best friend. Say he's my boyfriend again, and I'll kiss you. | don't mind doing that.”

She blinked her eyes in shock. “A-Are you sure he's not your boyfriend?” Seeing the doubtful expression on her face, he couldn't stop himself from roaring, “I'm straight, you hear that?!”

Queenie felt her ears buzz and almost leaped up at his sudden roar. | should speak up for Julian, or she might think he's not straight. Nigel snorted. “Julian is straight too. If you try to match us up again...” He curled his fingers up and threatened to knock on her head.

She quickly held her head and responded, “Fine, fine. | got it already, Mr. Manson.”

He was still a little miffed, so he flicked her arms, earning a gasp from her. “That hurts.” “That's the point.” His lips curled into a smirk. Queenie shot him a glare. “You could have just said so. That kiss was unnecessary.”

Nigel started up the car and snorted again. “You think | wanted to kiss you? | just wanted to prove my point and stop you from coming up with stupid theories again.

She wanted to get mad at him, but she couldn't. After all, she was the one poking around with his business, so she could only accept the consequences followed by her action.

In the meantime, a couple was getting out of a car. The guy was trying to cheer the girl up as he opened the door for her and pulled her out of the seat. The girl pursed her lips and got out reluctantly.

"I'm sorry, Bonnie. I know I was wrong. I shouldn't have let my mind run wild." Leslie apologized. "If you think I'm cheating on you, we can break up. I have a line of men who would kill to be my boyfriend." Bonnie snapped.

He quickly held her hand. "I'm sorry, but you wouldn't take my calls, and I was worried. Look, I have reserved a spot at your favorite restaurant. Let's go inside. Don't be mad already, alright?"

She finally cheered up. The food here cost a ton, but she wasn't worried. After all, she wasn't paying for her meals; Leslie was. Not long after they went into the restaurant, Nigel showed up and parked his car. Queenie got out of the car, and Nigel stood

beside her. She looked rather petite under the light.

She was wearing a long green dress and had not put on any makeup, but that only served to make her look even more refreshing, unlike most women. "This place isn't cheap," she muttered under her breath. She had come here once, and it cost about 14 hundred dollars just to have a meal.

Nigel cocked his eyebrow. "Are you saying we should leave?" "No, we should go in," she quickly answered and shook her head like a kid. He's paying. Might as well take advantage of it. It's not like one little meal can bankrupt him.

He was about to pat her head, but then he thought it was inappropriate, so he balled his fist and pulled his hand back.

They went up to the top floor. The place looked like a portrait with the sunset as its backdrop. "We'll take the table by the window," Queenie told the waitress and went to the last window seat..