

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2014

Chapter 2014

Clayton had no surprises. It seemed that Angie's response was what he expected.

This was her last bargaining chip, handing over her hands was for a chance of survival.

Angie looked at Clayton nervously, and the fingerprints on her neck were particularly scary. At this point she couldn't care about anything.

Clayton chuckled lightly, looking particularly gloomy in the dimly lit room.

He said sloppily and coldly: "Okay, then I'll give you a chance. Let me see your sincerity."

Angie clenched her fists tightly and closed her eyes: "My brother didn't have a chance. The forces at home and abroad are all staring at him. He thinks he is like a duck in water but disaster is imminent."

Clayton's eyes flashed, knowing what Angie meant, and withdrew his eyes.

Surprisingly, Angie looked farther than Liliana.

Show your love with a Little Donation. [_](#)

Hehe...

It's not a loss to die at the hands of his own sister.

He Paused then turned away.

Angie heaved a sigh of relief. She was dripping with cold sweat.

She survived.

Clayton went out and glanced warmly, watching what Nicole was saying to Sergio.

Sergio leaned down and leaned as hard as he could. He narrowed his eyes, walked over, put his hands behind her, and said in a warm voice: “What did you say?”

Nicole paused, looked at him sideways, and smiled: “What job is he suitable for?”

Clayton glanced at Sergio, he stood up nervously, his eyes flashed. Turning the wheelchair in one direction, he smiled and said, “Then you figured it out?”

He said while pushing away.

Nicole responded, “PR department.”

Clayton got on the elevator and raised his eyebrows, unexpectedly. “Why?”

Nicole glanced at Sergio, then at Clayton, and said in a low voice: “He is good-looking, and good-looking can solve a lot of trouble.”

Clayton was silent and smiled.

Clayton smiled casually and did not continue the topic. He went back to the room.

Nicole opened her hands and said, “Carry me to bed?”

Clayton hummed, then bent down and hugged her easily, pinching her around her waist: “I’ve lost weight.”

However, Nicole’s eyes lit up: “Really?”

Clayton almost forgot that Nicole had to reward himself for every pound he lost.

She shook her calf and hugged his neck with a smile: “Great, I heard from Kai that there will be a jewelry auction in Liberty after half a month. Let’s go to participate!”

Clayton lowered his head and kissed her lips, released it again, and agreed happily.

“Okay.”

He put her gently on the bed, but didn’t loosen her waist. After leaning down, he unbuttoned his neckline, his collarbones clear and neat.

His kiss gradually went down, kissing the side of her ear intimately, knowing that it was her most sensitive part.

Really.

She originally wanted to push the evidence, but the next second she shrank in his arms, like a clingy cat.

His eyebrows and eyes were lightly dyed dark, and the corners of his mouth were hooked with a gentle arc: "Continue?"

He teased her into a dazed state, and was still politely asking her if she wanted to continue?

Nicole got angry and kissed his beautiful collarbone, and he froze all over.

Taking this opportunity, Nicole gently bit his collarbone.

He sucked in a breath of cold air from the pain, and his voice was low and hoarse: "You want murder to your husband?"

Nicole smiled and released her hand. Her eyes so delicate that she couldn't take her eyes off her: "Let you sober up, I'm still a patient. What!"

Nicole was about to back away as he spoke.

As a result, Clayton grabbed her calf.

The next second, he was back under him.

Next, he did not ask politely, but just smiled: "Don't worry, I have asked the doctor, as long as you don't move much, you can't touch your wound!"

Nicole's face flushed red: "..."

Did you ask the doctor?

Is he poisonous?

It's just that, if she persists, her physical strength is not as good as a healthy man after all.

The two tossed her to the middle of the night before taking her to the bathroom to clean.

Nicole muttered dissatisfiedly: "Mr. Sloan, to be honest, I always thought you were quite abstinent, but after all, I was blind."

I saw you wrong.

Clayton smiled and kissed her on the forehead: "Don't talk about yourself like that, I only do this to you, baby."

He carried her back to the bed and said in a very soft voice beside her ear: "Only you can Got me hooked."

Nicole was confused and didn't seem to hear clearly, so she fell asleep as soon as she lay down.

Early in the morning.

Clayton woke up quickly.

He was afraid that the sunlight would disturb Nicole's rest, so he got out of bed immediately and closed the blackout curtain and he lightly went back and stuffed the quilt for her.

Sitting there for a few seconds, she didn't feel sleepy.

He opened the door and walked out. Sergio didzed off with his eyes closed in the chair. When he saw Clayton coming out, he stood up immediately. His face was flushed. The ward is not soundproofed. He

knows exactly what happened last night. He is too young to hang on his face.

Clayton still has traces left by Nicole's loss of control last night on his neck. He does not hide it.

“Send Angie away.”

Sergio's face was cold and solemn, and he raised his eyes.

“Send it to Lilitana.”

“Yes.”

Sergio responded, he had no room for doubt.

Clayton turned to go back, suddenly remembered something, and glanced at Sergio: “You go to Mediana first, I will let Roland contact you.”

Sergio pursed his lips, hesitated, but nodded. He could have returned to Liberty with Clayton and his wife.

Why suddenly let him go first?

...

Nicole got up, and started to eat breakfast after grooming.

After talking to the children, I put down the phone after the video, and suddenly felt homesick.

Floyd always thought that they were on vacation outside, so he didn't want to disturb their two-person world after a few words.

After dinner, Clayton packed up.

Nicole looked at the hard-working good man at home and shook her head.

He was completely different from the Shura-like person last night.

Fortunately, they did not become rivals.

Nicole touched her neck, smiled, and looked at Clayton: “Darling, will you hit me?”

Clayton paused, then rolled up his sleeves, revealing his well-defined forearms, and pursed his lips: “Of course No. “

Nicole said: “If I hit you, will you fight back?”

Clayton looked at her with complicated eyes, wondering what she wanted to ask in her little head?

“Neither.”

Nicole raised her eyebrows: “Thank goodness, we don’t beat our own people, when will we go home?”

Clayton: “Are you homesick?”

Nicole nodded.

Clayton’s eyes darkened: “Wait, we’ll go back when Liliana is caught.”

“Arrested?”

Clayton nodded: “Mr. Ferguson has gone back, and the plan will be implemented as usual, plus I put Angie back. It will only speed up. The failure of hard work will end soon.”

He said in a warm voice, every word was very meaningful.

Different from just now.

Nicole pursed her lips, a little surprised: “You put Angie back? Isn’t that letting the tiger go back to the mountain?”

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2015

Chapter 2015

Clayton heard the words, smiled and kissed her lips. “Do you think they are good brothers and sisters with deep feelings?”

He sighed.

Not all siblings are the same as the Stanton family.

Most people value their own interests more.

Nicole wondered: “But they are brothers and sisters after all!”

And they are all mixed up on the road, and they value alliances the most. How can they kill each other?

Clayton smiled and explained: “Angie has never been a simple person. She was chosen by her father to inherit his power.

Like Caleb, like Liliana, she was not as good as her. People who have given up.

Show your love with a Little Donation. [_](#)

Don't look at her now that she doesn't have any sense of existence, but she is much smarter than Caleb and Liliana.”

He reached out and touched her hair.

Nicole did not continue to speak, and was very confused. She didn't want to get involved in Angie's affairs, but she almost died in her hands, and it was really cheap for her to let her go back like this.

How nice to hand it over to the police.

Clayton saw what she was thinking and smiled: “It's okay, she's more dangerous beside Liliana than the police. If a dog bites a dog, it means avenging you.”

Nicole paused and did not continue. go down.

Forget it, she's fine now anyway, Clayton will take care of everything.

There is an inexplicable trust in him.

She nodded.

The two people were relatively calm, and Clayton didn't deliberately tell her about domestic affairs.

Liliana lost territory and power one after another, and suffered inexplicable blows many times.

He finally saw that someone was targeting him.

The most irritating thing is that most of the site is lost, but it is impossible to find out who did it.

The only thing to be happy about is that the money laundering project went very smoothly.

At the beginning, Liliana was just a small test, and then gradually increased investment, and the trick of the white wolf with empty gloves turned out to be addictive.

Simply put, he directly put all the money into it.

Eric knew the news and just smiled faintly.

Also relieved.

In such a big game, how could Liliana not be fooled?

In the Ferguson Corporation's office.

Eric sat there with a grim expression.

Mitchell raised his eyes and looked at him. Since he brought Eric back from abroad a week ago, his face has not looked better.

There is also no mention of what happened abroad.

He vaguely felt that it had something to do with Nicole and Clayton, but he didn't dare to mention a word.

Listening to Eric's tone, he said in a low voice, "I see, go out."

Mitchell pursed his lips and stood there, hesitatingly did not leave.

Eric looked wrong, lifted his eyes, and said in a cold tone: “Anything else?”

Mitchell said, “Just now, a child came and said that he was... your son.”

The voice fell.

Just looking at Eric’s expressionless face turned ashen.

He looked at him with cold eyes: “What did you say?”

Mitchell said quickly: “He came alone. There was no one else around, and he stayed downstairs all morning and refused to leave. The front desk felt that something was wrong, so he Let me go and have a look.

Mr. Ferguson, that kid, looks like you...a lot like you.”

Mitchell said the last few words with trepidation. If not, he wouldn’t dare to take the risk and report it.

Finished.

Eric’s eyes shot at him like a cold arrow, and Mitchell felt uncomfortable all over.

“Get out.”

He said coldly.

Mitchell paused, nodded, and then left quickly.

When Eric was away, Mitchell was the acting president.

But the Ferguson family's surname is Ferguson after all, and the owner will always be Eric.

Mitchell left with a sad face.

A 3-year-old child with beautiful features was sitting there, his eyes shining brightly at him.

Mitchell did not open his mouth to let him in.

The child may have realized something, and lowered his eyes in disappointment, the light dimmed.

At just 3 years old, he learned to observe words and expressions, and he could already understand some of the reactions of adults.

The child sat there with his head down and playing with his fingers without saying a word, very aggrieved, but also very silent.

Mitchell felt a little distressed, but he sorted out his emotions and walked over with a smile: "Little boy, where are your parents, do you remember the phone number? Uncle can call someone to pick you up."

The child raised his head and clenched his little fist tightly.

He pointed in the direction of Eric's office and said nothing.

Mitchell frowned and coaxed patiently: "This is our boss. He is very busy and won't see you. You have to tell me who brought you here?"

The child took out the notebook and pen, and wrote the word "Mummy" crookedly.

Mitchell paused, "Then who is your mommy?"

The little boy's beautiful facial features were a bit tangled, and he wrote: "Angie."

Mitchell saw it. His heart sank slightly. It is really the child of Eric and Angie.

At the beginning, Mr. Ferguson said at a glance that this was not his son, but now this child has beautiful features and big watery eyes that are like a copy of him.

If Eric said it wasn't his son, he, an outsider, wouldn't believe it. But why did Angie send her son over?

The point is, this poor child is still a mute!

Mitchell's heart is really mixed. He knew that Eric had no feelings for Angie at all, and he could even say that he was extremely disgusted.

But the child is innocent no matter what.

It would be cruel to throw this child out and let him live on the streets.

He paused and could only speak: "Wait here. Whether he wants to recognize you or not, uncle said it doesn't matter."

The child retracted his hand sensitively and sat there, looking eagerly at the door of Eric's office.

His eyes are both anticipation and fear.

Mitchell did not hesitate and returned to his office. There was nothing he could do.

He didn't expect that Mr. Ferguson's first son was a mute.

...

Stanton Corporation.

When Grant came out of the meeting, Logan greeted him: “Mr. Stanton, the project we cooperated with Ferguson Corporation can already be closed, but we may be detected by the relevant departments once we start and Ferguson Corporation has already passed it on. The news, let us be short.”

Because the matter was important, Logan felt that something was wrong, so he told Grant in time.

Grant paused, his face indifferent.

By now, he already knew Eric’s purpose.

Coupled with the assistance of Mr. Jenson, it is not without reason that the project reached the Stanton family so smoothly.

He responded and looked out of the window with complicated eyes:

“What’s going on in South Africa?”

Logan paused, “Mr. Stanton, someone made a move before we did, and all the forces in South Africa were destroyed. There are very few left, and those who reported or attacked were precisely aimed at Liliana.

You talked to Mr. Jenson, did he do it ahead of time?”

Grant chuckled: “It wasn’t him, it wouldn’t be Eric, The two will only take care of themselves, without hurting their own interests. They will not take action.”

“Who would that be?”

“My brother-in-law...”

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2016

Chapter 2016

Clayton will not hesitate to crack down on any attempt to hurt Nicole danger.

Because Nicole is his interest.

Grant paused, “In order to avoid the counterattack, we will send additional personnel to protect Stanton’s house, and no one should approach it.”

“Yes.”

.....

Ferguson Corporation.

Eric was very annoyed when he received a call from Keith.

“Is something wrong?”

Show your love with a Little Donation. [_](#)

“Master Ferguson, how long have you been out for a drink? Come to the bar for a drink...”

Eric: “I’m not free.”

Keith said: “I heard that Auntie came back, and sister Ingrid still didn’t come back. I just learned that she has returned to Liberty, come on!”

Eric frowned and hung up immediately. He got up and went outside. As soon as he went out, he didn't take a few steps.

Suddenly, there was a clack of trivial footsteps behind him.

He was stunned and looked back.

A child who was not even at his knees stood there in white and tender, raised his head and looked up at him, stretched out his hand and pulled his fingers, looking at him eagerly.

Eric frowned, suddenly remembering Mitchell's words.

That child...

He threw off the child's hand suddenly, his face showing disgust:

“Who sent you? Go back.”

He still remembered the first time he saw this little child, it was dark, and at first glance it was not his son.

But he was relieved. Not his son is better.

But he didn't expect that the child standing here looked so much like him!

He didn't like the Child and Angie. He knew the origin of the child at once.

Unexpectedly, Angie really delivered the child.

Isn't she at Clayton's place?

Clayton was willing to let her go?

Eric's brows were cold and stern, and his thoughts flashed a little unpleasantly.

But in the next second, the little child took his hand tremblingly, and looked at him with caution and anticipation.

Eric was upset, who knew if Angie had found a child who looked like him to fool him?

He shook off the child's hand again and said in a cold tone, "Wait here."

He went directly to Mitchell's office. Seeing that it was Eric, Mitchell stood up immediately: "Mr. Ferguson."

"Take that child to me for a paternity test."

He didn't believe Angie.

Mitchell paused, "Yes."

Eric turned around and left, and Mitchell quickly followed.

The child stood there alone, carrying a large schoolbag, low and silent.

Mitchell followed Eric and said in a low voice,

"Mr. Ferguson, he... doesn't seem to be able to speak."

Eric paused. His face changed slightly.

When he looked at the child, his eyebrows tightened slightly.

He paused and didn't take another look, and walked out silently.

The child looked at him eagerly, and his two calves ran after him, but he couldn't catch up at all.

The child's eyes were red and he was about to cry.

Mitchell picked him up from behind:

“Let's go.”

The child hugged Mitchell's neck sensible, holding back tears.

In a private hospital.

That was Eric's old friend. After the blood was drawn, the doctor glanced at him and the child and smiled: “Congratulations...”

Eric pursed his lips and looked unhappy: “It's too early to say.”

After speaking, he turned around and left, ignoring Mitchell and the child.

The doctor looked sideways at the child and raised his eyebrows: “Is it early? Mr. Ferguson's genes are so powerful that the paternity test is unnecessary, right?”

Mitchell smiled shyly, and when he finished drawing blood from the child, he brought left.

In the bar.

Keith and several people had already drunk a lot.

Seeing Eric come in, everyone asked him to punish himself for three cups.

Eric didn't make any excuses either.

Keith walked over and patted his shoulder.

There was deafening music outside. Fortunately, the sound insulation effect was good, and the noise from the outside could not be heard in the box.

“Master Ferguson, I heard what happened some time ago? Do you need help?”

Eric didn't say a word.

Someone said, “He wasn't frightened, right?”

Eric's eyes flickered slightly, and his face darkened a bit: “No.”

It's just that she was placed in a secret place by him, no one knew about her, and he added more manpower.

Quinn also knew that she was afraid, and she stopped a lot if she didn't walk out the door.

Keith touched his glass lightly and smiled.

“That's good.”

“Have you seen Ingrid?”

Eric was straightforward.

Keith drank it: “I saw her at the airport. She was carrying a little boy around three years old by her side, and...”

“And what?”

Eric frowned, his face ugly.

That little boy around three years old should be the one who appeared in the Ferguson Corporation.

It was Ingrid who brought people back?

Eric’s chest became even more stuffy and extremely cold.

“And she’s also very big, like four or five months old. She’s pregnant, you know?”

Keith said in a low voice. After all, Ingrid is not married yet. let go.

Finished.

Eric’s face was ugly and livid to the naked eye.

A gloomy chill enveloped the whole person.

“Pregnant?”

Eric gritted his teeth, feeling a few uncontrollable anger in his heart.

Fiercely ...

Ingrid, the idiot, the brain is really gnawed by dogs!

She’s pregnant with a baby boy!

He was shaking with rage.

No wonder she didn't go back to Ferguson's house when she returned to Liberty.

Keith pursed his lips, "I read that right, and you'd better go and find her. There is no one else around her. It's easy to have an accident when she is pregnant alone."

Eric closed his eyes, and the whole person was shrouded in darkness.

He tried to walk up, but there was always a hand pulling him into the abyss.

"I know, thanks."

Eric put down his wine glass, stood up, and walked away.

Another buddy saw this: "master Ferguson, don't you drink anymore?"

Eric didn't answer and left.

Keith smiled: "He is in charge of everything, it's not that we don't know."

As soon as Eric went out, he took out his phone.

"Ingrid is back, she sent that child here, she must be nearby, look for it, look for it immediately!"

Eric took a deep breath and lit a cigarette, trying to calm himself down.

Unfortunately, to no avail.

Early that night.

Mitchellcai called and said, “Mr. Ferguson, I found Miss Ingrid. She is living in a small apartment under her name.”

“Understood, I’ll go right now.”

Eric got up from the bed, changed his clothes, his face was cold Shen pushed the door open and left.

When Ingrid heard the knock on the door, she ignored it.

But the knocking continued, and it was loud and affected her rest, She could only get up and open the door.

The moment she saw Eric, her expression changed and she subconsciously wanted to close the door, but the person behind Eric had already blocked the door.

“Elder brother.....”