

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Read Online Chapter 1221

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Floyd's attitude towards Clayton and Nicole seemed completely different. Nicole pursed her lips.

She was a little speechless. "Dad, since you said that, don't go back on your word in the future!"  
Floyd glared at Nicole.

"You have no say in that! Answer my question properly."

There were countless ways to solve the problem quietly. Why did Nicole send Isaac back?  
Nicole's lips curled up.

"It's to provoke them. I want to let the Sloan family know about this. I want them to watch as Isaac dies. Does that scumbag think that I'll be afraid of him?"  
Grant looked up and said nothing. Floyd also remained silent.  
Nicole did it on purpose, not recklessly. Clayton paused and spoke quickly.  
"Yes, if Isaac disappears without a trace, the Sloan family would definitely call the police or even contact intelligence services. The matter will just blow up then. However, what Nicole did makes everyone think that it's a private feud. The police may not be willing to meddle in this matter."  
Floyd raised his eyes. "So, what she did was correct?" Clayton smiled. His eyes were bright as he nodded.  
"I think so, yes."

Nicole smiled at Clayton.

Sure enough, Clayton always supported her.

In fact, Nicole did not think that far and only wanted to express her anger. Clayton saw Nicole's smile. His eyes were firm. No matter who it was, anyone who tried to touch Nicole should end up like that.  
If Clayton was there, things would only become more unmanageable. That was because Clayton would not show mercy. He would make sure that Isaac drew his last breath.  
Floyd and Grant exchanged a glance and did not continue.

"Well, since it already happened, let's just think about what to do next..."  
Nicole bit her lower lip. "We should've taken the next step long ago..."  
Everyone was speechless.

Floyd said, "The Sloan family probably still doesn't know what happened, but last night's matter was too big to cover up, so they'll find out sooner or later."

Grant pursed his lips. His expression was cold and solemn.  
"I already had the surveillance video in the Capitol destroyed. No one will know. Even if they want to find out, it won't be that simple. Also... Logan didn't find that many people, but there were a lot of Clayton's men... They might find out that Clayton was involved."  
That was also why Floyd called Clayton back.

Floyd was afraid that Clayton would sell out his precious daughter.

Clayton nodded. His hand stroked the arch of his brow.  
His movements carried a warm and reserved aura that was innate in him.  
"It's only a matter of time before they find out. If Isaac doesn't die, he'll also spill everything."  
"Aren't you worried, Mr. Sloan?"  
Grant put down the coffee in his hand and asked Clayton probingly.  
His eyes faintly examined Clayton.  
The men who appeared beside Nicole either had ulterior motives or were dim-witted like Ian Carter.  
They did not worry about the dim-witted ones.

However, some people had ulterior motives but hid them too well. Nicole would not be able to catch it by herself.  
Thus, they had to be more careful.  
Clayton's eyes were clear. He raised his head to look at them. The corners of his lips maintained a decent smile.  
"What are you worried about? That the Sloan family would retaliate? You might not know this, Chairman Stanton, but ever since I found out that my last name is Sloan, I've lived in fear all my life. It hasn't been just a day or two that the Sloan family tries to kill me, but I'm still alive. They can't do anything about it, so they can only put up with me."

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Clayton stated those words that should have been a very tragic experience like they were mere facts.  
However, his casual attitude caught the others by surprise. Nicole looked at Clayton and felt heartbroken.  
Nicole threw Isaac to the door of the Sloan family residence like she was tossing out a bag of garbage because she wanted to tell the Sloan family that Isaac was useless.  
She just wanted to vent her anger.

More than that, she wanted to vent for Clayton.

Why should such a good person like him be abandoned and scorned by the Sloan family?

Grant's eyes sank slightly. His thin lips were pursed. He seemed to be thinking of something.

Floyd reacted very quickly and looked at Clayton with sympathy, feeling genuine heartbreak for him.

"It's been hard on you, Clayton. They'll definitely find out about us, but they can't reach us here. Grant still has influence in the business world, so there's no need to worry. In private, I'll also assign a few more bodyguards for Nicole's safety. However, you were dragged into this. They'll definitely retaliate against you..."

After all, most of the people who went there at that time were Clayton's men. There was no chance for Clayton to play innocent.

There was no guarantee that the Sloan family would not go crazy and do something because of Isaac.

Clayton smiled calmly.

"Don't worry, Chairman Stanton. I'm already prepared. I grew up there, so I know the Sloans very well. It won't be that easy for them to touch me."  
Floyd nodded, but he was still worried.

He had not fought the Sloan family before, so he did not know what they were capable of.  
Who knew what tactics they had?

Nicole looked at him and smiled. "Don't be so worried. If the Sloan family dares to reach out, just chop their hands. She used the calmest voice to say the most ruthless words. This was the Stanton family's territory. Their forces were deep-rooted and spread widely. They did not just call the shots in the business world. Nicole knew very well what path Grant had taken. She almost went in as well, but she was dragged out by him. She only made brief contact with that world, but she knew that it was not simple. Whether it was good or bad, Nicole did not care about that. Grant looked at Nicole and curled his lips silently. Floyd looked at her speechlessly.

"Don't be careless lest someone finds you. Get Luca to follow you in the future and let him be your bodyguard. I'll only be at ease if he's with you."  
Nicole paused. Luca had stayed with her during the time she was staying with Eric at Imperial Gardens. It had been a long time since she saw Luca.

Floyd gave Nicole his most trusted bodyguard, so Nicole naturally did not refuse. "Okay. Luca is ruthless but doesn't talk much. He's good."

At this point, there was nothing much to worry about. They just had to deal with the situation as it progressed.  
Aida carried the dessert over. "Try the jelly. The butler said that it's Lil N's favorite and had it specially made."  
Nicole stood up excitedly.

She could not help but raise her voice and shouted in the direction of the kitchen.  
"Thank you to the best butler in the world!"

Clayton was stunned, but the others seemed used to Nicole's fawning look.  
Everyone took a cup and tasted it.

The butler's laughter rang from the kitchen in response.

"You're welcome, the most beautiful young lady in the world..."  
Clayton was stunned again.

Aida laughed and explained.

"Mr. Anderson has always worked for the Stanton family and watched Lil N grow up. They're very close."  
Floyd laughed.

"That's right. Her grades were terrible when she was in elementary school, but when the teacher asked to see her parents, she didn't dare to find me and called Mr. Anderson her dad. If not for the fact that the teacher knew me, she would've mistaken Mr. Anderson as a kidnapper and sent him to the police station..."

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When mentioning the past, Floyd had a rare and warm smile on his face.  
Nicole stood there in embarrassment.  
"You must've remembered wrongly, Dad. I've never gotten bad grades before!"  
Grant snorted in disdain.  
"Before I tutored you, you were definitely the first place in class, counting backward, of course."  
Grant exposed her unceremoniously.  
Nicole was speechless. 'Did he have to do that? Are we really family? Why do we have to hurt each other? No, why did they have to hurt me?!'  
Clayton could not help but laugh. His eyes when he looked at Nicole became gentler and curious.  
It was such a nice story. He wanted to know more.  
Outsiders saw Nicole as excellent and perfect, but she had bad grades before?  
After dessert, there was still a while before lunch.  
Floyd could not rest assured and called Grant to the study to talk.  
Although Nicole could hold her own in the business world, there were some shady areas that they had never let her touch.  
Thus, Grant had to stand out instead.  
Aida sat there with Nicole and Clayton. Her posture when she was eating was graceful and flawless.

Nicole and Clayton looked at each other from time to time, smiling sweetly. The air seemed to be infused with a sweet smell. Aida smiled and lowered her eyes gently.

"Am I disturbing you guys here? Do you guys want to talk intimately?"

Nicole was stunned, and her movements froze.

She was instantly a little embarrassed after hearing the snicker in Aida's voice.  
"Aida..."

Nicole's relationship with Clayton had not been officially announced in the Stanton family.

However, Grant already knew, and Floyd only pretended not to know.

The only person who exposed them was Aida. Aida smiled gently at them.

"Mr. Sloan, you did investment banking on Wall Street?" Clayton nodded. His attitude was warm and sincere.

Since Aida was Grant's wife and Nicole's sister-in-law, Clayton was very respectful to her.

"It's not easy to get a firm foothold on Wall Street, not to mention that your experiences don't seem to have been smooth. You must've put in much more effort than others to get to where you are now."

Aida's voice was soft like a breeze in a drizzle.

Nicole enjoyed listening to Aida's voice. It always felt pleasurable.

In some ways, Aida was quite similar to Clayton.

They both had an external aura that was extremely warm. However, Clayton had a firmness in his warmth.

Aida's warmth was tactful and gentle. It was not annoying at all.

Clayton smiled modestly. "There were difficulties, but compared to returning to my old life, it wasn't as unbearable."

Aida nodded to show her understanding. Nicole suddenly thought of something.

"Were you also on Wall Street back then, Aida? I remember the first few years when Grant took over the company, he often went over for business trips. It obviously wasn't important enough for him to go there in person, but he never missed an opportunity to go there."

Aida jumped slightly. Her expression was clearly a little shocked.

She had not known about that.

Nicole smiled. "Didn't he tell you? I think he might have gone there to secretly see you..."

"Lil N..."

Grant's voice came down from upstairs, tinged with an inexplicably cold warning. Clayton seemed to notice something and smiled meaningfully.

Nicole blinked and looked at Grant, who was walking over.

"Big Brother, did you take those business trips back then just so you could see Aida?"

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Grant's face flushed in embarrassment. "That was for work..."

Nicole snorted. "Even Logan didn't go for something trivial like liaising with the companies below, but you ran over eagerly. What other reason could it be besides to find Aida?"

Aida slowly stood up. Her eyes were already a little red.

Grant hurriedly walked over and blocked the view of the others, holding her gently in his arms and patting her.

"I was just passing by. Lil N's just babbling nonsense..." Aida's voice choked.

"But you said that you've never been there before, and you've never thought about going there to see me. You said that every time you went there, you'd just go around instead..."

Grant looked at her with a complex expression and felt his heart ache. He wiped her tears away, somewhat at a loss.

"Why are you crying? It's not important whether I went or not. At that time, the decision was yours..."

Aida froze and lowered her head, crying even harder.

Without caring about anything else, Aida pushed Grant away and ran out.

Grant was just about to chase after her when Clayton spoke up with a smile.

"Mr. Stanton, I think it's better to let Nicole go over." Nicole immediately nodded.

She already realized that she said something wrong the moment Aida cried.

Nicole actually did not know about what happened between them.

She only knew a little.

Nicole said that because she wanted to endear Grant to Aida.

Who knew that it would backfire?

Right now, Nicole stood there obediently, wanting to become invisible.

However, Clayton suddenly pushed her out.

Nicole agreed without saying a word, but after thinking about it, she did not know Aida that much. Would it not be better for Grant to go coax her?

She widened her eyes at Clayton, who simply smiled at her. "Go on..."

Nicole hesitated.

Grant looked at her coldly.

"What are you still standing there for? Hurry up and go. Don't come back until you coax her!"

Nicole was speechless. 'Now that Kai isn't around, how did my status in the family drop so rapidly?'

It was a bit unexpected.

Under Grant's urging, Nicole stiffly went out.

Aida sat by the small fountain pool at the entrance, looking in the direction of the garden. She was quiet and looked somewhat mournful. Nicole walked over and sat down.

"I'm sorry, Aida."

Nicole apologized meekly.  
If not for her, Aida would not have cried.  
Aida smiled and reached out to hold her hand, making her sit down.

"You didn't do anything wrong. There's no need to apologize."  
"I didn't know those words would make you cry. I thought that you knew..."  
The corners of Aida's lips twitched, and her eyes could not help but sting.  
"I didn't want to cry either, but I just couldn't help it. I don't blame you."  
Nicole hesitated for a long time. "It must've been very difficult for you and Grant to get back together again."  
Aida felt like warm, hot liquid was about to gush from her eyes.  
As someone who could control her emotions well, Aida did not know why she suddenly lost control.  
"Yes, I thought that I was the one who planned it for a long time."  
Aida bent down and smiled with her head lowered.  
"Back when I was in Wall Street, it was really hard on me. It's not a place where you can stand firm just by ability.  
There are geniuses abound there, but there are also all kinds of scum. Later, I gave up working for others and used the money I earned and the little property left by my family to start a business... When I left your big brother, he said we should never see each other again. I regretted it as soon as I went to Libeny, but I really couldn't put down my pride..."

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Aida choked as she spoke. There was a sadness in her voice that could not be hidden.  
"When I began to make a profit, I learned that the elites were hosting a party that your brother would be attending. I sought out a lot of connections to be able to get in there to meet him. That time, I didn't dare to go up to him and identify myself. I tried to get his contact information from others indirectly, and it took me several days to just send him a text message. Strangely, he knew that it was me."  
Nicole listened intently from the side.  
It was clear that Grant and Aida were not people to be caught up in love. However, what they experienced felt like when someone died and came back to life.  
There was a deep-rooted silence.

"Then, you guys got back together again?" Nicole asked.  
Aida took a deep breath and sighed.

"Yeah, I brought it up first. I told him that I couldn't forget him. If he's still single, we can try to get back together. Of course, if he's not willing, just forget that I said anything."  
Nicole fell silent after she listened.

She thought that since Grant treasured her so much, he would take the initiative to fight for her.  
However, it was Aida who spoke first.  
'Grant's really useless! Men are such control freaks in relationships!'

It looked like women were in charge of everything, but all they cared about was what the men thought.  
Aida said, "The few seconds I waited for his answer felt like I was being lynched over and over again. Fortunately, he said yes."  
Thus, the two people who loved each other deeply got back together again after more than five years.  
"I thought that I wouldn't be able to call this relationship a relationship anymore. I was chasing after him, and it was wishful thinking on my part. He just had not met anyone more suitable than me. I was just lucky."  
Nicole heard the pain in Aida's tone.  
She suddenly felt like Aida suffered an injustice.

"Aida, my big brother is such a perfect and picky person. He won't get married just because someone is suitable. If he doesn't like something, no one can force him into it. After you two broke up, there were no other women around him. He went to where you were many times and would always be silent for several days when he came back. My dad said that there was an 80% chance he'd become a monk..."  
Nicole could not help but laugh.

Aida also chuckled softly.

When Grant proposed they get married, Aida did not dare to agree and said to get engaged first.  
Aida was afraid that he would regret it. More than that, she was afraid that she would regret it.  
Grant treated her very well, much better than he did five years ago. Aida had basically everything she wanted.  
Whether it was her career or her life, it was completely raised to a level that she could only dream of before.

Aida worked diligently to adapt in advance to the role of a good wife.  
She helped him care about his family and accompanied him to work overtime.  
However, her heart was empty and apprehensive.  
Aida knew very well that although they got back together, neither of them knew the extent of each other's feelings.  
There was even some politeness and awkwardness.  
Since Aida was the one who took the initiative, she was even more careful. She keenly observed Grant's emotions and was even a little cautious.



She never thought that Grant had not given up from the beginning. He went to Wall Street every time just to see her when she did not know? Her feelings suddenly seemed to be reciprocated. Aida could not accept it for a while.

Why did Grant not mention this before? Nicole and Aida glanced at each other. Then, the two fell silent again.

"But it's already the best ending that you guys could be together. When you get married and have a little baby, I'll definitely play with him every day. Grant loves children.

When my father was busy doing business in the past, Grant took care of us all."

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Aida frowned in confusion. "Really? He likes children?"

With Grant's appearance, he could make children cry just by standing there and not talking.

Did he like children? Nicole nodded.

"Don't just look at how cold he is. He's actually very patient with kids. Otherwise, how would my second brother become a top student? My third brother was also always in the top ranks."

Aida looked thoughtfully into the distance. Nicole paused before continuing.

"I think that you two love each other enough. There's just some misunderstanding in the middle, but you just have to resolve them. It's no big deal! You still have to look ahead. What matters is that you're together now."

In the end, it was Grant who did not give Aida a sense of security.

Maybe Grant was also carefully testing Aida's likes and dislikes.

Aida said she did not want to get married, so they got engaged instead.

She said she did not want to have children, so Grant never brought it up.

Grant never imposed his thoughts on her.

However, to Aida, it became a kind of self-protection. It made her think that it was mutual and that he did not want it either.

In the end.

After a long time, Aida spoke. "Maybe, but that's all in the past anyway."

When it came to feelings, she no longer had the strength and heart to think of anyone like how she thought of Grant.

So, it could only be like this.

Nicole smiled. "Was the first one the best?"

She spoke casually.

After all, between Aida and Grant, they only had each other. Aida smiled and looked at her.

"No, the last one is the best." Nicole was slightly stunned.

Aida's smile was extremely warm, and her eyes brimmed with tenderness.

"Your big brother must be my last love, so he's the best."

Nicole's heart seemed to be hit by something all of a sudden. To Nicole, Eric was her first love, but he had already walked out of her life. Would Clayton be the last one?

He was. For now, at least.

However, Nicole suddenly realized that she had never thought about the future with Clayton before. She wondered if he ever thought about it.

Clayton probably did. Otherwise, he would not ask to meet her father.

Nicole pursed her lips and suppressed the thoughts in her heart. The butler came over to pass a message.

"Miss, the Chairman asks you and Ms. Webber to hurry over for lunch..."

Nicole answered and pulled Aida up.

"Aida, if you're still angry, find an excuse to get angry again after you go back later. My brother will eat me up if I fail to coax you now!"

Aida gently rubbed her eyes. As the blood flowed, her eyes no longer looked bloodshot like before.

"Your brother loves you the most. How could he really be angry with you?"

"That depends on the reason..."

Nicole muttered. Seeing that Floyd was about to come out personally to call them, Nicole hurriedly lifted her skirt and ran over with small steps.

"You didn't come running at the mention of food? There must be something wrong with your brain!"

Floyd poked her forehead as he spoke.

Nicole was speechless.

Behind him, Grant stood there in silence with an icy aura all over his body.

Grant looked at the door with some anxiousness in his eyes.

When he saw Aida's figure appear in front of him, his whole body relaxed as if he was relieved.

Nicole glanced at him in disdain. 'So, I'm basically Grant's scapegoat...?'

If Grant had explained everything to Aida, she would not have run out in sadness just now.

Clayton was still standing in the living room somewhat uncomfortably, maintaining a decent smile.

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Nicole walked over and subconsciously took his arm, but Clayton suddenly dodged at the last second, so she only grabbed air. She was speechless.

Nicole looked at Clayton in shock.

This was the first time Clayton refused her initiative.

Clayton coughed twice and looked at the person in front of him awkwardly, smiling.

"Please go ahead, Chairman Stanton..."

Clayton extended his hand in gesture.

Nicole subconsciously looked up to see Floyd's dark eyes glaring at her.

Floyd thought, 'This no-good daughter! Does she not want her dozens of suitors and male fans anymore?'

Nicole sheepishly withdrew her hand and turned to take Floyd's arm. She smiled. "Daddy, please take a seat..."

Floyd snorted coldly and turned around to leave. He did not want to pay attention to her.

The butler watched from the side and laughed. The house was rarely this lively. If only Kai was here as well...

The meal was considered lively, and they video-called Kai halfway. It was nighttime where he was. Kai looked listless, probably because he just finished rehearsals.

Kai gave a deadpan expression when he saw that they were eating all his favorite dishes.

After a few words, Grant suddenly thought of something and took the phone over with a serious look.

"Kai, be careful over there. Keep an eye out on your safety." Kai was puzzled. "Huh?"

Grant briefly explained what happened, and Kai's expression changed a few times. "So, I'm also in danger now? Are you guys gonna send some bodyguards over to protect me? Why don't you build me a bulletproof villa as well? In the meantime, I want a theater inside the villa..."

Floyd could not bear to continue listening and put down his fork.

"Hang up and let him fend for himself. We already said what was needed." Grant nodded and hung up the call in agreement. "Dad... My dear father!"

Kai yelled, but it was already too late. Grant hung up the phone decisively. Nicole laughed on the side.

Clayton paused. "If we're being this careful, wouldn't Maverick be in danger as well?"

There was a moment of silence in the dining hall. Grant spoke.

"Don't worry about him. His secret research institute is in some special forces base. Even if the Sloan family mobilizes forces from Liberty, they might not be able to find him."

Clayton nodded, and Nicole let out a low laugh.

"I wonder if Isaac is dead already?"

Just as Nicole was speculating, Floyd's phone rang upstairs in his study.

He paused for a few seconds, wiped his hands, and went up to answer the phone personally.

Not long after, Floyd came down slowly.

"There's news about him. Isaac isn't dead, but his lower body is paralyzed, and he has cerebellar damage. He'll be confined to a wheelchair for the rest of his life..."

Floyd had been in the industry for many years, so he had his own information channels even in Liberty.

The Sloan family must have hidden this matter deeply, but Floyd found out about it before it was exposed.

Clayton immediately had more admiration for Floyd. It was just as expected of the Stanton family.

Floyd paused and sat back in his seat, frowning slightly.

"But it's strange. The Sloan family didn't seem to have found out who did it.

They've started to offer a reward of \$100 million for clues. I heard that many people have already gone over to offer their advice, but those clues came from all over the place, so there's no accurate direction to pursue. It was as if all traces of Nicole had been deliberately erased..."

Floyd paused and looked grave.

Although this was a good thing for Nicole, the Stanton family's influence did not reach that far.

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The Stanton family could not seal the mouths of everyone who saw Nicole, let alone deliberately erase all traces of her.

That was because the preparations they made had always been for a confrontation.

It was strange.

Nicole frowned, and a doubt flashed in her mind, but she felt that it was impossible. 'Why would Eric meddle in other people's business?' Grant sat there with a cold and solemn face. No one knew what he was thinking.

After lunch, Nicole ignored Floyd's request for her to stay and insisted on leaving with Clayton.

She was on her own turf. What was there to be afraid of? On the road. Clayton drove and smiled when he saw that Nicole was lost in thought. His eyes were very warm.

"What are you thinking?"

"Nothing. Just curious about who would meddle." Clayton paused before speaking in a light tone.

"Is there a need to think about it? It must be Mr. Ferguson..." Nicole looked at Clayton in shock.

Clayton's side profile was so handsome and affectionate. His facial features were deep and protruding. He had an indescribable light temperament.

"After you went to Liberty, the only person you met who has such power and ability is Eric Ferguson. Besides him, who else can easily clean up this mess?" Nicole frowned as Clayton voiced out the name that she had guessed in her heart. It really was Eric.

That feeling was very intense.

Yes, apart from Eric, no one else would do this.

Clayton sighed. "He stole the show again. What a bummer."

Hearing the jealousy and regret in Clayton's tone, Nicole clicked her tongue. "It's just a guess. Is he that kind?"

Clayton smiled and suddenly became happy.

"Although I don't want to admit that he's kind, if he were to hear you say that, he'd die of anger on the spot..."

"Clayton, you're really getting more childish!"

Nicole looked at Clayton before turning away, pondering whether she should call Eric or not.

There were a few seconds of silence.

Clayton spoke. "Why don't you call him to thank him?" Nicole pursed her lips. "Do I have to?"

"Of course. Mr. Ferguson helped you out of the kindness in his heart. We can't pretend that we're unaware and just accept his kindness for nothing. No matter what, he did help us, so we owe him a favor."

Clayton spoke and took out his phone.

"Should I call?"

Nicole frowned and took his phone. 'You focus on driving. I'll call...'  
Clayton smiled. "Yeah, he might not answer a call from me anyway..."

Nicole rolled her eyes.

She took out her phone, found Eric's number, and clicked on it.

In less than two rings, Eric picked up. "Hello? Nicole?"

Eric seemed to be in a meeting. The noisy conference room instantly became quiet.

Nicole paused and realized that right now, it was probably not yet noon in Liberty. "Are you free? I'll call you back later if you're busy." "I'm free. What's the matter?"

Eric suppressed his inner excitement. His voice still sounded calm and collected. The people in the conference room were just heatedly discussing whether the program should go ahead or not. With a gesture from Eric, everyone instantly quieted down. Countless eyes were fixed on Eric's direction.

His originally dark and sullen face instantly became gentle, and even his gaze carried a few hints of joy.

There was a smile that they had never seen on Eric's face ever since he came here. Eric stood up as he spoke and walked out of the conference room with his long legs.

Outside.

Eric stood on the 33rd floor of the tall building overlooking everything. All the cars and people below became small and insignificant.

Eric did not hear Nicole speak for a long time. He tugged o

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"Although I don't want to admit that he's kind, if he were to hear you say that, he'd die of anger on the spot..."  
"Clayton, you're really getting more childish!"

Nicole looked at Clayton before turning away, pondering whether she should call Eric or not.  
There were a few seconds of silence.

Clayton spoke. "Why don't you call him to thank him?" Nicole pursed her lips. "Do I have to?"  
"Of course. Mr. Ferguson helped you out of the kindness in his heart. We can't pretend that we're unaware and just accept his kindness for nothing. No matter what, he did help us, so we owe him a favor."  
Clayton spoke and took out his phone.

"Should I call?"

Nicole frowned and took his phone. "You focus on driving. I'll call..."  
Clayton smiled. "Yeah, he might not answer a call from me anyway..."

Nicole rolled her eyes.

She took out her phone, found Eric's number, and clicked on it.

In less than two rings, Eric picked up. "Hello? Nicole?"  
Eric seemed to be in a meeting. The noisy conference room instantly became quiet.  
Nicole paused and realized that right now, it was probably not yet noon in Liberty.  
"Are you free? I'll call you back later if you're busy." "I'm free. What's the matter?"  
Eric suppressed his inner excitement. His voice still sounded calm and collected.

The people in the conference room were just heatedly discussing whether the program should go ahead or not. With a gesture from Eric, everyone instantly quieted down. Countless eyes were fixed on Eric's direction. His originally dark and sullen face instantly became gentle, and even his gaze carried a few hints of joy. There was a smile that they had never seen on Eric's face ever since he came here. Eric stood up as he spoke and walked out of the conference room with his long legs. Outside.

Eric stood on the 33rd floor of the tall building overlooking everything. All the cars and people below became small and insignificant. Eric did not hear Nicole speak for a long time. He tugged o

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It was strange.

Nicole frowned, and a doubt flashed in her mind, but she felt that it was impossible. 'Why would Eric meddle in other people's business?' Grant sat there with a cold and solemn face. No one knew what he was thinking.

After lunch, Nicole ignored Floyd's request for her to stay and insisted on leaving with Clayton.

She was on her own turf. What was there to be afraid of? On the road. Clayton drove and smiled when he saw that Nicole was lost in thought. His eyes were very warm. "What are you thinking?"

"Nothing. Just curious about who would meddle." Clayton paused before speaking in a light tone. "Is there a need to think about it? It must be Mr. Ferguson..." Nicole looked at Clayton in shock. Clayton's side profile was so handsome and affectionate. His facial features were deep and protruding. He had an indescribable light temperament.

"After you went to Liberty, the only person you met who has such power and ability is Eric Ferguson. Besides him, who else can easily clean up this mess?" Nicole frowned as Clayton voiced out the name that she had guessed in her heart. It really was Eric.

That feeling was very intense.

Yes, apart from Eric, no one else would do this.

Clayton sighed. "He stole the show again. What a bummer."

Hearing the jealousy and regret in Clayton's tone, Nicole clicked her tongue. "It's just a guess. Is he that kind?"

Clayton smiled and suddenly became happy.



“Although I don’t want to admit that he’s kind, if he were to hear you say that, he’d die of anger on the spot...”  
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Outside.

Eric stood on the 33rd floor of the tall building overlooking everything. All the cars and people below became small and insignificant.  
Eric did not hear Nicole speak for a long time. He tugged on his collar and urged her.  
“Did you want to say something...?”

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Read Online Chapter 1229

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Nicole pursed her lips. When the words came to her mouth, she suddenly felt that what Eric wanted might not be these words of gratitude.

However, Nicole could not give him what he wanted. She did not have anything to offer but this.

"Thank you, Mr. Ferguson."

Eric choked, and he felt like his blood had stopped flowing. "For what?" Eric involuntarily squeezed his phone tightly.

Nicole said, "You were the one who helped to block the news regarding Isaac's incident, right?"

Eric paused and was silent for a few seconds. "How did you know?"

Nicole did not say anything and glanced at Clayton, who was focused on driving.

Eric smiled. His tone when he spoke was slightly languid.

"It's nothing. It was just a small effort. I already showed him mercy by not stabbing him instead."

Nicole tried to appear calm.

"No matter what, I still have to thank you. When you come back, I... Clayton and I will treat you to dinner."

Eric stood there. The blood seemed to freeze in his veins. He stiffened and suppressed his anger.

"You and Clayton?"

'Did she really say that? Was she trying to thank me or piss me off?' Eric thought. That night, if not for the fact that so many of Clayton's men showed up, Eric would not have had to put in so much effort to keep things under wraps.

"Do you think I wanted to help him? If it weren't for his limited ability, I wouldn't have needed to intervene. You should advise him to act in moderation and recognize his own strength."

Eric loosened his collar. His face was cold and sullen.

If not for Nicole, Eric did not mind pushing Clayton out for the Sloan family to deal with him.

Nicole was just about to speak when Clayton, who was beside her, suddenly took the phone from her hand.

Clayton's tone was warm and gentle as always, calm to the point that it was infuriating.

"Mr. Ferguson, although I know that you weren't trying to help me, I still have to thank you on Nicole's behalf. As for my strength, I think it's still too early for you to judge. The Sloan family are just unable to discern the smokescreen that foreign forces used on them. On the other hand, I think that I'm much stronger. Goodbye, Mr. Ferguson."

Then, Clayton simply hung up the phone. There was still a smile on his face, but there was some coldness in his eyes.

After listening to Clayton's words, Eric saw that the call ended and instantly could not control his expression. He smashed the phone in his hand on the ground fiercely.

'That damned Clayton Sloan! Was he laughing at me for losing Nicole while he managed to get her?' Eric thought.  
Nicole took the phone handed over by Clayton in astonishment.

She blinked, surprised that Clayton was actually angry. Clayton had never gotten angry before.  
Nicole suddenly laughed. "You told me to call and thank him, but you angered him instead?"  
Clayton looked at her helplessly and rubbed his brows.

"What can I do? Thanking him is one thing, but he's the one who keeps thinking about my girlfriend all day long. He even badmouthed about me in front of my girlfriend!"  
Nicole's smile deepened as she put the phone in her bag. "He's probably dying of anger!"  
Clayton raised his brows. He sure hoped so.

Eric's face was dark and sullen as he returned to the conference room.  
The atmosphere which had originally been relaxed instantly stiffened again.  
No one dared to breathe loudly.

They had never seen such an angry expression on Eric's face since he came to Liberty.  
Eric looked extremely gentle earlier, but now he looked so terrifying. Could he at least give them some buffer time between his mood swings?  
"Come up with a specific plan for this project before this afternoon. If it's still the same old thing, I'll replace you with someone more competent..."  
Eric's voice was cold and indifferent. His eyes were ruthless.  
Everyone's heart instantly went cold, and their faces became unpleasant.

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Read Online Chapter 1230

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

Read Chapter 1230 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

They thought that there would be smoke, but it was silent both at home and abroad.  
However, Floyd did not let down his guard.

Luca arrived at Nicole's side as scheduled and basically never left her side.  
A few days passed.

Sully sent news that the cover shoot was completed. The several different styles were simply stunning.  
Now, the most difficult part was to select one out of these stunning photos as the cover page.  
That was even more difficult than shooting.

Sully did not mind sending a few photos to Nicole so that she could help to pick. After all, it was related to Naomi's influence and Harvey's future. Nicole had just clicked on it before she froze in awe.

It was simply too impactful. The red and blue background made a nice contrast. Coupled with the photographer's superior skills, when Naomi and Harvey stood back-to-back, it looked like a collision and fusion of the two cultures. It was a remarkably shocking visual experience.

Upon closer look, Nicole saw that both Naomi and Harvey had not been retouched. They were presented in their most natural state.

The small mole under Naomi's eye was clearly visible, and Harvey's eyes were a bit melancholic and rigid. The lines were extraordinarily real.

The next photo was a different scene. It was even more attractive than the impact of the red and blue background. It was a combination of romantic and wild beauty.

Nicole had to admit that VJ Magazine was truly worthy of being the world's bestselling magazine. She felt that any photo here could instantly crush the photoshopped pictures of those other celebrities.

She was unable to give any professional input and let Sully decide by himself.

In the end, Sully discussed with the team and agreed that the main theme would follow the one with the impactful red-blue background. The style of the whole magazine would follow the cover.

Three days later.

The cover was released overseas first, and the Medianian website was the first to share this matter.

At once, it caused a considerable ripple in the fashion world and on the internet. [OMG, Harvey is silently up to such great things. He looks so sexy on that cover page...]

[Even without Viola Magazine, there's still VJ Magazine. They're both at the top of the class. How did Viola Magazine get the courage to justify that they wanted to break the contract with Harvey?]

[I think I'm gonna die from Harvey's gaze! Ahhhh!]

[What a slap in the face! Viola Magazine's cover shoot fell through, so Harvey ran over to an international cover instead. Not many Medianian artists managed to make the cover page for VJ Magazine, right? Harvey is really amazing!]

[How did Harvey manage to work with Naomi? Naomi never shoots covers...]

[He's awesome. Where did Harvey even come from? He never said a word when he was taunted by Viola, but now he's fighting back so strongly.]

[Am I the only one who saw that scene of Harvey and Goddess Nicole walking the red carpet at the Superstar Awards ceremony?]

[Isn't it clear who the person behind Harvey is?]

The online buzz was getting larger, and Harvey's name had been on the trending topics for two days.

Nicole was quite happy to see that. The louder the discussion was about Harvey, the more it meant that her hard work was not in vain.

However, she could have her name and Stanton Corporation's name erased.

It was to highlight Harvey's as an individual.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, countless fashion resources also began to look favorably on Harvey. He stepped into the fashion circle smoothly and easily got endorsements that he was never able to touch before.

Nicole just told Dominic to choose a few endorsements instead of accepting everyone who came.

Harvey's value would only grow higher and higher.