

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1421

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

Read Chapter 1421 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Turning on her phone, Nicole saw that it was almost 10:00 am.

Nicole suddenly got up and remembered that she had an important video conference that morning.

Just then, Clayton knocked on the door and came in. He leaned against the door with a bowl of soup and looked at her. His eyes were still warm and gentle like spring water.

"You're awake? I made some soup for you. Why don't you give it a try?"

He walked over and did not put it down directly. Instead, he crouched by her bedside with a hint of apology like he was trying to curry favor. He blew on the soup and scooped it up with a spoon before bringing it to Nicole's mouth.

Nicole grunted coldly. "Do you have to serve me so attentively?"

Clayton smiled with a trace of heartache and apology in his eyes.

He clearly did not drink too much last night. He only drank a few sips when socializing.

However, after hearing Nicole's words, his heart lost control like a demon.

When Clayton got close to her, he could not help but want to be closer.

As a result, as soon as he started, he lost control on top of her body.

Clayton woke up early in the morning and knew that this young lady would definitely be angry, so he made her favorite soup to coax her.

Sure enough, he was right.

His eyes were warm, containing infinite love and guilt.

"As long as you're willing, I'll serve you this attentively every day, okay?"

Nicole looked away, clearly not buying it. "Why was my phone switched off?"

Just as Clayton was about to open his mouth, Nicole dismissed his chance to make excuses.

"Don't say that it's out of battery. I remember that it still had plenty of battery when I sent Yvette back!"

Clayton pursed his lips and smiled. He could only helplessly admit it.

"I switched it off. You were too tired last night, and I was worried that you wouldn't rest well, so I turned it off."

Nicole glared at him fiercely.

"You also know that I won't rest well?" Clayton looked at her affectionately.

"You can't blame me for that. It was you who insisted on rewarding me for staying till the end of the party last night. You wrapped your arms around my waist and refused to let go, saying that you liked my waist. How was I supposed to control myself?"

Clayton was very aggrieved and spoke sincerely. Nicole froze. Her thoughts became confused. 'Really? Did I really do that?'

She did not remember anything that happened after drinking, but Clayton caught it and tried to salvage a chance.

Nicole blinked and looked at him.

"Really?"

Clayton nodded firmly.

It did not seem like a lie.

Nicole pursed her lips and felt a little bitter. It seemed like she was the one who came onto him.

In that case, she could not blame Clayton. After all, she was too charming, so it was only natural that he could not hold back.

Nicole reached out and touched Clayton's face. His eyes were clear and elegant, and he carried his own style, but his warmth concealed this style which made him look a lot more put together.

"Then it's my fault. Next time I drink too much, you have to stay away from me."

Clayton froze before smiling. "Okay, I'll try." He could not bear to.

This silly girl actually believed him? Clayton brought the soup to her mouth.

"Here, say 'ahh'..."

Nicole subconsciously opened her mouth. The fragrance of the soup entered her mouth, silky and delicious. It was really quite delicious.

She frowned. "I haven't washed up yet..."

Clayton stopped her. "There's no hurry. Finish the soup first. You drank so much wine last night and didn't eat anything, so you're probably starving."

He coaxed her patiently and fed her one spoon at a time.

Clayton reached out and stroked the stain on the corner of her mouth, then gently dropped a kiss on her lips before standing up.

"Let's go. I'll take you to the office?"

Nicole frowned. "No. Is Yvette still asleep? She's still downstairs!"

She was so immersed in the beautiful morning that she almost forgot about her best friend who had just broken up.

Just as she was thinking, she heard someone knocking on the door.

A voice sounded.

"Nicole, open the door! I'm hungry..." Sure enough, it was Yvette.

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Nicole laughed and motioned for Clayton to open the door.

Clayton stood helplessly. "Why did she come to my place when she's hungry?"

Nicole said, "Because she probably knows that I'm here..."

Clayton was helpless.

He could only open the door. Nicole went to wash up. "Ms. Quimbey..."

"Mr. Sloan, I knew you guys were at home. Is Nicole up?"

As Yvette spoke, she pushed open the door and came in, not polite at all.

Clayton closed his eyes. He had to endure it. After all, she was Nicole's best friend!

The people that could not be offended the most were a girlfriend's best friend. He understood that rule.

"She just got up and went to wash up. Why did you come up here?"

Yvette looked at him. "I'm hungry. Takeout doesn't deliver here, so I can only come here to eat."

She sniffed around. "I smell something nice."

Clayton pursed his lips and smiled. "Wait a moment."

He went to the kitchen to bring out some toast as well as some side dishes.

Yvette looked at him with a vague smile.

"Mr. Sloan, you're hiding something. I smelled soup, but you gave me toast

instead?"

Clayton was helpless. "I didn't know that you would come, so I gave all the soup to Nicole. I planned to eat the toast myself, but since you're here, I'll give it to you instead."

He could only go hungry.

Yvette raised her brows and took a bite without ceremony.

"Don't worry, I won't eat for free. As Nicole's best friend, I'm very optimistic about you two as a couple!"

Clayton smiled. His goal was achieved. "Thank you, Ms. Quimbey. Be sure to put in more good words for me in the future."

Yvette raised her chin. "No problem!" Her mood was not bad.

Nicole finished cleaning up and came out to see Yvette eating with gusto.

Clayton sat in the living room with his iPad reading emails.

The light shone on his face and gave him a warm sense of sanctity.

Her heart moved slightly. If only she had a camera in her hand. She would definitely have taken a picture of this scene and kept it as a memento.

Clayton heard the movement and turned to the side. He looked at Nicole and smiled.

"Done?"

Nicole nodded and turned away to look at Yvette.

"You drank so much last night. Do you feel unwell? Do you need me to make some hangover tea for you?"

Yvette waved her hand and finished the toast.

"No need. This plate is enough to comfort my stomach. I feel much better now."

Nicole walked over and sat down, looking at Yvette. It seemed as if she had returned to her usual carefree self.

However, Nicole knew Yvette well. This matter would not pass easily.

The more Yvette acted like she did not care, the harder it was to get over that hurdle in her heart.

"What do you plan to do today? Do you want me to accompany you?"

Yvette looked at Nicole and shook her head. "I have to go back to the office to work or my mom will sniff something out."

She smiled. "If I become dejected because of this man for a second time, my mom will definitely kick me out of the house. I don't want to become a homeless poor woman!"

Yvette shrugged and took a napkin to wipe her mouth.

"I've figured it out. There's nothing that I can't get over, and there's no person who I can't forget. I'll work on it."

Nicole smiled and nodded. The Yvette Quimbey who always looked forward was the unbeatable young lady she knew.

"It's great that you've thought it through. It'll be hard to get over it, but you have to believe in yourself!"

Yvette laughed. "Don't worry, I already made an appointment for myself for the evening. I told Julie to introduce many male models to me, so I'll numb myself first."

Nicole's smile froze before she laughed. "Okay, as long as you're happy."

Yvette pulled her hand. "Let's go together. I heard that there are many young idols who look bright and full of life too..."

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1423

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Before Nicole could speak, the man to the side coughed heavily and expressed his displeasure.

Clayton had a polite smile on his face, but there was no happiness in his expression.

"Nicole already has plans with me for tonight. You should go by yourself, Ms. Quimbey..."

Ridiculous.

Clayton thought, 'How dare she ask my girlfriend out to look at young idols in front of me? I shouldn't have given her that toast! I'd rather feed it to the dogs!'

Yvette looked at her regretfully, and Nicole nodded.

"Fine. Next time, then. I'll go try it out first. I'll call you if it's good!"

Nicole's lips twitched. Clayton could no longer tolerate it.

"Ms. Quimbey, aren't you leaving yet? Nicole still has an important meeting. She's going to be late..."

He pointed at his million-dollar watch and urged her.

Yvette pursed her lips. "Mr. Sloan, you should just apply to be Nicole's assistant. Logan's job belongs to you!"

Clayton smiled, neither servile nor overbearing.

"I'm always on standby whenever Logan resigns!" Yvette snorted and looked at Nicole.

"He's so controlling. You lost your freedom. Go and teach him a lesson. I'm leaving now..."

Nicole could not help but curl the corners of her mouth.

"Go. Call me if anything happens!"

Yvette nodded. After eating her fill, she left happily. Nicole looked at her back and sighed.

Clayton looked at her.

"Ms. Quimbey has quite a big heart. She doesn't look hurt at all."

Nicole smiled. "She has always been like this. Even if she's sad in her heart, she won't mention it a second time. She lost her composure enough yesterday, so she'll definitely rouse her spirits today."

Clayton rubbed the bridge of his nose to relieve his tiredness and chuckled.

"In other words, Mr. Moore will have to work hard. Ms. Quimbey is a clear-headed person. She won't repeat the same mistake, right?"

Nicole looked at him. "No, this time she really won't. No matter what Sean does, Yvette will never look back."

She knew Yvette too well.

When they got back together for the second time, Yvette was under almost all the pressure.

Yvette gave up Lance Sheldon, who had an impeccable background and strength. It was equivalent to giving up her reputation.

It meant that she would not find another family like Lance's to marry into again.

Since Yvette threw caution to the wind once, she would definitely not do it a

second time.  
Cutting her losses in time was her bottom line.  
Clayton cleaned up the dining table and came out again.  
"Should I send you to the office?"  
Nicole nodded. She was too lazy to drive anyway.

At the office building, Clayton unbuckled her seatbelt but did not get out of the car to open the door.  
Instead, he smiled at her as if waiting for something.  
Nicole was speechless and leaned over to gently kiss the side of his face.  
Clayton smiled and stroked her hair. Just as he was about to kiss her back, Nicole's face suddenly changed, and she pushed him away fiercely.  
Clayton was stunned and confused. Nicole looked straight out the window.  
Following her line of sight, Clayton froze too. There was a momentary flash of confusion.

Why did Grant always appear during times like these?  
Grant stood in front of Clayton's car. His gaze was cold and sullen as he looked at the people inside without the slightest intention to avoid them.  
He looked at Clayton like he was stabbing needles at him. His face was dark and cloudy.

Clayton pursed his lips. His brows tightened slightly. However, he quickly calmed down and smiled.  
"Should I go greet him?"  
Nicole nodded. Grant already saw them, so they could not just leave like that. The two of them got out of the car, and Clayton nodded politely. "Mr. Stanton, nice to meet you."  
Nicole walked over. "Big Brother, why did you come to work at this hour?"  
She frowned, puzzled.  
Grant was not the kind of person to show up late!

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

## Boss Chapter 1424

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Grant glanced at Nicole coldly. His thin lips pursed tightly, and his gaze was filled with cold disappointment and anger.  
"I just got back from a meeting with a client. I even had to attend the video conference for you. I thought you had something important to do, but it was just this?!"  
Nicole coughed. Her expression was slightly uncomfortable.  
Compared to Grant's busy day, she really was not qualified to question his schedule.  
Nicole pursed her lips and softened her voice.  
"Big Brother, Yvette was a little troubled, so I drank a little wine to accompany her and ended up waking up late. You'll definitely understand, right...?"  
Grant glared at her. His gaze landed on Clayton, but his words were directed at Nicole.

"You don't use the driver at home but bother Mr. Sloan instead. You're really insensible. Mr. Sloan isn't as idle as you."  
Nicole bowed her head and did not speak.

Clayton smiled faintly and spoke in a clear voice.

"I'm not that busy. No matter how busy I am, I can still find time for her, but your tireless teachings make me feel ashamed."

Grant raised his brows. At those words, the gloom on his face dissipated a little.

"She'll be considered capable if she could just learn one or two of your skills, Mr. Sloan. Nicole, don't just think about dating. You have to learn more!"

Grant exhorted earnestly, making Nicole overwhelmed.

She quickly nodded.

"Big Brother, I'll go up first. I have work to do!"

Then, she glanced at Clayton, gave him a look that said "you're on your own", and ran away.

Clayton's lips curled up. His gaze was gentle as he smiled helplessly.

Grant gave him a meaningful look, and he withdrew his smile.

"Mr. Sloan, let's go up and talk." Would Clayton dare to do that?

Of course not!

"I'm afraid I can't as I still have things to do. I'll come and pick her up after work."

After Clayton finished speaking, he nodded and said goodbye.

Grant narrowed his eyes and silently turned around to go upstairs.

When Grant reached the office door, his assistant gave him a look.

Grant pushed the door in and saw Nicole spinning in his chair.

That childish look made him feel both angry and helpless.

"Missy, have you played enough?"

Nicole stopped. "Big Brother, you always scare him. If you scare him away, you have to compensate me!"

Grant rolled his eyes at her. "Have some conscience. You actually dare to say that about me because of him? I'm just beating him up to make him pay more attention, but you're so defensive of him."

"What's the point of that?" Nicole mumbled. Grant rolled his eyes. "Would you listen if I beat

you up instead?"

Nicole smiled, ingratiatingly and humbly.

"Big Brother, when you were dating, I single-handedly supported you. You can't fall short!"

Grant sneered. She had quite the cheek to say that.

However, he sat on the opposite chair, and Nicole put away her smile. She spoke with a solemn expression.

"I met someone at yesterday's banquet..."

Although Ann's target was not her, it was still related to her.

Nicole felt like she could not be careless. She must be prepared.

Her many years of alertness were not for nothing. She spoke briefly, then fell into silence.

Grant pursed his lips. His features were sharp and chilly.

"You mean that she's deliberately imitating you for some kind of purpose?"

Nicole nodded. "Her eyes weren't that friendly. I think that something's going on."

Grant pondered for a few seconds and nodded.  
"Alright. I'll have someone check it out. You should be careful during this time and don't run around."  
Nicole nodded.  
"But I wonder if she's related to Quavon? Focus on checking in this direction. After all, the person who wants me dead the most now is him..."  
Grant nodded. His eyes were sharp. "Alright. Luca has been following you, so don't worry too much."  
Nicole smiled and stood up.  
"Then I'm relieved. I'll go back now..."

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1425

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Stanton Corporation.  
In the afternoon, Nicole finally finished dealing with a tricky problem when Logan knocked and came in. He had a complicated expression.  
"President..."  
Nicole glanced at him. "Speak..."  
Logan said, "Someone wants to meet you. She looks a lot like you... And her name is Ann!"  
Not only did they look alike, but even their names were also the same.  
Logan almost recognized the wrong person.  
Thus, he hurried over to ask.  
Nicole raised her eyes. That woman actually came to her door?  
Her heart could not help but be a little surprised.  
Logan scratched his head. "It's not that similar, but I can't pinpoint what's similar either."  
The corners of Nicole's mouth twitched. "I know who she is, but I'm not familiar with her. Just say that I'm busy and won't meet her."

Logan nodded and left immediately after getting Nicole's response.  
A few minutes later, he came back.  
"President, that woman says she has something important to see you for, and that you'll regret it if you don't see her."  
Nicole curled her lips. "Did I grow up under the threats of others?"  
Logan froze. He understood what she meant and turned around to go out.  
Ann was confident that her arrival would definitely cause a big stir. Her grand appearance last night had the good effect she anticipated.  
Thus, she came here.  
Everyone was full of questions about her arrival. She was so confident about her identity that she was not afraid of being investigated, let alone their curiosity. Unexpectedly, Nicole refused to see her. Should she not be the most curious one?  
In front of Ann, Logan was polite and cold.  
"Ms. Ann, the President is really very busy. Please make an appointment in advance next time before you come so as not to cause such a delay."  
The arrogance on Ann's face shattered a little, and a trace of disbelief seemed to flash by.

Did Nicole not have any curiosity about her at all?  
If Nicole refused to meet her, Ann could not continue to stay either. Ann coldly glanced in the direction of Nicole's office, turned around, and left.  
Ferguson Corporation.  
Eric looked at the people in the conference room. His sunken gaze swept over the people present, and his tone was cold and intimidating.  
"This is the proposal you came up with? Do you not want to work in your positions anymore?"  
The people in the room did not even dare to breathe. They shrunk into their clothes like the cold winter months.  
They wanted to find a crack in the ground to hide in.  
Eric's temper seemed to be back to its original point, unreasonable and merciless. They did not have a good time recently.  
Mitchell looked at the person in front of him and examined her closely. Ann looked up at him casually.  
"Seen enough?"  
Mitchell froze and hurriedly withdrew his gaze, finally realizing his rudeness.  
"My apologies, Ms. Ann. What were you saying?"  
Mitchell almost thought that the person in front of him was Nicole. However, upon closer look, she did not look like Nicole.  
Nicole would never look at a person with such a harsh gaze unless she hated the person deeply.  
However, in Ann's eyes, she carried a vicious killing intent no matter who she looked at.  
It made people shudder.  
Ann swept a cold glance at Mitchell. "Tell Eric Ferguson to come out and see me."  
Although Mitchell was dissatisfied in his heart, he had enough professionalism to deal with all sorts of trouble.  
"Ms. Ann, the President is in a meeting now. I'm afraid it'll take quite a while..."  
Ann raised her eyes and spoke in an extremely cold tone.  
"Charles Ferguson is in my hands. Go ask if he wants to come out."  
Mitchell's smile stiffened and instantly faded. Charles was Eric's father. However, Charles' ability was not as excellent as his son's. Old Master Ferguson supported Eric, so Charles was unable to stay and ran to Australia on his own initiative.

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1426

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What was going on?  
Charles was in this woman's hands?  
Was this a blatant threat? A kidnapping? Or...  
Mitchell could not hold on any longer. Whether it was real or not, he had to tell Eric immediately.  
Then, Mitchell knocked on the conference room and entered.  
The air in the conference room was as cold as an ice cellar.  
Seeing Mitchell come in, everyone sighed in relief as if they had seen a savior.  
Mitchell said a few words in Eric's ear. Eric's face turned cold and ugly, and his gaze swept harshly to the door.



Suddenly, Eric stood up and walked out in large strides.

Everyone exchanged glances.

Mitchell smiled. "Everyone, the President has some urgent matters to attend to, so the meeting is temporarily suspended. Once it's dealt with, we will inform you of the rescheduled meeting time." Then, Mitchell hurriedly followed Eric out.

Ann stood at the door. Her eyes, her expression, and even her smile, were cold. Her makeup was still imitating Nicole's.

Nicole's temperament was cold, but her facial features were bright enough to reduce the coldness of her aura, which made her seem less frightening.

However, the feeling that Ann gave off was that she was always cold and terrifying. People did not dare to look straight at her.

Eric looked at Ann's back standing there and was momentarily tranced by a flash of familiarity. Then, he remembered something, and his face sank.

Mitchell walked over and spoke in a whisper, "That's her. She said her name is Ann."

Eric tugged his collar. A trace of disdain and mockery crossed his gaze. Then, he turned around and went in the direction of his office.

He said a few words. "Let her in."

Mitchell responded in a low voice and naturally did not dare to dally. He walked over.

"Ms. Ann, the President invites you in."

Ann laughed softly. A hint of triumphant pleasure flashed across her face. Then, she ignored Mitchell and went straight into the office.

Eric sat in his office with a vague gloomy chill around him. His gaze was dark and heavy as he looked at her, not opening his mouth.

Ann smiled. Her smile was also cold, but when she looked at him, her gaze grew a little hot.

It was covetous.

Ann sat in front of Eric and looked at him levelly.

"Mr. Ferguson, you should remember me. I'm Ann."

Eric raised his eyes that were as deep as the sea, too dark to see any emotion in them.

His voice was icy. "Angie, you changed your name?"

Ann smiled, not the least bit angry that he could see through her disguise.

"I didn't expect you to remember me." Eric looked at her expressionlessly. "What do you want?"

Ann raised her chin, and a smile spread on her face.

"I just missed you too much, Eric. That's why I came. You drank too much last night, so you probably don't remember much. I thought that we should meet in a grand way today."

Eric narrowed his eyes and looked down to hide the harshness in them.

"I don't think we need to meet."

"Of course, we need to meet. We haven't met for a few years, but I can't stop thinking about you. In the end, I decided to come and see you. Aren't you happy and surprised at all?"

Ann smiled. "I know you like another woman.

Nicole Stanton, right? I went to look for her just now, but she refused to see me. I didn't expect her to be so stable. She wasn't interested in me at all!"

Eric's expression instantly became gloomy. His eyes were dark when he looked at her.

"You'd better stay away from her!"

Ann frowned. Her expression was a little upset.

"Why? In order to understand her, I did a lot of work and sent people to investigate her for a long, long time. Fortunately, she divorced you, or I'd have the blood of another person on my hands..."

Ann slowly raised her hands and looked at them. The corners of her lips curled into a cruel smile.

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

## Boss Chapter 1427

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Eric's face was tense. A trace of ruthlessness flashed in the bottom of his eyes. His fists clenched tightly as veins bulged out.

"I said, stay away from her, or don't blame me for being impolite!"

His voice sounded like it came from hell. It was terribly cold.

Ann did not care at all. She smiled, imitating Nicole's smile, but it was not as natural as Nicole's. Instead, it was terrifying to look at.

Eric glared at Ann intently. His dark eyes hid a strong chill.

Ann smiled. "Mr. Charles Ferguson is still in my hands. He's the one you should be most concerned about right now."

Eric's gaze was bitterly cold as he narrowed his eyes.

He took out his phone, found a number, and dialed it.

It was a disconnected number.

Charles went around almost all their foreign subsidiaries and just did not return to Mediana.

Not only because he was unwilling to embarrass himself, but also because he did not want to face the hysterical Quinn.

However, his life had always been rich. There was no shortage of beautiful women around Charles, so Old Master Ferguson never asked about him.

As long as he did not get into trouble, Charles could do whatever he wanted.

Only if Charles leaves would Eric's position be more stable.

Ferguson Corporation could only have one person in charge.

Old Master Ferguson chose his grandson Eric, so he could only give up on his mediocre son Charles.

Ann watched Eric's movement and smiled. She found a video from her phone, put it in front of him, and pressed play.

In the video, Charles was being held at gunpoint. His face was bloodless with terror, and his body shook in fear.

"D-Don't kill me!"

The video was just ten or so seconds, and Charles only said those three words before it stopped.

Eric's gaze became even colder. He did not have much affection for his father, but that did not mean that someone else could use his father to threaten him.

Ann took back the phone and smiled calmly.

"I'm not lying to you. It's impossible for me to lie to you anyway. You should know that with my ability, it's simply too easy for me to catch that father of yours..."

It was true.

Charles did not know how to protect himself like Eric did, much less his vigilance.

The reason why Charles had not been kidnapped even after so many years was

only because of Ferguson Corporation's reputation as well as the countless bodyguards hidden around him.  
However, compared to the mercenaries working under the arms dealers, those bodyguards were nowhere as capable.  
The air in the room froze.  
Eric's gaze was deep and cold, and his tone was chilly.  
"So, what do you want?"

Ann smirked. "I want to marry you."  
She said it bluntly. She was confident that Eric would not refuse. With this condition, victory was in her grasp.  
However, Eric merely laughed, so cold that no one could tell his emotions.  
"Marry me?"  
There was a hint of mockery on his lips.  
It was as if he heard something very funny.  
It was the first time he heard of a person kidnapping a father in order to marry his son.  
It was absolutely ridiculous!  
Ann looked at Eric solemnly. "I want to marry you. I'm going to make you mine."  
Eric raised his eyes that were clear and cold.  
"I've never been interested in you. You know that, right?"  
"I know. That's why I'm not me now. I'm Ann."  
Ann suddenly approached him and spoke with a smile.  
"I know you like Nicole, so I deliberately dressed like her. I imitated her for a whole year already. I already have around 80% of her demeanor and temperament, right? You can think of me as her substitute. I don't mind at all. As long as I can get you, I'm willing to be a stand-in. Look, I'll gain what I want, and you'll gain the Nicole that you long for. It's a win-win situation..."

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1428

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As Ann spoke, her eyes tinged with a deranged smile.  
It was as if she would never give up until she reached her goal.  
Eric's eyes were cold. His pupils were dark, and the temperature in his eyes when he looked at her dropped even more.  
When he heard the name "Nicole" coming from Ann, his eyes became even colder. Nicole was his taboo. No one could mention her.  
Nicole's makeup on Ann's face looked very odd, like an out-of-control marionette. It made him feel like destroying her.  
Ann looked at Eric, determined to win.  
"Eric, I'm willing to dress up as the person you like forever. I don't care at all. From the first time I met you, I fell in love with you. I felt that you had to be mine."  
She smiled willfully.  
Eric's tone was cold. "Is that so? You must be delusional."

Ann smiled at him. "Of course not. During that explosion on the streets of Europe five years ago, you saved Nicole, but you also saved me. Did you think you just saved a random ordinary person?"

Eric's gaze sank slightly. His expression tightened unpleasantly.

He fell silent.

Ann laughed. "Of course not. I've been looking for you ever since. I had them arrange that underground fight. I wanted you to lose so that you'll completely belong to me, and you'd be free from your unit. It was Nicole who disrupted my whole plan. She actually took you away."

There was a hint of resentment and unwillingness in Ann's tone.

"I wanted to go find you, but my father said that you and I are not the same kind of people, so we can't be together. I had no power to resist, so I could only watch as you left. Nicole got off easy. She actually married you? You should have been mine!"

There was a hint of regret in her tone, making people shudder at the sound of it.

Eric raised his eyes. His thin lips parted.

"You tried to harm me. Nicole was the one who saved me. I'll never be with you!"

It turned out that the explosion five years ago led to so many other things.

Eric only remembered that he and his fellow soldiers saved many people that day.

No matter which country they were from, as long as they were trapped in the middle of the war, Eric was duty-bound.

At a command, they would give up their lives.

However, Eric never thought that it was the woman in front of him who set up the underground fight, and it was Nicole who took him away.

At that thought, his heart felt like it was being stabbed by a knife. Eric lost the person who took him out of danger.

He completely lost her.

Ann smiled wickedly. "That's not necessarily true. I have all the means to keep you by my side. I'm an unruly person, but for you, I'm willing to abide by the rules. Otherwise, how did your comrades return to Mediania?"

She laughed softly. "It was because I helped to get Hendrick Carter's body and returned him to you. Have you forgotten? You thought that was the first meeting between us." Eric narrowed his eyes. Yes.

The war was filled with smoke, and all that filled his ears was the sound of gunfire mixed with the cries of adults and children. It was extremely tragic.

Even a psychiatrist would break down in an experience like that.

On that battlefield, a bullet grazed Eric's body. Hendrick pushed Eric away and ended up with an extra gunshot to his body. Hendrick never woke up again.

Eric lost his comrade and brother. During that time, he did not know how he managed to survive.

Hendrick died. Hendrick died for him.

The others took Eric away, but they did not take Hendrick's body.

Later, that area became a war zone, and no one dared to step foot in it. Anyone who came close became cannon fodder.

It was then that Eric felt the cruelty and ruthlessness of war for the first time.

Even though they were peacekeeping troops, there were still guns and bullets darting at them.

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1429

/ [The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

## Read Chapter 1429 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Eric's face sank. He pursed his lips, and his eyes were sharp.

Back then, Eric had approached the people at the top. The upper brass could not do anything about it, and it was impossible to risk more lives because of a corpse. At that time, an arms dealer approached him and said that she could help him.

That person was Angie.

He originally did not believe her, but she did it.

She brought Hendrick's body back in one piece and delivered it to Eric.

Eric still remembered that he asked what her conditions were.

Angie did not want anything. She just told him to remember the name "Angie".

However, before he left, Eric still left a small check as payment.

He did not like to owe others.

Later, Eric returned home with the corpse and left his unit. No matter which forces he stepped into, he made connections quickly, and his power was no longer that simple rookie in the unit.

He found out about Angie's identity, the arms dealers, and the light and dark zones.

Today, Eric was able to stand tall and look down on them, and even take control of them.

It was just so he could protect the people he wanted to protect.

Eric's eyes were dark and pitch-black.

"I don't owe you anything. The check I gave you was enough to hire twenty local mercenaries who don't care about dying."

Angie smiled with ruthlessness inside her eyes.

"I know, but it's not the money I want. I just wanted you to remember me."

Angie did not care about money. She cared about this person!

"Originally, I wasn't anxious. You married Nicole, but you didn't like her. I was relieved to know that you two were not living happily, so I waited until she left on her own."

A trace of reluctance flashed in Angie's eyes.

"But after she left, you fell for her instead? I could only come up with this method to come to you. As long as you're willing, we can be together, Eric. With your current background and power, you'll only grow even stronger."

She smiled. "You'll even surpass everyone else. For you, I can get rid of the threat of Stanton Corporation."

Angie did a lot of homework and knew that the only one who could be on par with Ferguson Corporation was Stanton Corporation.

Who did not want to be the boss?

Eric suppressed the deep chill and disgust in his eyes.

"No need for that. We're not that close, Angie."

Angie's face stiffened faintly. "We'll be close soon. Nicole left you, so you need me."

Eric's tone was slightly threatening.

"I'll say this again. Don't mention Nicole's name. I don't need a stand-in either."

Angie's smile froze for a split second before she laughed.

"Okay, we won't talk about her. Let's talk about Mr. Charles Ferguson instead.

You won't just stand back and do nothing for your father, right?"

Eric looked at her coldly. "Are you threatening me?"

His tone was tinged with danger.

Angie said, "It's just a trade-off. In our law of existence, anything can be traded.

Now, I'm just trading Charles for marriage with you."

She spoke naturally as if she did not feel how outrageous and abominable her

decision was.

Eric narrowed his eyes. A sharp trace of danger flashed by.

"Trading is taking something of yours to exchange for another thing from someone else, not taking something from someone else and forcing them to do something."

Angie froze for a moment but quickly laughed.

"It doesn't matter. The end goal is the same anyway."

She did not care whether it was a threat or a trade.

Eric reached out to take the cigarette on the table and lit it. As smoke wafted in the air, he spoke in a cold and deep voice that seemed like it was soaked in ice.

"Do as you please."

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1430

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

Read Chapter 1430 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Angie's smile froze on her face and slowly faded. There was silence for a while.

She looked at Eric and said, "So, you don't accept the deal?"

Eric stubbed out the cigarette. His gaze seemed to be quenched with ice. "I don't accept it."

Angie stood up, looked at him, and left in silence. The office door opened and closed.

Eric's eyes were dark and sullen as he remained silent. There was only the vague feeling of a chill in the air.

Mitchell pushed the door in with a glum expression.

"President, we found out that your father has not been seen in Australia for three days. No one around him knows his whereabouts. In the past, he would often disappear for a few days in a row to go out for fun or study tours, so no one took it to heart. Unexpectedly, this time... Should I inquire with the other arms dealers we're familiar with?"

Even if they did not get involved with firearms, they knew quite a few people in this business.

After all, the money they had come and went, and a lot of them needed a legitimate way to launder the money. Ferguson Corporation was huge, so they were naturally their dream partner.

Eric's gloomy gaze looked in one direction. His thin lips parted.

"No need. He's already in her hands. There's no doubt about that."

Angie would not have run up to him and said things like that if she had not been completely confident.

Her forces were shameless to use deception. However...

Mitchell paused and looked at him.

"What do we do next? Should we send someone to contact them? Or catch that woman?"

Eric pursed his lips. Not a single ripple existed in his dark eyes.

"Angie is the daughter of the foreign arms dealer, Caleb. Send people to quietly inquire about Charles' movements."

Mitchell was silent and suddenly looked up.

"President, are you suspecting that Angie captured Mr. Ferguson, but Caleb doesn't know about it?"

Eric nodded. "Although Caleb's people contacted me and wanted me to handle the firearms business for him here in Mediana. I refused very bluntly, and his people did not come afterward. Angie isn't a simple person either. I'll have to find out what their motive is."

If it was just a marriage according to what Angie said, then it would be easy to deal with.

The problem would be if Caleb wanted to get a hold of him, then this was just the beginning.

Mitchell nodded and quickly withdrew. Eric once again fell into silence.

Growing up, Eric had no impression of Charles. He was only ever meek and obedient to Old Master Ferguson, and he had mediocre ability and strength.

When Old Master Ferguson skipped over Charles and handed Ferguson Corporation to Eric, he remembered that he had a long talk with Charles.

After that talk, Charles left Mediana and went from Africa to Europe. He was now in Australia working while living in pleasure.

Charles' attitude showed that he did not want to participate in the struggle for Ferguson Corporation, much less be compared to his own son.

Quinn was afraid of hardships. During the time that Charles was abroad, the relationship between the two was not great. Quinn kept suspecting that Charles had a mistress, and Charles also could not tolerate Quinn, so he simply ran away alone.

Eric had never taken the initiative to care about Charles' movements. Charles was just an honorary chairman in the company abroad and had no real power, so he did not come out to make any reports no matter what good or bad things happened.

Now that Angie's people took Charles away, Eric was unfazed. However, if this news were to be made public, it would be a huge blow to Ferguson Corporation.