

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2340 –

Chapter 2340 Wish

Clayton's lips moved slightly, and his eyes flickered. He was about to say something when Nicole continued to speak, "The bar owner was very understanding and called someone for me, but I forgot to label your caller ID, so she called Malcolm. Fortunately, Malcolm didn't disappoint me. Otherwise, I would've gotten drunk for nothing!"

Nicole's voice was soft. She was a little tipsy, so she leaned her body on his like a soft and delicate rose.

The noise downstairs was ear-splitting, and there was also a deafening noise coming from the private room behind them.

The couple briefly embraced each other.

After a moment of silence, Clayton stared at Nicole intently. The tip of his nose touched hers, and their warm breath fell on each other's faces as they intertwined.

The man's handsome face, which looked like an art piece, was gentle and expressive.

There was a glint in his deep eyes.

Clayton kissed Nicole's luscious lips lightly and lingered over her. His voice was deep and husky as he said, "Baby, Chatty told me her wish yesterday."

Nicole tilted her head. "What wish?"

"She said she wanted a younger sibling."

After the man finished speaking, he immediately kissed her. For some reason, his warm lips suddenly became scorching hot. Wherever he kissed her, Nicole felt like her skin was burning.

Someone in the distance saw this scene and wolf-whistled.

Nicole was slightly embarrassed and hid in Clayton's arms as she felt numb.

Not far away, in the innermost private room, a stern man stood there. No one knew how long he had been looking at the couple. The man still had a strong and fierce look, and his eyes were dark and turbulent.

The cigarette in his hand had already burned out.

Keith, who came out of the private room, patted the man on the shoulder.

“Ferg, you’ve been smoking for a long time. Why don’t you come in?”

As he spoke, he dragged Eric away, but Eric did not move.

Keith followed his line of sight and was surprised.

If it was a stranger, Keith would just laugh it off, but he recognized the cane that Clayton carried with him from the interview.

It was hard not to remember it.

Keith paused and saw the bulging veins on the back of Eric’s hands. Keith did not know what Eric was thinking.

He dragged Eric into the room and said, “Aren’t you just tormenting yourself? He’s back, so it’s normal for them to be intimate. If you want, I can complain to the bar owner to pay attention to such public displays of intimacy in the future.”

Eric glanced at him indifferently and sat inside the booth.

He put his elbows on his legs and looked dejected.

“Forget it. If she’s happy, so am I.”

Eric pressed the space between his brows to cover up his frustration and sadness.

Keith shook his head. “By the way, what happened to your mother?”

Eric raised his eyebrows. “She insists on coming back saying that she’s uncomfortable living abroad.”

“I guess she just feels lonely. Why don’t you send her to be with your father?”

Eric’s eyes turned cold.

“The two of them were separated a long time ago. They didn’t get a divorce because my grandfather didn’t allow them to, and there’s no need to get one now.”

Keith opened his mouth but did not speak.

He was about to find out about the secrets of the Ferguson family and wondered why Eric would say such things so casually.

Keith smiled and handed him a cigarette again.

“It’s good that she’s back. At least, you’ll have someone waiting for you when you get home. Anyway, you don’t have a conflict with her now, so it’s also a win-win situation to let her take care of your son, right?”

The corners of Eric’s mouth twitched. He was cold and desolate, and he did not make a sound.

Although Quinn said she missed her grandson, Eric knew that Quinn was not a simple old lady who would stay at home to take care of her grandchildren.

Quinn just wanted to take advantage of the situation to come back to Atlanta, then slowly find an opportunity to get Ingrid back.

Eric glanced at Keith indifferently. The cigarette ash fell on his hand, but he remained indifferent.

“How does one pursue a woman? I’ve only chased that one woman in my life, but I failed. I had several opportunities, but I failed utterly.”

After a long time, Keith said slowly, “Ferg, you know my story. I didn’t have to chase any woman in the past, and I only managed to get my wife back after almost losing my life. I don’t dare to repeat the same mistakes again. If it weren’t for Livia being pregnant, she wouldn’t even want to look at me. But our relationship has gotten better in the past two years.”

Seeing Eric’s desolate expression, Keith felt that he should not sprinkle salt on his wound. Thus, he immediately changed the subject.

“Don’t you have a son? I’m sure some women are lining up to be your son’s stepmother. Why don’t you just pick one and make do with it?”

Eric looked at him coldly, which made Keith shut up instantly.

It was not easy to meet Eric during these few years.

Eric deliberately avoided them. He was either on a business trip or on the way to a business trip.

Keith knew in his heart what Eric felt awkward about, but they dared not mention it.

In the hospital.

Mitchell had not contacted Eric for a long time, so he did not know that Eric had returned to Atlanta.

Selena could not wait any longer, so she found Eric’s number and called him.

When Eric saw the unfamiliar number, he immediately hung up.

Selena continued to call him persistently.

Eric looked at the flashing number, stood up, and walked out with his phone.

'Who's speaking?'

His voice was extremely cold, without any warmth.

Selena was stunned for a moment before she said, "Mr. Ferguson, I'm the person that you almost ran over. Remember me?"

Eric forgot about her. He had to think for a while before he remembered.

'Tell Mitchell if you have any conditions.'

After he finished speaking, he hung up the phone again.

Selena looked at the disconnected call and laughed in exasperation.

Eric was so arrogant and self-conceited. If Eric was not born with a silver spoon, there was a high probability that he would be beaten to death.

Selena was in no mood to continue calling.

Ever since she found out that the person who bumped into her was Eric, she tried to get to know him in various aspects.

Selena's despair was replaced with a sliver of hope.

Perhaps, Eric could do it.

He must be able to.

The caregiver opened the door and came over with a towel, intending to wipe her down.

Selena still could not move by herself, so she thanked the caregiver.

The caregiver Mitchell hired for Selena was not a nurse in the hospital. This caregiver was attentive, hardworking, and very professional, so Selena gradually accepted her.

After a wipe-down, the caregiver went out.

Within two minutes, the caregiver came in anxiously and locked the door behind her.

“Ms. Nelson, that man... Your husband that beat you before... He’s here again, and he looks drunk!”

Selena’s face changed slightly.

She had known for a long time that he would know about her return to Mediana.

However, she did not expect it to be so soon.

Derek’s character really did not change one bit.

Selena gritted her teeth and said, “Call Mr. Crawford.”

“Okay.”

Soon, someone knocked on the door loudly.

After a few knocks, the man started to bang on the door.

“Selena, I know you’re inside! Open the door for me. You’re my wife. Why didn’t you tell me that you’re back? Do you think you’ll be fine by hiding out here?”

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