

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2013

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Ah, in fact, it doesn't matter if you admit it or not, if something happened to you, I can only put the blame on you."

Angie covered her face and cried miserably, and she was already embarrassed and vulnerable. "It's not me, it's really not me, let me go!"

Clayton chuckled, terribly cold:"Let go of you? How can you be so cheap, unless you tell me why you have to push Nicole into the sea? Feelings Is it? Because of Eric? No, if it was because of him, when Caleb was arrested ad when you left Mediania, you shouldn't have left so easily. So, what's the reason?"

His voice was soft, But every word carries a bit of playfulness. As if he had expected the answer and just wanted to play a game with her.

If Angie doesn't tell the truth, she will be tortured here forever.

In two months, she will be dead.

"Eric left a long time ago, he didn't even ask you a question. I can't move him. can I still move you?"

Clayton's tone was extremely cold, his eyes were gloomy:

"Your son is going to be with him soon. Well, what a coincidence, I'm going back to Liberty soon."

Angie stiffened and looked up at him suddenly. Her face became extremely ugly. She persisted, thinking that someone would come to her rescue.

But there were no result to rescue.

Eric left without even asking a question. It should be wishing to die here silently, right?

In this way, no one will bother him anymore!

Tears fell uncontrollably.

She was trembling all over, and she, who had no weaknesses but had weaknesses.

“Don’t touch my son, please.”

Clayton chuckled: “I never implicate innocent people, and I don’t care if your son is Eric’s, because he doesn’t care about this cheap son at all, if I bully your son, maybe Eric will also applaud. I won’t do anything to solve troublesome things for him. But that doesn’t mean I won’t think about it. So I’ll ask you one last time, why are you?”

Angie tensed.

There was silence for a few seconds.

Then she gritted her teeth and said, “It was me, I made people do it.”

She thought that if she didn’t admit it, Clayton couldn’t do anything to her. At least Clayton can survive.

But what matters now is not whether she is alive or not.

Clayton has never been a person who can negotiate conditions. What he wants to achieve will not give up easily.

Angie can bear it, but the child can’t. If the child is gone, how can she return to Eric’s side?

Clayton’s eyes glowed with a sharp light, and he looked at her coldly, without a trace of warmth.

Full of oppression.

“Continue.”

He spit out two words coldly, obviously dissatisfied with her simple and scribbled admission.

It was not his purpose to admit a fact he already knew.

Angie took a deep breath, her voice trembling uncontrollably: “I know that Eric doesn’t really mean my brother. Eric always thinks that we are people from two worlds, and he looks down on those of us who are on the gray edge. When Nicole dies, you will completely break with Eric. He will have to rely on our power to fight against you. At that time, he will really not be able to leave me. I want to turn him into a person like me, so that, he has no reason to dislike me any more.”

Angie’s voice became lower and lower, and the whole person lay on the ground, trembling.

She is always looking up at the man who is like a mountain. But the man didn’t even bother to look at her So, she could only drag him into the mud and join her in a lowly and humiliating sinking.

Clayton looked at her quietly, with a bit of ridicule and disdain in his dark eyes.

“More than that, you know that I will clear your brother’s power in one rage. When you take over your brother’s power, you can still be with Eric and kill two birds with one stone, right?”

Angie shook her whole body fiercely and Chilled back. She bit her lower lip and slowly raised her head.

Clayton’s face in front of him could not see any bloodthirsty killing. In his heart, they are completely different. But how could he easily read people’s hearts?

Whatever Angie didn’t say, let her say it.

Nothing to hide.

Clayton’s contemptuous eyes stabbed Angie’s eyes fiercely.

She lowered her head. Her whole body tense, “Clayton, I was wrong. Really, I shouldn’t have made Nicole’s idea.”

As if he didn't hear Angie's plea for mercy, Clayton hooked his lips, and his tone was cold: "It's useless to apologize for doing something wrong. Playing tricks under my nose. You should have expected the consequences long ago?"

Those indifferent eyes made Angie feel a wave of fear.

She couldn't describe Clayton's cruelty. Behind his well-dressed, there were countless people holding knives for him.

The next second, she was still worried and frightened. But suddenly a strong wind hit, and before she could even react. She was pushed to the ground. Her neck was strangled, and she couldn't move. She widened her eyes and her face suddenly turned the color of pig liver.

She's struggling with both feet.

The man in front of her was like someone from the Shura field, his face was dark and paranoid, and the violent flashes in his eyes made people terrified.

Angie slowly felt a sense of powerlessness on the verge of death, as if a trace of vitality had been taken away by life.

Her struggling movements were getting smaller and smaller, because the hand on her neck was getting harder and harder.

She Can't see why Clayton's expression is so fickle and cold? Is it because of Nicole?

Angie was like a piece of garbage, and could die in this dark room anytime, anywhere.

For Clayton, it was too easy to let Angie disappear.

The Darkness flashed in front of Angie's eyes, and her struggles were useless. She could only hold on to the hand around her neck.

She felt so much Panic, confusion, fear...

Let her mind be crushed in this stinky place.

Angie said she wouldn't kill her. Just like Angie who cheated Nicole wouldn't kill her.

It's all comforting and acting.

Just before she lost consciousness.

Suddenly Angie heard the captain knock on the door outside, and said, "Mr. Sloan, Madam Stanton said that she can't breathe here, so she wants to go up to rest. I asked if you're done with your work?"

Perhaps it was Nicole's words that brought Clayton back to his senses. He let go of his hand suddenly, and slowly took out a tissue and wiped his fingers.

She's afraid she'll get herself dirty.

Angie's forehead burst into blue veins, and she breathed hysterically.

It was like a puddle of mud revived.

Clayton's voice was gentle and terrifying: "It's coming, let her wait patiently for another minute."

He looked at his watch, and his eyes were indifferently placed on Angie: "You are worthless, why don't you just cut it yourself?"

Angie's face paled in horror. She didn't care about her physical discomfort, and said quickly: "Don't kill me, Mr. Sloan. I can help you a lot. I'm different from my brother. Let me stay. I can take my brother's power over to you."

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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.

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 Liliana."

"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 Liana 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?"