

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 1971

Chapter 1971

Quinn and Ingrid, Mitchell is also a black line.

“The information we found earlier was consistent with the information given by the General Manager of Sloan, and they were all in the hands of Falcon.

But the day before Falcon returned to South Africa, the two suddenly disappeared.

They also searched everywhere, but they didn't find.

Presumably...they escaped on their own?”

That was the best outcome.

Without falling into anyone's hands, he ran away.

Eric's face was cold and his eyes were dark: “If they ran away, why wouldn't they contact us? How far can they run?”

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Even if Ingrid had no brains, Quinn should understand that only Eric could protect them. But to this day, no one has contacted him.

Their people did not find out the whereabouts of Quinn and Ingrid. This is a little strange.

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Mitchell was also silent.

“Wouldn’t it be that Liliana knew something? Let’s do it first?”

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Eric’s face was cold for a moment, his eyes were trying his best to suppress the surging fierceness.

“It shouldn’t be. I’ve been with him this time, and I know him a little bit. He works hard, but he doesn’t have the kind of brain to take one step and see three steps.”

Eric’s brows indifferently crossed a bit of anger, and he gritted his teeth.

Mitchell was silent and then said, “Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Sloan has a lot of resources and connections in South Africa. Why don’t we ask him to help him to find out?”

Looking at Eric’s gloomy face, Mitchell knew that he had said too much.

Why did Eric ask Clayton? It was worse than killing him.

Sure enough, his cold eyes swept over Mitchell, without saying a word.

In the Afternoon.

Stanton Corporation.

Eric’s arrival in person naturally caused quite a stir. He didn’t say hello to the other party’s assistant beforehand.

After all, a person of Eric’s status does not need an appointment to meet.

The lady at the front desk looked at him embarrassedly: “Mr. Ferguson, may I ask, who would you like to see Mr. Stanton?”

After all, there are many high-level people with the surname Stanton.

The front desk lady didn’t know if it was intentional or not, but Eric’s face turned gloomy.

After a long time, only then did he speak: “Grant.”

The lady at the front desk responded and called upstairs.

After a while, she hang up.

“Mr. Ferguson, please go to the reception room upstairs and wait for a while. Our video conference with Mr. Stanton will end in five minutes.”

Eric didn't say more, just lifted his feet and left, with a chilling aura.

The assistant in the reception room didn't dare to neglect, and waited with a cup of coffee. Who made Eric come so unexpectedly?

After Grant came out of the meeting, the assistant quickly greeted him. “Eric's still waiting?”

The assistant glanced at the time, “Yes, Mr. Ferguson is in the reception room.”

Someone had told Grant long ago, so he naturally knew it.

Grant tidied up his clothes and walked in directly.

“Mr. Ferguson, it's been so long since I returned to Liberty, are you planning not to leave?”

Eric sat there, his stern eyebrows raised slightly, his expression remained the same, and his voice was very light: “Let's go when things are done, Mr. Stanton, long time no see That's it.”

Grant and Eric have the same aura, and the two people's methods in the shopping mall are also very similar.

“I just saw Mr. Ferguson on the day he returned to Liberty, and it's only been a few days. Mr. Ferguson was joking.”

Eric pursed his lips, his brows were cold, and he looked at Grant on the opposite side calmly: “I'll just say it straight, I hope the Stanton family can take over the AG project with full authority, and this project cannot be delayed any longer.”

Grant also looked directly at him without any fluctuations in his eyes: “Mr. Ferguson, I have also seriously considered this project. The Stanton family is No matter how great the interests are, the Stanton Corporation doesn't want to get involved.”

Eric's eyes shrank, his jaw clenched, and just as he was about to say something, he heard Grant's cold voice: "The back of this project How many people are thinking about it, South Africa and East Asia are all staring at them, and even the current friendship with Mr. Ferguson, are they interested?"

Grant simply pierced the current situation.

"The Stanton Corporation's participation in the project is not just about the benefits and prospects. Even if we want to do public welfare, we have to protect ourselves, not to mention that the Stanton family doesn't want to be in the company of those people, let alone any danger."

Eric asked: "Mr. Stanton is afraid?"

Grant smiled, "It's just that you don't need to lose your life to make money."

"If I say, as long as the Stanton family is willing to win this project, I will guarantee that it will be with anyone in South Africa. Wouldn't the forces interfere with it?" Eric said in a stiff voice.

Grant still smiled calmly: "Mr. Ferguson, I believe in your ability, but I don't want to participate, and the Stanton family can't stand any setbacks. I believe you know that my sister has escaped death many times, but now she has lost her life. Very, without the company of bodyguards, I didn't even want to leave the door, and I didn't come to work today. Mr. Ferguson, family is more important than making money."

Eric's eyes darkened a bit, and his face was ugly and tangled. After a long time, Eric stood up abruptly. There was a bit of hesitation on his face, but his voice was still cold: "Mr. Stanton, if the Stanton family doesn't take over this project, Nicole will be in real danger and she has been targeted.

Nicole doesn't have enough protection for her own interests, so those people will be unscrupulous to pay her attention.

Could it be that she can only have one-third of an acre of land in the Stanton family in Liberty in the future?

Once she is out of the scope of the Stanton family, There are countless dangers."

After Eric finished speaking, Grant's eyes were instantly deep and dark.

That's not all he's going to say, right?

What is Eric implying?

Grant's face froze instantly, ugly.

Eric took a deep breath and regained his slightly cold calm expression: "Mr. Stanton think about it carefully, I will let someone bring the contract over."

He tidied up his clothes, raised his feet, and walked out.

Grant narrowed his eyes and looked at his back. There was an indescribable anxiety in his heart.

Eric said to keep half of it.

The remaining half is a warning? Or a reminder?

Is he hating Nicole out of love, or will he destroy it if he doesn't get it?

Grant's face was ashen. He didn't want to take risks with his family, so even if it was a lucrative business, he wouldn't do it.

But the arrival of Eric made his already firm mind start to waver again. If they have already targeted Nicole, is it useful for her to hide?

Grant stayed in the reception room for a long time before coming out.

"Mr. Stanton, the next itinerary has been pushed back, but you made an appointment for dinner with Mr. Sheldon of the Sheldon Corporation..."

Grant's voice was cold and hoarse: "It's all pushed back, I'm going. Nicole will pick up my wife there."

The assistant was taken aback.

“Mr. Stanton, Mr. Sheldon asked if you could change dinner to Ms. Stanton’s apartment?

Because Mrs. Sheldon is also there...”

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Chapter 1972

Grant was stunned for a moment, but he almost forgot that Yvette is now Lance Sheldon’s wife.

He nodded and had already picked up his coat. “Okay, needless to say, I’ll go over by myself.”

The assistant nodded.

“By the way, if Eric sends a contract, send it to me as soon as possible.”

“Yes.” The assistant paused, thinking to himself, is Mr. Stanton planning to cooperate?

Arrived at Nicole’s house.

Haven’t come in yet.

He could smell the aroma of barbecue. As soon as he entered the door, he heard the laughter of the children inside.

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Talking about the children being amused and laughing, a simple little toy was also laughed out of the state of being forced to open for business.

Unlike Levi Stanton, who is not interested in any toys in other people's hands, he piles his Lego seriously.

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Hearing Grant's voice, little child Levi felt a little bit moved, put down the things in his hand, ran over with his short legs, stretched out his hands for a hug: "Daddy..."

Grant really didn't want to spoil his son, but Aida was standing not far away. He could only bend down and hug his son with a smile, and kissed him on the face: "Little Lavy, did you have a good time today? "

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He nodded, pointed with a smile, and was running and crawling here while baring his teeth, talking about the children.

"Sister... take it home."

He likes his sister so much that he wants to take it home.

Grant chuckled lightly: "That's not possible, Auntie can't bear it."

Aida walked over immediately with a smile, and glanced at Grant with satisfaction: "That's right, you should always smile when looking at your son otherwise he wouldn't dare to look at you."

Grant remained silent.

Yes, he sank once because of his homework, and after Levi was punished, Aida warned him.

Lance rolled up his sleeves and came out of the kitchen, saw Grant nodded, and walked over:

"Mr. Stanton..."

Grant nodded, put little Levi down, and looked at Lance: "Go to the study room Let's talk?"

Lance nodded.

Knowing that the two had something to talk about, Aida didn't say much.

She trotted over to pick up the little boy talking, and held her hand with a smile: "Little boy talking, I'll have dinner in a while, what do you like to eat?"

"Eating dinner..."

In the study room.

Lance said directly: "Samuel in Baltic City has been looking for financing everywhere, and their family has encountered a lot of trouble in South Africa's oil infrastructure, which shows that the other party is prepared.

The Lindstrom family did not want to sell this cornucopia, so he hoped for domestic financial support, but he was unwilling to give up too many shares. After a stalemate for half a month, he had been in South Africa for a long time.

Grant squinted lightly. This study is exclusively for Nicole, and it is separate from the study used by Clayton. Because there are many documents and materials that need to be placed, it will not mess up the order.

Grant's eyes After a flash, his tone condensed: "It was a terrorist who caused him trouble? Whose power is it? "

Lance paused and looked at him: "As Mr. Stanton expected, it was stinging."

Grant's eyes narrowed slightly without any turbulence, and the bottom of his eyes suddenly became dark and deep.

"Samuel wanted to swallow the oil of the Lindstrom family, and even wanted to swallow the arms base of Clayton, but the Lindstrom family was easy to deal with, and Clayton couldn't move only step by step."

Lance Sheldon nodded: "That's right, but we don't know Eric's position at the moment. When I heard that there was an accident at the Oilfield, Mr. Ferguson even made a fuss, but Mr. Stanton and Mr. Ferguson, no matter how stupid, would not deal with the business. Is Clayton in the company of someone like Liliانا? "

Grant was breathing heavily. He looked at the situation where he saw Eric the last two times, and it seemed that something was different.

But what was different, he really couldn't tell for a while.

Someone knocked on the door.

Nicole drilled in and smiled. Looking at the two people: "Brother, come out and help!"

Grant's expression softened, the coldness on his face faded, he smiled and nodded.

"Let's go, eat first."

The two walked out, and Nicole put the mobile phone in Grant's hand.

"The charcoal I ordered will be used for the barbecue in a while. The delivery person can't enter the community. Big brother, are you going to move in?"

Grant looked at his phone, took a deep breath, and rubbed his eyebrows: "Why don't you let Clayton do this kind of thing?" I

believe that Clayton will not refuse.

Nicole blinked, thinking how could Clayton do such a thing? But she didn't say it, and pushed Grant out with a smile: "It's rare for the businessman to take a day off, he's been busy for a long time. Eldest brother just let him go!"

Grant looked at her and smiled coldly, "Nicole is really my own good sister!"

This kind of physical work is reluctant to use Clayton?

It's so unscrupulous!

However, Grant didn't delay for too long, and went downstairs with his mobile phone. As soon as he got downstairs, the phone rang.

"Excuse me, is it the courier ordered by Ms. Stanton?"

"Yes."

Grant stood at the intersection and waited bored.

Soon, a private chef's car arrived. The name on the car was very familiar. It was the barbecue that Nicole liked very much.

The person in the car got out of the car, dressed in black clothes and a hat, lowered his head and took out a box from the car.

"Ms. Stanton ordered charcoal..."

The man hesitated.

Grant stretched out his hand: "Give it to me."

The man paused, "Okay."

Without raising his head, he handed the thing directly to Grant, and then got in the car and left.

Grant weighed it. The charcoal fire was neither light nor heavy, but had some weight.

He turned away.

Suddenly, Seems to realize something is wrong.

His eyes sank, as if he remembered something, and suddenly put the box on the ground.

He opened the box right away.

The box was empty, with a severed hand in the middle, bloody, with an English "o" tattooed on the inside of the little finger, next to a sharp dagger.

It is a warning.

Grant's face became cold and severe, his eyes froze instantly, and the whole person was shrouded in haze.

In an instant, he recognized the man's hand.

It was the bodyguard he sent to monitor Ryo.

The "o" is his personally identifiable information designation given to him by his company.

When Nicole returned to Liberty, he didn't let his guard down, and he has been secretly monitoring the most dangerous people.

For example, sharpen.

In other words, Liliana had already noticed that someone was watching and knew that he had sent it.

He directly looked down this person's hand and sent it over, which meant that he already knew everything.

Grant's heart was cold, he closed his eyes, put down the box without haste, and closed the lid.

Dial a number with his mobile phone: "Go and check if o is still alive? If he is still alive, let him withdraw immediately."

Now that he has been found, there is no need to continue tracking.

And...

He paused and called the company assistant directly: "Go and contact Eric, the AG project, the Stanton Corporation will take over."

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Chapter 1973

He hung up the phone.

Another car drove up in the distance, a special car for that barbecue shop.

Grant narrowed his eyes, got off the car and two young waiters walked over with a smile: "Ms. Stanton ordered the charcoal..."

Grant's eyes flashed and he nodded.

The waiter smiled enthusiastically and asked him, "Do you need us to help move it up?"

Grant shook his head, "No, just leave it here. Besides, you are the only ones who came to deliver things?"

The waiter nodded, "Yes, Because Ms. Stanton is a VIP customer, our manager specially ordered us to deliver it as soon as possible, exactly fifteen minutes from when she placed the order."

Grant pursed his lips in silence.

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Fifteen minutes is indeed the fastest time from that position to the present. It means that someone gets the news faster than the store.

He pondered: "Thank you."

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The waiter smiled and left.

Grant pondered for a moment before making another call.

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“Officer Jensen, I want to talk to you about something...”

More than ten minutes have passed since Grant called.

During this time, his men had already disposed of another box.

After Nicole’s repeated urging, she carried another heavy box upstairs.

There was laughter in the living room.

Clayton rolled up his sleeves, showing his thin forearms, and worked hard in the crowd.

Yvette was still arguing with Lance Sheldon. Although she hadn’t seen him for a while, Yvette was still reluctant to give up halfway and come back to work.

Julie and Ian were talking about the children playing games with Levi Stanton, and the three of them were very gregarious.

Aida and Nicole were busy with other ingredients, and they whispered a few words from time to time, and then Aida began to recommend something to Nicole.

Looks like everything is fine.

Grant took a deep breath and suppressed the heaviness in his heart. He pretended to be relaxed and walked in, and Clayton hurried over to take the box in his hand.

“Brother has worked hard. I said just now that I’ll go, but Nicole let you down without paying attention.”

Clayton still smiled softly, and he didn’t eat human fireworks.

Grant nodded and let go.

"I made a phone call below, so I came up late." He explained to Aida who was behind.

Aida smiled and said nothing, so Grant hurried to wash his hands and eat.

The balcony has a large area, and there is an automatic rain-shielding glass on it, which can automatically adjust the light and shade and air permeability according to the sunlight temperature and humidity.

Everyone sat in front of the tables and chairs that had been prepared for a long time, watching Clayton start the smoky barbecue.

Nicole took a photo and sent it to Floyd.

Isn't BBQ more fun than fishing? But her next sentence: "Dad, how many fish did you catch today?"

The other party's reality: "You are not the other party's friend..."

Nicole: "..."

Oh, block it!

She still called Mr. Anderson and asked him to prepare more food for Floyd.

Uncle Steward: "The old man didn't catch a single fish today. He's in a bad mood, so he won't eat."

No wonder this is the case!

Can't laugh or cry.

Gradually.

Grant and Lance also joined the kebab army. Nicole and Yvette didn't want to get caught in the smoke, so they stayed far away.

From time to time, Clayton would come to feed him with a bunch of roasted lobster and tender lamb.

Nicole unknowingly ate a lot.

Sitting on the sofa, Yvette was a little puzzled when she saw Nicole eating skewers while hugging the pillow.

She sighed: "What has marriage brought you? In addition to killing your fighting spirit, there are only calories left."

Nicole paused and rolled her eyes at her.

She usually controls her diet, but this time she forgot it when she was happy, and unknowingly ate a lot.

But of course she would not admit defeat in front of Yvette.

"Don't say grapes are sour because you can't eat grapes, your boss Sheldon doesn't even have this consciousness, he has been eating by himself!"

Yvette looked over, and Lance was enjoying it while roasting.

Suddenly, she rolled her eyes angrily.

Men and men are really different!

Yvette pouted, Nicole smiled and looked at her: "How does it feel to be in a long-distance relationship?"

Yvette snorted coldly: "Excellent, no one cares about the east and west, I can't be more free!"

Nicole sees it through but doesn't say it.

Yvette looked at the men on the balcony and Ian, who was playing with the children in the living room, and shook her head.

"But after you've been married for so long, have you discovered any shortcomings in Clayton?"

"Disadvantages?"

Nicole frowned and thought for a while: "A lot."

Yvette's brows lit up: "Tell me, every time I look at Mr. Sloan is so proud of himself and invincible, he thought he was made of iron!"

Nicole pursed her lips and counted them one by one: "He looks good, has a good figure, and has a high IQ. He is one of the best among the people I know. He is always caring, gentle, and attentive. He wants to be ahead of me in things I didn't expect. And he never quarrels with me and loses his temper. Every time I'm in a bad mood I wanted to quarrel a few times, but he would make me laugh before I could say a few words. Also, his career is also very successful, and he has money..."

"Wait!"

Yvette was inexplicable. "Ms. Stanton, I'm asking about the shortcomings, do you understand the shortcomings?"

Nicole blinked: "I have a few more words to talk about the shortcomings."

Yvette was speechless after hearing this.

Nicole was silent for a while, then looked up at her: "He always treats me like a child, and he spoils me with no bottom line."

When she said this, the corners of her mouth curved up unconsciously.

This is Clayton's shortcoming. Because of this shortcoming, Nicole's self-motivation is not so intense.

Because Clayton always took the bank card and told her to take a day off.

It was so good, she couldn't help but agree.

Yvette glanced at her silently, looked away, and sighed: "Forget it, the joys and sorrows of people are not connected. You will never understand that when I was fighting hard in front of you, your man was there. I keep trying to make you fall behind, because I have to obediently admit defeat and go back and continue to be his secretary."

Yvette's words contained infinite complaints and dissatisfaction. But she also knew that Lance Sheldon was for her own good.

She just doesn't understand this kind of good, why can't it be built on the basis that she can be on her own.

Could it be that if she loses, she will feel better when she looks back and applauds from behind?

Nicole glanced at her and thought of something.

"Yvette, you can tell Lance Sheldon directly, don't keep it in your heart, or you will accumulate too many contradictions, and you won't be able to end it in the end."

Yvette pouted, "I can't say."

Nicole said When Yvette wanted to say something, she watched Clayton come in with a plate of roasted tender lamb.

"Baby, come and taste the tender mutton in Australia, didn't you say you like this mutton very much?"

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Chapter 1974

Nicole smells the fragrance and has a big appetite.

Looking at Clayton's eagerly looking forward gaze, she suppressed the desire for control in her heart and told herself and him, "I just eat this bunch, I can't eat too much."

Clayton nodded.

Nicole took a bite, the juice inside was fresh and tender, and the taste of the mutton was really indescribable, not greasy at all, and the roast was just right.

Her eyes lit up and she gave Clayton a thumbs up.

Clayton put down another bunch by her hand: "Eat another bunch, it's not bad, just drink a glass of cucumber juice after eating to relieve the tiredness."

Nicole nodded happily.

Yvette watched the situation on the side, and immediately shook her head.

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Is this the Mr. Stanton she knew?

Clayton went back and continued to bake with satisfaction.

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After a while, Lance came in: "You haven't come out to eat yet?"

Yvette choked and tried her best to restrain her anger: "Don't eat, I'll lose weight."

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Lance paused, "I've picked them all for you. Just put it outside, and come here if you're hungry."

He didn't say much, just turned around and continued to bake.

Nicole smiled: "Mr. Sheldon is still considerate. I hope you will eat with him, otherwise he will be alone and embarrassed to speak."

Let Nicole say this, Yvette's face looks a little better.

"How is that possible?"

He was tough-mouthed and soft-hearted, but he believed Nicole's words.

Due to Ian's natural coaxing skills, he quickly said that the children became his little fans.

Ian casually pressed the remote control in his hand, and the toy car started to move.

Said that the child gave a face-saving "wow" and looked at him with a smile on his face like a flower.

Ian: "..."

Little Levi looked at Ian silently, and didn't understand why he was shocked when he pressed a remote control.

When Ian wanted to help him build Lego, Levi Stanton blocked him and said solemnly,

"Thank you, I will."

...

Everyone ate and drank until the afternoon.

When Levi took a nap, Aida planned to go home.

Grant was obviously hesitant to speak, but since everyone was present, he could only follow him and leave as if nothing had happened.

Julie left, Yvette and Lance left hand in hand.

Nicole looked at the rest of the mess, and her head suddenly became big.

When she came back, Clayton had already started to clean up.

Talk about the children sitting in the electric trolley with a smile and turning around.

Clayton smiled and talked to her, regardless of whether she could understand it or not: "Tell me about the little ones, are you happy to eat? Today's mutton is good, lobster is also good, you can eat it when you grow up... .."

Talking about the children, he added: "Eat, eat, eat..."

As soon as Nicole came in, she smiled: "Are you hungry?"

Clayton looked up at her and smiled gently: "He's not hungry, he just drank milk powder, you go to rest first, wait until I finish cleaning up. Come out again."

Nicole raised her eyebrows, thinking how could she have met such a good man who can make money and run a family?

"Wait for Auntie(maid) to come back and do it..."

She was also reluctant that Clayton's clean and slender hands had become rough!

Clayton smiled: "No, auntie will be upset when she sees a mess when she comes back. What's more, we have to set a good example for the children and be a good boy who can bear hardships and stand hard work, right?"

He lowered his head and smiled and glanced at the child.

Lil Chatty looked at her mommy, pinched her little finger, shook it in front of her eyes, and repeated Clayton's words inarticulately:

"No way..."

Nicole clicked, "Okay. Ah, when we grow up, we won't invite aunties, let's talk about children being hard-working!"

Clayton was stunned for a moment, and instantly looked at his precious daughter with sympathy.

Said that Lil Chatty didn't know what Mommy meant, so they turned the steering wheel of the car and ran back and forth.

Smile from ear to ear.

It seems that the gift that Ian bought is very much in line with her heart!

Clayton's pursed lips raised a pleasant arc, and continued to lower his head to clean.

It didn't take long for Nicole to simply take a shower and come out, washing the smell of fireworks off her body, and she came out satisfied only when she became a fragrant one.

She carefully applied body lotion and mask to herself. After a series of procedures, the sky was getting darker.

When she went out, she looked at Clayton's old father hanging like a little koala, and smiled brightly.

Nicole chuckled, and Clayton heard it and turned to look at her. "By the way, Ian is getting married, do you want to prepare extra gifts?"

Nicole was slightly taken aback, "Who gets married?"

"Ian."

“What is Ian doing?”

Nicole seemed to be completely unexpected.

Clayton: “Ian is getting married.”

Nicole paused and frowned: “He didn’t say anything today!”

Clayton took out the invitation card on the side: “It’s on the table, didn’t you see it? I thought you already knew that Ian and Ms. Makinen are getting married next Tuesday.”

Nicole was stunned for a while.

“So soon? Next Tuesday?”

Clayton now believes that she really doesn’t know.

He handed over the invitation.

Nicole glanced at it.

Sure enough, Ian and Lumi got married next Tuesday.

Hasty, but surprising.

It wasn’t long before Lumi got divorced. She was about to get married, or she was going to be with the Carter family, who was one of the best in the circle. Who wouldn’t be envious if she said it out loud?

Soon.

Nicole’s phone suddenly rang.

It’s Yvette.

Nicole picked up her call.

“Lil N, I just heard about Ian’s wedding next week, have you heard?”

What the h*ll did you say? It was too sudden, and she was still with Lumi. Didn't Lumi just divorce?

Samuel is still watching oil in South Africa. She is married here, and she is completely out of the game! "

Yvette chattered, she didn't know what happened to Ian, Lumi and Samuel in Cali.

Nicole sighed. When she finished, she flipped through the simple invitation card: "Me too I just saw it, although it was an accident. It was quite in line with Ian's temperament. He didn't say it, maybe he didn't know how to speak? Forget it, after all, fate can't stop it. If someone can take away Ian, we can be thankful."

Yvette clicked her tongue, "I'm just too surprised. Ian always changes girlfriends every day, why did he suddenly want to settle down? Wouldn't it be... a marriage with a child? "

Nicole paused. Something came to her mind. She coughed. "How is it possible!, don't guess, just go next Tuesday."

Yvette muttered, "This traitor has not leaked any rumors!"

Nicole hung up after saying a few words.

Clayton's attention shifted from talking about the children to Nicole, and he coughed: "So, Ian got married, did no one say anything? "

Nicole nodded, "Probably so."

Otherwise, he wouldn't even hide it from their good friends.

Open whatsapp and take a look at their private group.

Yvette has scolded Ian for more than ten minutes. It turns out that she only called Nicole after she finished scolding.

Ian may have a guilty conscience and has never appeared...

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Chapter 1975

Julie echoed a few words weakly in the group, just Start changing the subject.

“Have you chosen a wedding dress for the bride?”

“Where are you planning to go on your honeymoon?” “Does Ian Carter have any special gifts? If not, we will directly prepare the money! If so, it will be swiped.”

Nicole sent a whatsapp message to Ian: “?”

Ian: “...”

Nicole: “OK.”

It was a strange reply, but both of them understood.

Ian was already confirmed, and it wasn't a joke.

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Putting away the phone, he said to Clayton calmly, "Prepare a gift."

Clayton nodded.

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Nicole's friends are naturally more valuable. Talking about the child playing with the bottle in Clayton's arms, twisting and twisting, accidentally spilled milk on him.

Clayton paused, and calmly patted the talking child on the shoulder, "Let's say the little baby is so awesome that he can twist open the bottle!"

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Talking about the little kid who was not worried about being criticized, he thought Daddy was complimenting him, Smiling, he put his arms around his neck and took a sip.

Clayton nodded happily.

Nicole walked over and picked up the little friend who said, "Go and change clothes, Mr. Sloan, go on, your son almost doesn't know his surname!"

Clayton smiled, walked over and kissed on her face, her eyes were full of tenderness: "Baby, our daughter is really smart and brave, you can see that she will never be deceived by other men if she can't open the bottle cap, we should teach her to distinguish between good and bad! "

Nicole frowned slightly, completely unable to keep up with Clayton's thoughts.

When she was still worried about saying that the children were about to destroy, Clayton had already seen the distant future?

God!

Is this man's mind too distracting?

Clayton smiled and went to the cloakroom to change clothes at a leisurely pace.

Nicole put the children on her car, and the whole living room could be used by her.

She quickly plunged into her own world without crying or making trouble.

Nicole smiled helplessly, remembering that several clothes that Clayton often wore had just been dry cleaned and hadn't been put into the cloakroom.

She got up and took the bag to the door of the cloakroom, knocked on the door, and went in.

"You need clothes..."

Clayton took off half of his clothes, and the lines of his thin upper body were smooth.

Even though the two of them were already close enough, Nicole was still stunned for a second when she saw the fragrant scene so suddenly, and then covered her eyes: "Stinky hooligan."

Clayton chuckled, his voice warm and gentle.

Nicole blinked, realizing that Clayton was overreacting.

This is her own man, she can look at it however she wants!

Why are you embarrassed?

right.

Thinking of this, Nicole paused and quietly dropped his fingers.

In the next second, Clayton's big hands covered her eyes, and it was pitch black in front of her.

With a little force, he blindfolded her and pushed her out.

She also laughed arrogantly: "Don't peek!"

Nicole: "..."

She was really pissed off.

She can't see, who can?

But when she was about to push the door in and declare her sovereignty, Clayton quickly changed his clothes and came out, changing his pants.

Just unhurriedly buttoning the shirt.

He smiled meaningfully, "Baby, are you taking advantage of me on purpose?"

Nicole's heart skipped a beat.

She raised her chin calmly: "What do you think?"

Clayton's smile deepened, and he walked over and touched her earlobe, her most sensitive place.

Nicole shrank abruptly, but Clayton suddenly approached and kissed the spot on her earlobe: "I think you did it on purpose."

Nicole trembled for a moment with the magnetic voice in her ear.

That feeling, as if her heart was hooked.

This Clayton, is there a fox spirit living in his soul!

She gritted her teeth, pushed Clayton away suddenly, and ran into the bedroom.

Heart beating fast.

In the past, it seemed that only when Clayton deliberately flirted with her did she react the most strongly. But now, she felt that she could no longer control her heartbeat.

Clayton heard a low, hoarse laughter from behind, happy and hearty.

Very proud.

Nicole felt a little hot on her face, so she called Yvette directly.

She wants to ask her about her experience.

Yvette had just finished scolding Ian, and she was in a better mood.

After Nicole finished talking about the feeling just now, she sighed: "I always felt that I was very rational, but the reaction of my body just couldn't deceive people. I felt like I was trapped. I just liked it, I was very close to him in every way. It's suitable, of course I like it a little bit, I can control it..."

Before she could finish, Yvette interrupted her: "Take it down. You have to recognize yourself. Just look at him more than a hundred times today. You two look at each other and you can't wait to be drawn...I tell you, you are helpless, this man has completely control your happiness. Feeling angry, you are in danger!"

Nicole blinked, feeling that she was in danger.

Although she likes Clayton very much, she always feels that she can still control it.

Even if it was love that she said casually, she waited for Clayton to say it first, and then she would go along with his words.

She never took the initiative to say it.

They've been through so much, and she's always found it easy to be strong in a relationship.

But hearing Yvette say this, she felt that she was hanging!

She don't put all her emotions on a man, she has done this stupid thing before and spurned herself.

Today, her marriage is perfect, and it cannot be said that there is no credit for her painstaking efforts. But let her be stupid again, what should she do, she can't do it! She walked irritably around the room.

But soon, Clayton came over and knocked on the door, but he didn't hear anything inside, thinking Nicole was angry.

Baby? Ms. Stanton?"

No one responded.

Clayton was worried and could only push the door in by himself.

But before taking a step, a pillow was thrown over, and Clayton grabbed it with one hand.

His eyebrows were warm and romantic, and his voice was hoarse and pleasant: "I'm sorry, it was my fault, I shouldn't have told you about you!"

After hearing his apology, Nicole's fire inexplicably disappeared, and his confidence came.

She paused.

"Then where did you go wrong?"

Clayton said, "You can watch it if you want, and you can be a hooligan if you want to be a hooligan. I shouldn't stop you. I'm just worried that the children are still outside, and we can't control it inside... ..Well, I'll take it off now, so you can see enough?"

He said with slender fingers, he decisively began to unbutton his shirt.

His brows and eyes were warm and clear, as if they were not stained with dust.

Nicole was stunned by this operation.

She watched in shock as Clayton unbuttoned his clothes smoothly and began to unbutton his belt again:

"Wait..."