

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2009

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 2009

Clayton frowned, nodded, and glanced at the bodyguard next to him with a grim expression: "Sergio, take good care of Madam Stanton."

Sergio nodded solemnly: "Yes, Mr. Sloan."

Clayton followed the captain down Walk, went down the steps and then went up the elevator.

The elevator went directly underground.

Due to historical reasons, many hospitals have air-raid shelters under them, and some of them are secretly hidden.

Clayton took people directly over, and there were many men in black standing at the door.

When they saw Clayton, they were extremely respectful, and they all bowed their heads.

Clayton walked directly to the innermost dark room: "Open the door."

Show your love with a Little Donation. [Click Here](#)

The bodyguard next to him did not hesitate and immediately opened the door.

Clayton entered. It was dark and damp. The light was shaking and the vent was buzzing which was due to years of disrepair.

The man inside was curled up on the ground, but there was still a fierceness in his eyes.

It's just the blood that vaguely seeps out of his body, and it looks a little wild and decadent.

Clayton walked over, squatted down, looked down at him. He looked at him coldly, and said in a low voice, "Mr. Ferguson, are you alright?"

Eric moved, his breathing was a little heavy and his thin lips were slightly pursed. The outline on his face was tough and sharp, and his eyes looked at Clayton gloomily: "I can't die."

Clayton smiled.

"That's good." A trace of complexity flashed in his eyes.

When Grant called, Clayton deliberately mentioned his identity, just because he didn't want him to be impatient.

This time it finally fell into his hands, but he couldn't do anything, how could he be reconciled?

Clayton's face was calm and undisturbed, and the coldness and sharpness in the bottom of his eyes were undisguised.

"Mr. Ferguson, do you regret it?"

Eric paused, breathing heavily: "Nicole, Is she awake?"

Even though Clayton found five or six bodyguards to fight with him on a break, but Eric was a hard-bone, hard-hearted down.

He was not willing to be beaten without his hands.

Clayton deliberately drained his strength, and he kept fighting.

Eric is just Eric, and he is not weak anywhere. But now, at this time, he was really embarrassed. He was exhausted and had bruises all over his body.

Clayton's calmness and gentleness were in stark contrast to him.

Under the dim light, Clayton suddenly raised his eyes and stared at him coldly: "Why do you deserve to mention Nicole?"

Eric's tone was extremely cold: "When Nicole was bullied, you stayed out of it, what are you pretending to be now?"

Eric was silent for a while and then clenched his fists. Every word of Clayton poked at his pain point.

Eric throat moved, and his whole body was tense in pain: "What can I do?"

He paused and repeated it, depressed and resentful: "What can I do? That's my mother, no matter how bad she treats me, she is also my family. Compared with Nicole, my mother has no use value. They can kill this ordinary woman at will, but they will not kill Nicole at will. So, so..."

Next, he Did not say a word. It took all his strength.

Clayton sneered and gritted his teeth: "So you can let Nicole die. Do you think she is not ordinary, does she have nine lives? Eric, in fact, the reason why you lose is not because you gave up her countless times, but because You always have an out of time confidence."

After Eric finished speaking, his expression changed a bit.

Clayton lowered his eyes, his eyes fell on him and he was extremely happy when he saw his expression of collapse in an instant.

This fact is crueler than killing him.

Clayton stood up and tidied up his clothes: "Mr. Ferguson, I will put you at the dock and let your people pick you up. In the future, don't be wise enough to hang around in front of my wife."

He didn't move Eric. It wasn't that he didn't dare. Afraid of getting into unnecessary trouble.

He can't let Nicole hear any negative news about himself outside.

The perfect husband in her heart, he will always be there.

Eric moved his body raised his head, and looked at him with deep eyes: "Let me go?"

"Don't believe me? I'm different from you. I have a family. I'm a serious businessman. I can't get my hands dirty."

Clayton smiled, with a sly smile like a fox. His eyes swept away, his eyes fell on Eric, and he said meaningfully: "Mr. Ferguson, you did everything possible to pull the Stanton family into the quagmire, do you want me to reveal a flaw?"

An inexplicable sentence.

But it made Eric's whole body stiff for a moment, and looked up at him coldly.

That moment.

The two looked at each other, the air was so cold that it could freeze the cold river.

What Clayton said, Eric understood. But he didn't expect, how could Clayton know about that plan?

He clearly hid so deeply!

Clayton smiled, as if watching a good show: "I didn't expect it, I knew it from the beginning, right?"

Eric frowned, "How could you?"

"Yes, it's up to me to decide whether to give it or not. You think that you are smart enough to involve the Stanton family and me, and you can take care of me along the way."

Eric's eyes tightened and his breathing quickened.

"Who told you that?" he said indifferently.

Clayton chuckled lightly: "Guess."

After Clayton finished speaking, he turned around and walked out.

The light blurred and elongated his figure, but it made Eric feel a chill in his heart. He breathed hard, because he underestimated Clayton.

He thought his plan was flawless.

But Clayton missed one, and there was another purpose, to clean up Clayton, when he left Nicole and ran away, he succeeded.

This is also the only secret in his heart that he can't tell. But it's a long way off.

The person who walked to the door stopped suddenly, clicked his tongue, turned back a few steps, and did not step forward: "By the way, Angie asked me to tell you something, you must do what you promised her."

Eric's eyes turned cold, pursed his lips:

"Where is Nicole?"

"I can't see her."

"What do you want?"

Clayton smiled and said recklessly: "Whatever I want, I can do it."

There is still a mood Concerned about Angie, he really couldn't understand Eric.

Is it ruthless? Or soft-hearted?

Eric didn't say much. Just thinking about what he promised Angie, his face sank ugly.

The pain on his body made him uncomfortable, but when Clayton came this time, he had to let him go, which meant that Nicole had woken up.

And it's in good shape.

He breathed a sigh of relief.

She is alive. She only deserves to watch from a distance.

Early morning.

Clayton's bodyguard took Eric out and sent it to the dock in secret.

Even his previous phone charged him.

The wind on the pier was very strong, and it roared.

His shirt was stained with blood, and he stood there in embarrassment.

Looking at the surging sea, the depths were bottomless, and the pain that flashed in his eyes was suppressed for life.

From behind a rock not far away, a man slowly walked over.

She kept crying, choked up, and approached him:

"Eric, we are finally safe."