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The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2019

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The female colleague also has children at home, so she is very sensitive to the children's emotions. She can feel it.

This child's inferiority complex and sensitivity are not what he should have at his age.

Another male colleague also echoed: "Yeah, I slept in the dormitory last night, and I was worried that I wouldn't be able to coax him or that he would cry, so I was prepared to stay up all night. As a result, the child washed his face by himself, sleep by myself, and he don't bother others. The next day they came together and he woke up. He is really sensible. If I had such a child, I would wake up laughing in my dreams..."

"Hahaha, You have to have a girlfriend first!"

Everyone was talking and laughing, but they didn't notice that Eric walked in with a dark face.

Eric frowned, his eyes deep and cold.

Mitchell coughed from behind.

The crowd suddenly stopped laughing.

Eric pushed the door directly into the conference room.

The child was sitting obediently in the chair with his head lowered, and when he heard the sound and was suddenly jolted.

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He climbed down from the chair and walked silently in front of Eric. He wore same dress from yesterday, just a little wrinkled.

He looked at Eric eagerly, took out the sticky notes and pens he carried with him from his pocket, and wrote stroke by stroke, "You are my daddy."

Eric narrowed his eyes and did not speak.

With some sharp scrutiny.

The child continued to write: "Will you throw me away?"

The child held up the post-it note, and looked at Eric's face cautiously. That cautious look was really unbearable.

He used "also".

Eric's eyes flickered slightly, and there was a trace of unbearableness in his eyes, but thinking about who gave birth to this child, his heart became cold.

He looked at the child in front of him: "What's your name?"

He vaguely remembered that Angie seemed to have said it. But he didn't take it to heart at all.

The child looked relieved, and immediately wrote his name: "Easton Ferguson."

Eric was a little surprised that this child could write so many words, but when he turned his head and thought, he couldn't speak, so he was forced to write.

The last name was Ferguson.

Hehe...

Angie was really well-intentioned.

He looked at Easton with cold eyes, and his tone was cold and indifferent:

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“Can’t you speak?”

Easton lowered his head instantly, as if he had done something wrong, covering up his instantly red eyes. He stood there at a loss, with his feet together, his body tensed, as if he had accepted the pitiful gaze of others countless times, and he was ready for the next sneering words.

Eric looked at him like this, his eyes narrowed: “You have been living with Angie?”

Easton raised and shook his head.

Eric raised his eyebrows and did not continue to ask. As long as he didn’t follow Angie, his attitude might be better.

It doesn’t matter who you follow.

Angie has been thinking about how to expand her power all day long, and Eric was afraid she doesn’t have time to take care of the children herself.

He pursed his lips and pondered for a moment and said, “In terms of blood, we are father and son. I will not throw you away. I will arrange a place for you, as long as you are obedient enough.”

Easton raised his eyes, looked at him for a few seconds, and simply nodded.

His eyes overflowed with joy and relaxation.

Eric didn’t hate Easton and didn’t want to see his innocent and careful eyes anymore, as if he owed the child.

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

The child chased after a few steps but did not catch up, the door of the conference room was slammed shut in front of him.

Easton was stunned for a few seconds, then lowered his eyes again.

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Mitchell then came in and squatted down to look at him with a smile: "Little Master, I have contacted a few schools, and I will accompany you to take a look today. Which one do you like, shall we go?"

The light in Easton's eyes dimmed. It turned out that the good place Daddy arranged for him was school.

Easton lowered his head silently and remained silent, the whole figure seemed to be curled up in a cocoon to protect himself.

Mitchell didn't understand why Easton was so lost all of a sudden.

But probably because Eric sent him to school, Easton was not very happy.

Mitchell touched Easton's head and sighed: "Eric Ferguson is always your daddy. He recognizes you and won't ignore you. But because of your mommy, he has a bit of a grudge in his heart, it takes time to accept you. I hope you can understand."

Easton slowly raised his head and looked at him. He seemed to understand something.

Mitchell took his hand and walked out, coaxing patiently, and the child's face soon returned to normal.

In the hospital.

Ingrid screamed when she knew that her child was gone.

Doctors dare not approach.

Eric didn't even want to look at it.

Taking advantage of the opportunity to change her medicine, she added some tranquilizers, so Ingrid didn't keep making trouble.

When she was awake, she gasped for breath and turned pale.

Mitchell came over to take a look and said politely, "Miss Ferguson, Mr. Ferguson will always have someone take you to home. You can rest in peace there."

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Ingrid's face was haggard and sad: "You killed my children!"

Mitchell paused: " Miss Ferguson, You ran away before the operation started. After you fell down, The child died."

This sentence made Ingrid's face change. It stabbed her like a thorn.

"If you hadn't chased her, how could I have run away!" She cried, yelled, and vented.

Mitchell paused, "No one is chasing you at all. Miss Ferguson, President Ferguson is very kind. I hope you can consider the overall situation"

"The big picture, why should I think about the big picture? I have to look at his face even when I have a child. When he was obsessed with that b*tch Nicole, why didn't he think about the big picture?"

Ingrid cried hysterically.

Mitchell's eyes narrowed, He took a few steps back, and looked at her coldly:

"Mr. Ferguson has given up a lot of things because of the consequences you caused. Miss Ferguson should be grateful."

After speaking, he tidied up his sleeves, pursed his lips and said, "Someone will pick you up in the evening, Miss Ferguson be ready."

Mitchell left, and Ingrid cried a lot.

Ingrid suddenly thought of something, took out the phone and called out: "Our child is gone..."

Eric got in touch with Quinn, but because the place was secret, he planned to drop it off in person.

In the evening.

Liliana got to the hospital.

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It was quiet on the VIP floor.

The footsteps were very clear.

He stopped for a moment at Ingrid's door, knocked on the door, and then pushed in.

"Ingrid..."

As soon as he finished speaking, he looked at Eric who was sitting in front of the bed.

His face was cold and severe, and the whole person was a bit gloomier than before.

"When did you come?" Eric narrowed his eyes and looked at Liliana. Liliana's face was cold and distorted. He sat there and looked at Eric with a wicked smile. "Brother-in-law, you don't act righteously. Your sister is also pregnant with my child. How can you just fight?"