The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1081

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Quavon Sloan said, "Isaac was indeed too careless. He thought that he didn't have to worry about his safety in Mediania. I often cautioned him to be on his guard against people, but he's young and reckless, which made him forget that."

The corners of Eric's lips twitched as he exhaled a smoke ring. He looked ahead indifferently and seemed to be immersed in his own world.

Eric did not listen to what Ouavon said.

Quavon suppressed the impatience in his heart and took a deep breath.

"Mr. Ferguson, Isaac's disappearance must have something to do with Clayton. Of course, we still have to rely on you here in Mediania. Could you please help...?"

Eric turned his head. His gaze was indifferent. "Help? What's in it for me?"

His voice was low and slow.

It had the shrewdness and calculative tone of a businessman.

A big piece of pie like the Sloan family was offered to him on a silver platter. It would seem unjustified not to take a cut.

Quavon paused, not expecting Eric to be so direct.

If Quavon offered money, Eric would definitely not be interested.

After pondering for a few seconds, Quavon hesitantly said, "Sloan Corporation has a subsidiary company in Mediania. We can give half of our shares to you..."

"Hah..." Eric laughed, which made Quavon tremble fiercely. Quavon hastily changed his words.

"Sloan Corporation's business circle is currently planning to link up a global business map. If you're willing, Ferguson Corporation can be our only client in Mediania."

Eric's eyes instantly deepened. He took a drag of the cigarette, looked at Keith, who was running over from afar, and said in a clear voice, "Deal."

He had heard whispers of the Sloan family before. If they really managed to link up this domain, they could even monopolize a part of the industry with compelling profits.

There was no reason to refuse. Quavon sighed in relief. "Then..."

Eric glanced at him. "I'll have someone give you the information tomorrow."

Quavon was instantly relieved. "Thank you, Mr.

Ferguson."

Keith ran over, panting. "Ferg, how could you misplace your phone? Fortunately, I've always been good at finding stuff, so I managed to find it. Get in the car..."

Keith looked at Quavon, who was gradually walking away, and frowned. "Isn't that Chairman Sloan?"

Eric gave a vague "mm" and opened the door to get into the car.

Keith only realized that something was wrong when he got into the driver's seat.

"Are you treating me like your driver?"

'I treat you like a brother, but you treat me like a driver?' Keith thought.

Eric closed his eyes tiredly. "Cut the crap. Let's go home."

Although the business transaction was successful, his mood did not improve as a result.

Keith said, "Let's go to the hospital instead. Your injury looks quite serious. It'll be better if you take some medicine."

Eric frowned and opened his mouth to refuse, but Keith interrupted him.

"Let's go to the hospital that Nicole often goes to, so she can find out that you're seriously injured. How else will she get the chance to be heartbroken?"

That one sentence made Eric swallow his words.

Eric shut his mouth, tilted his head, and gave a low"

'Hey! He agreed! 'Keith grinned, thinking that he was really smart.

Keith hummed a tune along the way, while Eric tried his best to endure it in the backseat.

They finally arrived at the hospital.

Eric's ears were finally at peace again.

The guiet private hospital welcomed a distinguished patient like Eric Ferguson.

Eric's cold face was bruised, but his aura was powerful.

After the doctors finished with Ms. Stanton 's friend, they still had to serve Eric, so they did not dare to doze off at all.

They were very thoughtful and easily arranged a series of full-body examinations for Eric.

The fact that Eric came to their hospital was a sign of his trust in them.

Keith sat outside on a lounge chair getting a massage while waiting for Eric.

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Eric was pushed out in a wheelchair by a doctor. The bruises on his face were coated with a thick layer of medicine. His forehead was wrapped in gauze, and even his arms were bandaged.

He looked fine when he went in, so why did he come out sitting in a wheelchair?

Keith was instantly shocked. 'Isn't Eric being a little too dramatic? I told him to get a normal checkup, not to check for terminal illness! '

Before Keith could say anything, the nurses not far away discussed in a low voice.

"Wasn't Ms. Stanton just here? Was that guy beside Ms. Stanton, her boyfriend?"

"Yup, they look so loving. Her boyfriend only got a small injury, but she was so distraught that she almost cried in public..."

"They look so good together! Her boyfriend is so handsome too. I'm so envious!"

Keith's expression changed, but it was already too late for him to try to stop them.

The rest of Eric's face which had not been coated with salve turned ashen and ugly.

Eric stood up abruptly and tore off the bandage on his hand and the gauze on his forehead.

Then, he walked out with large strides.

What a joke!

The doctor behind him was speechless.

Eric had insisted on them treating him like his injuries were critical earlier.

Slightly abraded muscles? Wrap them in bandages! Bruises on his head? Cover them with gauze!

Keith hurriedly struggled out of the massage chair and got up to chase after Eric.

"Ferg..."

Before Keith left, he looked back at the doctor. The doctor immediately spoke.

"Mr. Ferguson's wounds are superficial. This is the ointment. Use it thrice a day and its effects should be visible after three days."

Keith nodded gratefully and chased after Eric with the ointment in hand.

Keith did not dare to let Eric drive because he still wanted to live.

He forcefully dragged Eric down from the driver's seat and climbed into it himself.

"There's still a long way ahead. That nasty Clayton is just being complacent, and we have plenty of methods. Why should you get angry?"

Keith steadily started the car and let out a sigh.

"Ferg..."

Eric could not even bother to act pitiful now.

Eric, who was sitting in the back, looked out the window in silence at the scenery that swept by.

A long time passed.

Eric spoke up. "Have you ever thought of giving up?"

Keith's throat went dry, and his expression was complicated for a moment.

He did not know how to answer.

"No, Ferg. I understand how you feel, but... If I lost someone, it's on me to get them back."

Keith's expression was solemn.

Indeed, when Keith learned that Livia was with Nathaniel, his whole world collapsed.

Keith could not accept it, yet he could not do anything.

It was as if everything he did was wrong.

It felt like the person who suffered the most injustice in the world was him.

However, after thinking about it, what gave him the right?

Keith was the one who challenged the limits of their marriage time and time again, forcing Livia to a dead end.

The gentle and kind Livia grew up in the care of her family, but he watched as her family walked on the road of despair.

That was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

Keith could no longer get her back.

He forgot that their marriage was supposed to be based on mutual interests. Since they could no longer provide each other with that and the balance of interests was lost, there was little possibility that they could continue to be involved with each other.

Of course, Keith did not leave anything in their marriage that was worthy of Livia to recall fondly upon or cherish.

Wanting to get her back was naturally a very difficult endeavor.

Eric closed his eyes, but Keith did not know if he was really sleeping or just faking it.

Eric looked quite tired.

The car fell back into silence after Keith answered.

The veins on the corners of Eric's forehead bulged as he tried desperately to suppress his emotions from showing.

It seemed like Eric could no longer get back the person he lost.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1083

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The next day.

In Stanton Corporation. 9:00 am.

Nicole went back to her office after the meeting. Logan followed her and hesitated to speak.

Nicole smiled. "If you have something to say, just say it."

Logan said, "Chairman Sloan's actions here in Mediania are quite excessive. It seems like he's looking for Isaac Sloan. He used a lot of network resources, and many people probed me indirectly on whether I knew of Isaac's whereabouts."

Nicole was silent for a few seconds before smiling.

"He managed to get all the gentry in Atlanta to mobilize their connections. It seems like Quavon is really a big shot."

"Ferguson Corporation is also finding Isaac secretly."

Logan looked at her and pondered for a moment before speaking.

"We'll have to be on our guard if Ferguson Corporation allies with the Sloan family."

Nicole's eyes darkened slightly.

Maybe it was because the enemy of an enemy is a friend.

Ferguson Corporation had been involved in a wide range of industries in the past few years, but Eric's key investments in the new technology sector were steady and stable.

As for the Sloan family, although they had a large network, they were an enterprise that started from virtual assets, and they were investors in Liberty. It was a bubble economy that would collapse with just a simple pop.

They had two different paths, so why did Eric Ferguson cooperate with the Sloan family?

Nicole gently tapped the pen in her hand on the table twice, making a crisp sound.

"Quavon Sloan must have brought along certain people connected to the Sloan family when he came here. Go and find out what Quavon 's role in the Sloan family is. I want details."

Although Nicole already had a general idea, she always felt that the truth in front of her was clouded with a layer of fog.

Just a little more, and she would be able to see clearly. Logan frowned for a moment but finally nodded.

What Nicole was guarding against was not that Ferguson Corporation would grow if it cooperated with the Sloan family.

Nicole had to be wary of the Sloan family muddying the waters in this circle.

Many people were looking for Isaac Sloan 's whereabouts. Even the police were mobilized.

However, the results of the search were fruitless.

Time passed slowly as if it was deliberately torturing a certain person's tormented psyche.

As usual, Clayton went to work, went on dates, took Nicole to and from work, and ate and watched movies together.

Clayton never revealed anything about Isaac. Nicole did not ask either.

On that day, Yvette asked Nicole out to the mall. They could feel that someone was following them as they walked.

Furthermore, it was not just one or two people.

Yvette seemed to hesitate to say something. Nicole only smiled and pretended to not know anything.

It just so happened that they were standing in front of a beauty parlor, and Nicole was tired, so she pulled Yvette inside.

"Let's get a spa treatment before going back." Yvette was flabbergasted. "You still have the mood

for that?"

Nicole said, "What's the point of earning money if not to enjoy it?"

Yvette thought to herself, 'That makes sense...'

After her previous experience where Ava York said some very unpleasant words, Nicole very domineeringly demanded that the staff clear out the venue. In less than ten minutes, everyone in the beauty salon had left.

Nicole and Yvette were the only two customers left to serve.

The light outside swayed through the thick curtains.

The fragrance inside made the space seem quiet and serene, allowing people to completely relax.

Nicole was too tired these days. Grant was busy with his honeymoon, so most of the company affairs landed on her shoulders.

She had no choice but to grit her teeth and bear with it before Grant's wedding.

After all, Grant was only getting married once. Everyone in the family had to give in to him.

The masseur came in with two bottles of essential oil. There were no brand markings on it, but it was clear at a glance that they were expensive.

"Ms. Stanton, Ms. Quimbey, this is our new product from headquarters that is only available to our private VVIPs. These two bottles are the only ones left in our store. Would you like to give it a try?"

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1084

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Yvette lifted her eyelids. No one would recommend something that was not worth at least a couple million.

Nicole closed her eyes and hummed lazily, not even bothering to ask the price.

The masseur kneeled to the side in well-practiced movements and started to prepare for work.

Her technique was very skillfu1, and her massage was very comfortable.

They felt like they were immersed in a beautiful dream.

There was a feeling of drowsiness. By the end, they were lying quietly.

Nicole's phone suddenly rang, startling them awake.

The masseur to the side quickly brought Nicole's phone over.

Nicole looked at it and saw that it was from Logan. She answered it, said a few words, and hung up.

Yvette stretched her back and felt that this new product was really good.

Nicole also stood up. "How do you feel now?"

Yvette thought for a moment. "Like I'm wrapped in money!"

Nicole was stunned before laughing. "That's true."

The two of them went to get changed. Nicole's phone rang again.

This time, it was from Clayton. Nicole smiled and answered it.

The person on the other side sighed.

"I was waiting for you at your office lobby, but Logan said you skipped work and went out?"

Nicole stuck her tongue out. "Yvette and I are just at the spa and we're heading out for dinner. Do you wanna join us?"

"Am I welcomed?"

Nicole looked at Yvette, who shrugged and looked indifferent.

Nicole smiled. "She says yes." "I'll be right there."

The man hung up immediately after speaking.

From the side, Yvette heard their conversation clearly and immediately shook her head.

"Aren't you guys getting too mushy now? You can't even bear to have one meal apart? He should knowingly retreat if he knows that you're with your best friend, yet he actually asked if he was welcomed?!"

In front of Nicole, Yvette offered unrestrained criticism regarding how soft Clayton was.

Nicole laughed. Yvette never saw how Clayton looked when he was fighting with Eric. It was enough to scare a person to death.

"He really likes to eat with my friends because it's a good opportunity for him to show off."

Yvette laughed and snorted slightly, shaking her head.

"That's really in line with Clayton 's smooth and slick personality. Will he run off and kill himself if you guys break up?"

Nicole pursed her lips and raised her brows. "He's not that kind of person."

"No?"

Yvette raised her voice, clearly not believing Nicole.

Clayton gave people the impression that he was extremely gentle. He was considerate in every aspect, delicate and sophisticated. He was someone

who had to draw up a proper draft even if he wanted to get angry.

However, Nicole said he would not.

Nicole nodded. "Some parts of his personality are actually a little similar to Eric."

She told Yvette about the day of the party where Clayton and Eric fought.

Yvette's mouth fell open in shock.

If Nicole had not said it herself, Yvette would never believe it. The person who made the first move was Clayton?

More importantly, Eric did not win, and Clayton did not lose either.

Yvette had really underestimated this gentle and warm Clayton Sloan.

Then, her brows furrowed.

"I heard Sean mention something about Clayton 's father coming here to deal with him. Will Clayton lose badly?"

Nicole paused. "How could he? With me around, he won't lose."

Even if he lost, he would be able to afford the loss. Yvette rolled her eyes at Nicole's words.

"Do you think a pretty boy like him is that easy to take care of?"

Just as Nicole was about to speak, she heard the sound of heavy footsteps approaching from outside, followed by laughter.

"What are you guys trying to take care of?"

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When Nicole looked up, Clayton had already walked over with an extremely gentle smile on his face. His eyes when he looked at her were filled with warmth and fondness.

The corners of Yvette's mouth twitched. She did not expect him to come so coincidentally.

"Take care of the bill, Mr. Sloan!"

Clayton nodded and took out his card, handing it over to the store manager at the side.

"This is something I should do. You should call me more often for this kind of thing in the future."

Yvette's smile stiffened.

On the contrary, Nicole's smile only deepened, and she did not stop him.

"Then you have to work hard, Mr. Sloan!"

Clayton nodded solemnly, a hint of joy surfacing on his handsome face.

"Don't worry. I'll take care of all the bills from now on."

That was exactly what he wanted.

The store manager finished swiping the card and brought it back to Clayton. "The total was four million and seventy thousand dollars. Please come again, honored guests."

Nicole nodded. After all, they had used two bottles of extremely expensive essential oils, so this amount was expected.

Yvette was slightly stunned.

It was not that she could not afford it, but such an amount was indeed surprising.

Clayton was very calm as if the money spent did not belong to him. He casually took the card and stuffed it into Nicole's bag.

"What do you want to eat?"

Nicole did not see his little action because she had been replying to Logan's message with her head down.

"A new restaurant opened up downstairs. Why don't we give it a try?"

Yvette had no opinions. She suddenly felt very hungry now.

Clayton went over to take Nicole's bag for her, then familiarly took her arm and walked forward, not disturbing her from replying to the message.

His thoughtfulness was evident in the smallest details.

At the dining table.

Yvette sat inside and Nicole sat outside, facing Clayton.

While eating, the two of them exchanged glances from time to time and smiled when their eyes met.

Even Yvette, a person who had been through hundreds of battles in the world of love, felt a little exasperated.

'Are these two freshies?' Yvette felt like a huge third wheel sitting here and began to feel fidgety.

When it was time to go back, Yvette waved and hurriedly left on her own.

It would be too torturous to stay with them the whole time.

In the car.

Clayton looked outside the window with a deep gaze. "Quite a lot of people followed you today, huh?"

Nicole laughed. "Yup, it's a bunch of idiots. Did they think I'd know of Isaac's whereabouts?"

Clayton reached out to take her hand.

"Don't worry, my people are protecting you from the shadows too."

Nicole raised her brows. She naturally knew that she was being followed by several people that were divided into several groups.

However, she was not worried about it.

"How long are you going to wait before showing your cards?"

Clayton 's eyes flashed, and the smile on the corners of his lips faded slightly.

"I originally only wanted to scare him a little by locking him up for a few days, but..."

His eyes darkened. "I think I found out a secret. I want to see if it's true or not."

Nicole was curious. "What secret?"

Clayton looked at her, pondered for a few seconds, and said without hiding anything, "I suspect that Isaac isn't my uncle at all. I don't think he's my father's brother."

With just a single sentence, the shock on Nicole's face could no longer be described.

"How would the Sloan family not know their own bloodline...?"

She could not help but be shocked. The gentry attached great importance to the purity of bloodlines.

If Isaac's origins were questionable, how could he become the favorite of the Sloan family and become the legitimate heir?

Even Clayton, an illegitimate son, was never truly acknowledged by the family.

Clayton pursed his lips. His gaze flickered as he looked at the scenery flitting by outside. A trace of gloom flashed between his brows.

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"I accidentally stumbled onto some photos of the past a few days ago. Isaac's mother is thirty years younger than my grandfather, and she died shortly after she married my grandfather. I've probably never seen her before, so I wouldn't have an impression of her."

Nicole questioned, "Are you suspecting that Isaac's mother gave birth to him, but he's not actually your grandfather's child?"

Clayton nodded. A faint shadow cast over his brows.

"My mother..." He paused before continuing, "She left quite a few photos while she was still around.

I've seen photos of my father when he was young, and there are also photos of him with other people. I think Isaac's mother was among them."

As soon as Clayton 's words finished, Nicole had a shocking speculation in her heart.

Her expression changed slightly.

"You mean, your father might have a relationship with Isaac's mother, who is also nominally your grandmother?"

A long time passed. Clayton nodded.

His expression was heavy and unpleasant.

Although Clayton had never met Isaac's mother, that woman's picture had always been exhibited in the Sloan family. She looked pure and beautiful, so it left a deep impression on people at first glance.

At that time, Clayton did not care too much about the woman's looks, nor did he associate it with the woman in the photos his mother had collected.

However, after flipping through the old photos, a shocking thought popped up when he saw that unfamiliar woman.

It was as if there was a trace of similarity. Nicole quietly sucked in a breath of cold air. What kind of cliche plot was this?

According to the timeline, Isaac's mother would be a few years younger than Clayton's father.

She would obtain more than enough if she married Quavon, so why did she marry an old man thirty years older than her?

If Isaac was Quavon 's biological son, then this news would not seem to be surprising.

Nicole pondered and could not help but put her thoughts into words.

"It's no wonder Quavon cares so much about Isaac. If Isaac is his son, as well as the son he had with his first lover, then all this makes sense."

Quavon 's favoritism and unconditional trust in Isaac were probably all based on the fact that he knew that Isaac was his son.

Thus, that might be the answer to Quavon 's indifferent attitude toward Clayton.

How could an illegitimate son whom he did not want in the first place get the same treatment as the son he had with his first love?

However, Nicole did not voice the latter speculation. Clayton already guessed it himself.

Quavon had always been guarded and lukewarm toward Clayton.

However, Quavon was affectionate and patient toward Isaac.

No matter how much an elder brother loved his younger brother, it would not exceed the love for his own son, right?

Unless... That "younger brother" was actually his son.

Nicole looked at him with burning eyes. "Do you have any plans, Clayton?"

There were a few seconds of silence.

Clayton slowly spoke. "There's no evidence since everything is just speculation. I'll investigate this clearly. It won't be too late to make arrangements for it then."

He had to be 100% sure.

Nicole raised her brows. This was indeed Clayton's style.

"But even if it's true, it's just a scandal. It wouldn't cause much loss to the Sloan family, right? Although the Sloan family's right of inheritance is with Isaac, the power is controlled in Quavon's hands. I don't quite understand what exactly it is you want to do."

Nicole would only know what Clayton wanted to do next if she knew what his goal was.

Clayton raised his eyes to look at her, and the corners of his lips curved slightly.

"Are you that concerned about me?"

Nicole looked at him and muttered, "It's fine if you don't want to tell me..."

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Clayton was amused and immediately told Nicole his thoughts.

"I don't have any purpose, but they can't kick Michael out. Michael will get what he's owed."

Clayton could really risk everything for the sake of his younger brother who had given him warmth in his life.

Now, he protected his brother's son and everything that he had.

Clayton's eyes dimmed as he looked out the window.

"It doesn't matter how they treat me, but I want Michael to be treated properly."

Nicole frowned and paused, and her heart fell to the ground like a stone.

She thought too much.

How would Clayton, who had never cared about worldly possessions, be overwhelmed by hatred?

A while after Nicole spoke, Clayton received a phone call.

Clayton held his throbbing head and hung up the phone before coming back. "Lil Michael got into trouble at school again!"

He sounded like he was grinding his teeth. Earlier, his love for Michael was sincere.

Now, his frustration caused his teeth to itch.

Nicole could not help but laugh. She pushed him out. "Go on. I have to work a little longer."

Clayton thought things were under control but Quavon 's... No, Eric's ability was truly powerful beyond imagination.

It was only the third day, and Isaac was taken away by Eric's men.

When Clayton found out about this, there was not much surprise and regret on his face.

It was as if he expected everything.

"That was a little sooner than I expected."

Nicole chuckled. "It's been three days. According to Eric's strength, it's already enough to question his ability."

"That's because Mr. Ferguson didn't really put much effort into finding Isaac at all. Otherwise, it wouldn't take three days."

Clayton spoke from the heart.

Nicole pursed her lips. "Now that Isaac is out, he definitely won't let you off. You have to be careful!"

Clayton raised his eyes and smiled at her. "I'm so scared. Can I hide at your place?"

Nicole really hesitated for a moment. "I can lend my bodyguard Luca to you."

Even in the most dangerous period of her life, Luca remained by her side to protect her. She knew Luca's ability very well.

Clayton did not know whether to laugh or to cry. 'Can she not tell that I was just trying to act pitiful?'

"You should keep him for yourself, or I 'll be even more worried!"

Nicole laughed and did not force the issue. She knew that Clayton would have made preparations on his Own.

At night.

Floyd called her back for dinner.

Nicole readily agreed and followed Grant home after she got off work.

Since there was a free driver around, Nicole would definitely not drive herself back.

In the car, Grant finished handling two tricky matters and also had a conference call, utilizing even the time on the journey home.

When he got out of the car, Nicole finally had the chance to talk to him. She looked conflicted.

"Big Brother, Aida didn't come back with you?" They moved out after they got engaged.

Floyd agreed to it as he encouraged them to spend more time together and did not want to disturb them.

However, Grant and Aida would come back to the Stanton Mansion once a week to stay here, making Floyd happy as a lark.

Grant wrinkled his brows for a moment. "She went out on a business trip overseas two days ago and will come back tonight. I'll pick her up later."

Nicole sighed in relief.

"That's good. You two better not quarrel. If she doesn't want you anymore, you'll become alone again."

Then, Nicole turned around and walked in.

Grant thought to himself, 'Can you be any less polite?'

The butler was busy instructing the maids and was very happy to see them come back.

"Ms. Stanton, Ms. Nixon has also just arrived. She's talking inside..."

Nicole's eyes lit up.

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If Julie came here, that meant that things between her and Kai were going unusually smoothly.

Nicole ran in happily.

The butler looked at Grant coming in and let out a sigh.

"It's been a long time since the house was so lively." Grant laughed. "It's been hard on you."

The butler had been taking care of them in the Stanton Mansion for decades, from his childhood to adulthood. He thought of Mr. Anderson as his family.

Grant smiled and waved his hand to tell the butler to come in as well.

He watched the people busy themselves in the kitchen as usual.

Tigger was lying obediently on Floyd's lap, wagging its tail while listening to them talk.

Floyd stroked Tigger's fur methodically, looking at Kai opposite him like he wanted to hit someone but was forcefully holding back.

Kai said, "My dear father, who's the person who loves you most in this world? It's me, your beloved third child!"

Julie looked away in exasperation, wishing that she could just stop existing.

Nicole's footsteps paused and she immediately rolled her eyes.

She really wanted to smack him!

"My beloved father, who's the person who can piss you off the most in this world? It's him, your beloved third child!"

As soon as she spoke, the people around could not help but laugh.

Even Julie burst out laughing.

Kai turned around to glare at her with a dark face. "Lil N, how dare you talk to your brother like that?!"

Nicole scoffed and walked directly to Floyd to sit next to him.

"How dare you talk to your girlfriend's best friend like that?"

A counterattack. Complete victory!

Kai froze for a few seconds, so angry that he could not say anything.

On the other hand, Floyd was overjoyed and patted her hand.

He advised her insincerely.

"Don't pick on your third brother. He's always strangely shameless in front of Julie."

Julie lowered her head. Her face turned red in an instant.

She was a frequent visitor to Stanton Mansion, so she knew the atmosphere here like the back of her hand and did not have any uncomfortable feelings. "Uncle Floyd, Lil N is already giving in to Kai..." Nicole laughed and snorted lightly.

"Dad, Kai only knows how to take advantage of people's weaknesses."

Kai glared at her. "Just you wait!"

Floyd snorted coldly. "How dare you threaten your sister?!"

His position changed so quickly.

Grant came in after making a phone call. His eyes swept over Floyd and Nicole, and he cleared his throat.

"Lil N, I just got some news. Do you want to come and see?"

Nicole looked up and saw that Grant's expression seemed a little off.

She was about to get up when Floyd gave Grant a disgruntled look.

"She just sat down, and the seat isn't even warm yet. Why can't you say it in front of everyone? Is it confidential?"

Grant pursed his lips. A trace of hesitation crossed his cold face.

"No."

After thinking about it, he stared at Nicole and spoke.

"Did you get someone to investigate the Sloan family?"

Nicole's expression stiffened before she nodded.

"I just got the news that Isaac and Quavon Sloan are actually biological father and son."

The living room fell silent at his words.

Only the sound of the servants walking and talking in the kitchen could be heard.

Kai pulled Julie's arm in shock, and Julie was so speechless that she could not even pull her arm back.

Floyd's face changed slightly. Nicole was the calmest out of them. "It's confirmed?"

Grant nodded.

"I heard that someone took their hair to get a paternity test done, and this is the result. I'm guessing the person who ordered the test was Clayton."

Kai clicked his tongue. "Clayton is really quite smart. How did he think of that?"

Floyd rolled his eyes at Kai, and the latter shut his mouth sheepishly.

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Nicole paused and nodded. "Yes, it was him."

After all, only Clayton mentioned that speculation before.

Unexpectedly, the Stanton family found out this secret as well.

Her heart felt like it was being weighed down by a boulder.

Nicole was not that happy. She only found it ridiculous.

The Sloan family was such a powerful family, and they had many close political and business relations on the surface. They looked spick and shiny, but in reality, they were so dirty and nasty.

It was no wonder Quavon was so worried about Isaac's disappearance!

Kai said, "They went from brothers to being father and son? Isn't that relationship too messy? His father won't pop out of his grave to hit them, right?"

Julie quietly tugged Kai's shirt.

"That's not the point. With this fact, there's finally a reason as to why the Sloan family rejects Clayton so much."

Isaac was afraid that there would be another person to compete with him for the family fortune.

Isaac knew about this long ago.

Kai nodded and bragged seriously. "Julie, you're the smartest!"

Everyone was speechless.

Was everyone else dumb then?

Floyd stayed silent and did not say anything. Nicole looked at his face and lowered her eyes slightly.

She could vaguely guess what he was thinking.

Was he worried that she would be dragged into Clayton 's matter?

Nicole could not say with certainty that it would not happen, but she would try her best to stay out of it as much as possible.

Julie stood up and pulled Kai's hand.

"Kai, weren't you going to show me your collection of autographed photos of the big shots in the circle?"

Kai suddenly stood up. His eyes lit up.

"That's right, it's the collection of the century. I'll give it to you if you marry me!"

Julie laughed. "I don't want it. I'll just look at it." Kai brought her upstairs in disappointment.

Grant sat across from Nicole. His voice turned cold and solemn.

"We can't take a stand even if the Sloan family is going against Clayton. Do you understand?"

Nicole looked at him. Although she felt conflicted,

she still nodded.

If the Stanton family took a stand, it was the same as openly fighting the Sloan family.

Win or lose, there would be many people taking the opportunity to make small movements. It was bound to cause a very ugly scene in the circle.

Stanton Corporation would not get any benefit from that.

To Stanton Corporation, Clayton Sloan was just a cooperative partner.

They could not even weigh the pros and cons.

Nicole just felt more heartbroken for Clayton. He had been fighting alone for so many years, and in the end, he was still alone.

To the side, Floyd's voice was deep and cold. "He saved Lil N before, so we can't go too far."

There was silence.

Nicole's eyes stung slightly, and Floyd raised his hand to touch her head.

Floyd naturally understood what his daughter was thinking.

Watching from the sidelines was the same as leaving Clayton to fend for himself.

Even if they did not have deep feelings, there was still friendship between them.

However, for the sake of benefits, they had to make the best choice.

"Don't worry, as long as he's in Mediania, we'll be able to protect his life. However, we can't help with his other affairs."

Grant nodded with a cold and solemn face and raised his eyes to look at Nicole.

The corners of Nicole's lips curled up. "He has his own preparations, so we don't have to worry.

Clayton might not necessarily lose."

Although there seemed to be a power disparity, no one knew the Sloan family's weaknesses better than Clayton.

Floyd pursed his lips, a flash of coldness flashing in his eyes.

"Strangers were coming in and out around the mansion these days. I'm guessing it's also related to the Sloan family's business."

Nicole and Grant were instantly shocked.

Grant's aura was calm and steady, but his tone was a little apprehensive. He immediately took out his phone.

"I'll have someone take care of it."

"Forget it. I already told Luca to deal with it. It's just a lesson, so you guys don't need to worry."

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Floyd waved his hand. Everything was under his control.

Nicole rested her head on Floyd's shoulder and spoke in a choked voice.

"I'm sorry for making you worry, Dad..."

The Sloan family must have gone mad trying to find Isaac that they actually ran around the Stanton Mansion to try finding him.

They disturbed Floyd's peaceful life. Nicole was too careless.

Floyd smiled faintly. "What haven't I seen before? I won't be bothered by something trivial like this.

What I'm most worried about is that you'll be involved in the Sloan family's affairs.

"Are you sure you want to continue your relationship with Clayton?"

That was his true purpose in calling Nicole back.

"I think that for now, you two can stay away from each other so you're not misunderstood by others. Move back here for the time being. That way, the people outside will hesitate to do anything to you."

If there was danger, the first thing that came to Floyd's mind was naturally to protect his daughter.

Floyd would be most at ease if he tucked her under his wing.

When Nicole did not say anything, Floyd hesitantly spoke.

"I'm not opposing you two from being together. Break up for now, and when Clayton settles this matter, then..."

Nicole took a deep breath and interrupted his words.

"I know what you mean, Dad, but it's already too late."

"What do you mean?"

"During the dinner party I attended last time, Quavon probably already knows that Clayton and I are dating. He even offered me the option of giving up on Clayton and choosing Isaac, but I refused. Not many people know that we're dating. If I announce the breakup now, the whole world will know that we were dating..."

If that happened, it would be hard for them to settle

the matter.

Furthermore, they would also lose their dignity. Floyd fell silent.

Grant sneered. "Isaac? How dare Quavon even entertain that thought? Is he worthy?"

Nicole raised her brows. "Of course not!"

After a few more words, Nicole completely diverted the topic away from coming back to live here.

Floyd did not mention it again either. After the meal.

Everyone joked and started playing cards.

Julie and Nicole made an appointment at the massage parlor for the afternoon and left after lunch. They got into the car.

Nicole drove and put on music on the stereo.

To the side, Julie was replying to messages with a smile on her face.

Nicole could not help but click her tongue. "Is it Kai?" "Yeah."

Nicole said, "Looks like you guys are dating quite well. Are you going to get married soon?"

Julie put away her phone and turned to look at Nicole in exasperation.

"Why are you the same as your third brother? You're always mentioning marriage at every turn."

Nicole's eyes could not help but curve into a smile.

"My third brother is insecure, so he needs a guarantee! Besides, it wasn't easy for you two to reach this point. The best way for his methods to come to fruition is by stepping into the hall of marriage with you!"

Julie chuckled.

"I think it's still too early. We just got together, and our honeymoon phase isn't even over yet. It's too hasty to get married now. Besides, I have a lot of work left to do in the company, but I'll have to take care of the family if I get married. How will I find the time?"

Nicole blinked and raised her voice. "Do you want to be a freeloader?"

Julie's expression changed a few times and she glared at Nicole in embarrassment.

"Nicole Stanton!"

Nicole stuck her tongue out. "I'm just saying. You're too irresponsible!"

Julie's face reddened and she lowered her voice. She spoke in a happy yet distressed tone.

"I never realized it before, but Kai is too clingy when dating. He's even more clingy than a puppy! He forcibly invaded all my personal space, and I see him all day and night unless I'm working..."

Nicole heard her frustrated tone and paused. "Are you unhappy?"