

## Read The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2609

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2609- Private Talk Floyd was silent for a long time before he nodded and said, "Okay, let her come in."

Nicole smiled, hugged Floyd, and acted like a baby.

"Thank you, Dad!"

"Alright, alright! Watch your belly!"

Floyd smiled helplessly.

Nicole stood up and went out to make a phone call. Floyd's smile faded, and he had a gloomy expression.

Selena came over half an hour later.

Her eyes were still bloodshot. When she saw Nicole, she smiled gratefully.

"Thank you."

Nicole shook her head. "You're welcome, Selena. This is your only chance."

Selena nodded, then walked in with the bag in her hand.

Floyd was in the upstairs study, looking at antiques with his reading glasses.

When he heard a knock on the door, he realized who it was and let her in.

After all, Nicole and Kai would not knock on the door.

Selena walked in.

Nicole stood at the door hesitantly.

Floyd waved his hand. "You don't have to be here. Didn't Clayton say that he's coming back for dinner? You should ask him what he wants to eat and get the kitchen to prepare it."

Nicole nodded and left.

Selena stood there and felt a little suffocated. There was more complexity in her eyes.

Floyd walked over, sat behind the table, and sighed.

“What do you want to show me? Girl, I told you that I’m not your biological father.”

Selena took out the diary from her bag. Her wrists trembled a little as she put the book on the table.

“Please look at this first”

Floyd narrowed his eyes.

He put on his reading glasses again, picked up the diary, and looked at it.

It was fine at first, but slowly, his complexion gradually became glum.

In the end, Floyd’s face was a little gray, shocked, and angry, but he was trying to control his expression.

Selena took a deep breath.

“I don’t know which Stanton could have had such power in Atlanta twenty years ago. I really can’t figure it out. If it’s fake, what is my mother’s intention for fabricating this diary? If so, what is the meaning of my existence? Chairman Stanton, I don’t know if you are lying or trying to cover up something. I don’t know if you are my biological father either. I didn’t intend to look for my biological father in the first place because I have long since lost all hope for familial affection. But I just wanted to find him and ask him why he was so eager to kill me on my wedding day.”

Her red eyes stared straight at Floyd.

Floyd was stunned for a moment. He then looked at her with deep and complicated eyes.

In his black eyes, there were flashes of guilt, embarrassment, forbearance, and struggle.

However, those emotions disappeared very quickly.

His lips trembled a little, and his expression was somewhat disheartened and pained.

That dead woman kept accusing “Mr. Stanton” in her diary.

Twenty years later, there was still no conclusion as to who it was.

“Chairman Stanton, I know that you have a happy family with a lot of children and grandchildren. If this scandal is exposed, you and your family will be impacted. But I just want to live my life peacefully. Everyone can live in peace. The Nelson family who raised me treated me as a tool to be sacrificed and married me off to a rich man who

abused me. I managed to escape and thought I could start a new life, but I was kidnapped at my wedding. If it wasn't for Eric's timely rescue, I would've died there. I would have died on that small island. Chairman Stanton, Nicole has always been so proud of you, and I really want to believe what you're telling me. But now, I really don't know who I should settle the score with "

The "Mr. Stanton" in the diary was certainly related to Stanton Corporation.

At that time, the only "Mr. Stanton" that was noteworthy would be from Stanton Corporation.

Floyd was silent for a long time.

He lowered his eyes, and his face darkened.

The air in the study did not seem to be circulating.

The tension between them increased, and time seemed to have stopped.

Floyd closed the diary and raised his head.

"If I don't help you, what are you going to do, Ms. Nelson?"

Selena pursed her lips and responded without avoiding his gaze.

"I will expose this diary, and you won't be able to suppress it. You know that Eric has the ability to do it. I will also use the pressure from the public to make you tell the truth. But if that happens, the price you'll have to pay will be much higher than telling me the truth now in this study."

"Eric won't do it for Nicole's sake. He won't disregard the Stanton family like that."

Floyd pondered and shook his head.

"Although he can go all out for you, he is still a man of sentiments. He won't disregard Nicole when it comes to that point."

Selena stood up abruptly and looked at him indifferently.

"He's not the only one who worries about Nicole. I'm also worried about her. She's my friend, and I am the last person who wants to hurt her. I hope more than anyone that you're not involved in this, and the only reason is that you are Nicole's father. Eric really liked her back then, so he will care about the Stanton family. How could you use this matter to put him in such a difficult position between his wife and his ex-wife? If I wanted to do that, I wouldn't have come here to talk to you in private. Chairman Stanton, your reaction tells me that you're not completely ignorant of this matter."

Floyd raised his head slowly. His eyes were wise and deep, and his face was gray and glum with a bit of forbearance and restraint. He looked at Selena with a bit of distress in his eyes.

Floyd thought, 'He actually used his power to cover this up. I disdain such methods. But...'

He sighed slowly. "Ms. Nelson, I don't know anything. You don't need to ask me anymore."

Floyd cut off a strand of hair in front of Selena, put it in the diary, and handed it to Selena.

He looked calm and unwavering under Selena's widened eyes.

"This is what you've always wanted. If you test it now, it'll only prove my innocence. The reason why I'm cooperating now is not because I feel guilty about what happened to you, but because you said that you are my daughter's friend, and I don't want her to lose you as a friend."

Floyd sighed and stood up.

"Please leave."

Selena could hardly control the warm tears that were about to flow out of her eyes.

She got the thing she wanted the most, but she did not feel excited or nervous.

That was because she knew that the moment Floyd cooperated so calmly, it meant he was not her biological father.

There was no suspense at all.

Selena lost another lead.

So, who was the "Mr. Stanton" in the diary?

Selena took a deep breath, turned around, and left the study.

After getting what she wanted, she still planned to verify it even though she already knew the answer.

When she handed the DNA sample to Eric, Eric was a little surprised.

"You actually got it?"

Selena nodded. "Nicole helped me. She's really nice." Eric lowered his eyes slightly and nodded.