

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1441

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Nicole smiled and did not continue to speak.

By the time Michael grows up, perhaps Nicole's relationship with Clayton would have settled down or they would have broken up. Who could tell?

It was better to just cherish the moment!

Nicole brought Michael to the office. The boy was very well-behaved and sat inside Nicole's office obediently. He would look at some news with his iPad from time to time, and occasionally, he would look at the stock market trends.

Seeing this, Nicole was surprised, but when she thought about how Clayton had always given Lil Michael the best education, it was not so strange that Michael could read these at his age.

From time to time, Logan came in to deliver documents. When Logan saw Lil Michael sitting there, Logan would give him some snacks each time he came in.

Thus, Lil Michael became Logan's little fan.

"Uncle Logan, you're really amazing! Do you get to spend all day with Pretty Lady?"

In the future, I also want to study hard and be like you so that I can always be with my pretty lady!"

Logan stifled a laugh as he listened to Lil Michael's grandiloquence. For a moment, Logan did not know what to say.

Nicole took Lil Michael back home. On the way home, she suddenly felt that something was wrong.

A few cars behind her were clearly following her the whole way back.

Just as Nicole was about to turn into the apartment where she lived, she had a bright idea to drive in the opposite direction.

It was not yet dark when they arrived home. Lil Michael was already quite tired, but he was still very self-disciplined and climbed onto the sofa to read.

Nicole made a phone call and had a vague feeling in her heart.

Hilton Hotel.

Standing in front of the large floor-to-ceiling windows, one could overlook the entire city that had heavy traffic.

Angie stood in the darkness of the hotel room that had no lights turned on.

She stood there in silence, as if she was one with the darkness.

Soon.

A man in a black suit respectfully arrived in front of Angie.

"Miss, our guy didn't succeed." Angie's eyes went cold and sank. "He can't even catch a woman?"

The subordinate was trembling. His head hung extremely low.

"Nicole Stanton is protected by several forces. Even if she's not expecting us, we simply can't figure out how many people she has around her, and we really can't get close to her."

The air around Angie turned even colder. "Useless piece of sh\*t!"

"Sorry, ma'am."

Angie's eyebrows twitched. Her tone was cold and sullen.

“Eric isn’t that attached to Charles Ferguson. Old Master Ferguson and Quinn are both protected in the sanatorium. There’s Ingrid, but they’re all not comparable to Nicole. It’ll be nice if we can catch her” Angie spoke quietly.

She let Nicole go at first not because Nicole and Eric were divorced, but because Angie still could not find a way to control Nicole even after looking for many opportunities.

It was very difficult to probe the background of those people who were secretly protecting Nicole. It was too complicated.

The subordinate paused. “The Stanton family’s care for Nicole Stanton is expected. She’s now surrounded by several times more security personnel than a year ago. So now, it’s impossible to find any opportunity to approach her.”

Angie swept him an expressionless glance. Her gaze was extremely cold. “I don’t believe it. I’m going to find the opportunity!”

She looked at the time, picked up her bag, and walked out. Her subordinate had no choice but to secretly follow.

Airport.

Angie stood there, silently waiting. There were not many people in the arrival hall at night, so it was not as noisy as during the day.

Clayton had a jacket hung over his arm. He was holding his passport in his right hand as he strode out, looking noble and reserved. He was simply outstanding.

His assistant followed closely behind with their suitcases in tow.

“Mr. Sloan, will Ms. Stanton come to pick you up?”

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Before Clayton could make a sound, another assistant said, “Ms. Stanton is very busy!”

“Even if she’s busy, it doesn’t mean that she won’t surprise Mr. Sloan. Not to mention, Mr. Sloan has returned all the shares of the Sloan Corporation to Ms. Stanton and he’s just dealing with those company matters in name only. It’s evident how much Mr. Sloan likes her!”

“Ms. Stanton still doesn’t know about this, so don’t blurt it out and ruin Mr. Sloan’s plan. Right, President?”

Clayton smiled and looked at the watch on his wrist.

“Right, but she’ll know sooner or later since there’s nothing to hide. It’s late, so you guys should head back. I’ll...”

Before Clayton could finish his sentence, the assistant in the back stretched out his hand in shock to point forward.

“That... Isn’t that Ms. Stanton?”

Clayton faintly froze. His eyes instantly lit up, but in the next second, his smile faded.

His eyes narrowed slightly and sank coldly.

The assistant at the back went to take a closer look. “Oh, I was mistaken. That’s not Ms. Stanton...”

The two assistants noticed that Clayton's mood seemed off. They looked at each other and did not speak again.

Clayton wanted to walk past that woman and leave straight away.

However, Angie spoke before Clayton could leave.

"Mr. Sloan, are you very disappointed that I'm not Ms. Stanton?"

Clayton did not make a sound. His eyes were cold, sunken, and still, as he strode away.

Angie's eyes darkened. She instantly lifted her spirits to catch up with him again.

"Mr. Sloan, are you really not planning to cooperate with me? The Stanton family won't like you no matter how much you sacrifice for Ms. Stanton.

They won't support your relationship with Ms. Stanton, and Eric won't stand by and watch you two get married. Didn't you ever think about marrying her?"

Clayton paused in his footsteps. His eyes were cold.

Angie smiled. "As long as we cooperate, you won't need to worry about anything else when you're with Ms. Stanton. I can also achieve my heart's desire. It's a win-win situation that's harmless, so why do you want to refuse?"

The two assistants behind Clayton both felt that this woman who looked like Nicole was not simple.

Once they heard their conversation, the assistants did not even dare to continue listening.

Clayton paused and looked at the assistants behind him. "You guys can go back."

"Yes, Mr. Sloan." "Goodbye, Mr. Sloan."

Angie raised her eyebrows. "Shall we go for a drink?"

Clayton's face remained expressionless. "I have nothing to say to you, and I won't be used by you."

"Are you that confident that Ms. Stanton will choose you in the end? As long as Eric is still around, you both can never have a future."

Angie's voice lingered in Clayton's ears and struck his heart like a siren call.

They were both clear about this.

Eric's feelings for Nicole had long become immeasurable.

The reason Eric let Clayton and Nicole become closer was only because Eric was just waiting for problems to arise between them. When Nicole got tired of Clayton, they would naturally break up.

By that time, Eric would then reenter Nicole's life in a dignified manner.

Thus, Clayton was extremely sincere and put a lot of effort into this relationship.

Clayton believed that he would not give Eric any opportunity to make a comeback with Nicole.

Clayton stood there. His gentle face looked stern.

There was a coldness in his eyes that was hard to conceal.

"So what? What do you want me to do for you? Help you deal with Eric? Or help you deal with Nicole? Sorry, but I don't think that I can go against these two people, and I'm not willing to break this balance because of you. Ms. Angie, I hope that you'll know your place."

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1443

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Clayton gave Angie a deep look, lifted his feet, and left.  
Angie froze for a moment. Her face was slightly glum.  
Clayton was not a simple man. At least, he was much more complex than she had anticipated.  
Not many people knew of her name, Angie.  
It had only been a day, but Clayton had already found out.  
"Mr. Sloan, I just want you and Ms. Stanton to make your relationship public as soon as possible. The sooner the world knows that you're together, the better!"  
Clayton paused when he heard Angie's words.  
"Only then will you catch Eric off guard. That's the only way that Eric will be more scrupulous."  
Angie was a little anxious because she could not give up this opportunity.  
Clayton would be her biggest help.  
Clayton turned his head. His gaze was dark and deep as he looked at her. His thin lips parted slightly.  
"If you want Mr. Ferguson to be with you, I have a better way..."

Nicole and Lil Michael stood in the living room, looking at the two suitcases. The two of them looked at each other quizzically.  
They did not understand what was going on.  
Just now, they originally thought that Clayton had arrived and happily went to open the door, but it turned out to be one of his assistants.  
After delivering Clayton's suitcase, the assistant refused to say anything and left.  
It made Nicole a little puzzled.  
Clayton did not come back, but his suitcase had already arrived.  
Something was not right. They should have gotten off the plane together. Did Clayton go to the office first?  
As far as she knew, there was nothing urgent to deal with recently.  
Yvette poked her head out of the kitchen and asked impatiently, "Can we start cooking yet? I've heated the pan several times. If I heat it up again, the bottom of the pan will get burnt!"  
Nicole originally wanted to cook by herself, but since Yvette's self-esteem was greatly damaged after what happened last time, Yvette was determined to gain back her reputation.  
Thus, Yvette volunteered to cook to welcome Clayton and Lil Michael.  
Lil Michael looked back and blinked. "Auntie Yvette, wait a little longer!"  
Nicole looked at the time. "I'll give him a call!"  
Just as Nicole picked up the phone, she suddenly heard the sound of the digital lock from the door.  
When she looked up, the man stood in the doorway, looking fresh and clean. He was tall, handsome, and warm.  
There were still droplets of water on his hair. Nicole froze.  
Lil Michael pounced on Clayton. "Daddy!"  
Clayton carried him with both hands and stroked his head.  
"Are you that excited to see Daddy? You know that you've caused trouble, huh?"  
Lil Michael would not usually behave like a pampered child because of his innate arrogance.  
The boy fiddled with both his index fingers and lowered his head sheepishly.  
"Why did you come back so soon?"  
Clayton sneered and thought, 'He really is a kid who can't hide his inner thoughts. Is he that disappointed?'  
Clayton let go of his son and put him on the ground, then he opened his arms to go over and hug Nicole, who was standing there and smiling at him.

The warmth and softness in his arms finally settled his apprehensive mood all day. It turned out that absence really does make the heart grow fonder.

"Sorry to keep you guys waiting. I just got off the flight and went upstairs to take a shower and get changed."

'So, that's why...' Nicole smiled. She did not doubt this because she knew that Clayton was a germaphobe and that he had always been meticulous in every aspect of life.

Clayton never liked to appear in front of others looking like a mess. No matter what time it was, he would always look neat and clean.

Nicole patted Clayton on the back, signaling that there were other people in the house.

"Yvette's getting ready to cook. If you had shown up earlier, you would've been able to eat by now."

Only then did Clayton turn his gaze to Yvette, who was standing in the doorway looking at him inquisitively.

His smile was subtle and warm. "My apologies, Ms. Quimbey."

Yvette snorted, lifted the spatula in her hand, and smiled.

"Usually, people who take a shower as soon as they come back either had an affair or want to get rid of some evidence. Mr. Sloan, you wouldn't happen to be like that, would you?"

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The living room seemed to be silent for a moment.

Clayton reacted and looked serious for a moment before he smiled at Yvette.

"Ms. Quimbey, you're overthinking it. I just don't want my beloved to see me looking so haggard.

That will just reduce my charm!"

Nicole laughed and looked back at Yvette.

"Yvette, don't scare him. Lil Michael will pick up on all the wrong things... "

Yvette snorted and did not want to dwell on it anymore. She turned around and went back into the kitchen.

Lil Michael came over and pried Clayton's hand off of Nicole. He held up his arm that was in a cast and looked at Clayton with a straight face.

"Daddy, when Pretty Lady went to pick me up from the hospital today..."

Lil Michael chattered continuously as Clayton patiently waited for him to finish without interrupting him.

Nicole went to the kitchen to prepare some fruit and gave Yvette a hand. She felt embarrassed for letting Yvette cook for several people.

Yvette glanced outside and leaned in close to Nicole. "What I just said is not a joke! You have to be more careful!"

Nicole gave her a look.

"He won't do something like that. You're thinking too much."

Nicole knew very well what kind of person Clayton was.

She also knew that if Clayton were to have an affair, it was useless to be on guard.

Nicole was not a clingy person.

The best way to deal with a relationship that had no future was to stop it in time. However, Clayton would not betray Nicole.

Yvette shook her head. "You can't just look at the surface, and you can't just focus on the present.

Even the best men have weaknesses."

She wanted to continue talking, but Clayton had already come to the door as he rolled up his sleeves.

"Let me help..."

Nicole saw his long and strong forearms and smiled.

"Mr. Sloan, you must be tired after a business trip. Why don't you take a good rest first?"

Clayton's warm eyes had a hint of helplessness.

"I still have the energy to cook. You and Ms. Quimbey should wait outside. I'll cook. Consider it compensation for letting you guys wait for me, huh?"

Nicole still wanted to say something. Yvette had already put down the things in her hand, looked at the already burnt food inside the pan, and easily found a way out for herself.

"Well, then let's just give Mr. Sloan a chance to perform. If you need help, just call us!"

After saying that, Yvette quickly threw down her apron and ran out.

Nicole looked at Yvette's "masterpiece" and was speechless for a moment.

She looked back at Clayton, who had put on his apron with a smile on his face. His slender body had a hint of cool nobility, but his face was warm, which made his cold temperament more down-to-earth.

Clayton smiled and squeezed her wrist affectionately.

"Why don't you wait outside too?"

Nicole asked, "You really don't need me to help you?"

"Of course not! You'd better not touch a drop of water. Otherwise, I'll feel guilty for making a goddess do commoner's work!"

Nicole snorted and did not say much as she put the things down.

"Then sorry to trouble you, Mr. Sloan."

Clayton chuckled and watched Nicole walk out before he began to clean up the mess in an orderly manner.

Nicole and Yvette were watching a TV series while Lil Michael sat on the floor and commented on it from time to time. They looked so harmonious.

A few minutes later, Clayton came out of the kitchen with the washed fruit and brought it to them.

"Have some fruit first?"

The vibrant strawberries were placed on the fruit platter, along with some blueberries and cherries. They looked extremely fresh and delicious.

Yvette glanced at him.

"Mr. Sloan, please hurry up and cook. We're all hungry because we waited for you!"

"Yes, Ms. Quimbey..."

Clayton smiled helplessly, then returned to the kitchen.

Nicole glared at Yvette, who lifted her chin haughtily.

"You're already heartbroken for him? You'll lose your advantage if you're like this! Do you want your BFF or him?"

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The corners of Nicole's mouth twitched. If they continued to talk, she would probably get into a fight with Yvette.

Thus, Nicole simply looked away and watched the TV show seriously.

When they were eating, all three of them praised Clayton's cooking.

Even Yvette could not pick any fault with it. Yvette forgot all about her image when she ate.

Nicole laughed and was speechless.

Lil Michael was quipped and made funny faces on the side. He was complaining about his school and wanted to transfer to a different school. Clayton attempted to deter his son's nonsensical actions with his stern gaze.

Nicole thought about it. It was indeed not suitable for small children to continue to study in that kind of environment.

"Why don't we transfer Michael out? There's no guarantee that the teachers there won't be vindictive..."

Clayton was very calm without the slightest fluctuation on his face.

"That won't happen. That teacher has been dismissed. That child has also left the school. I've discussed it with the principal. The new teacher is great and has a lot of experience and patience."

Both Nicole and Lil Michael were shocked. "Dismissed? When did you do it?"

Clayton smiled. "During the day. After I received your call, I called to ask about the situation, and the principal promised to give me a satisfactory explanation."

What kind of explanation would be considered satisfactory?

Needless to say, Clayton would not allow them to just let this matter slide.

Thus, Clayton was still satisfied with this outcome.

Nicole thought about that teacher and felt a little sympathetic, but that feeling quickly passed.

If the teacher mixed personal feelings with work, it would be unfair to other students.

Lil Michael said, "Won't I have to continue going to school then?"

Clayton nodded. "Of course, as soon as your injury is healed."

Lil Michael hung his head in a loss. "Then can I not recover?"

Nicole smiled. "Before you're fully recovered, you can just have fun. I'll take you to my dad's place tomorrow, okay? He hasn't seen you for a long time and misses you very much. He's been talking about you a lot. Tigger too!"

Lil Michael looked at her with bright eyes and nodded his head excitedly.

"Okay! I wanna go now!"

Clayton frowned and looked at Nicole hesitantly. "Is that appropriate?"

Nicole said, "What's inappropriate about it? My father's been bored by himself lately since Kai isn't around, so he needs someone to relieve his boredom. Just as well, Michael can keep my dad company. Don't worry about the rest. Mr.

Anderson and the others will take good care of them both!"

Clayton looked at Nicole's nonchalant expression and could only swallow the words that he wanted to say.



After all, Clayton was still pursuing Nicole, and Lil Michael was Clayton's son. To the Stanton family, Lil Michael was probably just another burden, so how could Clayton push Lil Michael to them?  
Yvette looked up from the side with a smile.  
"Great! They can have some grandpa and grandson bonding time!"  
Nicole rolled her eyes at Yvette, who sheepishly lowered her head and shut up. Nicole patted Clayton's hand and smiled comfortingly.  
"It's fine. It's not like you don't know how popular Michael was when he lived in our house before."  
Lil Michael nodded his head in all seriousness.  
"That's right, Daddy! Everyone likes me very much, and if it weren't for you, everyone would like me even more!"  
Clayton said, "You'd better shut up." "Okay, Daddy!"  
After dinner, Nicole wanted to help Clayton clear the table, but he refused.

Lil Michael took a paintbrush and started drawing. That was his hobby. Yvette was watching TV in the living room, and Nicole was on the balcony discussing a rather tricky issue with her employee.  
When Clayton came out, he walked over to Lil Michael's side. Looking at Michael's painting, Clayton squinted his eyes and asked, "Who are you painting?"

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Lil Michael learned painting from a professional abstract painter, but he could also paint realistic pieces.  
The boy looked so professional in his artist apron. He lifted his head and looked at Clayton.  
"This is me, and that's Pretty Lady!"

Lil Michael pointed to the painting that seemed to have three figures. Clayton nodded and pointed to another person. "What about this one?"  
Lil Michael stammered and was hesitant.  
Clayton narrowed his eyes and stared at his son with an intimidating gaze.  
"Hmm? Who are you painting?"  
Nicole finished her phone call and leisurely came over to join in the fun. Sure enough, there was another man next to the little child in Michael's painting. Could it be Clayton?

That could not be because if it was Clayton, why would Lil Michael be stammering?  
Lil Michael muttered, "This is Big Brother Logan!"  
There was a moment of silence in the living room.  
Even Yvette could not help but glance sideways to watch the drama unfold. Clayton's temperament instantly turned strange. "Logan?!"  
Lil Michael nodded happily.  
"Big Brother Logan is so awesome! He can help Pretty Lady with so many things in a day and can do everything! I wanna learn from him. He's my idol!"



Clayton's eyebrows converged and he stared at Lil Michael gravely without speaking.

'I can't even compare to Logan?! How did Logan appear in Lil Michael's painting?!'  
'Clayton thought.

Nicole paused in her footsteps, walked over, and smiled. "Lil Michael was with Logan all day today and seemed to have learned a lot of things, huh?"

"Of course! Big Brother Logan is amazing! He knows almost everyone in the office and even knows all their personality traits!"

Clayton's gasping breath obviously deepened. Clayton shifted his gaze and looked at Nicole.

"It's better not to bring him to the office again. Let him stay at the Stanton Mansion. If you need help, I can personally send him there."

Clayton thought, 'Even if I'll be undermined by Floyd, I'll take it! If Lil Michael goes to the office again, my son will soon become someone else's son!'

Nicole nodded and did not think much of it.

It was almost 11:00 pm when the excited Lil Michael began to snore.

Clayton carried his son away without saying a word. Nicole naturally stayed with Yvette.

Yvette yawned as she went to wash up. Nicole raised her eyes and asked, "Mr. Moore didn't make a move?"

Yvette froze for a moment before she replied, "Mm. I guess he's not interested in continuing to look for me. He knows that I'm deliberately hiding from him."

"Well, you can't hide forever. He won't give up on you."

Yvette smiled. The corners of her lips were a little pale.

"He will."

Sean Moore was an exquisite egoist. He understood how the world works more than anyone else and knew how to weigh the benefits.

He could betray his marriage for the sake of his family's interests, let alone a mere fruitless relationship.

Yvette hid for three days.

Sean had been bombarding Yvette with calls in the beginning, but now, there was no movement.

Perhaps he understood that his call was just a waste of time and was futile.

Almost four or five days have passed since then.

Nicole saw that Yvette woke up early in the morning to freshen up. Yvette's beautiful figure shuffled through Nicole's dressing room as Yvette tried on some outfits.

"Nicole, I'm moving out today, so you don't need to wait up for me tonight."

Nicole froze for a moment. "So soon?"

Yvette was still a mess.

"My mother heard about this from someone. She wants me to get back to reality and work hard. She even arranged a dinner with business partners this evening."

Nicole looked at Yvette and felt heartbroken. "Auntie Quimbey sure is a realist!"

Yvette said, "Yeah, nothing is as important as making money! By the way, I'm wearing this dress.."

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Nicole casually nodded. Anyway, Nicole and Yvette were about the same size. When they used to sleep over at each other's houses after a long night of having fun, they would often wear each other's clothes. Thus, it was their norm. Yvette hurriedly got dressed and took away one of Nicole's new bags on her way out.

Nicole laughed when she saw this and sent Yvette to the door.

"Call me if you need help!"

"Got it!"

As they were talking, another elevator stopped on Nicole's floor. Clayton looked at the scene with deep eyes.

"Ms. Quimbey just left?" Nicole nodded her head.

Clayton breathed a sigh of relief and looked very happy as he walked out of the elevator with big strides.

"Great! This third wheel is finally gone..."

Before Nicole could react, Clayton's big hands wrapped around Nicole's waist. He pulled Nicole toward him and kissed her passionately.

The two of them were immersed in this kiss and were reluctant to part from each other.

Clayton did not dare to be intimate with Nicole in front of Yvette. The two of them barely had any time together lately.

Now, they were finally free!

Clayton's breath gradually became more heated. Seeing that he was about to lose control, Nicole pushed his chest to stop him in time. Her face was red and delicate.

"I have to go to work soon, or I'll be late!" Her voice was unimaginably soft.

Clayton's eyes were slightly red, but he still managed to control his throbbing heart and desire.

He let go of Nicole, clenched his fists, and smiled warmly.

"Let's go, I'll send you there."

Nicole hurriedly took a step forward and got on the elevator.

Clayton followed her inside. The distance between the two of them was not too far nor too close, but they were the only ones in the small, enclosed space.

Even if they deliberately maintained their distance, the ambiguous feeling just now still lingered between them.

Nicole tried her best to calm herself down and counted the seconds they were in the elevator.

One second, two seconds, three seconds...

The next second, the man wrapped his arms around her waist from behind and pulled her into a warm and wide embrace.

Nicole's body stiffened slightly. Just as she was thinking to break free, the man behind her said in a low and hoarse voice, "Don't move. I won't do anything. I just wanna hug you."

Nicole stopped moving.

She never felt that an elevator ride would be so long.  
Her face was as calm as ever, but her ears had quietly turned red.  
Once the elevator arrived at the lobby, Clayton quickly let go of her. He really just wanted to hug her.

Yvette returned to the office. To outsiders, Yvette was just on a business trip for a few days.

This was common for her.

As soon as Yvette went into the office, everyone greeted her very warmly.

Yvette playfully waved her hand and went to the Chairman's Office.

In the office, Yvette's mother was on the phone with her subsidiaries and sternly criticized their mistakes.

Through the phone, Yvette could feel the other party's apprehension.

After all, Yvette had also grown up under such criticism.

Yvette's mother just glanced at her, then looked away and continued her scolding.

After a full ten minutes, Mrs. Quimbey hung up the phone decisively, calmed her anger, and looked at Yvette.

Yvette obediently poured a cup of warm water and handed it over to her mother.

"Mommy, drink some water to moisten your throat!"

Mrs. Quimbey did not even look at the cup and stared at Yvette for a few seconds.

"You're finally back?"

Yvette smiled. "Wasn't I working hard?" Mrs. Quimbey sneered.

"There's no one at the place that you supposedly went on your business trip. I purposely called them to ask them to receive you, but it turned out that they didn't even hear of your arrival."

Yvette coughed dryly and did not feel embarrassed from being exposed.

Anyway, Yvette had already experienced her mother's omnipotence since childhood.

Mrs. Quimbey's title of being the number one female powerhouse was not for nothing.

Yvette stood there obediently and waited for her mother to unleash her wrath.