

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2017

Chapter 2017

Ingrid looked up with a pale face and looked at him. Subconsciously, she sucked on her stomach, covering her bulging belly.

But it was useless, it was too late, Eric's eyes caught her stomach for the first time.

It's even more noticeable when wearing tighter pajamas.

Eric's eyes seemed to be on fire, and he gritted his teeth: "Ingrid, you are really... stupid!"

Ingrid shivered, clutching her stomach and suddenly burst into tears: "Brother, I know I'm wrong. It's over..."

Eric pulled her arm with cold eyes and walked out: "It's impossible for the Ferguson family to give birth to criminal children and kill them."

Ingrid trembled with fright and she suddenly started to resist: "No, this is my child too..."

Eric's face froze, holding back his anger: "Ingrid, do you know how much I paid because of you?"

He glared at her with a livid face.

If it wasn't for Ingrid, he wouldn't have to compromise with Liliana, he wouldn't have to join that plan, and he wouldn't have had to hurt Nicole again and again.

He would rather, the person being hurt is himself that is all for Ingrid.

But Ingrid still wanted to give birth to a son.

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It's ridiculous!

Ingrid sobbed while protecting her stomach: "Brother, don't you have a good relationship with Liliana? He never imprisoned me, nor did he care about me, and my mother has also been found. Don't care about the past."

Eric face suddenly changed and he looked back at her with a very cold tone "Then how did you come back?"

He was enveloped in a black sullenness, which lingered: "You are pregnant, will scorpion bring you back?"

Hearing this, Ingrid cried even more. "Brother, just because I was pregnant, he actually brought a woman to our house to steal food, and when I saw it, I came back angrily. But... But when I came back, I took you and Angie. My child has also been brought back!"

Ingrid wiped her tears in a panic, helpless and pitiful.

Mentioning this, Eric was even more angry.

"You didn't take care of your own affairs. You are really worried about eating radishes. Haven't you caused enough trouble for the Ferguson family? Are you satisfied with the destruction of the Ferguson family's family?"

Eric roared, his face extremely ugly.

In a fit of rage, no one dared to step forward to persuade him.

Ingrid was so frightened that her face turned blue and white, "I did nothing wrong, big brother."

"Shut up!" Eric scolded coldly. He turned his head and eased his emotions, after a few seconds. The dark eyes looked at her coldly and ruthlessly: "kill the child, I will forgive everything in the past. Or, you take your child and get away from me. I don't want to see you again and you don't want to have anything to do with the Ferguson family in the future!"

Ingrid's face turned pale with fright. "Brother..."

Ingrid wanted to take her arm and beg him, "Don't you have a good relationship with Liliana? Haven't you already started cooperating to do business?"

Eric shook her off, his face terribly cold.

"What do you think?" Eric didn't say yes, nor did he say no.

Ingrid cried a lot, clutching her stomach: "Brother, this is my child too, and..."

"What kind of *scm is that* scmbag, don't you? is that clear? " Eric said coldly, "How mindless are you? Going to find a child like this, are all the men all over the world dead?"

"I didn't expect it either, but..." Ingrid was heartbroken, and under Eric's coercion and temptation, she felt that she was really in a dilemma.

She and Liliana also really love each other! Affectionate love is an indelible existence.

She has given up everything but how can she kill the child now?

Eric's eyes gradually filled with a strong disappointment, and he shook his head with a cold face: "You think about it. Think, tomorrow morning, I'll have someone pick you up to the hospital. "

After speaking, Eric left immediately.

Ingrid fell to the ground crying. She was tangled.

Seeing this, Mitchell squatted down to help her up, and said politely: "Miss Ferguson, this is the chance that President Ferguson gave you. Your father and grandfather were killed by them. How can you give birth to a child like that?"

Ingrid retracted her hand, sobbed, and looked at him coldly: "It has nothing to do with you and don't put your mind on our family's affairs."

Mitchell choked and paused.

"Okay, Miss Ferguson, there is more than one woman beside you. You are his tool to implicate President Ferguson. Can't you see it? Even if it's not for the Ferguson family, it's for your own sake. If he has something in his heart. Can you still bring a woman home?"

Ingrid's face turned pale. She stared at him, breathing quickly: "What do you know? They are normal foreigners. It's not illegal, it's just a cultural difference. he has me in his heart, and when I go back after giving birth, it's still mine."

Mitchell twitched the corners of his mouth and smiled dryly. Then, without saying anything, he turned around and left.

There was no cure.

Mitchell followed Eric and Eric had already got into the car and was waiting for Mitchell.

Mitchell got into the co-pilot and pursed his lips: "Miss Ferguson doesn't want to leave Liliana."

Mitchell didn't tell Eric of the conversation just now and afraid to piss him off.

Eric's eyes were cold and pitch-black, like a dormant giant beast. If he was really provoked, he would eat people.

“Let’s go, let someone watch her here, and take her to the hospital in the morning tomorrow.”

Whether she wants to or not, once she gives birth to a stubborn child, there will be endless troubles.

“Yes.” Mitchell replied.

“By the way, Mr. Ferguson, when she was in the hospital, the doctor checked the child by the way.

He can’t speak, there are physical reasons but more psychological reasons.

He is still young, if two experts are consulted, let him If the psychiatrist intervenes, there is still great hope for treatment.”

As soon as the words fell, Eric looked at him coldly: “You care about him very much?”

Mitchell was stunned, and immediately said, “Because it has something to do with you.”

Eric snorted coldly, “What does it have to do with me? Before the results come out, whether he lives or dies has nothing to do with me.”

After speaking, he leaned back again, sinking into the darkness, and closed his eyes.

He didn’t believe that this child was the same child he saw before.

Angie must have found a child to deceive him!

Definitely is!

Mitchell didn’t say anything, just sighed in his heart.

Hope so.

If that child is not Eric’s biological son, perhaps Eric can settle him well. Once it is really his own, I am afraid it is better to be a strange child.

Because he knew that the name Angie was a great stain on Eric.

It was just dawn.

Mitchell received a call from Eric.

Hearing the voice, Eric hadn’t slept all night.

Just waiting for dawn.

“Do it now.”

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2018

Chapter 2018

Even if there is a delay of one second, Eric is not willing to wait.

Ingrid’s stomach was like a ticking time bomb.

Once the accident happened, Ingrid gave birth to a child, and his Ferguson family was completely turned to a joke!

He is not selfless enough to raise children for others.

“Yes.” Mitchell responded and immediately got up.

The phone call was made to the person guarding Ingrid.

“Miss Ferguson is at home?”

“Yes, he hasn’t been out.”

“Okay.” Mitchell let out a slow sigh of relief. He went straight to the hospital and waited.

Ingrid went to the hospital obediently and didn’t cry or make trouble along the way as if thinking about it.

After being pushed into the operating room, everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

The operation took about half an hour. Mitchell asked them to take a rest and waited here.

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When the time was almost up, Mitchell asked Eric to come over.

But he didn’t expect that, within ten minutes of advancing, there was a sudden noise of things falling in a panic.

Mitchell stood up suddenly.

The doctor inside ran out, his face pale and frightened:

“Miss Ferguson, she...”

Before she finished speaking, Ingrid stood there with her stomach outstretched, a scalpel in her hand, and looked at them with red eyes.

Mitchell frowned slightly, “Ms. Ferguson...”

Ingrid sobbed and took a deep breath: “I won’t kill my child. Once the child is gone, Liliana will never return by my side.”

Ingrid gritted her teeth. The scalpel was sharp, and no one dared to approach it easily.

The doctor was so frightened that his face turned pale just now.

Mitchell stood there, pondering: “Miss Ferguson, calm down, I will tell President Ferguson right away and ask him to come over and talk to you.”

Ingrid sneered, “I don’t care, he will only think of himself.”

Ingrid held the scalpel and ran outside and afraid that someone would be guarding by the elevator, so she ran to the stairwell and quickly escaped.

But just after she got down to the first floor, she suddenly twisted her feet and her legs became weak, she fell to the ground, and rolled down the stairs.

Bleeding down her body in next second.

A miserable cry resounded throughout the hospital building.

Mitchell informed Eric of the incident, and Eric rushed to the hospital.

After the rescue, Ingrid had come out of the emergency room, her face was pale and she was fainting.

The doctor stood there tremblingly: “I’m sorry, Mr. Ferguson, I’m really sorry for what happened in our hospital.”

No matter what, she’s also Eric’s sister. If you really want to pursue it, they can’t afford it!

Eric stood there, his eyes narrowed slightly, and he looked inside fixedly.

The slightly raised belly finally flattened.

His heart was like a stone falling to the ground.

“It’s okay, I have to say thank you.” Eric said coldly and casually.

The doctor was stunned and stood there puzzled.

Mitchell came over after completing the formalities, glanced at the doctor, and smiled faintly.

“Mr. Ferguson, everything has been arranged. Miss Ferguson needs to rest and take her to Madam. She just happens to be well taken care of.”

Eric raised his eyebrows and responded.

It looks very satisfied.

The doctor hesitated, afraid that Eric still didn’t understand the situation: “Mr. Ferguson, because Miss Ferguson’s miscarriage is serious this time. She will have difficulty conceiving in the future, and she may not have given to a child in future...”

Eric’s eyes were indifferent. He looked over and said, “Well, I see.”

After he finished speaking, he turned around and left.

Mitchell patted the doctor on the shoulder, “Don’t let Miss Ferguson know about this matter, otherwise it will affect her confinement recovery.”

“Yes.”

Mitchell looked at the people in the ward and breathed a sigh of relief.

On the way back.

Eric sat in the back and looked at the mail.

Mitchell suddenly received a call.

What the other party said made his face change slightly.

He Paused, thanked him and hung up.

“Mr. Ferguson, the news from the hospital, the results of the paternity test for you and that child have come out. He... is indeed your biological son.”

In an instant, The atmosphere in the car dropped to freezing point.

Eric raised his head coldly and looked at him: "Can't be wrong?"

"No."

Mitchell took a deep breath, feeling the pressure of death in the air. It was suffocating.

Eric pursed his lips, narrowed his eyes, and reached out to rub his eyebrows.

He was trying his best to suppress his irritability.

"Where's the person?"

Mitchell paused, "Who?"

"That child."

"In the company's dormitory, I asked my colleagues in the secretary department to help take care of me."

He said in a low voice. Before the result came out, he couldn't arrange the child privately.

But Eric had no intention of intervening.

It is easy to find an aunt temporarily, but if it spreads out, it will not affect Eric well.

Eric knew the severity, so he didn't dare to make his own decisions.

Eric did not speak with a sullen face.

Thinking of the conditions with Angie again, she raised her child like this, and wanted to stuff her by his side.

Disgusting enough.

"Mr. Ferguson, it's okay to be like this, why don't you take it back and find an aunt?"

Mitchell asked tentatively, "Or leave it to the lady to watch?"

Eric looked out with dark eyes. His face was gloomy and his tone was cold: "No need, send him to school for boarding."

He didn't want to see that child for a moment. The appearance of that child will only remind him of his humiliating past.

Mitchell hesitated, but seeing Eric's expression, he could only nod his head.

The child is so young, how can he lives in boarding?

Eric obviously didn't like the child and I'm afraid he wouldn't even find a doctor.

Pitiful.

"Okay Mr. Ferguson, I will contact a good school."

Mitchell took a deep breath.

Back to the company.

At the same time, He had to go to work, so he naturally brought his children with me.

Just let him play by himself in an empty conference room.

The little ones were a little overwhelmed by everyone's enthusiasm.

He looked as white and tender as a porcelain doll, and he looked so similar to Eric. Needless to say, he knows it has something to do with him.

Everyone did not dare to neglect.

There were Toys, snacks on the table. The child just sat there obediently. His eyes twinkling, looking at the gift in front of him.

Flattered.

He was nervous and careful. He looked uneasy, not half of Eric's domineering and cold-hearted, and apart from his appearance, his personality didn't resemble him at all.

Maybe no one will believe it. No one likes him so much, not even Mommy likes him very much.

Mommy said that Daddy liked him very much, so he asked her to come to Daddy.

Daddy's colleagues are all very nice.

The child sat there a little embarrassed, and his colleagues outside took turns to come in to feed.

It may be because of the growing environment. When others are not there, The child will not move the things and snacks on the table.

He just sat there, sensible and distressing.

A female colleague coaxed him for a while and asked him to drink some milk and some snacks before sighing: "This child is really pitiful, his eyes are cautious, as if he grew up watching people's faces since he was a child, let him sigh. It hurts to death!"

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2019

Chapter 2019

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.

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

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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:

"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.

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."

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.

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?"

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2020

Chapter 2020

Eric glanced at Ingrid.

Ingrid sat there, curled up into a ball.

Her face was pale, but she looked at Eric with accusation and hatred in her eyes.

That moment.

Eric understood everything.

He stared at Liliana with condensed eyes, and his tone was awe-inspiring: "To you, she is nothing more than a person who can be used. We can't all be controlled by you in the Ferguson family, right?"

Liliana suddenly grinned with a bit of cruelty and brutality.

“Eric, what do you mean? My sister gave you a son, but your sister can’t give birth to me?”

Eric looked at each other calmly: “No.”

“That child, if you want to take it back, you can. “

Heard the words, Liliana was stunned. His icy eyes probed into Eric’s face, and chuckled lightly: “You are really cruel. you don’t even like your own son. That child has never seen Angie a few times, and she was sent to school and welfare by her. You know the schools in Southeast Asia, he has been bullied and abused a lot. It was only after his third birthday that Angie found out that he was mute. When she took him back, he could no longer speak.”

Eric’s eyes narrowed slightly. His heart tightened sharply.

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The child’s eyes flicked through Eric’s mind, looking at his pitiful appearance.

Ingrid couldn’t help crying suddenly.

Thinking about the child that she lost makes her sick to her death.

Liliana glanced at her irritably, his eyes lacking emotion. He looked up at Eric, very indifferent: “Eric, my sister gave you her son. You have to take good care of it. If something goes wrong, we will not let you go.”

Eric snorted lightly, his eyes calm. He went up to him : “Liliana, don’t think too much of yourself.”

He had endured that kind of arrogance for a long time.

Liliana squinted his eyes, realized something, and stood up abruptly: “Eric, did you manipulate my money?”

All he could think of was this. He has been on all kinds of alerts, looking for a lot of institutions and professionals to guard against Eric.

He shouldn’t have a chance to do anything. But his attitude changed suddenly...

Eric looked at Liliana silently, with a wicked smile on the corner of his mouth: “Guess.”

Liliana said, "Don't think that your mother and my mother-in-law are not here, you can be so arrogant. we are already grasshoppers on a line, and it is impossible to escape."

Eric looked at him with deep eyes and sneered, Turned around and left. He went straight to the elevator, took out the phone and called out.

"In the hospital, do it." The voice just fell.

Realizing that something was wrong, Liliana had already caught up: "Eric, I want to go to the company with you, I want to bring my money."

Eric still didn't believe it. He lightly hung up the phone, put away his mobile phone, and looked at him indifferently: "At will."

The two got off the elevator together.

Some people thought about going up and down in the middle, but looking at the two people in the elevator, they gave up their thoughts.

The bizarre aura of the two people did not deal with it.

One is tall and straight, and he is upright.

A cold and evil, full of hostility.

It seems that outsiders can't get in at all, and if they go in, they will harm innocent people and become cannon fodder.

The elevator has arrived. Eric went straight out and Lillian followed behind.

But the next second.

Suddenly, a lot of bodyguards in black appeared in front of him, and surrounded him.

Liliana's face changed greatly, and he looked at him vigilantly "Eric, what are you doing?"

Eric hooked his lips and turned to look at him: "Of course... I caught you."

Liliana's face was extremely ugly, gloomy and cold, and he stared at him stubbornly: "Arrest me? In what reason are you arresting me? Do you think you can have no scruples without your mother?"

Eric narrowed his eyes, his aura was strong: "Do you think you can threaten me by catching my relatives? It's just that I asked you to threaten me."

After Eric finished speaking, his face changed a bit, his brows tightened, and Liliana looked at Eric, whose eyes were as deep as ink.

Suddenly his heart sank and felt bad.

Mr. Jenson got out of the car on the side of the road and walked over with a smile.

He patted Eric on the shoulder: "Mr. Ferguson, it's been hard work. If it wasn't for you, we would still need a lot of work to catch Liliana!"

After hearing that, his face was as cold as ice.

Liliana heart was tight, "B*stard, Eric, how dare you betray me!"

Eric looked at him indifferently and said nothing.

Liliana excitedly wanted to step forward, but was blocked by bodyguards.

"Where's my money? Did you swallow it?"

Eric chuckled, with a coolness in his tone: "Your money, it's in the treasury of Mediania."

Liliana's face stiffened, and slowly stained anger. Suddenly, he kicked the person beside him, and charged towards Eric.

Mr. Jenson's expression tightened, and he was about to pull Eric back.

These bodyguards are all professional, and dealing with a sting is not a problem.

But before he could meet Eric, Eric greeted him with a cold expression.

Eric punched Liliana's face hard, with a cold and indifferent gaze.

"Are you angry? You deserve it!"

His eyes seemed to be dyed with a fire, burning roaringly.

The repression during this period of time was about to burn out his sanity.

Liliana was not easy to mess with, he knew that he had suffered a loss from Eric, and fought hard.

The two of you were fighting with each other with one punch and one kick, but the rage attacked the heart, lost an inch, and was kicked in the grass by Eric with a roundabout kick.

Liliana clutched his chest and gasped deeply, looking at Eric in his eyes, wishing to kill him.

The people around quickly gathered around.

Mr. Jenson asked people to take Liliana away.

At this moment, Ingrid realized something and ran down wearing the patient's clothes, her face pale.

"What are you doing?"

Ingrid jumped up without saying a word.

Liliana turned his head and glared at her angrily: "Ingrid, you b*tch, you and them planned to call me back and be arrested?"

What an unfamiliar white-eyed wolf, dare to harm me, wait for me to go out, I will kill your whole family!"

"No, no, I don't know. Liliana, I really don't know, what the h-e-l-l is going on?" Ingrid stamped her feet eagerly, ran over and grabbed Eric's arm: "Brother, How can you do this? Liliana is your brother-in-law, isn't your relationship very good? Let him be let go!"

Eric looked at her coldly, his eyes full of disappointment. "Brother-in-law? I don't even have a younger sister, where can I get my brother-in-law?"

Ingrid's face froze, she stood there pale, and tears burst into her eyes instantly. "How could you do this? Did you do it on purpose? Use me to call him on purpose? You used my child's life to make a trap, didn't you?"

Eric frowned, looking at her alienatedly: "You live After more than 20 years, but still have no brains."