

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1431

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Read Chapter 1431 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Nicole got off work and looked at the man standing in front of a low-profile black Cayenne downstairs.

Her eyes lit up and she walked over quickly with a smile.

"Are you here to pick me up? Why didn't you come upstairs? How long have you been waiting?"

In front of her, Clayton's eyes rippled with a light smile. He held out his hand, and Nicole placed hers on his large hand.

He squeezed slightly, and Nicole was dragged into his arms.

The two of them quietly embraced. Nicole smelled the warm and silent fragrance on his body, the light aroma wafting into her nostrils.

Her hands wrapped around his waist, and she surrendered almost her entire weight on his body.

A few seconds later, she suddenly exclaimed. "Have I told you that your waist is really thin before?"

Nicole felt the man's body stiffen for a moment. Then, his eyes darkened, and he looked down on her. His eyes shined with an unknown meaning.

Nicole continued to sigh. "It's different from a girl's. Your waist feels strong. It's firm to the touch like it's full of power."

The man's lips curled up. A compelling voice drilled into her ears.

"Are you complimenting me? Or are you implying something?"

Nicole instantly understood what he meant, and her face turned red.

She immediately let go of him, but before she could exit his embrace, she was wrapped in his arms.

The sound of his low magnetic laughter rang in her ears.

Not far away, the staff that finished work one after another had not dispersed and were instantly stunned when they saw this scene.

OMG, what kind of romantic drama scene was this? "Is that our President Nicole?"

"Ms. Stanton and Mr. Sloan really are together! It was just speculation before, but it's true now!"

"Oh no, I'm going to lose my love!"

"Mr. Sloan isn't bad either. I feel like he's more gentle and considerate than Mr. Ferguson. He's suitable for Ms. Stanton..."

"Mr. Sloan smiled! His smile is so warm..."

Hearing the chaotic discussion, Nicole could not help but lift her head from his arms.

"Hurry up and go. If we don't leave now, we might not be able to leave later!"

Clayton laughed and let go of her. Instead, he held her hand, opened the passenger door for her to get in, and buckled the seatbelt for her.

"What do you want to eat?"

Nicole paused and was just about to say a few restaurant names to choose from when her phone suddenly rang.

She looked at it.

It was a message from Yvette.

"Come back for dinner. I cooked up a feast for you!" She could not help but laugh and looked at Clayton.

"There's no need to think now. Ms. Quimbey personally cooked and invited us to taste her craft."

Clayton wrinkled his brows slightly. "She invited us?"

'Isn't she staying in Nicole's house? Why did the role between host and guest switch so fast?' Clayton thought.

Nicole nodded. "It's better not to leave her behind. She needs company the most at this time. She'll be disappointed if we don't go back!"

Clayton smiled and shook his head. He felt that Ms. Quimbey was not that kind of person.

However, since Nicole said so, he naturally had no problem with it.

It was just a pity that they did not have time alone together tonight.

The elevator arrived.

The person inside opened the door before Nicole could reach the door.

Yvette stood in the doorway wearing Nicole's comfortable pajamas and smiled brightly.

"Welcome home!"

Nicole laughed. "You didn't go to the office today?"

"Won't your mom come after you?" Yvette rolled her eyes and spoke smugly.

"I told the secretary that I went on a business trip. Of course, she doesn't know that I'm here. Let's just fool some people first."

Nicole stared at her for a few moments. "That's not like your style. Hiding isn't a good way to solve the problem."

Yvette smiled. "Facing it head-on will only make him think that there's still a chance. I need to use a different way."

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Yvette remembered the first time she fought so badly with Sean. She had resented him for his deception.

It was because she still cared.

Now?

Yvette could not explain it, but she suddenly did not want to argue with him anymore, let alone hear any news about him.

The moment she left the birthday party, she suddenly felt like she had let go.

She was no longer as enamored with the man she was so obsessed with before.

It was just so—so.

She seemed to have done a stupid thing that left her bruised and humiliated to the core.

Yvette wanted to leave him behind.

Why did she have to live miserably because of him?

That was not something that she, Yvette Quimbey, could do. Nicole went in. Clayton went back upstairs to put his stuff away and did not rush back down, so the two ladies did not restrain themselves when they were talking. There was a strange smell the moment Nicole walked in.

Nicole went over and took a look at the dining table which had a sumptuous spread of dishes that were full of color and flavor.

Nicole was stunned.

"When do you have such skills?"

Cooking was certainly not the great Ms. Quimbey's style.

Yvette raised her chin, extremely smug.

"I'm gifted, so I can't help it. Your kitchen is too suitable for me!"

Nicole laughed. It really did look very appetizing.

As they were talking, Clayton came in from the door holding a bag of snacks and wine.

"Thank you for your hospitality, Ms. Quimbey." Yvette pursed his lips and smiled.

"Mr. Sloan, you won't hold a grudge against me for interrupting your alone time, right?"

Clayton smiled calmly and gently. "How could I? You're Nicole's best friend. I might be in trouble with just a few words you whisper in her ear. What right do I have to blame you?"

Yvette smiled and looked at Nicole.

"It's said that Mr. Sloan is gentle and treats people sincerely, but it's impossible to tell when he's being hypocritical..."

Nicole and Clayton were speechless.

"Forget it. Come on and enjoy the feast I cooked up."

Nicole looked at Clayton, took the red wine, looked at the bag of snacks, and frowned slightly.

"Why did you bring snacks?"

Clayton watched Yvette enter the kitchen and quickly whispered in Nicole's ear.

"I'm afraid that you won't be able to stomach the food, so I prepared these as a late -night snack for you."

Nicole was speechless.

Yvette came out and greeted them again at the table. Clayton went over to take a look. He had an incredulous expression on his face, but he quickly regained composure.

"Ms. Quimbey's cooking skill is really surprising!"

"Of course, it is. Don't hold back. I think that if I'm not President Quimbey and become a chef instead, my level will at least be that of the national banquet level..."

Yvette praised herself before looking away. "Let's eat!"

Nicole and Clayton exchanged a glance before picking up their utensils and eating.

Sure enough, the food was really colorful and fragrant, and the taste in their mouths was simply too good to be true.

Nicole remembered that Yvette was just a rookie in the kitchen. She did not expect Yvette's level to catch up with professional chefs so quickly.

However, the next second, Clayton smiled. "Ms. Quimbey, these plates are from the private restaurant, right? When are they picking them up?"

Yvette's mouth was gnawing on a piece of rib. Her words were incoherent.

"I'll just call them after we're done eating."

In an instant, the room went quiet.

Nicole looked at the logo on the plate. It was indeed the tableware of a famous private restaurant. The cutlery of this kitchen was not lent to the public unless it was a super VIP.

Yvette coughed, drank a mouthful of red wine, and looked at Clayton.

"Mr. Sloan, you're too unethical!"

Clayton pursed his lips apologetically. "My apologies. I was just asking casually."

Yvette looked at Nicole and explained, "You know my skills. I'm afraid that I'll accidentally poison you..."

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Although Yvette was exposed for faking her cooking skills, she did not feel any guilt at all since she spent money to treat her guests to food.

Nicole and Clayton finished their meal, and Yvette was almost done drinking.

Yvette was slightly tipsy, and her face was slightly red.

Clayton packed up the items and called the private restaurant for them to come and pick up the cutlery. Then, he saw Yvette holding the pile of snacks and beginning to eat.

Nicole gave Clayton a look, and Clayton nodded regretfully before leaving upstairs.

Nicole would probably not be able to come out tonight.

She took a warm wet towel for Yvette and wiped her face.

"Last night, he didn't make a single phone call. But today, he made a hundred calls. Don't you think he's a scumbag? He even waited for my anger to subside before calling me to apologize."

Yvette laughed coldly.

Nicole pursed her lips and poured a cup of honey water for Yvette.

"I think that since you made up your mind, don't hesitate anymore. In any case, you've already chosen your final goal. This whole thing will soon pass."

Yvette said, "I'm just not reconciled. The thoughts and energy I spent on him cost almost half my life, but he's still using those old tactics and waiting for me to take the bait? How could he? How could he look down on me this much just because I like him? If he had chased after me that night, if he had contacted me to apologize, even if I hated him, I wouldn't have been so disheartened. But his silence made me feel like a joke."

Nicole sighed. Yvette had really exhausted herself in this relationship.

Wanting to get out of it might be even more exhausting.

"Yvette, you shouldn't be that kind of person. Although it seems like Sean likes you, what's the value of this love? It's all relative. If you don't compare, it'll feel like he only likes you. However, once there's someone else in the picture, this love will become cheap. He doesn't even make the rankings among the people who are pursuing you."

Hearing Nicole's words, Yvette slowly raised her head. Her eyes were red.

The two of them looked at each other without speaking.

Maybe Yvette knew all this very well, but she just pretended to be oblivious. Now that Nicole voiced it out, Yvette had to be clear about it.

The next day.

The sun hung high in the sky, and the breeze swayed the leaves, casting broken shadows on the ground.

Nicole had just entered the office when she heard the receptionist say, "Sir, you can't go in..."

Nicole subconsciously turned around and saw the man who followed her. It was Sean.

His eyes were gloomy as he stared at Nicole. The corners of his eyes were faintly red.

The receptionist said, "Ms. Stanton, this gentleman doesn't have an appointment but has been waiting for you here. I told him to go out, but he refused to..."

Nicole smiled. "I know who he is. What brings you here, Mr. Moore?"

She knew very well, but she did not expect Sean to come looking for Yvette here.

Sean pursed his lips. His face was tense, glum, and tired.

He opened his mouth and spoke in a hoarse voice. He stared intently at Nicole's face, not wanting to miss any expression on her face.

"She's with you, isn't she?"

His voice sounded like it had been ground by sandpaper.

Nicole was slightly surprised. "Who? Yvette? Why would she be at my place?"

Sean said, "There's no one in any of her residences, and she hasn't gone to the office for a few days. She has no other place to go. Except you and Ms. Nixon, no one has the ability to hide her. I followed Ms.

Nixon for a day. She stayed on the set all day and didn't go home. So, you're the only one left. Ms.

Stanton, I need to talk to her properly."

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Nicole looked at him suppressing the anxious look on his face and smiled faintly. "Mr. Moore, I'll say this again. She's not at my place. Please search somewhere else."

Then, Nicole turned around and pressed the button for the elevator.

However, Sean did not give up and followed after her, holding the elevator doors and looking at her. The veins stood out on his forehead.

"I want to talk to her!"

Nicole said, "Contact her yourself."

"She's not picking up my calls. She's still angry with me." His face was stiff and cold.

Nicole said, "If she's not picking up your calls, then there are only two reasons. One, she's waiting for you to come to her door to apologize, but she didn't tell you where she is. Two, she wants you to give u Nicole smiled and looked at Sean's almost broken expression.

Logan entered the building and saw the standoff at the elevator. He instantly acted as if he was facing a great enemy.

He quickly got someone to drag Sean away from blocking the elevator and looked at Nicole with a nod.

"Good morning, President."

Nicole revealed a brilliant smile. "Morning."

Sean looked miserable as he was dragged away. The moment the elevator closed, Nicole saw panic and loss in his eyes.

What a pity.

Yvette was originally going to give everything to be with him. In the end, what seemed to be a small matter to Sean broke their relationship.

Nicole went upstairs to her office and had a morning meeting before coming out. Logan was waiting at the door for her.

"President, Mr. Moore refuses to leave no matter what we say to him. Even if the bodyguard stops him outside, he still has a way to sneak in..."

Logan's voice became smaller and uncertain. Nicole paused before sending Yvette a message. [Sean came to my office.]

Yvette replied. [Don't tell him anything about me.] Nicole replied. [Ok.]

Yvette's heartlessness came so suddenly that she did not even bother to say a word about breaking up.

She one-sidedly decided to terminate this relationship.

To other people, it might seem like Yvette was avoiding Sean because she was angry, but Nicole knew Yvette. Yvette just did not want to waste any more energy on him.

Nicole looked up and spoke to Logan.

"Don't worry about him. Go do your own thing." Logan nodded and left the place with a sigh of relief.

Nicole had just finished making a business call and turned her head to see Sean already sitting on the sofa in her office. He stared at her with a cold and gloomy gaze as well as a few hints of hostility hidden in his dark eyes.

She was not surprised that Sean came in without permission.

Through Yvette's description, Sean was not a decent and clean businessman. He was not even a decent gentleman.

Sean was very capable and was used to using all kinds of means to achieve his goals.

Nicole raised her brows and smiled at him.

"Mr. Moore, haven't I made myself clear enough?" "She's at your place."

His tone was extremely cold. Nicole looked at him. "So?" "I want to see her."

Nicole put away the smile on her face and took out her phone. Just as she was about to press it, Sean suddenly spoke up.

"Would you believe me if I said I have plenty of time to take you away before your people get to your office?"

Nicole paused and looked at him. Her eyes dripped with coldness.

"Are you threatening me?" "I'm warning you."

Nicole looked at him for a while and suddenly laughed. Her frown smoothed out with a hint of disdain in her expression.

"Before you came to me, you should be concerned about whether your Moore family can still mix around. Your wife, oh, your ex-wife's family has gone through great lengths to build bridges and pave the way for your network and resources. Do you really think you can get away from them once and for all?"

There was only coldness left on Sean's face. His eyes were dark and gloomy.

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There were clear hints of anger that were vaguely suppressed in Sean's eyes.

Sean clenched his fists tightly. "Did she tell you that?"

Nicole smiled. "No. We never talk about stuff like that, but it doesn't mean we don't know."

Sean's face eased slightly.

"I only want to explain it to her."

"As far as I know, the people who chased after her that night were me and Julie. You didn't even make a single phone call and didn't care about her safety. Why are you so anxious now?"

Nicole smiled at him. A trace of discomfort flashed in Sean's eyes.

The air was quiet for a few moments.

Nicole guessed it was because he did not want to talk to her about these things. She could not be bothered to listen either.

Nicole curled her fingers and knocked twice on the table. Her tone was calm and slow.

"Go back. She'll meet you if she wants to meet you. It's useless for you to come to me."

Sean looked at Nicole. His lips were pressed into a straight line.

His eyes were dark and deep with an unknown meaning.

Nicole could not be bothered to say anything else. Yvette already gave him an ending, so she did not want to interfere.

Although she felt Sean's coldness, she understood that the Moore family's foundation was not stable yet. At a critical time like this, Sean would not do anything that had adverse consequences to her.

Unless he really loved Yvette to death and could not stand it any longer.

The next second, Sean stood up, turned around, and left.

Oh, look, he did not like her that much after all.

Nicole stared at his back for a few seconds without saying anything. She lowered her head and got back to work.

It was almost noon when Logan came over to remind her that she could get off work. He also asked if she wanted to book a restaurant.

Nicole just thought that she could just go to the staff canteen to eat when her phone rang.

It was an unfamiliar number. She paused before picking it up. "Hello?"

"Hello, is this Michael's sister? He's not feeling well right now. We're bringing him to the hospital. Are you free to come and take a look?"

Nicole was stunned. "Of course. Which hospital?"

After the teacher finished speaking, she hung up the phone in a hurry.

She immediately packed her stuff and stood up. "I'm skipping lunch. I'm going out."

"Shall I prepare your driver?" "No need."

Nicole spoke and called Clayton's phone, but she only got the message that it was turned off.

She suddenly remembered that he mentioned that he had to go abroad today to deal with some matters, so he should be on the plane at this time.

There was no time to think about it. Nicole drove straight to the hospital. She was slightly anxious along the way. Too many things happened recently, and she did not pay much attention to Michael. Clayton also kept revolving around her and neglected Lil Michael.

Nicole did not expect Michael to be unwell all of a sudden. Nicole was instantly distressed.

At the hospital, the teacher came over to apologize.

"I'm really sorry, Ms. Stanton. Michael and his classmate bumped into each other while playing soccer, and his arm fractured during the fall. It's quite serious. This is our fault as his teacher. We didn't pay attention to his safety..."

Nicole raised her hand and interrupted her words. "Where's Michael?"

"The doctor is inside tending to him."

Nicole went straight in and looked at the crying Michael sitting in the doctor's arms in a grievance. His little face was red and flushed, and his tears seemed to hang and stick to his eyelashes.

"Pretty Lady..."

As soon as he saw Nicole come in, Lil Michael lost control over his tear ducts and began to cry aggrievedly.

Nicole's heart broke as she went over to hold him, feeling like he had lost weight. One of his arms was wrapped tightly in a cast, making his small body appear extraordinarily thin and weak.

"Why were you so careless? Does it hurt a lot?"

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Michael put his other arm around Nicole, flung himself into her arms, and nodded.

"It hurts... It really hurts!"

Nicole touched his little face, genuinely heartbroken.

"It's okay. I'll take you back and fix it. It'll get well soon."

Michael nodded solemnly and sniffled. He obediently let the doctor put the plaster on it.

The teacher stood by the side and sighed in relief when everything was done.

"Ms. Stanton, it won't be convenient for Lil Michael to go to school in this condition. Why not let him rest at home for a while before coming back to school?"

Nicole had the same thoughts and touched his head.

"Okay."

The teacher smiled and was just about to say something when Lil Michael turned his head to look at Nicole.

"Where's Daddy?"

"Your daddy went abroad for a meeting. He just left today and is still on the plane."

After she finished, she was afraid that he would think too much and hurriedly explained, "Don't worry, I'll explain it to your daddy. He won't blame you. It's not that he doesn't want to see you either. His phone is turned off, so we have no

way to contact him.”

Lil Michael pursed his lips. His expression was a little upset.

“I didn’t fall on my own. Someone pushed me from behind on purpose. Teacher, didn’t you all see it?”

With those words, the atmosphere in the room fell silent.

The doctor did not want to get involved in this matter and went to fetch the medicine after treating Michael.

Nicole’s gaze was slightly cold as she looked at the teacher.

“Is that the case?”

The teacher’s face was instantly a bit flustered and helpless.

“It’s not like that. There’ll inevitably be bumps and bruises when everyone is playing soccer. It’s normal to fall on the field. I didn’t really notice at that time whether it was intentional or not. As soon as I saw Michael fall, I immediately ran over and brought him to the hospital...”

There did not seem to be any loopholes to what she said.

Even if the teacher stood there, she could not have been staring at one single person, so it could not be considered negligence.

Nicole’s frown smoothed out, and she was just about to explain to Lil Michael that the teacher didn’t do it on purpose, but he raised his clean and clear eyes and looked at the teacher.

“You saw it! All the students around saw it too. You can just ask the other students. Max clearly pushed me on purpose. You’re just being biased because Max is your nephew.”

The teacher’s face turned red for an instant. She became even more flustered when she looked at Nicole.

She glanced at Lil Michael and hesitated. “How could that be?”

Nicole paused and spoke in a calm tone. “But why did Max push you? Did you have a disagreement?”

Lil Michael nodded. “Max is three years older than me and always bullied me for being younger. He asked for my answers during the exam, but when I didn’t tell him, he threatened me and told me to wait. I think this is his revenge!”

Lil Michael spoke very methodically and clearly about the matter.

The teacher’s face turned pale.

Nicole raised her eyes to look at the teacher without much warmth left in them.

“You can go back first. I’ll contact the principal about this matter.”

There was no need to dispute this with a teacher.

Nicole also felt that this might not be a simple little bump.

The teacher was instantly flustered.

“Ms. Stanton, I...”

Nicole did not want to say anything more. She picked up Lil Michael’s clothes and walked out.

Lil Michael followed and gave the teacher a look. The teacher hurriedly chased after them.

“Ms. Stanton, don’t go to the principal. I know I was wrong now. If you go to the principal, I won’t be able to keep my job.”

Her panicked look was indeed unbearable.

Nicole knew how much ordinary people valued their jobs, but the prerequisite was that they needed to have a respectful heart for the job.

It was somewhat unreasonable if they were just waiting to make money.

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Nicole paused, turned around to look at the teacher, and spoke gently. "Miss, I just want the principal to personally investigate this matter. Whether Max did it intentionally and whether he threatened Michael, there should be a result on whether these things are true or not. If you didn't do anything wrong, then don't worry about losing your job. If you did something wrong, then this job isn't suitable for you. After all, not everyone can take on the job of teaching and educating others."

The teacher's face turned a few shades whiter.

Nicole smiled. "Why should I let Michael suffer just for you to keep your job?"

The teacher's eyes were written with panic and helplessness.

"Ms. Stanton..."

She thought she could turn a blind eye to it, but Lil Michael's words exposed this matter.

Lil Michael pulled Nicole's hand and looked at the teacher.

"As long as you let him come over and apologize to me and promise not to do anything harmful in the future, I can forgive him."

Nicole raised her brows. "Why should you forgive him? I can solve this matter."

Lil Michael pursed his lips. "She's a good teacher. I don't want her to lose her job, but I don't want her to cover for bad students either!"

Nicole looked at the teacher. "Did you hear that? I'll go to the principal or tell him to find me. Call Max's parents."

The teacher looked overwhelmed. However, she could only nod stiffly and went to the side to make a call.

Nicole found a seat and sat down, looking at Lil Michael's right arm carefully.

"Does it still hurt?"

Lil Michael nodded. "A little, but Daddy said that it's shameful for boys to cry just because it hurts. I'll endure it!"

Then, he raised his tiny fist to cheer himself up. Nicole smiled and could not help but laugh.

"I'm really sorry for not coming to see you for so long. If I had known, I should've come over earlier. You should've told me or your daddy when you encounter those bullies..."

Lil Michael grinned. His fair and tender little face was chubby and adorable.

"Daddy told me before that Bad Uncle and Bad Grandpa wanted to deal with you and that you were in danger, so I can't run around. He told me not to come to you even if anything happened. Otherwise, other people will take advantage of this opportunity. If it's stuff that I can solve on my own, then it doesn't matter. I thought that Daddy would come, but since he didn't come, there's no other choice..."

His eyes showed a smug and excited thought.

Nicole smiled. "It's okay. You can look for me in the future. I'm not in danger anymore."

The Bad Uncle and Bad Grandpa he mentioned most likely referred to Isaac and

Quavon.

Lil Michael happily jumped into Nicole's arms. Nicole was afraid of touching his arm and carefully avoided it.

"Don't move around. Go ask the doctor later if you need to pay attention to anything..."

Lil Michael was smart and witty, so he knew to tell her all the grievances he encountered.

Otherwise, the damage would only become more serious.

As the two laughed and joked around, the teacher came around from the corner with a careful and apologetic face.

"Ms. Stanton, Max's mother, my sister, will be here soon. Please wait a moment."

Nicole nodded. The teacher's caution and distress made Nicole a little uncomfortable.

If Lil Michael had not said these things, this teacher would probably have never said this and thought that sending him to the hospital was accomplishing her mission.

Lil Michael's annual tuition fee was close to \$ 700,000 but the service and quality they wanted were far from expectations.

A teacher with such a weak character was not suitable for staying in such an international school.

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After waiting for about twenty minutes, a slightly chubby middle-aged woman decked in jewels pulled an equally chubby and strong boy over.

"You're the child's aunt as well as his teacher, and you couldn't even solve this matter? It's just a little spat between kids. What's the big deal? Just pay more for his medical expenses. They're obviously just trying to extort money!"

The middle-aged woman was loud and full of vitality. The shiny gold chain around her neck could really blind someone.

Just looking at her wrist, Nicole saw that she was wearing eight to nine bracelets, some of which were Cartier bracelets.

It was clear at a glance that her family was rich and most likely a parvenu.

Nicole looked at her a few times but did not seem to have an impression of this woman. It seemed that she never met the woman in the circle.

The teacher desperately shot looks at her sister, signaling for her not to say anything further.

However, the middle-aged woman seemed to have endless resentment and pulled her child to the front.

When she saw Nicole, she froze for a moment and started to frown.

"How can someone so beautiful be so fussy and calculating? Are you that short of money?"

The teacher went pale. "I'm sorry, Ms. Stanton. My sister doesn't pay much attention to the news and doesn't know..."

Before the teacher could finish, the woman turned her head again to look at Nicole.

"News? You really do look a little familiar. Are you an actress? Hah! I've seen plenty of third-rate starlets like you. It's all about money, right? This child is your illegitimate son, right? I'm sure you don't want to expose this matter either. You'd better learn not to push your luck. My family isn't short of money. We can easily buy some scandalous material to smear your name!"

Nicole looked at her silently and then smiled faintly.

To the side, the teacher's pale face was extremely awkward and incredibly anxious.

"Sis, what are you babbling about? Do you know who she is?"

"What? I don't care who she is. What are you afraid of? You're the teacher. If she dares to make a big deal out of this, just torment her son with all your might. Don't think of having a good time at school in the future!"

The chubby middle-aged woman glared at Nicole, gaining the upper hand with a show of strength, and not giving her a chance at all.

Nicole had expected a reasonable parent to come.

However, since a person like this came instead, all her reasoning disappeared.

It was gone.

There was no need for it.

Behind the woman, her son stood there proudly as he watched this scene, looking at Michael with a contemptuous smile on his face.

"You hear that, shrimp? It's useless for you to go to your parents. Hmph—"

Nicole suddenly stood up. She looked at the teacher and laughed.

"Look, it's not that I didn't give them a chance."

Nicole pulled Michael's hand and left, but the teacher went over and stopped them with a pale face.

"Please wait, Ms. Stanton..."

The teacher gritted her teeth to hide the embarrassment on her face and called out to her sister in a harsh tone.

"Sis, do you want to make a big deal out of it to be satisfied? Do you want me to lose my job? Do you want Max to drop out of school?"

The chubby middle-aged woman froze and went from disdain to surprise.

"What are you talking about? How can this little thing possibly..."

The teacher glared at her. "Do you know how much effort I put in to get into this school as a teacher? If you make me lose my job, no one will be able to live happily!"

The chubby middle-aged woman glared at her. "You're making a fuss over nothing!"

Although that was what she said, her tone obviously lowered.

The woman took a side-glance at Nicole and sized her up. She could not tell what brand of clothes Nicole was wearing, so it was most likely miscellaneous brands or counterfeit products.

Besides the watch on her wrist, Nicole did not even have a bracelet or necklace. She looked incredibly shabby.

At that thought, the middle-aged woman became even more disdainful.

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The chubby middle-aged woman snorted as if she was conferring a favor.

"Fine, since we're all here, let's talk about it. The kids got into a fight, so I'll handle the medical expenses."

The teacher walked over. "Tell Max to apologize and pay for the medical expenses."

The middle-aged woman raised her eyebrows. "What? Apologize? What do children know? What's there to apologize for?"

"It was Max's fault. At first, he wanted to copy Michael's answers and harbored a grudge when Michael refused to let him. Today, he intentionally pushed Michael down on the field. This was incredibly vile!"

The teacher simply said everything without hiding any details.

The middle-aged woman sneered.

"Why would my son copy this little boy's homework? He's still so young. How could he be studying at the same grade as them? He must've gone through the back door, right?"

The middle-aged woman stood up and walked over with her arms crossed.

"It's impossible for an apology. I don't believe that my son would copy other people's homework at all. But since the boy is so pitiful, how about this? I'll pay double the medical fees!"

As soon as the words left her mouth, the air froze.

The teacher was so anxious she was about to jump up, but her sister still did not have an inkling about the seriousness of the matter.

Double the medical fee?

Did she think that they were still studying in an ordinary school?

The people who attended this international school were all rich and powerful.

Nicole narrowed her eyes and was just about to say something when the doctor behind called out. "Michael, your medicine is ready..."

Nicole paused and stroked Lil Michael's head.

"Go and get your medicine, then come back later." Lil Michael rubbed his head.

"Okay..."

He did not understand why the Pretty Lady told him, an injured person, to get his own medicine. However, he always listened to her.

Watching his little figure leave, Nicole finally looked away.

With a chill in her eyes, Nicole looked up at the chubby middle-aged woman.

"I didn't want to make a big deal out of this. It was the teacher who begged me to give her a chance, but unfortunately, it's useless now."

The teacher wanted to say something and opened her mouth, but no words came out.

The chubby middle-aged woman did not understand what that meant. She looked very arrogant.

"What? Is double the medical fee not enough for you?"

Nicole walked over and stood in front of the woman with an icy smile on the corners of her lips.

"I'll pay ten times the amount."

Before anyone else could understand what that meant, Nicole suddenly reached out and pushed the woman in the direction of the stairs.

The woman's face went white as she stumbled and fell backward. However, there was nothing she could grab on to, and her body fell back uncontrollably.

From here, the woman tumbled downstairs.

The distance was one floor, no more and no less, but it was enough to make her faint from the pain.

At this time, her curses turned into wails. She rolled a few times and lay on the ground as she screamed in pain. She was in so much pain that she could not move. "It hurts so much! My waist... My neck... Help me..."

Behind them, the teacher was so scared that she turned pale.

Nicole saw Lil Michael come back with a bag of medicine and put away the coldness in her eyes. She had a faint smile on her face.

She looked at the teacher and then at the child behind her.

"Tell the doctor not to hold back and feel free to prescribe all the medicine she needs. I'll pay ten times the amount."

As Nicole spoke, she moved closer to the teacher. "This time it was the adult.

Next time, you should watch out for the child..."

Nicole was not some kind of goddess of mercy who looked out for others.

The reason Nicole pushed the woman was that when it came to unscrupulous shrews, Nicole could only be more ruthless than her.

Nicole despised people like that, but she also really did not want to lay hands on a child.

However, if there was a next time, no one could guarantee anything.

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Nicole did not want to waste time. After calling Lil Michael, she took the bag in his hands, pulled his hand, and walked away.

The teacher and Max were left behind with shocked eyes.

Lil Michael saw the chubby middle-aged woman still wailing on the ground and was stunned.

"How did she fall down the stairs?"

The chubby middle-aged woman froze for a moment and raised her eyes to see Nicole's cold and intimidating gaze.

She shuddered slightly. Inexplicably, she panicked.

Nicole smiled, turned to look at Lil Michael, and very patiently explained.

"She felt that your injury wasn't that painful, so she wanted to try it out herself."

"Oh, she's so dumb!"

The two of them left the hospital and got into the car before Nicole found that her phone was ringing. It was from Clayton.

Lil Michael muted it.

Nicole glanced at him and smiled before answering the call.

"Mr. Sloan, has your plane landed?"

Clayton chuckled. "It just landed. I saw that you called me. Did something happen?"

Then, he added, "You can call even if nothing happened. I know you miss me like crazy!"

Nicole rolled her eyes speechlessly. She could have acted as if nothing happened, but the exceptionally smart Lil Michael was right beside her, so she could not ignore it.

"Ahem... It's nothing much. Lil Michael's arm is a little fractured, so I wanted to tell you about it."

"What? A fracture?! Is it serious? Is he in the hospital? I'll come back right away..."

Clayton's tone instantly became solemn and anxious.

Nicole quickly spoke.

"Don't worry, it's not that serious. It's been taken care of. I took him out of the hospital. We're going home now."

Clayton sighed in relief. "He's with you?"

Nicole looked at Lil Michael and gave him a wink.

Lil Michael grunted. "Daddy, you handle your work. I'm fine. It doesn't hurt at all!"

Clayton's voice became slightly warmer and a little gentler.

"Are you that brave?"

"Of course! With Pretty Lady around, I'm not in any pain at all, so you don't have to rush back. Just stay abroad for a few more days. I want to stay with Pretty Lady!"

Lil Michael did not hesitate to say what was in his heart.

Clayton's side was silent.

Nicole could not help but laugh. With Lil Michael's smug look, it was as if he wanted to say it with a megaphone.

Clayton paused for a few seconds and looked at the time.

"I should be able to make it in time to have dinner with you guys after I finish this matter."

Then, Clayton hung up.

He somewhat regretted going abroad. He should have left the matter here to someone else.

After all, the most dangerous person around Nicole was his son!

Nicole put the phone away and looked at Lil Michael.

"Your daddy said he'll come back to have dinner with us..."

"Pretty Lady, are you together with Daddy now?"

Lil Michael looked at her very seriously. His little mouth pouted in slight anger. He could understand Clayton's attitude toward outsiders. Clayton used to have a certain distance with Nicole in the past and would never say something like that. How could Daddy act like that to an ordinary girl? Unless their relationship was not ordinary anymore! Nicole blinked. "Can I?"

"Of course, you can't! Aren't you my girlfriend?"

Lil Michael's aggrieved look was very heartbreaking.

Nicole suddenly did not know how to comfort the boy.

"But you're still too young. I'll just temporarily be your daddy's girlfriend, okay?"

Lil Michael looked at her. "Then, when I grow up, you won't be his girlfriend anymore?"

Nicole looked at his eyes that were full of expectation and nodded.