

## THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS

### Chapter 2097

#### Your Kidney Is Injured

Eric did not hesitate at all. He pushed Chance away and walked out.

At this time, the bodyguards who were stationed covertly outside ran in.

"Mr. Ferguson, we caught her."

Eric's eyes turned cold for a moment. He seemed to be quite glad.

"Very good."

Chance followed closely behind Eric.

Even with tears streaming uncontrollably down his face, Chance was afraid that something would happen to his mother. He was afraid of his mother, but he loved his mother too.

How could a child hold a grudge? Chance wanted to shout to stop Eric, but he could hardly make a sound no matter how hard he tried. He could only use his strength to cry silently.

Eric walked to the front. His back was awe-inspiring, and he was exuding a terrifying chill.

Angie did not expect Eric to come prepared. She was caught so quickly and could not escape.

Finally, she panicked.

"Eric, don't you want to know why I came here?"

"No."

After Eric finished speaking, Angie was tied up.

Angie struggled to no avail.

Looking at Chance, who was standing behind Eric, Angie burst into tears.

"Chance, save Mommy! How can you just watch Mommy die?"

Angie was crying in hopes of touching Chance's soft spot.

Chance was ignorant and naive at his age. He looked at Eric pleadingly and kept tugging Eric's clothes with both hands, not letting go.

"No...No..."

Chance cried hysterically, and his whole body was shaking.

"Eric, if you kill me, he'll remember you as a murderer for the rest of his life. Are you going to kill him too?" Angie roared.

Eric stared at her with dark eyes for a few seconds and glanced at his subordinates. His subordinates immediately took out a roll of tape to put it over her mouth.

"Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!"

It was finally quiet again. Then, they stuffed Angie into the car.

Eric looked at his men and said, "Throw her into the river."

"Yes, sir."

The car quickly left.

Chance's face was red from crying so much. He looked like a tired and weak kitten. He cried until he was out of breath.

Eric brushed away Chance's hand and said in a very cold tone, "You can stay here or leave if you want, but she has to pay the price."

After he finished speaking, a car parked in front of him.

Eric took a few steps forward, another person got off. He saw that Mitchell was back from Africa.

The car door slammed shut, and the car quickly drove away.

"Daddy..."

Chance cried and tried to catch up. He did not realize that he made a sound.

However, this sound was very raspy and soft, but it was very clear.

Mitchell heard it clearly and looked over in shock.

"Young Master, you can speak now?"

He went over to stop Chance.

Chance cried a lot, so the sound he made was smaller than a kitten's cry.

Even so, Mitchell heard it clearly.

Mitchell was pleasantly surprised and hugged Chance.

"I'll find a doctor for you right away!"

"Daddy...No!"

Chance seemed to only repeat these two words.

Mitchell knew that what happened just now might have traumatized Chance.

He just hoped Chance would forget about it after a good sleep.

After all, who would have thought that Angie would show up as another person? If Eric had not deliberately made Mitchell go abroad, Angie would not have let down her guard.

Then, Mitchell would not have found out that the real Yasmin had already died while searching for her brother. Her corpse was tossed into the wilderness.

Mitchell did not show up for a while.

Sure enough, Angie could not hold back her temper and started to abuse Chance.

Mitchell sighed. He just felt sorry for Chance for having gone through so much at such a young age.

Moreover, Eric's attitude toward Chance did not change in the slightest.

Eric took out his anger on Chance because of Angie.

This was unavoidable.

After all, Eric was no saint.

Mitchell, as an outsider, would not be able to undo anything.

Mitchell carried Chance back and comforted him for a while.

Chance gradually calmed down his emotions.

Once Chance was asleep, Mitchell called Eric.

"Mr. Ferguson, this place has been cleaned up. Will the young master continue to live here?" Eric said, "My mother will be back soon. She can take care of him when she returns."

Mitchell paused.

"As soon as you left, the young master seemed to speak and made a crying sound. Should I find a doctor for him?"

Eric was silent for a few seconds.

Only then did he answer nonchalantly.

"You can deal with it. It's better to find a psychiatrist and make him forget about what happened tonight."

Mitchell said, "Yes, sir. I think the young master is a kind-hearted boy who's not at all like Angie. He will definitely be a good boy if nurtured properly."

Eric was amused by those words. He sneered and hung up the phone.

Was Chance a good boy? Who could tell? Eric did not believe that Angie's child would be good in any way.

However, Chance's actions tonight were indeed beyond Eric's expectations.

Chance actually stood in front of Eric to stop Angie.

This showed that Chance did not resent Eric even though Eric treated him coldly during this time.

On the contrary, Chance even wanted to save Eric at a critical time.

In Eric's life, apart from being protected by Nicole in a fighting gym when they were in a foreign country, Chance was the second person to protect him.

Gradually, an indescribable emotion seemed to surface in Eric's heart and slowly warmed up his cold heart.

Eric rejected this kind of warmth, but the warmth kept coming and gently touched his heart. He suddenly felt this feeling was not as bad as he had imagined.

This energy brought on a faint and soft light.

Imperial Gardens.

After the doctor sutured and bandaged Eric's wound, he breathed a sigh of relief.

"Mr. Ferguson, please don't wet the wound for a few days. Fortunately, this sharp weapon didn't injure your internal organs. Otherwise, the consequences would be unimaginable."

Eric closed his eyes and responded lightly.

The doctor thought Eric was tired, so he did not talk too much and left with his things.

Eric could only stay at home to deal with urgent matters during this time.

The company's affairs were handed over to Mitchell once again.

After a few days, an uninvited guest came to Imperial Gardens.

The maid carefully observed Eric's attitude.

Eric thought he had misheard and asked, "Who?"

"It's Mr. Clayton Sloan. He said he has something important, so he came to visit you."

Eric's face turned glum. It was not surprising that Clayton would know about Eric's injury so quickly.

After all, Clayton, this old fox, was very shrewd.

However, they never had a private friendship.

What was Clayton's intention in visiting Eric? Clayton certainly had no good intentions.

However, Eric lowered his eyes and said, "Let him in!"

Although Eric did not want to see Clayton, he desperately wanted to know how Nicole was doing now.

Clayton walked in looking like a gentleman. He was handsome and had a great complexion. He also carried two boxes of gifts that he did not put much thought into getting.

Eric frowned.

"What are you doing here?" Clayton smiled.

"I heard that you injured your kidney?"

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## Lose His Reputation

Eric hated Clayton. He absolutely hated Clayton's face.

Listening to Clayton speak made Eric even more annoyed. Eric did not know how it was possible for such an annoying person to exist in this world. Eric was livid as he sat on the sofa, motionless and stiff.

If not for his wound, Eric would have fought with Clayton. Eric wanted Clayton to know what it meant to have a death wish.

The maid looked at them strangely and did not dare to listen anymore. She quickly left the vicinity.

Clayton put the gifts on the table, patted them, and said meaningfully, "Here, mend your wound."

Eric glared at him with dark eyes.

"No need. Keep it for yourself!" Clayton chuckled lightly, seemingly mocking Eric's stubbornness.

"Mr. Ferguson, I'm not here to visit you because you're sick. Don't misunderstand my good intentions." Eric really wanted to rip off Clayton's hypocritical mask.

"Clayton Sloan, if you have something to say, just spit it out! Don't think that I won't dare to do anything to you. This is my territory. If I really want to kill you, you won't have a chance to stand in front of me!"

Clayton's smile subsided. He raised his eyebrows. He sat opposite Eric. His expression also turned glum.

"Of course, I know that. You've been tolerant enough of me. At least, I'm fully prepared to go all out and crush you, but nothing happened."

"No, I'm the one who will crush you!" Eric stared at Clayton indifferently and corrected him.

Clayton did not bother to continue bickering.

"Yasmin is Angie. Where is she now?"

Knowing Clayton's intention, Eric seemed to have figured out Clayton's trump card and settled his emotions.

"How do you know that she's Angie? Were you the one who arranged this?"

Eric was leaning on the sofa, occupying the whole space. He looked very imposing.

"When she fell into your hands last time, you let her go. Why is that? What kind of deal did you reach with her?"

Eric stared at Clayton, trying to find out any hint of their collusion from Clayton's face.

Clayton lifted his eyelids indifferently, his tone was cold.

"That is the case, but you don't have to know the details. After all, you also fell into my hands, and I also let you go."

Clayton looked arrogant, and his tone was cold and mocking.

To Eric, this was a major provocation that challenged his dignity.

Clayton was clearly mocking Eric's incompetence! Eric narrowed his eyes and coldly stared him down.

"So? You want me to be grateful to you?"

"That's not necessary. I don't expect you to repay me. My wife and I have done quite a lot of charity work recently, so I've learned to be more generous."



Every word that Clayton said was like a nail hammered into Eric's heart. It made Eric hate Clayton even more.

Clayton looked at Eric calmly and maintained a calm smile.

"I'm just reminding you that we're on the same front when it comes to dealing with Angie. After all, her existence is a threat to us. With a ticking time bomb like her by your side, you can't possibly sleep soundly, right?"

Eric looked at him expressionlessly.

"Why are you worried, Mr. Sloan? Isn't she yours?"

Clayton laughed when he heard this.

"How could she be mine?"

"If you hadn't asked her to approach me and set a trap for me, how could she bear my child? If she hadn't slipped away from your hands, how could she become Yasmin?"

Eric looked straight at Clayton and exposed Clayton's deeds. Clayton's face was tense as he looked at Eric blankly.

"Mr. Ferguson, sorry to disappoint. Angie has nothing to do with me. Why would you need my guidance in conceiving a child with her? Well, to say that I instigated her to approach you... To be honest, she's not the only one I instigated. Your partner's sister, what's her name? Cher— She's also one of them. As for why Angie slipped away, I don't think it's my fault because I don't operate a prison. You can't blame me for not being able to hold a prisoner, right?"

Clayton shrugged his shoulders and explained slowly.

However, this explanation infuriated Eric even more. If it were not for Clayton's involvement, Eric would not have encountered so many troubles.

Clayton did not clean up his mess and brought Eric so much trouble.

Thinking about it made Eric furious.

Why did Eric have to live in such dire circumstances while Clayton could establish such a good image for himself?

Most importantly, Clayton gained the most important person that Eric had lost from his life.

Eric stared at him gloomily.

There was no trace of emotion in his dark eyes.

"So, are you saying you're the most innocent person in this? Don't you think it's funny?" Clayton smiled faintly.

"I am innocent. I lost the oil market in South Africa, and I also cooperated with you to catch Tyler. We should've been the best partners!"

Eric stood up abruptly. His eyes looked sinister with a fuming rage. He took a few steps forward, grabbed Clayton's collar, and shoved him back.

Eric instantly exuded dark and cold vibes. He really wanted to strangle Clayton's neck.

Clayton, who had always been gentle and modest, suddenly retaliated. His elbow blocked Eric's chest, and he suddenly stood up and twisted his body away from Eric.

In an instant, the air in the room froze.

Eric was extremely disgruntled and provoked. His body exuded an intimidating chill.

He picked up the ashtray beside him and threw it at Clayton, who dodged it.

The ashtray was smashed onto a cabinet, and the red wine on the cabinet was smashed to pieces.

Several bottles fell, and the ground was a mess.

When the maid heard the commotion, she rushed out to take a look and was overwhelmed with shock.

The next second, Eric hurried forward and punched Clayton's mouth hard while Clayton was busy dodging.

Clayton did not manage to dodge the punch and was hit.

Blood oozed out from the corner of his mouth.

His eyes darkened instantly and turned cold.

Standing in front of Eric, Clayton no longer had his usual gentle and kind vibe.

The corners of Clayton's mouth curled into a cold smile.

"Mr. Ferguson, do you want to fight with me? Of course, I can't beat you in a fight. I didn't come here to get beaten either, so if you want to continue this, just forget that I came today."

Clayton wiped off the blood with his thumb. His eyes had a bit of chill. However, it was more cynical. Clayton was indeed not Eric's opponent in a physical fight, but he had ways to get revenge on Eric if he wanted to.

Clayton did not want to go to that point because losing Nicole was probably Eric's biggest punishment. He knew that it was hopeless for Nicole to get back together with Eric, so Clayton would not become Eric's opponent.

Clayton would not kill someone who had no deterrent effect on his life.

However, Eric did not seem to have an accurate understanding of his place.

Was Eric so miserable that he did not reflect on himself? Clayton chuckled lightly, raised his feet, and walked out.

When Clayton walked past the maid, he smiled and nodded to the maid gently. He was simply polite and harmless.

"wait."

Eric's cold and deep voice suddenly came from behind.

"That woman is already dead. Are you afraid that she will have something over you?"

Of course, Eric was just testing the waters as he had no proof.

Clayton sneered, turned his eyes slightly, and sighed.

"Mr. Ferguson, you really wish that I'll lose everything, huh?"

His tone was light, without the slightest agitation or nervousness.