The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1076

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Nicole raised her eyes in surprise. She then calmed down.

Nicole smirked and said, "Keith, you should know that a good dog doesn't get in people's way, right?"

Keith choked.

Nicole's words were so unforgiving. What else could he say?

The photos of Keith running naked were still in her hands, so she could hold them over his head for life.

However, Keith thought that it was for the sake of his good friend, so he could only stand there stiffly.

"Nicole, I don't mean anything else. I just want to remind you that Clayton is not a simple person.

Don't get duped."

Nicole looked at him steadily for a few seconds and suddenly laughed.

"Only an idiot won't know how to deceive someone, but I 'm willing to be duped, so what do you care?"

Keith's face changed a few times.

'He's just embarrassing himself.' Nicole thought.

Nicole was just about to leave when she saw a tall, cold figure behind Keith gradually approaching.

Her smile faded.

All night long, Eric had been politely exchanging pleasantries with others.

He was holding back his longing for her and did not go to her.

However, Eric still watched her from the corner of his eyes. Every smile and frown from Nicole just hooked away his attention.

Keith had already noticed how distracted Eric was, so Keith left before Eric and came to warn Nicole.

'What did I just hear? She's willing to be duped? I've waited for so long for Nicole to discover Clayton's true nature little by little so that she'll stay away from him. I've been trying not to get involved in these things so that Nicole won't think that I framed Clayton out of jealousy. But look what happened! 'Eric thought.

Eric felt as if he had fallen into an abyss. A strong coldness wrapped around him.

There was not a trace of warmth left.

He stood in front of Nicole. His gaze locked tightly on her face.

"After all this, you still want to be with him?"

His tone was cold, and only he could hear the sadness in his words.

Keith stood aside and felt a bit intolerant. Nicole met Eric's gaze frankly.

The moment she looked at his dark eyes, her heart unconsciously trembled.

Somehow, she felt some pain, but she immediately recovered her usual look.

Nicole curled her lips and said, "Yes, I believe in him."

She believed that Clayton, who walked out of the rumors, was more honest and trustworthy.

Suddenly, the raging emotions in Eric's eyes seemed like they could not be restrained. His Adam's apple bobbed, and his veins were bulging.

Nicole thought that he wanted to do something, but he did not.

His sunken eyes just stared at her, then he turned around and disappeared in the doorway.

Keith blinked and was a little surprised.

He hurriedly chased after Eric. 'Where did he go in the blink of an eye?'

Nicole steadied her mind and calmly walked out.

When she bypassed a translucent corridor and turned the corner, the familiar cold scent instantly invaded her.

He pulled her whole body backward and dragged her to the back of the landscape wall.

It was hidden and dark.

Nicole was stunned as she looked up at him. Her gaze gradually turned cold.

"Eric Ferguson, what are you doing?"

At this moment, Eric no longer repressed his emotions as before. He was devilish, domineering, and flamboyant.

Eric squeezed her waist with one hand and pressed her shoulder with the other so that she had no chance to resist.

His hawk-like eyes stared at her intently with love and anger intertwined in them, but more so, possessiveness.

"What am I doing? You can even fall for someone like Clayton, but why... Why didn't you give me a chance?"

Eric gritted his teeth and questioned her.

The force of Nicole's push and refusal did not make him budge.

She felt a slight pain in her chest.

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Eric's words were extremely humble and even a bit pitiful.

If Nicole heard these words two years ago, she would have been ecstatic, but now, it just sounded ridiculous.

She raised her eyes and looked at the man in front of her. Finally, she could confirm that she no longer had any feelings for him.

Then, she spoke in a clear and cold tone.

"That's because I don't want to regret wasting my feelings twice on the same man. That's just worthless."

Eric's pupils shrank fiercely. Even his heart twitched, which gave off a piercing pain.

His hard, cold face was slightly stagnant. The watch on his wrist reflected a cold glint.

In the next second, Eric lowered his head and ruthlessly rushed to kiss Nicole on the lips.

It was as if he no longer cared for who Nicole liked. Nicole must be his and she could only be his.

However, Nicole subconsciously tilted her head, so his kisses were dense and suffocating as they landed on the side of her face.

Nicole used all her strength to resist, but a man's strength was naturally dominant.

Even though Nicole had some martial arts skills, those were useless in front of Eric.

His aura was cold, hard, and strong. He was stern as he forcibly confined her under his body. He wanted her to remember him forever.

Nicole was furious and anxious. She did not expect Eric to be such a rogue here.

She felt bouts of chill all over her body. Suddenly, a strong wind passed by.

Eric let out a muffled grunt, and his body involuntarily fell to the side.

However, Eric let go of his hand in time to let Nicole stand on her own while he stumbled two steps back before he could stand firm.

His eyes were bloodshot when Eric raised his head.

When he saw the person standing in front of him, the sharpness in his eyes had a bloodthirsty intent.

Clayton stood there looking elegant but cold, with an extremely glum face.

His easy-going warmth and modesty faded away. When Clayton was silent, it meant that he was angry.

Clayton fearlessly swept a glance at Eric, then took off his suit jacket and gently draped it over Nicole's body.

He touched Nicole's face. "Are you alright?" His voice was restrained and gentle.

Nicole paused, lowered her eyes, and nodded. "I 'm fine."

Clayton 's eyes were deep, but his movements were gentle and light.

He looked to the side and glared at Eric with dark eyes. His face was tense and gloomy.

Eric just let out a cold snort of disdain.

Eric's red eyes were gloomy as he coldly mocked him.

"You can't sit still already? Nicole used to be married to me for three years. Isn't it normal for us to kiss?"

In an instant, the air seemed to be permeated with a piercing coldness.

Clayton did not hesitate in the slightest. He stepped forward and swung his fist at Eric's face.

He seemed to have held back for a long time and finally found an opportunity to vent his frustration.

Nicole's heart jumped for a moment.

Although Clayton looked a bit more refined than Eric, seeing the strength and speed of his moves, Clayton probably received formal training.

Every move was ruthless.

The two men did not intend to stop when they started fighting and wanted to beat each other to death like they had gone crazy.

Clayton and Eric punched each other, so much so that there were marks on their faces.

Nicole frowned and did not make a sound.

She was ready to go up and substitute Clayton, then continue to beat Eric to death. However, someone suddenly shouted. "Help! There's a fight here!"

The person who shouted was none other than Keith Ludwig.

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Keith ran over in a panic. "Stop! Stop fighting! Clayton Sloan, I'm warning you. If something happens to Eric, you'll be making an enemy of Ferguson Corporation. Can you afford it?"

Nicole's cold gaze shot over like an arrow. Her tone was harsh as she said, "Don't fight if you can't afford to lose! You even want to threaten people with money? That's what a parvenu would do!"

Keith pursed his lips. He did not expect Nicole to defend Clayton.

When Eric heard this, he used even more deadly force.

Their fighting situation was getting more dangerous, but neither one of them refused to let go of the other.

Eric had been reckless since he was young. After being in the military, he was even more fearless.

However, how could the gentlemanly Clayton fight so fiercely?

He was like a whole new person.

For a while, it was hard to tell who would win.

Gradually, more people gathered around to check it out.

Nicole coldly snorted and walked over. Her voice was cold.

"Stop!" She shouted.

Only then did the two entangled men gradually separate from each other, but neither would admit defeat.

Eric's face was glum. The corners of his mouth were oozing blood, and his face was also bruised.

Clayton's refined and gentle face was also bruised like Eric's, which made Clayton look colder and wilder.

Clayton walked over to her. Nicole looked at Clayton, went over, and took his arm. They then turned around and left.

Her choice was apparent.

Eric looked at Nicole's back and suddenly felt like his heart was empty.

"Nicole..." Eric could not help but shout.

Nicole stopped in her tracks and slowly turned back. The light rekindled in Eric's obscure eyes.

Nicole said, "Just for what you just did to me, you deserve to be beaten. Otherwise, I would've been the one to beat you up."

Her gaze was cold. She did not look at Eric again and turned around to leave.

Eric's black eyes completely plunged into darkness and gradually turned into a treacherous surface of the sea, calm but dangerous.

A wisp of wind could cause a huge wave.

Clayton's back was slightly heavy at first, but when she said that, Clayton suddenly felt doubly relieved.

Even after being beaten and his body hurt, Clayton did not feel it at all.

The onlookers could not help but feel shocked.

What the hell is going on here? Eric Ferguson actually fought with Clayton Sloan? Moreover,

Nicole went away with Clayton? Could it be that... '

This really made the onlookers speculate about what just happened.

In the car.

The driver was driving in front.

From time to time, the driver glanced at the two silent people in the back seat.

Clayton came back all wounded, but he surprisingly did not look the slightest bit angry.

Nicole just looked at Clayton with a heavy gaze and looked away right after.

Nicole said, "Hospital."
Both of them spoke at the same time.
Nicole frowned. "How could you go home like this? We're going to the hospital!"
Clayton laughed, which agitated his wound, so he winced.
Soon, Clayton gave her a placating look.
"It's not that big a deal. I 'll just go back and put on some ointment."
Nicole wrinkled her brow. "It's best to take a CT scan, lest there be any internal injuries."
Clayton said, "Okay, I'll listen to you."

The driver asked, "Mr. Sloan, where should we go?" Clayton said, "Home."

He could see that Nicole was not in a good mood, so he did not insist on his opinion.

The driver immediately turned around and went to the hospital that Nicole often went to.

When they arrived at the entrance, Clayton looked at the hospital in front of him and swept a glance at the driver. He then got out of the car without saying anything.

Clayton opened the car door for Nicole and helped her down because she was wearing high heels.

"Do you want to change a pair of shoes?"

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In fact, Clayton had been keeping a more comfortable pair of shoes for Nicole in the car.

Nicole immediately refused. "Of course not! How can other shoes match my outfit?"

Clayton pursed his lips and did not insist on it.

Girls had their persistence that could not be opposed. As soon as the two of them walked in, they felt a lot warmer.

Nicole relaxed and realized that Clayton's jacket was still draped on her.

He only wore a thin shirt, and he was the injured one.

Nicole was a little sad. Clayton looked at her sideways. "What's wrong?"

She reached out to take off her jacket, but Clayton hurriedly stopped her.

"Wear it. I just finished a fight, so my body still feels hot."

Nicole paused a little and did not continue to take off the jacket.

The nurse on duty welcomed her. "Ms. Stanton? May I ask where you are injured?"

This nurse had taken care of the injured Nicole not long ago, so she recognized Nicole right away.

Nicole smiled and pointed at Clayton.

"Please give him a full body checkup."

The nurse glanced at Clayton in shock. She did not expect the injured person to be this suave man.

"Sure, sure."

The nurse dared not delay another moment and immediately found a wheelchair for Clayton to sit in.

Clayton was speechless.

With Nicole's eye gesture, the abled man eventually sat on the wheelchair.

Clayton felt like others would think that he could not walk.

Two hours later.

Clayton came out surrounded by a large group of doctors.

Nicole went over to him nervously. The doctor maintained a decent smile.

"Mr. Sloan is very healthy. His internal organs are not damaged in any way. His tendons are a little damaged, and he has some bruises on the face.

There's no need to take medication. Just apply this ointment three times a day and he'll be fine in three days."

Nicole breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, it was only a superficial injury.

The doctors from various departments sent them away very patiently.

When they arrived at the apartment, Nicole sent Clayton upstairs for the first time and waved very reluctantly.

"Go on in. I'll leave when you get inside." Clayton stroked her forehead and felt a little lost.

He laughed in a low voice. "Why do I feel like you stole my line?"

Clayton should have said her words.

Nicole blinked. "Did I? You're injured, so of course, I need to take care of you. Go and rest!"

Clayton helplessly raised his head. His voice was deep and hoarse.

"Nicole, no matter when, I'll be the one to take care of you. Don't worry about me."

Clayton vaguely felt that Nicole's concern for him was a little excessive.

Nicole's breathing was tense, and the silence lasted for a long time.

She slowly raised her head. Her gaze was clear with light ripples as she looked at him. Her eyes felt a little sore.

"Clayton, I just feel... Feel sorry for you..." Her voice was low, but he could hear it.

His body trembled slightly, his breathing instantly became tense.

Nicole's reaction was unexpected.

"They knew it was fake, and you didn't defend yourself, so no one knows the truth. It's as if you were born a sinner, but you did nothing wrong, Clayton. How could they do this to you?"

By the end of it, her voice was almost inaudible.

However, Clayton heard it all, and the sound of her choking.

He suddenly felt suffocated. He could not control it and stepped forward to wrap her in his embrace.

Nicole suddenly hugged him tightly and gave him a response.

Her heart really ached for him. She was heartbroken that he could remain such a clean and gentle person who came out of the mud without a stain on him.

How wonderfull

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Clayton 's hand was extremely tight. His eyes blurred as he quietly spoke.

"It's okay, Nicole. I'm okay..."

Clayton grew up in infamy as an illegitimate son. Even in the Sloan family, Clayton was just a higher- ranking illegitimate son.

No one pitied him because they thought that this was the punishment he deserved as an illegitimate child.

Clayton came into this world and hated the world his vain mother, his irresponsible father, and his powerless self.

He envied his cheerful peers, who were bubbly, bright, positive, and ambitious. They were everything he was jealous of.

However, in the Sloan family, Clayton had to be silent.

Clayton did not have to use too much effort in pretending because being silent and gentle felt the same.

It was just that he had a cold-blooded indifference to everything.

Isaac's bullying and scheming were blatant, and Isaac's hostility toward Clayton was very aggressive.

When Clayton first showed his excellence in Sloan Corporation, he received a tragic blow.

Isaac also thought that he had trampled Clayton into the mud and stepped all over him.

Thus, Clayton decisively left the Sloan family. Clayton thought of every way to gain a foothold in Wall Street.

That was because he was a Sloan, and the Sloan family would gain a dignified person in name.

So, after Clayton made a name for himself, the Sloan family would not make a move on him easily.

Clayton had experienced the heaviest darkness, but he ignored them. He only wanted to see the light and warmth.

Fortunately, he saw Nicole.

Nicole sobbed for a while and later found that Clayton 's shirt was soaked through.

She stroked the wet spot with embarrassment.

"I won't let you get bullied like this again. Go inside."

Clayton 's eyebrows twitched slightly. His eyes dropped silently as he looked at Nicole's gentle brows.

He clearly knew that he was deeply in love with her and unable to extricate himself.

The night was permeating with coldness. Eric was next to the car.

He stood there without wearing a jacket. His sleeves were pulled up to his forearm, and he had lost one of the diamond cufflinks on his sleeve. The other one was crookedly hanging on his other sleeve.

His forearm muscles were well-defined. The air around him was cold.

His face was indifferent and sinister as he bit a cigarette. He reached one hand into the car to get a lighter. No matter how he tried to light up his cigarette, there was no flame coming out from the lighter.

Eric tried a few more times.

The annoyance on his face was cold and harsh as he threw the lighter back into the car.

There was a flick.

Next to him, a hand holding a steady flame reached over.

Eric looked at the hand and saw Quavon Sloan standing there with a smile, holding out his other hand in a gesture.

"Mr. Ferguson, please help yourself..."

Eric paused for two seconds. His face was menacing and sullen.

He lowered his head slightly. The weak flame lit up his deep features. His face was stern, and the corners of his eyes were slightly red. The bottom of his eyes was imperceptible. He seemed to be crying blood.

"Thanks, Chairman Sloan,"

Quavon smiled and took the lighter back. "You're welcome, Mr. Ferguson. Isaac told me that you're a righteous person and that you took care of him during his stay here. I should thank you on his behalf."

Eric snorted coldly and bit his cigarette. His tone was husky and cold. "He couldn't even save himself, so don't rush to thank others."

As soon as the words left Eric's mouth, Quavon's face changed a few times.

Isaac's disappearance was indeed humiliating.

Eric and Isaac did not have any cooperation consolidated between them, so naturally, Eric would not go to great lengths to inquire about Isaac's whereabouts.

However, the only one here who had the ability to find where Clayton hid Isaac was Eric.

Therefore, Quavon still kept a light smile on his face regardless of how upset he was.