

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1211

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Chapter 1211 Too Late to be Scared

There was a click. Isaac's arm was dislocated.

Isaac's face instantly paled and his eyes widened in shock.

"You b*tch! How dare you..."

Before Isaac could finish that sentence, Nicole slapped him.

She used all her strength.

The palm print on Isaac's face was extraordinarily obvious. His cheek was red and swollen with a streak of blood.

It was from Nicole's angular diamond ring. She quietly turned the diamond inward earlier.

Thus, when she slapped him, the bloodstain on Isaac's face suddenly appeared.

Isaac was stunned for a moment by that burning scratch.

Then, his body stiffened as anger instantly surged to his heart.

"How dare you hit me?!"

It was just a dislocated arm, so it did not scare him.

He was a fully grown man. Would he be afraid of a fragile woman?

Nicole crossed her arms, lowered her eyes, and curled her lips.

"You were the one who came up to my door. Even if I kill you today, no one will know."

With those words, Nicole took a step back, grabbed the silk scarf she casually threw on the sofa earlier, and twisted it into a rope.

At that moment, Isaac really froze in place.

Nicole did not have a normal woman's reaction after being threatened.

He paused and subconsciously took a step back, but he was blocked by the sofa behind him.

The next second, Nicole kicked him hard in the chest.

Isaac felt his entire body fly backward, and he hit the side of the cabinet fiercely.

Men were born with a natural advantage in strength, but he could not play out that advantage with her at that moment.

Suddenly, someone anxiously knocked on the door outside.

"Ms. Stanton! Are you in there?"

"Ms. Stanton, are you alright? Open the door!"

"Is there anyone inside?"

The urgent voices from outside made the two people inside the room pause slightly.

It looked like Clayton found reinforcements. Not only did he call Logan, but there were also other people a

s well.

However, Nicole had no intention of opening the door.

She took a few steps forward and stepped on Isaac's shoulder blade fiercely until she heard the sound of his shoulder blade shattering. Isaac could no longer hold back and screamed.

The people outside thought that something had happened to Nicole, so their shouting became even more frantic.

Nicole heard Logan's somewhat calm voice.

"Get the spare key and clear the upper and lower floors. Don't allow anyone to come near."

"Yes."

Someone hurriedly left.

Nicole smiled. Her gaze was devilish, pure, and bright.

The light inside the room was warm. The fireplace was still burning, and it was still snowing outside.

It was silent.

She just wanted to get rid of the person in front of her.

Nicole put her phone on silent, so naturally, she did not see the flashing caller ID on the screen.

The next second.

Nicole suddenly bent over and wrapped the silk scarf in her hand around his neck, slowly tightening it.

Isaac finally felt scared.

He could clearly feel that she did not just want to beat him up to relieve her anger.

She wanted to kill him!

Sure enough, it was too easy to secretly kill someone in Liberty. Who would be afraid of someone with a little background?

Isaac thought that he had a chance since Nicole came here.

However, his chance was also her chance.

“Isaac, isn’t it too late to be scared now?”

Nicole’s voice was ethereal and clear, with a regal coldness.

Isaac cowered. Nicole’s hands suddenly tightened, and she dragged him to the balcony.

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Chapter 1212 Brink of Death

Isaac was dragged along like a chicken. He did not have any strength to resist.

He suddenly felt that he would be incredibly lucky if he managed to survive tonight.

When Clayton imprisoned Isaac in the past, Clayton only wanted to grind Isaac’s dignity and step on him underfoot.

However, Nicole really wanted to kill him.

This woman was much more ruthless than Clayton!

Isaac's face turned blue as he started to struggle to breathe.

However, the woman had no intention to stop.

As soon as Nicole opened the balcony door, the cold wind from outside blew in.

The contrast between them was too obvious.

Isaac was still shirtless, and the cold wind instantly penetrated his bones.

The main door suddenly opened, and Logan rushed in with the others. They were instantly frozen in shock when they saw the scene.

Nicole kicked Isaac out of the balcony.

Isaac flew out like a piece of paper.

He fell, but not completely.

That was because the silk scarf was still hanging on the balcony railing, and the other end was tied around Isaac's neck.

The sharpness in Nicole's eyes at that moment seemed to pierce through the cold night.

Everyone fell silent.

Isaac's hoarse voice screamed in difficulty, which snapped everyone back to reality.

However, no one dared to help him.

Logan's face changed. He walked over and saw the cold Nicole tighten the cardigan on her body with an

expressionless face.

"President..."

Logan gulped, not knowing what to say.

Clayton was so anxious in Mediania that he wanted to fly over immediately. He called Logan and his own men, then gathered over a hundred or so bodyguards and friends in a short time.

They were there to protect Nicole.

They came as fast as they could and prepared to protect a weak woman.

However, the man dangling from the balcony railing was still struggling desperately, writhing in fear.

Isaac's body hung from the sixteenth floor. If the silk scarf tore, he would fall to his death.

If the silk scarf did not tear, he would be strangled to death.

Thinking about it, Nicole also gave him two choices.

Strangle to death or fall to death?

Those were Isaac's options.

Nicole looked down at Isaac and watched as his strength when struggling gradually weakened. He looked like he was dying.

She hooked her lips into a calm and composed smile.

"I'll send you home, Isaac."

Then, Isaac's consciousness gradually blurred. He did not have the strength to continue struggling.

Despair instantly engulfed him.

Seeing that Isaac had stopped struggling, Nicole finally snorted and looked at Logan.

"Fish him up."

Logan nodded and immediately beckoned to the other men, who came over and easily pulled Isaac back to the balcony.

However, Isaac was only breathing weakly. It was as if he was already dead.

"President, should we send him to the hospital?"

Nicole shot Logan a look, and Logan instantly understood that he said the wrong thing.

She wanted to kill Isaac, so why should he be sent to the hospital?

It was good enough that she did not stab him. Sending Isaac to the hospital was just unnecessary.

Logan lowered his head. Someone next to him squatted beside Isaac to check his breathing.

“He’s still breathing. What do you want to do, Ms. Stanton?”

Logan did not want Nicole to get involved in these things. If they got involved in a murder case in less than half a day after arriving here, the clean-up would be too much trouble.

However, Nicole did not care at all. She glanced over casually and spoke in a cold tone.

“Go find out where the Sloan family lives and toss him in front of his home. It doesn’t matter if he’s dead or alive.”

Logan nodded immediately.

“Understood.”

There was no need for Clayton’s people to intervene in this. Logan handled it with the people he brought along.

A large group of people left without a sound.

It was as if nothing had happened.

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Chapter 1213 Running Away

Logan had someone come up and re-clean Nicole’s room.

He was afraid that she was traumatized and suggested.

“President, why don’t I change your room to a different one? Or should we go to another hotel?”

Nicole curled her lips and stood up. “No, make do and sleep here. Go book a flight. We’re leaving first thing tomorrow morning.”

“Are we running?”

Logan subconsciously asked.

After he asked, he wanted to bite his tongue off.

His question was too direct.

Nicole laughed softly and did not get angry.

“Yes, of course, we have to run.”

After all, this was the Sloan family’s territory. If Isaac was dead and they found out that Nicole did it, it would be like throwing herself into the net.

The sooner she left, the better.

Logan breathed a sigh of relief. He also felt that it was better not to stay long in this place.

Then, he immediately booked a flight.

Nicole spoke with Sully and suggested going somewhere else with Naomi to shoot, and that she was willing to bear all costs.

For the sake of the final result, VJ Magazine naturally agreed, not to mention that Naomi originally had a problem with the shooting venue.

In the end, the shooting location was changed to Nicole’s private island.

He must be very worried.

Before she could call back, the phone lit up again.

Nicole immediately answered.

“Hello?”

“You finally picked up! Are you okay?! Where’s that bastard Isaac Sloan? Did the people I called reach your place?”

There was undisguised anxiousness in Clayton’s tone.

Nicole’s heart warmed. The harshness from her body seemed to disappear because of his few questions.

She laughed.

Clayton slowed down and pursed his lips.

“Wait there. I’ll fly over to you right away!”

Nicole was stunned. “No, you don’t have to come...”

“I’m worried about you being there.”

Clayton really could not wait any longer. He had to go now and see her as soon as possible.

Nicole heard the sound of a car engine starting, and a thought popped into her mind.

“You’re going to the airport now?!”

“Yes. There are no more flights at this time of night, so I’m taking a private jet. It’ll be here soon...”

Before Clayton could finish his sentence, Nicole interrupted him.

“Clayton, you really don’t have to. I’m going back at dawn.”

Clayton was stunned.

“What?”

“I originally planned to stay for a few days, but it’ll be troublesome to clean up if there’s a death involved, s

shooting. I won’t be joining the next trip.”

Clayton slowly exhaled a breath.

“Okay, I’ll go pick you up.”

Nicole agreed because there was no need to refuse that request.

Clayton did not pay the slightest attention to what Nicole meant by “there’s a death involved”.

It was insignificant.

Everything was fine as long as Nicole was safe.

Clayton did not hang up until he found other interesting things to say to her to make her feel better.

The people in Liberty had already called him a few times.

Clayton dialed back. "Did you all go back?"

Those men were his personal bodyguards he hired when he was in Liberty. They only obeyed his orders.

"No, Mr. Sloan. We're still nearby."

"Don't leave yet. Ms. Stanton will be leaving first thing in the morning. Wait till she gets on the plane safely before leaving."

"Understood." The bodyguard obliged.

"What happened tonight?"

Clayton rubbed his temples, wanting to know the final result.

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Chapter 1214 Tell on Her

The bodyguard paused and hesitated for a few seconds before answering Clayton's questions.

"When we pushed the door open, Isaac was hanging from the balcony and was about to die..."

They could not figure out why Clayton called so many of them to protect a woman who could easily strangle a man to death.

That woman's skills were obviously better than theirs.

Although Nicole did not look like she had much experience in actual combat, her moves were professionally trained.

It was more than enough to deal with a weakling like Isaac.

Clayton was stunned for a moment. He seemed to forget that Nicole was trained in fighting.

When Clayton saved her in front of that bar before, Nicole said that she did not need it.

He was overly concerned. It was no wonder Nicole told him not to worry. She knew that compared to her,

Isaac was just a little ant.

Clayton could not help but let out a low laugh.

“Then?”

What was the result?

Was Isaac dead?

The bodyguard said, “Ms. Stanton ordered for him to be sent to the Sloan family residence. He was still breathing when he was sent there, but I’m not sure about now. She did not let our people get involved.”

Clayton’s eyes sank. Nicole was probably afraid that the Sloan family would blame the matter on Clayton, so she did not let his people do it.

Clayton responded and hung up the phone without saying more.

If Nicole could think of him, Clayton felt that everything was worth it.

The car drove on the road in the dark.

Slow and firm.

Clayton went to the airport early and waited there to pick Nicole up.

Nicole slept very soundly. This matter did not affect her sleep at all.

In the morning, Nicole was woken up by Logan knocking on the door.

Logan hurriedly went to help her pack her belongings and rushed her to go wash up.

Nicole washed her face, not realizing the contrast.

Who was supposed to be the assistant?

“What’s the rush?”

Logan nodded. “I rented a bulletproof car, the kind that only the President can use. I’ve also booked a private plane. The Stanton family’s jet might not reach in time, but this road is very concealed, so no one will find out about our whereabouts.”

Nicole could not help but smile.

She leisurely went to the dining table and had a sumptuous breakfast.

"You're exaggerating. No matter how well-informed the Sloan family is, they won't instantly find out that Isaac got into trouble at my place."

Nicole estimated that it would take at least a whole day and night before they found out.

If she was lucky and Isaac died, the Sloan family would be in disarray, and it might take even longer.

"It's better to be safe than sorry. I already checked. The Sloan family's power is very extensive. It's better to be careful in any way we can!"

Nicole took a sip of milk and nodded.

In the blink of an eye, Logan had finished packing everything and came out with the suitcase.

"Let's go..."

"I haven't finished eating..."

"The plane is ready!" Logan said.

It looked like Logan did not plan to let Nicole eat her meal in peace.

Nicole shrugged. 'Fine, let's go then.'

"Did you ask whether Isaac died or not?"

Logan said, "There's been no news, but as soon as our people put him down, someone in their family noticed..."

Thus, odds were, with the strength of the Sloan family, Isaac's chances of surviving were greater.

Nicole lowered her eyes, and Logan could not tell if she was disappointed or happy.

Logan was afraid that Nicole would get another idea and hurriedly went over.

"President, your eldest brother already sent people over. If you don't go now, he'll come over and pick you up personally!"

Nicole froze and lifted her eyelids to look at Logan carelessly.

"You told Grant?"

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Chapter 1215 You Have to Hold On

Logan stood there sheepishly.

“Well... I’ve never encountered such a thing before, and I wouldn’t be able to hide it even if I wanted to. It was for your sake...”

Nicole choked, rolled her eyes at him, and picked up her phone before leaving. She did not worry about anything else, but Grant would definitely lecture her later. How annoying.

Logan sighed with relief and followed.

Early in the morning, in the Sloan family residence.

Quavon stood in the luxurious living room with a heavy and aged face.

After a night without sleep, Quavon looked haggard. He seemed to have visibly aged overnight.

Finally, the doctor came out of the room.

“Chairman Sloan.”

“How is it?”

The doctor paused. “The situation is very bad. Mr. Isaac showed signs of suffocation. Asphyxiation will affect the brain, but it’s not yet determined what after-effects he has. He’s still unconscious...”

As the doctor reported Isaac’s condition, Quavon’s face sank little by little.

“Get to the point!”

The doctor trembled and cleared his throat.

“It might cause him to become paralyzed waist-down or be bedridden. You should be prepared.”

Quavon seemed to lose his balance. He swayed and almost fell.

The people behind him went over in time to support Quavon.

“Chairman... You have to hold on!”

“Who was it?! Who dared to do this to my... My brother!”

The word “son” reached Quavon’s mouth, but when he saw the people in front of him, he choked and replaced it with “brother”.

The surrounding people did not notice anything. Quavon was usually very indulgent and loving to Isaac.

The butler ran out. “We currently don’t know who did this. We’re contacting everyone the Young Master saw before the accident. The surveillance footage also happened to stop working last night, so we still don’t know who sent him here...”

They were completely clueless.

At that time, Isaac’s upper body was bare, and his neck was bruised from strangulation. There were faint traces of suffocation. His face was an ashen gray, and there were also other bruises on his body. The bloody scar on his face was the most shocking.

How was this the usual frivolous Isaac?

Isaac was down to his last breath, which flipped the whole Sloan family upside down for the entire night.

The doctors told them countless times to be mentally prepared.

The status of the Sloan family in Liberty was extremely high.

They were well connected in both the political and business worlds.

Isaac usually acted in a high-profile manner and was very flamboyant. Although everyone was unable to put up with him, there had never been any dispute.

That was because he was a Sloan.

Everyone knew that Isaac was the heir to the Sloan family. It was Quavon who made Isaac his successor.

Otherwise, would Isaac, a mere younger brother, have a slice of the pie when Quavon already had a son and a grandson?

It was ridiculous.

Quavon’s face changed a few times.

His cloudy old eyes twitched as he stared at the doctor.

“You must save Isaac’s life no matter the cost. If I find out who did it, I’ll have him killed!”

The people stood there with trepidation, not daring to say a word.

Everything would be clear when Isaac woke up.

Early the next morning.

A luxurious Rolls Royce stopped at the entrance of the Capitol.

Mitchell looked at the time and spoke to the man in the back seat.

“It’s still early, so Ms. Stanton might still be sleeping. Do you want to eat something first?”

Eric checked Nicole’s schedule and postponed all his affairs today, wanting to follow her. Even if Nicole was angry or unhappy, Eric just wanted to be with her, just the two of them.

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There were dark circles under Eric’s eyes. He was busy until midnight last night to deal with today’s business.

“No need...”

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Chapter 1216 An Interesting Incident

Eric’s voice was deep and hoarse.

Eric rubbed his temples to wake himself up.

Mitchell did not speak again.

Ever since Eric met Nicole here, he had started to act strange.

An hour later.

Someone suddenly knocked on the car door.

Eric, who was resting with his eyes closed, jolted awake and looked at *Mitchell*.

Mitchell said, "It's *Walter Galloway*, the son of *President Galloway*. You met him several times at reception parties."

Eric would not remember the names of people with no reputations no matter how many times they met.

Many people wanted to get to know Eric, and there would always be people coming up to introduce

themselves to him during parties. Eric would just smile and brush them off.

Eric nodded. He was recently talking to *President Galloway* about a partnership, so it was best to be patient with his son.

Mitchell got out of the car and greeted *Young Master Galloway* with a smile.

"Mr. *Galloway*, what a coincidence. What are you doing here?"

Walter's gestures were that of a rich young man, frivolous and flamboyant.

"There was a party here last night, and I drank too much, so I ended up sleeping here. I didn't expect to see *Mr. Ferguson's* car. I thought I was mistaken..."

Mitchell politely opened the back car door for him.

Eric nodded faintly.

"Mr. *Galloway*, what a coincidence."

"It really is. Who are you waiting here for, *Mr. Ferguson*? I might know who he is..."

He was very enthusiastic. After all, his father had told him that *Eric Ferguson* was powerful and should be well served.

Eric's tone was very light. "A friend."

"A guy friend or a lady friend?"

Walter smiled meaningfully.

Seeing Eric's expression turning dull, *Mitchell* quickly spoke up from the side.

"She's an old acquaintance from *Mediania*, and she's not from *Liberty*. Thank you for your thoughtfulness, *Mr. Galloway*."

Walter hesitated for a moment before suddenly smiling. "Yes, then I might not be able to help."

After thinking about it, Walter suddenly raised his head and looked at Eric.

"But an interesting thing happened last night, also involving someone from Mediana. I heard that it was a very beautiful chick. She even used a hundred or so people to clear the three floors above and below her..."

Eric's face instantly turned stem, and his eyes darkened.

"What?"

Mitchell pursed his lips. He vaguely felt that the pretty chick Walter was talking about was most likely Nicole.

Otherwise, who else would have the ability to get a hundred or so people to clear the venue?

However, Nicole had never been that high-profile and flashy before, so why did she do that?

What happened last night?

Walter saw that Eric was interested and immediately told him what he knew.

"I couldn't find out the details. I just heard the men who were clearing the venue talking. I heard that President Sloan from Sloan Corporation took a liking to that chick and wanted to force himself on her."

Mitchell's hair instantly stood on end. He instantly looked at Eric.

Eric's face was dark and sullen. It was impossible to discern any emotion from his face. The more he was like this, the more dangerous it was.

Eric looked at Walter in front of him and spoke with a chill in his voice.

"Isaac Sloan?"

"Yes, yes, yes, that guy. What woman can he not get his hands on? A woman he takes a fancy to must be very beautiful. Unexpectedly, that woman was tough and managed to call so many people casually..." Mitchell hurriedly asked, "And then? Did Mr. Sloan succeed? What happened to that woman?"