

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1561

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Read Chapter 1561 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Nicole felt some fear and uneasiness for no reason.

The unknown destination and the people around her made Nicole feel uneasy. Her hand that was placed on her knee slowly clenched up.

Caleb, who had been closing his eyes on the side, had opened his eyes at some point.

He looked at Nicole sideways as if he wanted to chat with her.

"You know what?" Nicole looked at him.

Caleb said, "Eric Ferguson bought a flight ticket back tomorrow. This negotiation is over."

Nicole felt terrified at every word that came out of his mouth.

His gloomy face had a light and meaningful smile. He looked at Nicole as if she was going to die soon.

His gaze that was intolerant yet inquisitive made Nicole get goosebumps all over her body.

The expression on Nicole's face faintly stiffened.

His gaze froze for a moment.

Somehow, Nicole felt a kind of hopeless chill after Caleb said that. However, after the despair, she felt a kind of relaxation.

It was a relaxation that was free from the mental burden.

Nicole could not blame Eric.

If Eric had given up everything for her, she would not know how to return the favor.

Even though her current situation had to do with Eric, the rest just depended on God's will.

Nicole slowly sighed in relief. She curled the corners of her lips. Her eyes were still as she said, "That's too bad for you, Caleb. You've wasted your efforts for nothing."

Caleb's pupils shrank for a moment, seemingly a bit surprised by her reaction.

The atmosphere inside the car felt a bit strange.

It was hot and humid outside, but no windows were opened, and even the air conditioning was not turned on.

Nicole was really patient and uncomfortable as she coped with it.

Caleb let out a light laugh. His magnetic voice had a hint of playfulness.

"Ms. Stanton, are you not worried about yourself? With Mr. Ferguson gone, you'll be completely worthless."

Nicole's body stiffened. She asked him back, "Then Ms. Angie can't come back either. As far as I know, Mr. Ferguson isn't a businessman who will take a loss."

Caleb snorted lightly. His tone was dull as he said, "Indeed. I have seen Mr. Ferguson's power. He doesn't even want to take a slight loss, yet he said that he's worried about you. I think he's only saying it and doesn't really care about your survival."

Nicole looked out the window expressionlessly, with no desire to continue chatting.

She had a bad feeling in her heart. It was a feeling that made her panic for no reason.  
Nicole did not know what direction the car went in, but after 20 minutes or so, the car stopped.  
She opened her eyes to look outside. Her face changed slightly.  
Caleb was smiling sinisterly from behind. There was a gloomy playfulness under his miserably fair skin. His eyes were sunken and cruel.  
Nicole's chest constricted. She suddenly turned back to look at Caleb.  
Caleb expressionlessly pushed the door to get off, then gestured for her to also get out.  
Nicole wrinkled her brows when she saw a small bamboo building in front of her. It was much smaller than the previous one. It looked like a small house that ordinary people lived in and was dilapidated, but it looked quite sturdy.  
Caleb stood next to her and said, "Let's go. We'll stay the night here. Tomorrow, you'll know your fate."  
Nicole blinked. Her heart kept sinking.  
She always felt that the way he said it showed that she would not end well.  
Nicole took a deep breath and walked forward. She subconsciously swept a glance to the back.  
Caleb's woman also got out of the car. Many people followed behind while holding something.  
However, Nicole did not get to see it clearly before Caleb's woman dragged her inside.

Nicole knew that a person who travels in a luxury car would not live in such an ordinary place.  
There must be a reason that they brought her here. Nicole felt like she was in a dangerous situation.  
Caleb looked at Nicole and went into a room with his arm around his woman.

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1562

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One of the bodyguards followed Nicole from behind.  
"Ms. Stanton, go upstairs."

It was an unquestionable tone.  
Nicole pursed her lips. Of course, there was no room to retort.  
She did not want to clash with these bodyguards. Besides, she found that in the past few days, Caleb had added some medicine to her meals, which drained her energy even when she was awake.  
Nicole clenched her fists and went upstairs.  
The room upstairs was extremely small. It was so small that there was only a small single bed without any extra space to put anything else.  
As soon as Nicole went inside, the bodyguard locked the door from the outside.  
Nicole's heart trembled. She hurriedly went over to push the door.  
"What do you want?"  
"What's with the noise? You'll be released tomorrow. Sleep properly or I'll find

someone to sleep with you!"

That last sentence carried a bit of ridicule and threat.

Nicole behaved.

She did not dare to provoke that person. Nicole would know her outcome tomorrow.

She sat there apprehensively and was unable to sleep.

All around her was quiet.

She could only hear a few bodyguards downstairs whispering something. The exact content was inaudible.

At dawn.

The light pierced through the clouds. When it reached the room, it was only a faint ray of light.

That was because there was no window in this room.

Nicole's heart had just calmed down when she suddenly heard a rush of footsteps coming from downstairs.

Those people left and got into the car. Nicole heard the sound of the car engine roaring and felt anxious.

Nicole went over and pushed the door, but it would not budge. "Caleb! Caleb..."

She shouted loudly as she wondered what he was going to do.

Inexplicably, Nicole suddenly recalled what Caleb said yesterday about a fun game.

Nicole was already in the game, faster than she thought earlier.

Her screams were not heard.

Just as the cars were leaving one after another, she felt that she had been deliberately forgotten.

Suddenly, she heard the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs one step at a time.

It was heavy and slow.

Nicole quieted down and approached the door.

"What exactly are you going to do, Caleb? Even if Eric failed to negotiate with you, you can also talk to me. I can give you more than you think."

Nicole's body was tense all over. Her palms were unconsciously sweating.

She was expecting Caleb to think over it and state his price.

It would at least stall for some time for her.

The person outside the door snorted lightly. His voice was grim and husky.

"Ms. Stanton, I'm very reluctant to hurt you. Angie also said that she likes you, but..."

He hesitated for a few seconds before speaking coldly.

"You're just so unlucky. Eric's flight is at 10:00 am. It's now 9:30 am. He has half an hour to decide whether to save you or leave..."

Nicole's heart trembled fiercely.

"Why must he decide? I've already told you long ago that I have nothing to do with him!"

She gritted her teeth to say these words.

Nicole knew nothing about Eric's plan, nor did she want to know.

Why did she have to bear all the risk?

"I only liked him once, but that was a long time ago! I don't like him anymore!"

Nicole said with a hoarse voice. She was very sad. Her eyes felt sour as tears streamed down her face.

The emotions that she had suppressed these days suddenly burst out.

"What do you really want? Do you want to kill me? Then why don't you just do it quickly?! Caleb, are you sick in the head?"

The person outside the door was silent for a moment and suddenly laughed. The laugh was slightly cold.  
"Ms. Stanton is angry now. Mr. Ferguson, did you hear that?"  
There was a slight change in Caleb's tone. It stunned Nicole for a moment. Turns out that Caleb had been on a call with Eric this whole time. Nicole did not want to lose her mind, throw a tantrum, or curse. However, it was really unbearable to have her hope turn into disappointment and despair.

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1563

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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Caleb, who was outside the door, felt amused and knocked on the door.  
"Go on, Ms. Stanton, what else do you want to say to Mr. Ferguson?"  
Caleb put the phone on the floor, not knowing whether to speak to her or to Eric.  
"Mr. Ferguson, you only have half an hour to come here. If you don't come over, this place will be detonated, and Ms. Stanton will turn into ashes... "  
His voice was cold, hoarse, and a little out-of-control.  
The phone was on speaker mode, so Nicole could clearly hear Eric's voice. Nicole's tears kept flowing down her face. "Caleb, don't you dare touch her!"  
Eric's voice was also a bit manic and hysterical.  
Caleb laughed. "Mr. Ferguson, I'll give Angie to you since I don't want her anymore. Whether or not you can keep Ms. Stanton depends on your own ability."  
His voice made people feel despair.

Caleb knocked on the door and bid Nicole goodbye extremely politely.  
"Goodbye, Ms. Stanton."  
It was as if he expected her certain death. What a way to torture people. Even if Caleb did not believe that Eric did not love Nicole or that Eric would really get on the plane, from the time Eric planned to put up this act and push back the conditions, Caleb was already looking forward to this day.  
Didn't Eric say that he did not love Nicole? Then Eric could watch her die.  
Caleb was not a businessman who would bargain. He was a psychotic arms dealer and a terrorist who kills without blinking.  
Eric Ferguson was still too inexperienced to deal with Caleb.  
The sound of Caleb's departing footsteps was just as slow and light as when he came.  
Nicole's heart seemed to be immersed in the cold seawater as she quietly waited for time to pass.  
When Nicole touched her face, she felt some wetness.  
Thirty minutes.  
That was her final deadline.  
Eric's voice came through from the phone outside.  
"Nicole! Nicole, do you hear me? Where are you now? I'm coming over!"  
Eric spoke eagerly. He never felt so anxious before.  
He always seemed to have a good idea of what to expect and was sure of his victory.

Nicole blinked her eyes and laughed.  
That love at first sight on the streets of Europe back then really cost Nicole her life.  
Now, the person who was clinging to her and the last voice she heard was still his. It really felt a bit ridiculous.  
"Nicole, how are you? Where the hell are you?" He was anxious as hell.  
Nicole spoke calmly. Her voice was low. "Eric..."  
Eric immediately responded. "I'm here... I'm here, Nicole! Don't be afraid. I'll go over to save you immediately..."  
Nicole laughed. "Don't come. Forget it, just leave." She did not want him to be the last person she sees. It was better for him to leave.  
Eric was silent for a few seconds. His throat moved, and his voice was dry.  
"Nicole, I wasn't really going to leave you behind. I just wanted Caleb to think that you're not so important to me so that he won't torture you and won't make those unreasonable demands anymore His voice was pleading and remorseful. He had never felt so powerless.  
If Eric knew what Caleb was thinking, Eric would have agreed to all of Caleb's conditions at once.  
No matter the cost, Eric did not want to lose Nicole. However, in the end, he still put her in danger.  
Moreover, everyone including Nicole knew that Eric had abandoned her.  
Nicole listened to his words that were said with a trembling voice.  
Her expression was dull, and she wanted to cry, but she could not cry anymore.  
Nicole was silent for a moment. "Eric, did you tell Clayton what I asked you to convey earlier?"  
She suddenly asked him with some expectation in her heart.  
However, a few seconds later, Eric's voice was hoarse and dry as he said, "No."

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1564

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Eric closed his eyes.  
How could he convey that message?  
Eric just wanted Clayton to get lost and never appear again.  
Eric confidently went to save Nicole and tried to make her feel that he was the only person who could save her repeatedly.  
As a result, Eric began to regret this.  
He should have fulfilled all of Nicole's wishes.  
"Nicole, let's not talk about this. Where are you now? I'll go there immediately!"  
Eric did not hear Nicole's reply after a long time. His heart seemed to be pierced with dense needles that it felt so painful even breathing became difficult.  
The time passed by the minute.  
Eric could no longer resist urging her. "Nicole..."  
Nicole laughed. "Don't bother. Do you think that Caleb will tell me where I am?"  
Her laugh was a bit despairing.

Nicole did not know whether she hated Eric or not.  
She just never wanted to hear his voice again in her life and was extraordinarily

repulsed by it.

Thus, Nicole got up from the floor and walked to the bed to sit down.

She stared at the gap through the bamboo wall and thought that she had less than thirty minutes left.

Outside, Eric's voice went on nonstop. It was just that no matter what he said, Nicole did not respond anymore.

If this was the end of her life, Nicole would blame Eric because she was afraid that Clayton would beat himself up for losing her.

How sad would Clayton be?

After some time, the sound outside the door faded away.

Perhaps Eric had given up too.

Nicole blinked and felt that her eyes were sore. She wanted to cry but could not. She was not afraid at all.

Her eyes were just staring in one direction. She could feel the silence in the air as if she was isolated. She sat there alone. Her body was stiff, and even her own shallow breathing was clearly audible.

Suddenly, Nicole heard a shout that felt right next to her ears from a very distant direction.

She vaguely felt that she had misheard.

However, as she got closer to the wall, the sound became more obvious.

It was a voice coming from outside the building.

"Explosives detected in the building. Be on level one alert. No extraneous personnel are allowed to enter..."

The voice repeated and got clearer and louder. It came from outside and above.

It seemed to be coming from a drone looping an audio clip.

"Unrelated personnel must evacuate this building as soon as possible..."

Nicole had never felt her heart beating so fast.

She rapped the bamboo and wooden wall quickly and shouted hysterically.

"Help!"

Nicole almost wanted to cry. However, she still held back.

"Help! There's someone here!"

Her shouts drew the attention of the people downstairs.

"There's someone upstairs. Identify them and be safe..."

"Update! There are only three minutes left before the bomb detonates. Disperse the crowd immediately!"

All the voices gathered in one place suddenly quieted down.

Even Nicole's shouts for help stopped. Suddenly, Nicole heard a familiar voice.

Then, someone was shouting, "Don't let anyone in, the bomb will explode soon!"

A set of hurried footsteps came from downstairs.

The footsteps ran up the stairs, and the voice of the approaching person was hoarse and urgent.

"Nicole, I know you're in there! Which room are you in?"

Somehow, at this moment when Nicole heard this voice, her tears fell involuntarily.

It was completely uncontrollable.

That was Clayton. He was here.

Nicole stood up and tried to make a sound, but the people downstairs were constantly shouting, "Two minutes left! Get him out now!"

"But there are still hostages inside..."

"It's too late for that now. Get the man out or he'll die too!"

"Nicole, which room are you in?!"

Clayton shouted hysterically, with helplessness and despair in his voice. Suddenly, a phone rang outside the door.

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

## Boss Chapter 1565

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Nicole heard the phone ringing from inside the room, so Clayton naturally heard it from outside.

In a few seconds, the sound of footsteps had arrived at her door.

They were just one door apart.

Nicole's heart was beating extremely fast. "Nicole, is that you? Are you in there?"

Clayton rapped on the door, nervous as hell.

He hoped that he could hear her voice at this time. Eric's name flashed on the phone screen.

Eric was calling.

Clayton saw it clearly and was even more certain of his speculation.

The voice of the person downstairs was extremely loud. "One minute left!

Irrelevant personnel must evacuate immediately! The bomb is about to explode!"

Nicole could not help but shudder. "Clayton!

Her tears streamed down her face. She took a deep breath.

"Get out of here!"

Even if Clayton's arrival brought her infinite expectations, she would rather not have that hope now.

Nicole already felt very calm to be able to hear his voice.

She was not willing for them to die together. She wanted Clayton to live a good life.

Clayton heard her cry, and his body trembled.

His voice was also trembling as he said, "Don't be scared... Don't be scared, Nicole... I'm coming..."

Clayton slammed his body on the door with all his might, but the bamboo door just swayed and did not crash open.

After a few tries, Nicole was scared to death to hear it.

"It's too late..."

Nicole's palms were sweating. She took a deep breath. "Quick, you need to leave now!"

Clayton did not reply, but he did not give up either. The next second, he smashed the door with something, and the door burst open.

Nicole stood there, dumbfounded. She saw Clayton at the door, looking wretched, but he was so tall and handsome, like a Greek god that descended from the sky that stood between her and hell.

His face was pale and glum, but his gaze was extremely firm, dark, and heavy as if he could stuff her into his pocket with one glance.

"Twenty more seconds! The people inside won't have a chance if they don't come out now!"

The voice outside was extremely loud and penetrated the silence in the air.

Clayton shuddered, took a few steps forward, and pulled Nicole's hand to lead her out. When he stepped over that phone, the screen had shattered and gone dark.

“Ten seconds—”

Nicole’s heart sank hard. She looked at Clayton’s firm back and was indescribably sad.

She had dragged him down with her.

There was no way they could leave in ten seconds.

Clayton pulled Nicole to the window in the corridor and opened the window. The people outside were counting down the seconds, which felt like a death knell.

Nicole looked at Clayton nervously with reddened eyes. There was no pride or brightness on her pretty face.

Clayton hugged her waist. His warm and assuring scent enveloped her. He reached out and lifted her up. His deep voice rang in her ear. “Baby, close your eyes...”

“Three— Two— One—”

Nicole only felt her head spinning as her whole body was thrown outside by the strong shock wave.

Her resistance and strength seemed so minute compared to this explosive material.

Clayton was holding her tightly from the back. The moment they jumped down from the building, his hand cushioned her head.

The next second, her brain drowsily slipped into the darkness. The noise from the outside world gradually faded away.

It was already too late when Eric arrived.

Eric did not even know how he had survived the past forty minutes.

Caleb gave him half an hour. Eric thought that he could find Nicole, but by the time he turned around from the airport and got all his men to search for Nicole’s whereabouts, a full forty minutes had passed.

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1566

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Nicole was dead.

Eric felt that his heart was falling into an ice cave. It was so deadly cold that he could not feel anything.

It was as if something very important had been stripped away from his life.

Moreover, it was simply out of his control. He could only watch and feel the pain of this loss.

He did not witness the explosion, but seeing the ashes after the explosion made him feel as if he had been shot in the head.

At that moment, Eric could not hear or see anything. He wanted to die and would rather that he was dead.

The air was hot and humid, and the sun was scorching.

Eric stood there as if he had just come out of a pool. His whole body was wet and dripping with cold sweat.

The man next to Eric was his local subordinate. The subordinate cautiously looked at Eric when he saw that something was wrong.

“Mr. Ferguson, are you alright?”

Eric did not hear any sound. His expression was gloomy and terrifying.

The ashes in front of him and the air that still had the residual smell of smoke and charred wood felt like hell on earth.

The person who approached was frightened by Eric's gaze, but he still braced himself to ask Eric, "Mr. Ferguson, are you not feeling well? Do you want to go to the hospital? I'll inquire about the situation here immediately..."

Eric's pale lips were tightly pursed. His face was ashen and defeated as he pushed the man away and staggered over.

A lot of people gathered around to watch. Apparently, the strong explosion also affected several nearby homes. The surrounding people thought that it was an earthquake.

The local police also came over quickly. They saw the scene and sighed.

"The two people inside didn't get out, right?"

"It's such a big explosion. They're probably dead..." "That man is really stupid.

There was obviously no time to rush in to save the hostage. He's just looking for his own death..."

"Who knows? The higher-ups told us to handle this low-key, understand?"

Eric did not hear the rest of the words, but he heard a few keywords and ran over.

"What man? Who barged in?"

The police officer originally did not want to say more, but he could tell from Eric's expensive clothes that he was not someone he could offend.

"A handsome and svelte man suddenly came out of nowhere. He insisted on running in to die, and we couldn't stop him..."

Eric's face changed slightly.

The rest of the police officers echoed. "Yes, yes... He seems to be looking for someone and thinks that she's inside. What's her name again?"

"Nicole... Yes, it's Nicole..."

The light in Eric's eyes went out completely.

The glimmer of hope he originally had turned into despair.

The person who went to look for Nicole was not Eric, but Clayton.

Eric inexplicably thought of the last time he met Clayton at the airport.

In the end, Clayton won.

Eric closed his eyes and felt that he could not stand firm.

Eric should be the one to accompany Nicole in death. Why didn't he die?

Why didn't he immediately agree to those conditions when Caleb proposed them?

Why was he hesitating when he had the chance to save her?

Why did he not take this deal to heart, thinking that Nicole would still have the same luck she had before to escape unscathed?

The people around Eric were constantly asking about his condition, but Eric's heart was tense. His eyes suddenly flipped back as he collapsed.

It was dawn.

The air was moist and cold.

When Nicole opened her eyes, there was darkness all around her, but she could smell disinfectant. It felt familiar, but also strange.

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1567

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Nicole struggled to survey this room. It felt very familiar, but she just could not remember it.

Suddenly, she remembered.

When Nicole came back from that deserted island, she stayed in this hospital. Director Sven personally received her. Nicole's body was sore when she moved. Certain unforgettable things suddenly rushed into her mind.

That desperate moment, that failed cooperation, Caleb's gloomy smiling face, and Clayton's firm gaze...

In an instant, Nicole felt like she woke up from an elaborate dream, dripping with sweat.

She sat up violently. Her hand was still stuck with needles, but she tugged on it. It was very painful, but she did not care.

If it was not for Caleb drugging her, which made her weak, Nicole would probably think that it was all a dream.

That would have been great. Unfortunately, that was not the case.

The loud explosion from earlier made her heart tremble. Clayton protected her and blocked the danger of the blast for Nicole.

Nicole could not believe that she survived.

However, no one was in her room. Clayton was not here. For the first time, Nicole felt an unspeakable fear from the bottom of her heart.

Nicole pulled the needle out of her arm, got out of bed, and ran out of the ward with her bare feet.

The light outside the door was clear and cold. Nicole was immersed in the darkness and felt uncomfortable for a moment, so she stopped dead in her tracks.

Her head was dizzy, and she could barely stand.

Suddenly, a familiar figure appeared in front of her eyes and held her arm.

"Lil N..."

Hearing the familiar voice, Nicole opened her eyes and looked at Grant, who was in front of her.

Nicole had not seen him for only a few days, but she felt as if a very long time had passed.

Grant looked a lot more haggard as he looked at her with nervousness and concern in his eyes.

Nicole's eyes instantly reddened. "Big Brother..."

Grant carefully touched her head, wanting to say something to comfort her, but his throat felt astringent. He could not say it. There was silence all around.

Grant took a deep breath and suddenly pulled Nicole into his arms. His gentle voice carried an angry chill.

"Don't worry, Lil N... I'll avenge you..."

The suppressed grievance and bitterness in Nicole's heart gushed out.

During those days that Nicole was with Caleb, she did not suffer any inhuman abuse, but he had drugged her, which made Nicole feel powerless against any violence.

It felt like he was using the gentlest way to wear out her dignity.

Nicole was not even in a position to resist. She could only watch and act like she did not care.

However, those experiences that did not belong to her made her uncomfortable.

Nicole did not do anything wrong, and it was not even her fault.

She was innocent and was dragged into this mess because of Eric, so she felt aggrieved.

She almost died.

Nicole could not hold back her tears and cried out loud.

Grant stroked her head like a child and softly comforted her. He did not ask her anything and waited for her to slowly ease her emotions.

It was only when she heard a set of light footsteps that Nicole slowly stopped crying.

Aida carefully spoke in a soft voice, "Lil N, do you feel uncomfortable anywhere when you woke up?"

Nicole paused and shook her head. "Sorry to trouble you, Aida..."

Aida looked at Nicole with heartache and shook her head.

"We're family, so there's no such thing as trouble." Aida choked a little. In the next second, she looked away. When Aida saw Nicole's bare feet, she was a little dumbfounded.

Aida immediately ran in and came out with a pair of cotton slippers. She bent down and placed them in front of Nicole. "Put on your shoes. Don't catch a cold..."

Nicole saw this scene and felt her heart clench. Her tear glands became even more active.

Grant then noticed that Nicole did not wear shoes and wrinkled his brows. "Quick, put them on.

Forget it, I'll carry you back..."

He was just about to carry Nicole back to the room when Nicole took a step back. She hurriedly put on her shoes and asked, "Big Brother, where's Clayton? How is he?"

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1568

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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Nicole asked this question carefully and looked at Grant nervously and fearfully. Was Clayton still alive?

She was a little afraid to hear that answer as she feared that the answer was not something she wanted to hear.

Grant's face changed. He subconsciously glanced at Aida.

Aida also did not know what to say. She had a complicated expression.

Nicole's heart sank. "Tell me..."

She urged.

Grant pursed his lips. His tone was dull.

"He's not awake yet. The doctor said he was more seriously injured, and internal organs suffered a violent impact. Almost all his vital organs were damaged.

Surgery has been done, and he's still in the ICU for observation, but... There's not much hope for him to survive..."

After Grant said that, Nicole's legs went limp, and her knees slammed to the ground with a thud.

Grant was stunned and hurriedly picked her up.

Aida gave Grant a reproachful look and spoke in a gentle voice.

"Lil N, it's not that serious. The surgery was successful, and he's currently stable.

The doctor just said that he needs to be observed for a few days.

After a few days, he'll be out of danger."

Nicole looked at Aida and blinked her eyes as tears gushed out uncontrollably.

"I want to see him."

Grant frowned. "You haven't even recovered yet. The doctor said that there are too many drugs in your system. If you don't get a blood transfusion, it'll affect your body..."

Aida went over and tugged Grant's arm. She sighed and said, "Let Lil N go over and take a look.

Otherwise, how can she feel at ease?"

Grant listened to Aida.

He thought about it and nodded his head, then went over and picked Nicole up to put her on the wheelchair to the side.

Grant reached out and placed his hand on Nicole's head.

"Lil N, just one look and we'll come back, okay?" Nicole held back her emotions and did not answer.

Aida walked over. "Lil N, your health is also very important. Dad still doesn't know about what happened to you yet. If he sees you like this tomorrow, he'll be very sad."

Nicole blinked and pursed the corners of her lips. Then, she nodded her head.

Aida smiled and tightened the clothes on her body.

Grant sighed and pushed the wheelchair from behind, walking in the direction of the ICU.

Through the glass, Nicole saw that Clayton was lying quietly on the bed. Even his breathing was extremely weak. His face was pale and bloodless. He was asleep, but he looked too weak to resemble the Clayton that she saw before the explosion.

The faint curve on the machine next to him made him look so fragile.

Nicole's nose felt sore. She touched the glass as her heart trembled with pain.

After a while, Grant put his hands on her shoulders. His voice was light and deep. "Lil N, no matter what happens, you're still the baby of our family. We don't want you to be hurt in any way, and we don't want to see you upset and sad. We can accept that you like Clayton, and we're grateful that he saved you. But if an unfortunate outcome occurs, we also hope that you can be strong. I think that Clayton will have the same thoughts."

Grant did not downplay the situation like Aida and just told Nicole the truth.

Clayton was in critical condition. Even though Grant had gotten many top world-class doctors to come over for consultations in the shortest time possible, there was still very little hope.

Facing a body that was close to broken, even the most advanced medical technology seemed powerless.

The rest could only depend on God's will.

Grant finished what he wanted to say and gave Nicole plenty of space as he went to the other side to sit down.

After an unknown amount of time, Nicole's eyes moved slightly. She took a deep breath and looked sideways at Grant. "Big Brother, let's go..."

Her voice was hoarse, and she was no longer as emotional as she was at the beginning.

It was good to see Clayton here, alive.

Even if Clayton had to spend the rest of his life like this, Nicole also felt that she was very lucky. She would always be with him.

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1569

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Grant walked over and slowly pushed Nicole back to the ward.

Aida waited in Nicole's ward and smiled as she saw that Nicole was already in a much better mood.

"Do you want to eat something?" Nicole shook her head.

"Alright. I'll make some soup for you. You need to take good care of your body. Sleep for a while, and I'll have the nurse come over to give you a shot."

Aida went out after saying that.

Nicole took a deep breath. She refused to let Grant carry her and lay down on the bed by herself. She sighed and asked, "Big Brother, how did we get back?"

She thought that at best, she would wake up in a hospital in Southeast Asia.

It was simply unthinkable to end up back home.

Grant was stunned for a moment. He walked over, sat down, and said in a slightly lowered voice, "Our people have been following Eric and Clayton. If either of them found you, I'd be the first to find out.

So, after Clayton rescued you, our people immediately brought you back in secret."

Nicole paused and sensed the meaning of his words. "In secret?"

Grant nodded. Although he did not want to tell Nicole too much at this time,

Nicole was curious about it and asked on her own accord.

Not to mention, she would be more worried.

"Yes, if we make it a big deal, Caleb's people will find out that you're not dead, then it'll be more troublesome, and you'll still be in danger.

Fortunately, no one noticed the place where Clayton jumped with you, so after you both jumped out the window, you were secretly brought back by our people.

To some people, you're already dead."

Nicole took a while to digest what Grant said and wanted to ask further questions, but Grant reached out and covered her eyes.

"Alright, let's talk again when you wake up tomorrow. Now just get some rest."

Nicole pursed her lips and shut up.

"Okay, if there's anything going on with Clayton, be sure to tell me first."

Nicole could not be assured about his condition. Grant nodded. "Okay."

Director Sven quickly came over to put in the needle again. He looked much more tired.

Grant watched as Nicole closed her eyes and fell asleep before covering her with the blanket and walking out.

Outside the door.

Director Sven and Aida were talking about something. When they saw Grant coming out, both of them looked a little glum.

Grant struggled to brace himself. His mood was dull. "What's wrong?"

Aida did not know what to say and looked at Director Sven.

Director Sven sighed. "Several domestic and foreign experts just had a joint consultation. The results are very bad. I'm afraid that Mr. Sloan won't be able to last a few days..."

Aida said in a soft voice, "Lil N just woke up. If she found out about this, she'd be devastated. I don't even know how to talk to her about it. How should we break this to her tomorrow?"

Grant's face tightened, and his gaze darkened.

"Clayton risked his life for Lil N. He doesn't have any family members left to contact. Uncle Sven, no matter what, you must try your best to keep Clayton alive. Otherwise, not to mention Lil N, our Stanton family will also feel guilty for life."

Director Sven was silent for a long time. His voice was extremely low.

"In fact, if he can survive tonight, his situation might be salvageable. I've contacted my professor. He's a famous Swiss cardiologist that is very experienced with crushed organ conditions caused by violent impact. But his plane will only arrive tomorrow..."

Everyone fell silent as soon as Director Sven finished his words.

Aida looked at Grant, whose face was calm. Grant's voice was extremely faint.

"Thank you, Uncle Sven. Please do your best to keep Clayton alive until the cardiologist arrives, regardless of the method you use."

Director Sven nodded his head. This was the only way.

No one in the Stanton family had given up on Clayton, which meant they could not just announce that Clayton's case was hopeless.

This was also the reason why they did not choose another hospital and stayed here.

Director Sven sighed and was about to say something when he was called away by a nurse's urgent voice.

"The ICU patient is in cardiac arrest!"

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1570

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Grant's expression visibly turned tense.

Grant hurriedly went after them and watched as they pushed Clayton back into the operating room.

Aida also stood on the side. Her tone was low as she said, "Don't worry, Mr. Sloan will hold on for the sake of Lil N."

Grant gritted his teeth and panicked for the first time. He touched his face and sighed.

"If he dies, I'm afraid Lil N won't be able to get past it."

Aida smiled. "No, Lil N still has you guys..." Grant looked at Aida. His tone softened.

"You haven't rested for a whole day. You should go back and sleep. I'll keep watch here. We still have a busy day tomorrow..."

Aida smiled and shook her head. "I'm not tired. By the way, Kai couldn't contact Lil N and probably noticed that something went wrong. He's coming back tomorrow, so it'll be impossible to hide it then. Even Dad will find out about this. Have you thought of how to explain it to them?"

Grant was silent and did not make a sound. He clearly did not think about this. His biggest worry was if Nicole could come back safely. Grant hated Eric for getting Nicole involved in this mess and for almost getting Nicole killed. He was not so magnanimous and sensible to forgive Eric because he had heard about Caleb's dealings with Eric. Eric, who prided himself on his true feelings for Nicole, had made it impossible for Nicole to return home and almost died in Southeast Asia. If Grant had a gun in his hand, he would have shot Eric to death. Why did Eric need to pretend to love Nicole so much if he could not even rescue her in her time of need? Compared to interests, feelings were not worth mentioning. Grant just pitied Nicole, who risked her life and offered her blood for Eric. However, Eric only hurt her deeply. When it came to Eric, he hesitated, wavered, and bargained. Eric's profit-oriented businessman attitude was extremely repulsive. If Eric dares to appear in front of Nicole again, Grant swore that he would beat him to death. Looking at Grant's tense and glum face, Aida knew what he was thinking and pursed her lips. "How about this? I'll go back and get you and Lil N some clothes. In the meantime, I can pre-empt Dad about it so that he won't get too angry tomorrow... Maybe everything will be fine by tomorrow." Grant moved his lips. His mind was a mess, and he was not in the mood to think about anything else. He nodded. "Get the driver to drop you off. Take care." Aida smiled and gently went up to hug Grant. At that moment, Grant's body stiffened for a moment before he relaxed. The two of them hugged each other quietly for a while. After feeling that Grant had come out of that dejected and gloomy mood, Aida let go of him. "I'm leaving then. Call me if something happens." Grant nodded and watched Aida leave with a smile. Nicole slept soundly. The medication was drowsy, so Nicole was clueless about last night's peril.

On the contrary, Grant was nervous and sat outside in the corridor. His nerves were on edge. Grant initially did not have a good feeling about Clayton and thought that Clayton was just a businessman who was more composed than Eric. Grant was also a businessman, so he knew that to get to their position in this business, they would have to go through muddy waters. He did not let Nicole get involved in the shady deals, nor did Grant want Nicole to find someone who was involved in it. Grant thought that Nicole was only with Clayton for the momentary happiness and that they would naturally break up after she was tired of him. Thus, deliberately opposing their relationships would be counterproductive. He knew that the calmer a relationship seemed, the more problems and the more fragile it was. It was only a matter of time before they split up. Grant did not expect that they would have such a deep love underneath their seemingly calm and uneventful surface. He also did not expect Clayton to go to Southeast Asia.

Even more so, Grant did not expect that Clayton would use all his business networks in Southeast Asia to secretly retaliate against Caleb and look for Nicole's whereabouts.