

# THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS

## Chapter 2101

Avenge Her

The sky was darkening. No one knew when the feud between Eric and Clayton started.

Occasionally when they met each other outside, Clayton would take the initiative to say hello to Eric.

However, Clayton's attitude was nonchalant.

Every word that Clayton said could easily rile up Eric, but that made Clayton very happy.

Eric always coveted Nicole but was unwilling to do anything about it.

The real progression of the relationship between them was on the day that Chance found out that Angie was dead.

Several months had passed.

Angie died on her way back to Southeast Asia.

The cause of her death was related to the two teenage girls who were also among the stowaways at the border.

However, because of the limited space in the car, Angie gritted her teeth and stabbed the two girls with a knife, throwing them out before they were about to be discovered.

Due to this incident, everyone targeted Angie.

It was not because Angie was cruel.

It was more so because the people there were more worried about their own safety.

Before Eric's subordinate did anything, Angie was secretly stabbed to death one night.

The person who killed her was the father of the two girls Angie murdered. He was also among the stowaways.

Naturally, Clayton's subordinates did not need to do anything either.

Their men returned empty-handed, but they all felt relieved. It was particularly enjoyable to have something solved without getting one's hands dirty.

Mitchell kept telling Chance that Angie had returned to Southeast Asia.

With the help of a psychiatrist, Chance also gradually came out of the previous incident.

However, he still could not speak.

The cry that day seemed like a dream.

Mitchell finally coaxed Chance to go back to school.

As always, Chance was obedient and quiet.

All the teachers took special care of him.

Levi was the happiest to see Chance.

Somehow, Levi had a natural sense of duty to protect Chance. It was probably because Chance was different from Chatty.

Chatty was not meek, nor did she listen to Levi.

Instead, she would even fight back sometimes.

Chance was different. He would think that whatever Levi said made sense.

Thus, Levi became Chance's protector in school.

In school, Chance was still happily playing games with Levi when someone called him out.

"Chance, your aunt said she needs to tell you something." Chance blinked.

Before he could react, a strange yet familiar-looking woman had already appeared in front of him.

"Thank you, teacher. My brother asked me to take him home ask for a few days off. My mother is very sick and doesn't have many days left. She's in the hospital and wants to see her grandson."

"Okay, Ms. Ferguson."

How could they not recognize Ingrid? The young lady of the Ferguson family had an infamous reputation.

Ingrid dragged Chance out and left.

Chance had no chance to resist at all.

After getting into the car, Ingrid glanced at him leisurely and laughed sarcastically.

"I see you've had a good life. You've gotten fatter since the time you were in Southeast Asia. It seems that my brother still cares about you!"

Chance could not speak and just kept staring at her. He tried to find a pen and paper but realized that he did not bring them with him.

They did not prepare a pen and paper for him in the car either.

Ingrid put on her lipstick in front of the mirror and sighed.

"Well, you're his son after all. How can he not care about you? He likes Nicole, but that doesn't stop him from loving you. His love for you also doesn't stop him from killing your mommy."

After Ingrid finished her sentence, Chance's expression changed dramatically. His shocked face turned pale in an instant as he stared at Ingrid wide-eyed.

Ingrid glanced at him.

"Why? You still don't know that your mommy is dead? Your daddy, my brother, killed your mommy. It's been a while since he wanted to kill her, and he finally found an opportunity. By the way, do you know how I found out? Your daddy has a villa in Imperial Gardens. The maid in Imperial Gardens told me this. If you don't believe me, you can ask her. By the way, it was Clayton's idea. They were all in on it. Chance, you have to avenge your mother!"

Ingrid looked at Chance's innocent and shocked eyes with a sinister smile. She wanted to contaminate those pure eyes.

Thinking of Tyler's death, Ingrid felt her heart ache.

The smile on her face was bitter and gradually became distorted.

Even her eyes turned ruthless.

Chance's body was stiff and dumbstruck. He seemed to revert to his original self before he saw a psychiatrist. He was overwhelmed by an indescribable sadness.

Chance did not like Angie in the past, but she was still his mommy. He also often remembered the moments that Angie was nice to him in the past.

Uncle Tyler said that Mommy was just sick.

That was why she beat him and scolded him.

Everything was exposed.

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**THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS**

## Chapter 2102

She's Dead

Soon, the elevator arrived at Eric's office floor.

Chance left the elevator and happened to see Mitchell coming toward him.

Mitchell frowned slightly and was surprised to see Chance here.

"Young Master, why did you come here?"

Chance did not know what to say and did not want to explain himself. He just kept walking in.

Mitchell frowned and stopped him.

"Young Master, are you here to look for your father? He's not in the office right now. If you want to look for him, you'll have to wait because he's in a meeting in the conference room." Chance raised his eyes to glance at Mitchell.

After a moment of silence, he changed his direction and went straight to the conference room.

Mitchell looked at Chance's back and felt that something was wrong.

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Mitchell wanted to catch up to Chance, but he suddenly remembered something and took out his phone.

"Teacher, how did Chance come out of school on his own? What aunt? Chance's aunt?"

Mitchell hung up the phone. His expression changed dramatically.

At that moment, Chance had already pushed the door of the conference room open and walked in. The mood in the meeting room was solemn.

The executives were presenting their quarterly reports, so everyone was very serious and silent.

The door was suddenly pushed open.

Chance walked in stiffly. His fair and tender face was ashen, and there was no light in his eyes. He walked toward Eric.

Eric sat at the head of the table with a slight frown.

When he did not speak, he was exuding a strong chill like a glacier that could never be melted.

Seeing that Chance walked in unhindered, Eric instantly looked glum.

The next second, before anyone could speak, Eric rebuked coldly.

"Mitchell, does everyone outside want to lose their jobs?" Mitchell hurried in and happened to hear this.

His heart trembled immediately.

Mitchell walked in.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ferguson. I'll take the young master to the lounge now."

As he said that, Mitchell wanted to hold Chance's hand, but Chance flung Mitchell's hand away.

Such a small body suddenly exerted such a great force.

Mitchell did not expect it.

Chance stepped forward with red-rimmed eyes stood in front of Eric. He looked increasingly stubborn and resentful.

Eric frowned and looked at the rude and out-of-character Chance. He tried hard to suppress his dissatisfaction. He looked down with deep and indifferent eyes and met Chance's gaze.

"What do you want to do? Tell me." Eric was concise. His voice was very restrained.

Chance opened his mouth but could not make a sound.

Chance felt anxious.

The people around them were silent and dared not to make a sound.

Everyone looked at Chance pitifully and sympathetically.

Some people were also waiting to see Chance's gaffe.

Chance opened his mouth several times but was unable to make a sound. He saw a pen and paper on the table and wanted to get it.

Unfortunately, he was not tall enough to reach it.

Chance jumped up but still could not reach it.

All this while, Eric, who was sitting there, just looked at Chance coldly without the intention to help him.

The man sitting on Eric's left side subconsciously wanted to help Chance, but Eric glanced at him, and he dared not move again.

Everyone secretly understood the meaning of this.

Whether or not Chance was Eric's son, it was unlikely that he would become the successor of Ferguson Corporation.

Initially, they thought Chance could be Eric's successor because of Mitchell's attentiveness to him.

Even Eric's confidant, Mitchell, was so attentive to Chance.

Thus, everyone started to make their own plans.

However, it seemed that Chance might not be Eric's successor.

Chance was really anxious. His face was red with anger.

Mitchell tentatively went over to get a pen and paper.

However, in the next second, Eric stood up abruptly.

Eric buttoned his suit jacket and walked out.

"This meeting will be postponed for half an hour. You guys should stay and think about the feasibility of the plan. Let Mr. Collins come over from the waiting room."

Eric did not want to waste time on a child.

Since the meeting could not go on for the time being, he would proceed to the next agenda.

Initially, Eric did not want to meet Mr. Collins, who was in the waiting room.

However, Eric would rather meet with Mr. Collins than talk to Chance.

From the beginning, Eric felt that Chance looked not only like him, but also like Angie.

That woman was dead, but her son was still in his life.

Eric could only have peace of mind when Chance was out of sight.

Just as Eric was about to leave the office.

The child behind him suddenly let out a low, hoarse roar with all his strength.

"She's dead, right?"

Chance almost exhausted all his strength. His face was flushed and agitated.

He said those words so clearly in a childish tone of voice, but the gravity of his words was not to be taken lightly.

There was silence in the conference room.

Mitchell was stunned and found it strange.

Eric also stopped in his tracks. He turned around slowly and looked at Chance with piercing eyes.

Eric's face was glum and stiff.

Chance put his hand in his pocket, which contained a small pocket pistol.

The pocket pistol was just the right size for his hand and fit perfectly.

At this time, Chance wanted to hold it up, point it at Eric, and ask Eric to tell him the truth about everything.

Chance wanted to know if Eric was lying to him.

Just when Chance felt for the weapon, Eric, who had already reached the door, suddenly turned back.

Eric sat back to his original position and glanced at everyone with an intimidating gaze.

"Meeting adjourned."

No one dared to stay in the conference room any longer.

They did not even have time to pack their things from the table and walked out one after another.

Who would dare to listen in to the Ferguson family's private affairs? Although everyone was very curious about who was actually dead, they were not eligible to listen in.

Eric waited until everyone was gone before he slowly turned his gaze to Chance's face again.

Chance was fighting back his tears and emotions.

Unfortunately, Chance was too young.

Eric felt amused when he looked at such a childish face.

However, when Eric saw Chance trying hard to adjust his breathing to talk to him, Eric stopped himself from mocking Chance.

It was not that Eric could not understand a child's self-esteem. It was just that Eric did not think that what he did just now was humiliating to Chance.

Chance was less than five years old, but he mustered the courage to break through his speech disability.

At that moment, Eric was willing to view Chance as an equal.

Mitchell closed the door from the inside and walked back.

Before they could speak, Mitchell went over and patted Chance on the shoulder.

"Young Master, did you meet your aunt just now? Did she tell you something? Don't believe what she told you."

After Mitchell finished speaking, Chance slapped Mitchell's hand away.

Chance gave Mitchell a deep look.

There seemed to be a bit of disappointment in his eyes.

Chance clearly trusted Mitchell so much, more than he trusted his father, but Mitchell still colluded with his father and lied to him.

Mitchell was stunned by Chance's glare.

In the next second, Eric waved his hand.

"Don't bother. Just say what you want."

Eric looked Chance straight in the eye.

At this time, Chance looked more mature than his age.

"Who were you referring to just now?"

Chance gritted his teeth and replied, "My mommy, your wife — Angie."

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### Chapter 2103

Heard It All

Eric chuckled lightly. His face looked cold.

"She's your mother, but she's not my wife. She and I are archenemies, so how could I marry her?"

Chance looked a little dazed, but he quickly calmed down.

"Is she dead? Auntie said you got her killed!"

His tiny body was filled with anger.

Eric looked at him with deep and pitch -black eyes.

"She sought her own death. I didn't need to do anything. I haven't settled the score with you yet. You knew that she disguised as Yasmin to stay close to me, right?"

Chance pursed his lips. He looked stubborn and guilty.

"Yes, Mommy said she wanted to live with us."

Eric laughed lightly, mocking his whims.

Mitchell sighed from the side.

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Sure enough, a child was easily deceived.

Eric's attitude toward his son was so cold.

Did Chance and Angie not get his point? There was a chill in his eyes.

Staring at Chance's little face, Eric said in a cold voice, "So, you two directed your own show when you were sick and hospitalized?"

Chance was a little flustered. He did not expect Eric to suddenly change the topic and settle an old account with him.

These accounts were also Chance's nightmare.

That was because they were Angie's trick to attract Eric's attention. It was also an excuse for Angie to scold Chance for being incompetent.

For a while, Chance looked embarrassed.

Chance's feelings for Angie were pure yet complicated. He was afraid of Angie because she always abused him, but he also loved her because she was his mother. So, he could forgive her.

If Angie did not like him, he wanted her to go far away and not come back to him, but he hoped that she would be fine. It was better than hearing about her death.

That feeling was a bolt from the blue.

Eric saw that Chance was silent and sneered.

Eric's indifferent attitude showed a bit of impatience.

"Don't think you can point fingers at me just because you're my son. Whether you understand me or not, you'd better keep in mind that I've treated you and your mother well enough. You also don't have the right to accuse me. I exercised a lot of restraint when I didn't applaud her death. The reason why I didn't tell you was not that I was afraid you'd find out. You should know that

she should've been dead long ago. She doesn't deserve to leave her name in the world because of what she's done. Now that you're aware of this, you can honor her leave my protection for all I care. You can also continue to stay here and not worry about your livelihood. I won't force you to leave or stay, and I don't have any expectations for you. That's because I don't owe you anything."

Eric's words were extremely apathetic. He did not know if Chance understood what he said.

Chance's little face went from an angry red to miserably pale.

Tears welled up in Chance's eyes, and his tender face looked shocked.

Mitchell sighed and watched the confrontation between the father and son.

Eric was too cruel to a child.

However, if Mitchell looked from Eric's point of view, what Eric did was not wrong.

These two became father and son over some twisted fate.

There was a moment of silence.

The temperature in the conference room dropped gradually.

Chance was trembling all over. He seemed to be on the verge of collapsing because he looked confused and dismal. He was more shocked and helpless.

At this time, Angie's death no longer seemed so important to him.

That was because the weight of Eric's words seemed to be the last straw that broke him. It turned out that his father did not love him.

Eric never expected anything from Chance.

That was why Eric never showed his concern even though Chance had a speech disability or when Chance was injured.

What Eric felt was a sense of duty out of his conscience.

Mitchell pursed his lips.

He could not help it anymore and gently persuaded Chance.

"Young Master, your aunt hates your father, so she wants to create a rift between you two. If you stay by Mr. Ferguson's side, you'll naturally get the best of everything. Don't overthink this. It's great that you can speak now. I'll contact your doctor and let him check on you."

Mitchell wanted to put this matter in the past.

Just as Chance turned his trembling body around, he suddenly bumped into the chair next to him.

"Bang! "

The sound was not very loud.

In the next second, Chance staggered and fell to the ground. He fainted.

Mitchell walked over in shock, and Eric's pupils tightened.

The two men looked at each other.

Mitchell went over and picked Chance up.

"Young Master! Young Master, what's wrong?"

Chance did not move, and his eyes rolled back.

Eric looked stern as he said coldly, "Bring him to the hospital."

"Yes, sir."

Mitchell took two steps out when the weapon in Chance's pocket fell to the ground.

Mitchell subconsciously looked back.

Eric saw it too. He lowered his head and picked it up.

Mitchell's expression changed dramatically.

Of course, he knew what that was.

"Mr. Ferguson, the people around the young master don't have a chance to come into contact with guns. The young master was brought out of school by Ms. Ferguson earlier, so she must've given him this."

Eric's eyes darkened.

There was a bit of gloom in his eyes. Eric raised his head and looked out the window.

"She must be still nearby. Get someone to find her and bring her here."

There was a chill in Eric's voice that could not be suppressed. It made people shudder.

Mitchell nodded solemnly.

"Yes, sir."

This time, Ingrid really hit a brick wall. She actually tried to instigate Chance to kill Eric.

Ingrid really did not give up.

Eric's death would only bring disaster to her.

Mitchell went out with Chance in his arms, got into the car, and immediately called the bodyguards nearby.

At the entrance of Ferguson Corporation, everyone looked worried.

For some reason, Mitchell rushed into the car, carrying someone in his arms.

After a while, another ambulance came.

The ambulance stopped for a moment and left shortly after.

Ingrid watched from a distance and slowly curled her lips to show a satisfied smile.

Although Ingrid did not know why Chance was injured, it would be great if Eric died.

Even the paramedics could not save Eric in time.

It would be best: that Chance and Eric were both dead.

Why should she be the only one suffering? Ingrid thought about it and took out her phone. She slowly dialed a number.

After a long time, the other party picked up.

Ingrid changed her tone to one that was filled with grief and sorrow.

"Mom, do you want to come back with Dad to preside over Eric's funeral? My brother is dead..." Quinn was shocked over the phone.

"What did you say?" Quinn could hardly believe Ingrid's words.

Ingrid repeated what she said.

"Mom, hurry back with Dad. Ferguson Corporation and my brother's assets can't fall into the hands of outsiders. It's time for me to carry the burden for our family."

Ingrid hung up the phone with an unconcealed smile on her face.

The corners of her mouth were turned up.

Just as Ingrid was about to leave, her eyes flickered. She suddenly saw someone on the second floor of the cafe.

That person also saw Ingrid.

Ingrid's expression changed.

"Nicole?" Did Nicole hear everything just now?

## THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS

### Chapter 2104

#### Imminent Disaster

Ingrid felt a chill in her heart. However, today was different from the past.

Ingrid no longer had to be afraid of Eric's obstruction or bear the burden of being humiliated over and over again.

Ingrid thought, 'If it were not for this damned Nicole, I wouldn't have ended up like this! Eric was seduced by this vixen. That's why he was so cruel to me!'

All of Ingrid's hatred usually stemmed from Eric and Nicole.

To her, these two people deserved to die.

Just as Ingrid was about to walk up to Nicole to settle the score with her, she suddenly stopped in her footsteps when she saw the man opposite Nicole.

Clayton was actually there.

The warning and coldness in Clayton's eyes made Ingrid shy away.

Ingrid dared not provoke him because she was clear who Tyler really lost to.

Eric only delivered the final blow, but Clayton was the one behind it all.

Ingrid settled her mind, turned around as if nothing had happened, and walked toward the door calmly. She had ample time to deal with Nicole.

When she pushed the door open, a few strangers immediately blocked the door and looked at her intensely.

"Ms. Ferguson, please come with us." Ingrid's expression changed.

"You know who I am, yet you still dare to touch me? Who asked you to come here?"

"Mr. Ferguson's orders. Please come with us." Ingrid was slightly startled: "My brother? Isn't my brother...Injured?"

The bodyguards looked at her expressionlessly and waited for her solemnly.

"Ms. Ferguson, please."

Ingrid panicked for a moment and immediately calmed down. If Eric was alright, why did another ambulance come? This must have been Eric's orders before he died.

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Thinking about it, Ingrid took a deep breath.

A smug look flashed in her eyes.

She thought, 'Forget it. I'll just go and have a look. Maybe I'll be able to see the tragic situation before his death!'

Ingrid followed them out with her head held high.

On the second floor of the cafe, Nicole watched Ingrid leave in puzzlement. Her expression was indescribable.

Nicole looked at Clayton, but he was calm. He had nothing to say.

Nicole could not help but complain about what she saw earlier.

"What did she do? Why do I have a feeling that an imminent disaster is heading her way, but she seems happy about it?"

Clayton glanced at Nicole said with a smile, "Didn't we hear her conversation earlier? I guess something happened to Mr. Ferguson..."

Nicole chuckled.

"How is it possible? There's no way Eric could be killed by his idiot sister. He's not a fool!"

Clayton raised his eyebrows.

"Since that's the case, there's nothing to worry about. Anyway, his sister is unlucky. This is their family affair, so let's not worry about it."

Clayton tentatively held Nicole's hand.

Nicole could not help but laugh.

"I'm not worried! I'm just curious. Ingrid has always been courting death. I don't know what she did this time."

To be honest, Nicole was really curious.

However, she would never take the initiative to inquire about it.

Clayton smiled and said, "It's easy to figure out what went on. Get Levi to ask Chance about it next time, then you'll know everything."

Nicole's eyes lit up, and she nodded in agreement.

"You're right!"

Levi was good friends with Nicole, so Levi would not be stingy with his information. Nicole took a sip of coffee and nodded with satisfaction.

"Your recommendation is pretty good. But the coffee here has a sour note. It would've been better if it was a little milder." Clayton also nodded.

"When I had lunch with a customer, he introduced this cafe to me and said it was very good. That's why I brought you here to have a taste. Not that you mention it, it seems that this customer may be involved with this cafe somehow?" Nicole smiled.

"It's common to share recommendations between friends. Everyone has different preferences. Your customer was just being nice to introduce you to this place. You can also introduce your favorites to others."

She always felt guilty because Clayton did not have a large circle of friends. Clayton settled in this unfamiliar place and started his career all over again because of her.

Thus, it would be great if Clayton could make a few more friends.

Clayton thought about it for a moment and shook his head.

"I only want to share my favorites with you. Others can't find out." Nicole was speechless.

She suddenly did not know what to say.

Fine.

Ferguson Corporation.

Ingrid got on the elevator and immediately sensed something was wrong.

"Shouldn't we go to the hospital?"

The people next to her did not speak at all.

When they arrived at the floor, a few bodyguards brought Ingrid out.

The staff on this floor were still busy.

No matter what, the president's administrative staff would always focus on their work regardless of the president's presence.

Therefore, they turned a blind eye to Ingrid.

These bodyguards pushed Ingrid into Eric's office.

The office was empty. It was silent without a trace of sound.

Ingrid felt strange and started to worry, but she soon put that worry behind her.

If Eric was still alive, he would have had someone arrest and confront her long ago.

Ingrid was alive and well in the President's Office.

Under everyone's watchful eyes, how could Eric do anything to her? Ingrid snorted coldly and walked a few steps into the office. She could only hear the clicking of her own high heels.

Ingrid paused.

The next second, she heard a movement at the door.

Someone pushed the door open.

Ingrid's expression froze, and she looked over immediately to see who was coming.

Ingrid's expression immediately changed, with a bit of relief and arrogance.

"Mr. Crawford, it's really you. I figured that no one else but you will summon me here using my brother's name. Why did you ask to see me? I saw you taking Chance away just now, so why are you back here?"

Mitchell walked in and closed the door behind him. He was expressionless, and his tone was detached and polite.

"Ms. Ferguson, why didn't you ask about Young Master Chance, who you manipulated?"

Ingrid snorted lightly and did not care about Chance.

"Oh, what's wrong with him?" She asked in a perfunctory tone.

Mitchell frowned and said solemnly, "Did you give Young Master Chance the pocket pistol? He used it to shoot at Mr. Ferguson and accidentally injured himself in the process."

Ingrid did not seem surprised and pouted her lips.

"I watched Chance grow up, so I don't wish for anything to happen to him. It's a pity that he's my brother's son. He's really unlucky."

Mitchell's face sank, and he looked straight at Ingrid.

"He's only three and a half years old. How can you treat a child like this? Ms. Ferguson, are other people's lives so worthless to you?" Ingrid glared at him.

She looked livid as she yelled back at him.

"Are you lecturing me? Who do you think you are? You've been with my brother for so long, so don't you know that human life is worthless? He can hurt me and my unborn child unscrupulously, so why can't I hurt him and his child? He's controlled me all my life, and I'll never be able to stand out with him around. He can humiliate me for Nicole and abandon me for the Ferguson family's reputation, so am I not worthless to him as well?"

## **THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS**

### **Chapter 2105**

Never Learn Your Lesson

After Ingrid yelled at Mitchell, her face was red and distorted with anger.

Unrepressed hatred was spewing out of her eyes.

The grudges that she kept hidden accumulated and gushed out at this moment.

Mitchell heard this and was slightly startled.

However, he soon looked at her with pity and helplessness.

Mitchell looked disappointed and could not help but say, "Ms. Ferguson, you hate Mr. Ferguson so much and brood about these things for so long. Why didn't you think about how you would be able to live such a lavish life without Mr. Ferguson? None of the girls your age who work here stay idle. Mr. Ferguson was harsh on you because he wanted you to be better, but you held a grudge against him? Also, your miscarriage was not because of Mr. Ferguson. Not to mention, if you give birth to the child of your family's enemy, how would you deal with the child? How do you want your family to treat that child? Don't you want to marry someone you love and have children? What's more, Old Master Ferguson was killed by Tyler. Have you forgotten how much your grandfather loved you?"

After Mitchell finished speaking, Ingrid could not help but yell back, "That's enough! My grandfather was killed by Falcon! What does it have to do with Tyler?"

"At that time, Falcon colluded with Tyler..."

Mitchell's tone was cold.

At the mention of the past, Ingrid's face turned pale. She did not want to believe those horrible lies. She only believed everything Tyler told her.

"So what? My child is innocent! My brother can even accept Angie's child, so who gave him the right to abort my child? He just hates me!" Ingrid said fiercely.

She walked to the window of the office in a few steps.

The cool wind from the outside blew in, which soothed her turbulent emotions.

Ingrid took a deep breath, calmed herself down, looked out the window, and said to Mitchell, who was behind her, "Mitchell, you don't need to say these

useless things. My brother won't survive this. Now, you only have two choices. You can either get lost with my brother leave Ferguson Corporation, or you can help me to sit in Eric's position. I'm also an heir of the Ferguson family. If he dies, I'm qualified to inherit the Ferguson family's assets. By then, you can keep your position as President and take care of my brother's overseas assets. You only need to ask the lawyer to favor me in the inheritance agreement."

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"Mitchell" gradually approached with heavy steps and walked behind her.

The barrel of the pocket gun suddenly pressed against Ingrid's waist.

Before she could react, a cold hand suddenly held her neck.

Ingrid was instantly shocked. She subconsciously looked sideways and saw that it was Eric! Her face turned pale in an instant. She panicked.

"Brother...How are you here? Aren't you..."

Was Eric not dead? Eric's hand slowly tightened around her neck. His face was expressionless without the slightest warmth or pity.

"I didn't even know that my sister wanted me dead.

So, you brought Chance here just to kill me? Oh, you also want to kill Chance in the meantime so that you can keep all my assets by yourself?"

Eric's voice was deep and cold, like a poisonous snake in a primeval forest.

Every word he spat out was like poison. It made Ingrid shudder in fear. It was a fatal blow for Ingrid to see Eric standing here, well and alive.

Ingrid's face was glum. It turned from ashen to blue as she had difficulties breathing.

However, struggling was no use, and she dared not struggle.

That was because the cold weapon on the waist was even more dangerous. She could die with a slight misstep.

Ingrid was so frightened that her body trembled.

Tears flowed out instantly. She shook her head and spoke every word with difficulty.

"No, Brother! I was just talking nonsense!"

Ingrid had never seen Eric like this after living with him for so many years.

Eric was like a cold-hearted stranger with a ruthless weapon. He could kill her at any time.

She was frightened.

The blood in her body turned cold and stagnant.

Eric's attitude showed no mercy.

The hand that was holding her neck exerted more force.

Ingrid's face turned blue and red, and her expression was amusing.

She was horrified. She could feel that Eric really wanted to kill her.

At that moment, she exhausted all her strength to struggle.

However, she dared not move anymore when the barrel of the gun slowly moved up her back and landed at the back of her neck. It felt like a poisonous snake that could bite her at any time.

The fear made her break out into a cold sweat.

Her heart's defenses suddenly collapsed.

Ingrid had never witnessed a real murder before. She could not hold it in any longer and burst into tears. Her legs were weak as she shivered. She could

not stand up and suddenly fell to the ground. Her face was pale, and her whole body was trembling. She could not even control her body and urinated.

It was like she had an illness.

Eric glanced at Ingrid with disgust and did not touch her again.

The murderous air that shrouded his body faded away. He mocked her in a cold and aloof tone.

"Ingrid, I thought you learned a lot from Tyler that you dared to kill me. You can't even handle this, yet you tried to instigate a child to kill me so that you could take my place?"

Seeing that Eric knew everything, Ingrid looked shocked and flustered.

In the end, her eyes dimmed. She looked defeated.

For the first time, Ingrid felt the disparity between herself and Eric.

No matter how much trouble she made in the past, Eric would never show such a side to her.

However, this time, he was really angry. She quivered her lips. Her tears along with snot streamed down her face.

"Brother, I was wrong! I know my mistake." Eric looked down at her with intimidating eyes.

He weighed the pocket pistol in his hand and said in a cold tone, "How did you get this thing?"

Before Ingrid could speak, Eric warned her first, "I've kicked you out of the Ferguson family a long time ago. If you dare to lie, I'll dump you in the poorest nation on Earth, and you'll never be able to come back."

Eric was callous and solemn. He was not joking. He was considered polite.

If Ingrid was not his sister, there was no way she would still appear in front of him.

Ingrid shivered with fright.

She hurriedly said with a pale face, "Tyler left it behind for me to protect myself, and I kept it all this while. There are two boxes of ammunition stored at my current residence. Brother, please don't send me away. I won't cause any more trouble. I know I was wrong. I promise to behave in the future!"

Eric smiled lazily with no warmth in his eyes.

"In the future? Ingrid, you never learn your lesson. If I don't make you remember this, you'll never know your place."