

Read The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2373

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2373—Upstairs, Quinn’s gaze was dazed after an intimate session with the scarfaced man. Her complexion was ruddy and glowing as she flung herself into the man’s arms. Her voice was also more charming.

“You didn’t do what you promised me.”

The man was smoking, and he chortled when he heard this.

“The people around Nicole Stanton are so powerful that I couldn’t find a chance to do it. I got someone to follow her once, but that guy was caught, beaten up, and arrested.”

Quinn immediately sobered up and calmly began to put on her clothes.

The man looked at her upset face and grabbed her hand.

“If it doesn’t work this time, we can try again next time.”

Quinn shook him off. “How do you plan to do it?”

“I can’t get close to her, but you can!”

The man looked at her and smiled sinisterly.

The smoke that came out of his mouth spilled on her face.

Quinn was slightly taken aback.

“Don’t worry. As long as you listen to me, it can happen without anyone noticing.”

The man comforted her and said with a smile.

Quinn nodded without hesitation.

The two cuddled for a while before they went out one after the other.

Selena’s body stiffened when she saw those two people. She quickly lowered her head and said to Eric, ‘They’re out.’

Eric did not raise his eyes as he was deliberately minimizing his presence.

He was already in a place that was not easily seen.

Thus, those two people could not see him.

Eric seemed unmoved.

He just pinched the stem of his wine glass slightly.

After the two people went out, there was a sudden gust of wind.

Before Quinn had time to say goodbye to the man, she saw more than a dozen bodyguards surrounding her.

Their expressions changed slightly.

The scar-faced man was tense for a moment. Seeing that the situation was awry, he turned around and wanted to run into the bar again so that he could take advantage of the chaos to escape.

As a result, there were already people waiting behind him.

He was hit in the head.

The scar-faced man widened his eyes and fell to the ground in an instant.

Quinn's face turned pale with fright as she saw the man, who was with her just now, collapse to the ground as if he was dead.

She looked at the dozen or so bodyguards in black in front of her and trembled all over.

"Who are you? Who sent you here? Do you know who I am? I'm Mrs. Ferguson! Did that b*tch Nicole send you here?"

Quinn revealed her identity indiscriminately and even expressed her doubts.

One of the bodyguards tied her hands, gagged her, and stuffed her into the car.

All of this took less than a minute.

The scar-faced man was stuffed into a car at the back by the rest of the bodyguards.

The night was quiet and lonely.

As the cold wind blew, some of the leaves from the trees fell off and spun to the ground.

The bar was still noisy and lively.

They were two completely different worlds.

Eric, who was in the booth, drank several glasses of wine without saying a word.

Not long after, his phone rang.

He picked it up.

The other party said something, then Eric hung up the phone and stood up.

Selena also stood up.

She wanted to say something, but she did not know what she could say.

After all, this kind of thing was not something that a word of comfort could solve.

Eric glanced at her with his dark and deep eyes.

‘Thanks.’

After he finished speaking, he lifted his foot and walked out.

Selena pursed her lips. “I should be thanking you.”

However, Eric might not have heard these words because he had already walked away.

It did not matter.

Anyway, Selena owed him a lot of favors.

The cold wind was raging outside.

After Eric got into the car, someone handed him a handkerchief to wipe his hands.

“It’s been a long time since you asked me to help you. This isn’t a difficult task either.”

After Eric wiped his hands, he threw the handkerchief into the trash basket in front of him.

“It’s not difficult. It’s just troublesome.”

‘Then why did you...’

“I just don’t want others to know.”

That included his confidant, Mitchell.

The person in front nodded and laughed in the dark.

“Be more open-minded. You asked me to contact Clayton. He’s smarter than you think and has done everything before I got to it. He wants me to convey his gratitude for your concern.”

Eric’s eyes were dark and complicated with a bit of gloom.

“You caught him?”

“He’s incapacitated now, just as you requested. He won’t be able to touch women in the future. Not to mention, I also kept some souvenirs of his legs.”

Eric’s calm and unwavering eyes moved slightly.

“Souvenir?”

“Well, it’s just an old rule of mine. Don’t worry. I didn’t kill him or anything. My people know what to do.”

His voice was nonchalant as he said that he was law-abiding. However, there was a frightening chill in his tone.

“Here, I’ll give you one. I cracked open his knees!”

The man spoke casually as he threw a cleaned bone that was still warm to Eric.

Eric clenched his jaw and looked solemn.

He dodged the bone, which fell to his feet.

Then, he took a handkerchief to wrap the bone up.

“Thanks.”

His voice was hoarse and rough. His emotions were indistinct.

Eric took out a check and handed it over.

“Thanks for your hard work. You can take him away. Don’t let him appear in Atlanta again.”

The other party chuckled. “Why are you so courteous with me?”

Eric insisted. “Just take it.”

The other party accepted the check without refusing too much.

“You can rest assured. He’ll never appear in Atlanta again.”

Eric nodded. Then, the man pushed the door open and got out of the car.

Eric sat alone in the car and kept silent for a long time before he threw the handkerchief and the bone aside.

Afterward, Eric started the car engine and drove into the night.

Quinn was in another car, but she did not know where she was.

She panicked.

After driving for a while, the driver slammed on the brakes and stopped abruptly.

Quinn was dragged out of the car by her arms. The bodyguards walked her to the house, pushed the door open, and threw her to the ground.

Her face distorted in pain. Her eyes were covered, so she could not see anything.

She lay trembling on the ground, and she did not dare to breathe.

The surroundings were quiet, so Quinn thought that this was a safe place because the smell was familiar to her.

Quinn already had doubts in her heart.

She started yelling.

After some time, she lay on the ground and fell asleep in a daze due to shock and fear.

When she heard the roar of a car engine outside, Quinn woke up instantly.

Soon, steady footsteps approached her.

Quinn’s complexion changed slightly. Her voice was sharp as she said, “Eric, is that you?!”

She already had the answer in her heart.

The smell of this home was her favorite lily scent.

After Old Master Ferguson died, this house was deserted.

The villa that Eric currently lived in was a new house that he bought. The layout was grander and more spacious than the old villa.

However, this was still the original Ferguson Villa.

Now, they were back here again.

Eric knelt down silently and untied the rope from her hand.

After she was untied, Quinn could not wait to take off her blindfold.

Sure enough, it was Eric, her amazing son.

Quinn's face was pale. She got up from the ground and ignored her wretched appearance. Then pointed at him and yelled, "Are you crazy?! I'm your mother! Don't you have any respect for me?!"

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