

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2187

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Chapter 2187 He Died

“Ms. Stanton...”

“Madam...”

“Mommy...”

Countless voices reverberated in Nicole's ears.

It was as if those voices were separated by a window, vaguely lingering in her ears.

Nicole fell into a coma due to her grief. She wanted to be strong and face everything, but she dared not. She was afraid that it was

true, that something might have happened to

Clayton. If so, her life would forever lose its color.

After a long time, the voices finally quieted down.

She seemed to have fallen into a deep sleep.

This hiking trip felt like a thrilling dream.

There were no dead people, screams, earthquakes, or thick fog that covered everything as far as the eye could see in the dark.

Doctors were coming and going from the room.

The tall man stood in front of the window and looked at the dark sky outside. When he turned back, he looked at the woman who

was sleeping unsettlingly. Suddenly, he frowned slightly and felt a little worried.

He walked over, sat down, and looked at Nicole's face patiently and meticulously. Every inch of her face looked so familiar. He

was greedy and unreconciled but forbearing.

Who said that to love someone was to let them go?

Who said that time was the cure for everything?

After being separated for such a long time, he did not feel any better, even if he tried his best to numb himself with endless work.

He also tried to persuade himself that he should not be so selfish because Nicole would be in danger if she returned to him.

However, he could not help but think about her whenever he was free.

All he could think about was Nicole.

He finally managed to persuade himself to let go of her and that it did not matter as long as she was happy. He would just look at

her from a distance all his life and be more open with her.

This was all he could give her, and it was what she wanted most. He should respect her. He could only watch her in silence when

she was unconscious because he did not dare to show his emotions.

Someone opened the door, came in, and spoke softly as if they were afraid of disturbing the people inside.

“Sir, the Young Lady is awake.”

“Alright.”

The man lowered his voice, stood up, and walked out with light footsteps.

Nicole lay there and frowned tightly.

Although she could not hear clearly, was Clayton the one talking just now?

She thought, ‘He’s not dead! He’s still alive!’

All of a sudden, she felt elated.

Nicole was in a coma, and she struggled hard to wake up from the dream.

Meanwhile, Eric Ferguson quietly went to the next room.

He saw the little girl sitting on the pink princess bed, looking so soft and pretty, like a small replica of Nicole. She was so beautiful that the world seemed to be better with her existence.

The little girl blinked her big eyes warily at the man who suddenly appeared. She pursed her lips and asked, “Who are you?”

Eric softened his expression, gently knelt on one knee by the bed, and looked at her with a smile.

“We’ve met before, Chatty. When you were young, you bumped into me at the club. Do you remember?”

Chatty frowned and recalled her short life with difficulty. In the end, she shook her head.

“I don't remember.”

Eric laughed. He liked her more and more.

He was amused by Chatty's expressions, and no one could dislike such a cute little girl.

Eric said in a soft tone, “It's okay if you don't remember. You were too young at the time, so you'll remember later. I'm your mommy's good friend.”

Chatty questioned him seriously.

“But my mommy or my daddy never mentioned you before. If you were her good friend, why didn't you come to our house to play?”

Eric froze and smiled.

“That's because I was busy abroad...”

Chatty was obviously not interested in his affairs. She looked around at the unfamiliar environment and said in a baby voice,

“Where's Daddy and Mommy? And where's Fischer?”

Eric pursed his lips, looked at her seriously, and said,

“Your friend was taken away by your mommy's assistants. He's fine. Your

mommy fainted, so she's resting here. I thought you should be with your mommy, so I brought you here.

What do you think?”

Chatty did not understand his twists and turns. She pursed her lips a little anxiously and said, “I want to see my mommy!”

She said as she slid off the bed.

In the end, Eric stopped her.

“Your mommy isn’t awake yet, so you shouldn’t disturb her. If you need anything, you can ask the maids.”

“I want Daddy!”

The little girl said bluntly.

Eric’s expression tightened. There was an indistinct emotion in his eyes.

“Your daddy won’t be coming back anymore. He’s dead.”

Chatty blinked. She still did not understand what dying meant. She thought about it and wanted to look for her mother, but she did

not want to talk to this weird man anymore.

Chatty curled her lips and lifted the quilt up.

“I’m going to sleep...”

Eric nodded. “Okay. Go to sleep.”

He did not expect this kid to be so good-tempered and sensible. He thought that she was going to cry secretly under the covers.

What a pity.

However, it was not completely miserable. Although Clayton was dead, Eric would still be there. He was willing to treat Nicole and her daughter well.

Eric stood up and left the room.

Chatty sat up and slid down the bed, landing firmly on the ground. She ran out cautiously without wearing her shoes so that she would not make a sound.

When she saw Eric entering the next room, she quickly sneaked in through the gap in the door.

“Mommy...”

Chatty yelled loudly.

Eric looked at her in shock and stretched out his hand to grab her, but he did not manage to reach her.

She was elusive like a fish, so he could not catch her.

At this time, Nicole suddenly woke up because she heard her daughter.

She sat up abruptly with a pale face and panted heavily.

The lights in the room were not turned on. When she looked toward the door, she only saw a vague figure of a man standing there.

Her heart trembled, and she wanted to go down the bed excitedly.

“Clayton...”

Tears welled up in her eyes in an instant.

In the next second, the lights were turned on.

Nicole saw the man's face and found that he was not the one she wanted to see.

She forced back her tears and looked shocked and disappointed.

Eric stood there and looked at her with a complicated gaze.

He was tall, lean, dignified, and indifferent while dressed in a black shirt and black trousers.

He still looked handsome and unapproachable, but at this moment, he deliberately tried to look gentle.

It seemed like he was deliberately imitating someone else's temperament and habits.

Eric walked over and watched as the little girl struggled to climb onto the bed and threw herself into Nicole's arms.

"Mommy..."

Nicole suppressed her tears and gently stroked the back of her daughter's head to calm her down. She was heartbroken.

There was a moment of silence in the room.

Nicole raised her head again and looked at the man.

"Mr. Ferguson, why are you here? Where are we? Where's Clayton?"

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