

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2191

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Chapter 2191 He Let Them Leave

The tall mountains on both sides were straight.

It looked like an artificial carving as its workmanship was simply magical.

It was gorgeous, but falling from that height would only mean death.

Nicole's heart tightened instantly. She looked at the sparkling dark surface of the water with a heavy heart. Nicole could not speak, and she wanted to cry, but the person who could comfort her was not by her side.

Suddenly, someone put a jacket over her. She paused for a moment and looked back.

Eric stood there and followed her for who knew how long.

"Wear it. Don't catch a cold."

Nicole took off the jacket and handed it to him.

"No need. I'm not cold."

After she finished speaking, she walked back.

Nicole guessed that the possibility of falling from the top into the water was very small.

After all, it was so far away.

Maybe she was worrying too much.

"Nicole, do you hate me that much? You don't just hate me. You hate my jacket too. If it weren't for the earthquake today, maybe you would still think that I did this, that I wanted him to die, right?"

Nicole could hear the forbearance and coldness in Eric's tone. She looked up at him inexplicably and said lightly, "I didn't think that.

What you think is your freedom, but don't accuse me of that."

"So you're saying that I'm despicable and petty for thinking that?"

There was no emotion in Eric's voice.

"Mr. Ferguson, I don't want to argue with you now because I don't want to waste time on meaningless things."

Nicole frowned tightly and felt a little impatient.

Eric completely fell silent.

Meaningless.

Every word he said was meaningless to her.

However, Clayton meant everything to her.

Eric had missed too many opportunities with Nicole.

What should he use to make up for these opportunities?

Nicole was devastated and anxiously wanted to search for another man,

but Eric helped her anyway.

How ridiculous was that? In the next second, Eric followed Nicole, pulled her arm, and dragged her away from a ditch in front of her.

Nicole quickly adjusted her footing and followed the rescue team without saying a word.

This time, Nicole did not wander around. She looked carefully at every shadowed area or anywhere that a person could hang on a tree. She did not wear gloves, so her hands were full of dirt from digging.

Even her skin was grazed and scratched by branches. However, Nicole did not seem to feel any pain at all and did not make a sound.

Eric noticed that her exposed wrist was stained with blood under the swaying light. His heart suddenly tightened.

Then, he silently asked someone to give him a pair of gloves and forced her to put them on.

Nicole did not feel the pain, but if she refused, Eric would keep nagging at her. She did not want to waste time arguing, so she could only wear it.

Eric followed her quietly and went over to help from time to time without putting on airs.

When it was almost midnight, someone came over and said, "Mr. Ferguson, I think it's almost time to wrap up. Everyone is exhausted and can't hold on any longer. It's too late now, and the flashlight is far less effective than daylight. So why don't we wait until first thing tomorrow morning to continue the search?"

Eric glanced at Nicole, who looked extremely tired and pale. Her eyes were dim, and she looked exhausted and depressed.

"But this is the best time for the rescue..."

"Ms. Stanton, this might be the harsh truth, but please don't hold onto the hope of survival. I heard that the third person we found just now has passed. He's considered lucky because although he lost his legs, his other organs are still intact, but he still didn't survive. Most internal organs would be smashed from falling from such a height. Even though he might have one last breath, he wouldn't survive for long."

Nicole's complexion suddenly turned pale. Every word was like a knife cutting across the tip of her heart.

The pain was so intense that it seemed to take all the strength out of her body. How could it be? Nicole did not believe that

Clayton would die. She paused and choked up.

"No, he won't die..."

The man sighed and looked at Eric.

"Mr. Ferguson, what do you think...?"

Eric pursed his lips.

"Let's wrap up and come back at dawn to keep looking. We must find him."

"Okay. We won't disregard human life."

Nicole saw that Eric had turned around to greet the others, so she hurried forward.

"No, no! You can't leave..." Eric pulled her arm.

"Nicole, calm down and accept reality, okay? There are so many people accompanying you tonight, so don't you think that they'd

want to find him sooner as well? Three out of the four fall victims were found. It's only a matter of time before they find Clayton. It's

just that there's little hope of Clayton being alive. This is an accident that no one wished for, and you've tried your best..."

Nicole's tears gushed out instantly. She shrugged off Eric's hand and choked up in a hoarse voice.

"I didn't try my best! Why can't you just help all the way when you clearly can? Eric, you said that no one wished for this accident

to happen, but didn't you want this outcome? Ask yourself! Do you really not want this to happen? Don't tell me that you're

helping me search for Clayton just because you're a kind soul. You're only helping me look for Clayton because you think he's

dead, right? Aren't you happy that he's dead?"

Nicole's voice was hoarse. She was in pain, and she was pointing all her spikes at Eric. She desperately needed an outlet to let

out the sorrow and grief by turning them into anger. She felt like she was carrying a huge boulder on her shoulders, and every

step she took was extremely difficult due to the weight. She was about to give up because she could no longer go on.

Eric looked straight at her without dodging her gaze.

"Yes, I'm delighted. Of course, I'm glad that he's dead!

But I'm still helping you, anyway. Nicole, I'm only helping because of you. I

don't care if he's dead or not, and I'll try my best to find him. I'm happy that he's dead, but I'll also be pleased if he's still alive. I

don't care if you believe me or not. I am despicable and unprincipled, but I've always treated you nicely. You can't doubt my

motives and good intentions. At least I'm actually helping you!"

He finished speaking in one breath and felt the dead silence around him. He could not hear any sound. His body was tense for a moment.

Some complex and dark emotions flickered in his eyes. For so many years, Eric watched as Nicole and Clayton lived a happy and married life.

They were a loving couple in the public eye. He kept waiting for their relationship to break down or for a marital crisis because did

not believe that someone like Clayton would not have any shortcomings.

Sooner or later, Nicole would get tired of Clayton.

However, he waited, and this opportunity finally came. It was an earthquake! Although he was a little unreconciled, Eric was still secretly delighted.

How could he not have any selfish intentions when he spared no effort in helping out?

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

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