

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2038

Chapter 2038

The face of the person changed, and Mitchell suddenly reacted.

“No, the young master is inside.”

Eric was shocked and glanced coldly.

Mitchell's face turned pale: “You said don't let him come out, I will let the young master play by himself after the memorial service, the young master is tired, so I let him sleep here, but I didn't light the fire, and I didn't close the door.”

Mitchell said in a hurry but no one listened.

Eric looked up with a livid face, his whole body tense.

“Nicole, come down quickly.” Eric gritted his teeth. Knowing that someone may have deliberately created a chaos or crisis. But the purpose was definitely not to involve Nicole.

Nicole's face was pale, and the wind was blowing, a little cold, making her clothes rattle.

She brushed a strand of hair that was hanging at the corner of her mouth, and it fell down again with her breathing.

Fortunately, it went smoothly, and she jumped off the railing and breathed a sigh of relief and didn't dare to look below.

She opened the window from the outside, and the smoke inside came out.

Sure enough, a child was kneeling in front of the window, his eyes were red, and he was out of breath crying, but he couldn't make a sound.

The pitiful appearance made people unable to help but feel pity, and his breathing began to weaken.

If Nicole didn't save him, he would be suffocated by the thick smoke at a loss. She paused, as if she had seen him.

He was the kid who played with Levi at school that day.

This kid was Eric's son.

Nicole didn't have time to think about it, she stretched out her hand and said softly, "Come on, give me your hand."

Easton seemed to have lost the strength to cry. He didn't expect that someone would save him. He silently called for help many times inside, and called Daddy many times, but no one came.

Looking at Nicole, he seemed to see a savior.

He stretched out two hands, and Nicole picked him up forcefully and carried him out of the window.

Eric's people had already gone in to put out the fire.

A tall ladder was also placed on the balcony.

Someone was holding on below.

It was Eric who watched from the balcony, his eyes closely following Nicole.

"Come down, be careful..."

Nicole couldn't go down with the child in his arms, so he had to go down first.

The child has no strength to cry, the key is that there was no sound.

Lying on the ladder shivering.

Eric frowned, with a bit of impatient coldness: "Why are you crying?"

Mitchell glanced at Easton, and hurriedly climbed up, put him on his arm, and slowly hugged him down.

"Young master, don't be afraid, it's all my fault."

Mitchell was really afraid.

Although Eric didn't like this son. But after all, he was the eldest grandson of the Ferguson family, and his status was naturally different.

If something happened, Eric couldn't bear it.

Nicole got down from the ladder, and at the last step, someone helped her.

It was Eric who was originally standing there, but was taken by Grant.

Nicole breathed a sigh of relief.

Grant patted the dust on her clothes: "Are you okay?"

Nicole shook her head.

Someone picked up Nicole's high heels long ago.

Just as Eric was about to take it over, Grant took the lead in taking it over.

Eric breathed a sigh of relief and put it at Nicole's feet: "Impulse, good luck this time, and next time, you are lucky enough to be so good?"

Nicole also felt scared.

Fortunately, the fire was small and did not catch fire to the adjacent room. Otherwise, she would be trapped in it herself.

Nicole frowned slightly and looked at Eric: "Mr. Ferguson, today is the big day of the old man, you might really make a fool of yourself."

Eric didn't speak, and stood there silently: "Thank you."

Nicole pursed his lips, "Forget it, it's getting late, shall we go back?"

Grant nodded and Nicole immediately said goodbye to Eric.

The slender figure left, Eric's face was gloomy, and he stood there as if no strangers should be approached.

Ingrid came out of the building in front and watched this scene: "What's going on?"

Eric glanced at her indifferently, and his tone was cold: "You'd better not have anything to do with this matter, otherwise..."

Ingrid froze when she heard this: "Otherwise what? Isn't it miserable enough? If it wasn't for Grandpa's funeral, would you imprison me for the rest of my life?"

The people around him dispersed one after another.

The fire also went out.

In the garden in front, many participants saw this scene.

Eric didn't speak, and turned around silently.

Instructed Mitchell: "Find out the reasons."

Mitchell nodded.

Easton had been taken to the hospital just now, but he didn't follow him without Eric's consent.

Clarissa walked down from the front softly and held Gerard's arm: "Brother, let's go and comfort President Ferguson?"

Gerard pursed his lips and sniffed: "Forget it, I'm getting angry, what's the use of comforting?"

"Angry?" Clarissa frowned, puzzled, shouldn't it be the time to be sad?

Gerard said, "Let's go."

Clarissa: "Don't you need to say hello?"

Gerard: "No."

"Oh." Clarissa followed.

Just as Gerard was about to get in the car, he suddenly thought of something, and turned to look at Clarissa: "I remember you went out for a while, where did you go?"

Clarissa clenched her fists for a moment, hiding her inner nervousness. Face pretending to be calm: "No... I didn't go anywhere, I just went to the bathroom."

Gerard looked at his sister, pursed his lips, and touched her hair: "Sister, some people don't even think about it. I can't think, I'm not from the same world, if you think too much, you will get hurt. You are a smart and sensible child, you are different from those rich second-generation ladies in the circle, right?"

Clarissa was stimulated by Gerard's words. Her face was white and red.

She don't know if she saw something, but his brother who always loved her suddenly said this.

Clarissa stiffened her numb scalp and nodded slightly.

Gerard smiled and got out of the way: "Get in the car."

Clarissa pretended to be calm and got into the car.

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Nicole arrived home on the front foot, and the thank gift from the Ferguson family on the back foot has been delivered to the door.

She looked at it, fortunately there was nothing out of proportion. If she gave him any more rings and necklaces, she would throw them out for him.

Grant sent her home and went to the company alone.

After all, one of the two brother and sister is enough to paddle, and the other still has to work hard to make money.

Going back to take a nap, Nicole heard the phone ringing in a daze.

She thought it was Clayton's call. She picked it up and listened to a woman weeping on the phone for a while.

"Nicole, can you come and accompany me?"

Nicole was slightly sober, and after identifying for a while, she asked tentatively, "Tina?"

"Hmm." Tina paused.

Nicole's relationship with Tina wasn't that good either. She thought that Tina would be busy with divorce these days and would not be in the mood to come out.

Why did you call yourself over?

She didn't want to get involved in the affairs of their husband and wife and didn't have a deep relationship and couldn't handle it well. She was not a person inside or outside.