

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1531

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The great Ms. Quimbey, who had never seen the world, always exaggerated.

Nicole's heart sank for a moment. "A gunshot? Are you sure?"

Yvette smiled. "Of course, I'm not sure, but Lance

said that it was a gunshot. He wouldn't let me watch the show. Eric's assistant, Mitchell, sent all the guests away, saying that the engagement was canceled. I'm guessing that the arms dealer's daughter shot a gun in a fit of anger..."

Nicole frowned. What are the consequences of shooting a firearm in Mediania? It was very troublesome.

However...

Nicole pursed her lips. "Did anyone get hurt?"

Yvette paused. "I don't think so. Lance said that no ambulance came, and there wasn't anyone making noise. It's probably fine. But I saw them take Angie away in handcuffs!"

Nicole quietly sighed in relief.

If the people from the Security Bureau took Angie away, this engagement was probably Eric's revenge. It was his elaborate trap.

His purpose was to trap Angie.

Her identity was special, so there were naturally many things to investigate.

In retrospect, there might be some trouble.

Did he never think that Caleb would retaliate against him to save his daughter?

Nicole's mind was a little confused, but she did not want to think much about it.

With Eric's skills, he was certainly more thoughtful than her. What did she have to worry about?

She pursed her lips and joined in Yvette's gossip.

"You're really amazing to observe so clearly. There's even someone beside you to explain the situation."

Yvette laughed and proudly accepted the praise.

"I can't help it. I'm always first when it comes to gossip."

Nicole smiled and was just about to say something when a shadow flashed in front of her. She paused for a moment and looked up to see a tall and thin man.

His face was very pale to the point of looking abnormally sick, and he looked at her with a smile.

His smile looked wicked and hostile.

It gave her a very uncomfortable feeling.

Nicole frowned. The man smiled and asked politely. "Excuse me, where's the washroom?"

Nicole smoothly pointed to a direction which she observed from the sign.

The man nodded slightly and thanked Nicole before walking in the direction she pointed.

Yvette's voice on the phone chattered on, still talking about her feelings.

Nicole placed her phone to her ear to end the conversation.

Suddenly, she heard a man's gloomy voice behind her.

"Hi, Ann?"

Nicole subconsciously turned around. The man with the pale face was once again standing in front of her, the wicked smile still on his face.

He stood a meter away and suddenly waved his hand in front of him. Nicole smelled the special fragrance of a certain plant. She froze and suddenly felt weak. Her phone fell to the ground. She panicked. The man calmly took out a handkerchief from behind, which was doused with something, and tightly covered Nicole's mouth and nose. Soon, Nicole did not even have the strength to struggle. There was a burst of vertigo as darkness gradually enveloped her. The panic and irritating smell instantly left Nicole defenseless. A few dozen meters away, Clayton was still sitting inside the hall. On the phone that fell to the ground, Yvette's voice continued to chatter endlessly. "Are you listening to what I'm saying? Eric's move is really ruthless. He really pulled the carpet from under them. He already had a plan but still agreed to get engaged, clearly to show weakness. He let that arms dealer's daughter drop her guard and then caught them all in one go."

Nicole wanted to struggle, but the darkness in front of her was overwhelming. She was embraced by that seemingly thin man. He effortlessly supported her entire body with just one arm around her shoulder. At that moment, no one knew that Nicole had gone missing.

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The people passing by did not notice and only thought that they were lovers, or that the girl was drunk and was taken away by her boyfriend. As for the college couple earlier, the guy looked on with wide eyes. "She's... The man beside her isn't the same man from before..." The girl also nodded. "This man isn't as good-looking as the last one. Sigh, love triangles are so complicated!" However, they had to admit that this woman's temperament alone was out of their reach. It was not surprising that so many men chased after her.

Fifteen minutes passed. Clayton was speechless about this movie. Although it was suspenseful in the beginning, it gradually became a little boring. Even the plot was a cliché of hatred being born from love. He looked at the time, then glanced in the direction of the door.

Nicole was not back yet. Clayton frowned and stood up after a while. He knew that Yvette was most likely looking for her to share the latest news of Eric's engagement. No one could stop a woman's gossip-loving nature. Although he was a little uncomfortable, he felt like he could still bear it. After all, Nicole chose him. However, a long time had passed. Clayton really could not wait any longer. He walked out and did not see anyone at

the door.

His heart suddenly stuttered.

He heard Yvette's voice from a certain direction.

"Are you even listening? I'm trying so hard but you're not even responding? Even if I interrupted your date, how can a man be more important than your best friend..."

When Clayton saw Nicole's phone on the ground, his face turned pale.

He walked over, picked it up, and put the phone to his ear.

"Ms. Quimbey?"

Clayton tried to suppress the panic in his voice. He pretended to be calm.

"Clayton? Why are you here? Where's Nicole?"

"She's missing. Her phone was thrown on the floor... When did you stop hearing her responses?"

Clayton looked around. The long corridor on the right led to the washroom, but he immediately dismissed that option.

Nicole must not have left by herself. Otherwise, her phone would not be on the ground.

His calmness was somewhat frightening. He walked to the left, straight to the bright lobby.

Walking to the front desk, Clayton took out his phone, found Nicole's photo, and spoke in a cold voice.

"Excuse me, did you see the person who came with me? This woman..."

"I didn't see her. Oh, isn't that Nicole Stanton...?"

The person at the front desk did not see Nicole, but after having surfed the internet for years, he instantly recognized her face.

Clayton quickly put the phone away. His gaze was dark as his throat bobbed. "I want to see the surveillance footage. My girlfriend was kidnapped..."

Although Clayton did not want to believe it, that was the most accurate analysis he could do in the shortest time.

He hoped that it was just a false alarm.

The person at the front desk was stunned. If it were anyone else, he might not believe it, but the person in front of him and the woman in that picture did not have simple identities.

"Please wait a moment. I'll contact our manager immediately..."

The staff did not dare to dally and immediately contacted the manager.

There was only sound from Nicole's phone after a while.

Yvette spoke in disbelief.

"Clayton, you're not joking? You're not scaring me, right? Is it true? Nicole's missing?!"

Yvette thought that Clayton and Nicole were pranking her.

However, Yvette heard Clayton's words.

She immediately realized that something was wrong.

It was not a prank.

Clayton said, "So, do you remember when was the last time she responded to you?"

Yvette sucked in a breath of cold air and spoke quickly.

"I forgot, but my phone automatically records calls. I'll send it to you immediately!"

Clayton responded and hung up the phone.

He closed his eyes. His heart was already in a state of panic.

Just as he was waiting for the manager, a college couple came up behind.

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The couple looked at each other, and the guy coughed.

"Um, are you looking for the girl who came with you?"

Clayton suddenly turned around and stared at him. "Yes, did you see her?"

The couple exchanged a glance and nodded.

The girl said, "She was taken away by a man. Your girlfriend looked like she was drunk. She didn't resist at all."

Clayton's eyes instantly turned chilly. The veins on his forehead bulged, and his hands at his side trembled slightly.

"She didn't drink."

Nicole did not touch a drop of alcohol tonight.

The girl frowned in suspicion. "That can't be. She definitely looked drunk..."

Her voice grew smaller and smaller, and everyone seemed to realize something. Clayton's expression became even gloomier and changed a few times before he clenched his teeth and spoke.

"Thank you. Do you remember what that man looks like?"

The boy next to the girl frowned slightly. "You don't know him? That means she didn't have an intimate relationship with that guy and you guys aren't in a love triangle?"

Clayton looked at the boy coldly. After he finished speaking, he realized his gaffe and hurriedly answered the question.

"That man was tall and thin, about 6 feet tall. But his face was pale, a little too pale..."

The girl nodded in agreement. "Yes, that man was really pale. He really stood out."

"His hair was also a little long, as well as his bangs. He wore a black shirt and black pants..."

"What did he look like?"

Clayton was anxious to know what the man looked like.

The couple shook their heads.

After thinking for a while, the boy frowned. "He walked quickly, so I didn't see him clearly."

The girl nodded.

Clayton was a little irritated. His cold aura instantly deepened, and the receptionist quickly called him.

"Sir, this is our manager."

Clayton thanked the couple and walked over quickly.

The manager's face changed when the receptionist informed him that the missing person was the heiress of Stanton Corporation.

In that case, the man who came with Ms. Stanton could not be neglected.

Clayton looked tall and imposing. He was surrounded by a reserved aura that had a faintly biting chill. There was a sense of detachment as he stood there.

The manager hurriedly went over and looked at the man carefully. "Are you Mr. Sloan?"

Clayton frowned and nodded. "You're the manager?"

"Yes yes yes. I heard that Ms. Stanton came here. We should've cleared the place

in advance... ”

The manager trembled. He was crushed by Clayton’s aura and was also afraid that something really happened to Nicole on his turf.

He could not afford to compensate an heiress to Stanton Corporation!
“Alright, take me to see the surveillance footage.” Clayton impatiently interrupted him.

He was not in the mood to listen to nonsense.

The manager nodded repeatedly and led Clayton to the security room. Clayton walked as he called his assistant to order him to use all his means to find Nicole. After thinking about it, Clayton also called Grant.

He knew that the Stanton family would be angry with him if they found out that Nicole got into danger while she was with him.

However, now was not the time to dwell on that. As long as they could safely find Nicole, nothing else mattered.

The video surveillance was sent to his phone. Clayton stared at the screen intently.

The tall and thin man had a black hat that hid his pale face. It was impossible to see what he looked like.

However, it was clear that he had come prepared and was heading toward Nicole. “Excuse me, where’s the washroom?” “Hi, Ann?”

There were only two sentences. The man’s voice was low and husky, and he had an evil vibe, especially when he said that last sentence.

Ann.

It was Nicole’s middle name.

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The man waved his hand and sprinkled some white powder, then took Nicole away.

Looking at it, Nicole had no strength and was unable to fight back at all.

If he had used force instead, Nicole might not have been so easily taken away.

The man’s tactics were brilliant. He probably already knew that Nicole was trained and was afraid that it would attract the attention of others if there was too much of a commotion.

Clayton’s fingers squeezed his phone until his knuckles turned white. His expression was dark and gloomy.

The manager on the side trembled. “S-Should we call the cops?”

The manager was so frightened that he could not complete his sentence. It was clearly a kidnapping, but the person being kidnapped was the heiress of Stanton Corporation.

Stanton Corporation just had to move a finger to make his cinema go bankrupt.

He seemed to feel the catastrophe.

Clayton’s face was dark and glum. His warmth faded away, and he seemed to turn into someone else, becoming terrible and gloomy.

Clayton glanced at the manager coldly and turned to leave.

He did not say whether to call the police.
The manager did not dare to make the decision on his own.
The receptionist cautiously reminded him, "What if the person kills the hostage if you call the police? Ms. Stanton will die..."
The manager's face became even paler.
Grant knew that Nicole was wearing a watch with GPS tracking on it, so he was not too worried at first.
However, when he saw that the red dot disappeared at the entrance of the mall, he finally realized the seriousness of the matter.
The watch was thrown aside, but Nicole was taken away.
Grant ran out of the study and even dropped one of his slippers.

Aida was surprised to see Grant looking so pale with fright.
"Where are you going?"
Grant tried to restrain his emotions. He looked at the still-lit living room and heard Floyd and the butler chatting. He became uncertain.
He took a deep breath, looked at Aida, and spoke in a soft voice.
"Nicole was kidnapped. I'm going to have a look. You stay here and don't tell Dad about this."
Grant knew that too many accidents happened to Nicole. The last time the plane crashed into the ocean, everyone said that Nicole died.
In those days, Floyd seemed to age twenty years in an instant.
Grant could not afford any more risks.
Aida's expression also instantly turned glum.
She nodded repeatedly. "Okay, go. Tell me if you have any news."
Grant nodded and quickly left through the elevator on the second floor without being seen by Floyd and the butler.

Clayton did not call the police because he did not want to take any risks. He wanted to leave room for negotiation before he knew where the enemy came from and what their goal was.
He already had hackers hack into the surrounding surveillance system, not sparing any corners on the monitored roads around the cinema.
However, whether it was a coincidence or not, the tall and skinny man left the mall with a semi-conscious Nicole in his arms and chose a path where the surveillance cameras were broken.
When the man disappeared at the intersection, the hostility in Clayton's eyes suddenly surged. He could no longer hold back and swept his hand across the desk.
The hand at his side trembled slightly.
The people around him did not dare to say a word. Clayton had always been gentle and modest.
They had never seen Clayton like this before.
When Grant arrived, Clayton was telling his men to expand the search area.
Grant looked at Clayton with a gaze that did not seem as placid as before.

There were a few hints of coldness.
After all, Clayton could not even protect a woman. Grant should not have allowed them to be together.
"Mr. Stanton..."
Clayton suppressed his emotions and nodded. His dark eyes were sunken with endless shame.
Grant pursed his lips. Now was not the time to dwell on this. He could only put

away his dissatisfaction and looked at the monitor to the side.
"She's missing?"

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Clayton nodded. "The facial recognition systems failed to find this person. He escaped through that road where there are no cameras. Our clues reached a dead end."

Grant's tense face became even more unpleasant.

"Nicole's GPS tracking disappeared. This person is very good at escaping surveillance. Even if it was a last-minute plan, he's very familiar with his methods. He's probably not an ordinary person but someone who has experience instead."

Clayton closed his eyes. The veins on his neck bulged, and his expression was incredibly dark.

An experienced person. That only meant that Nicole was in even more danger. It was like searching for a needle in a haystack. Suddenly, Grant remembered something.

"Is Quavon still in Liberty?"

Quavon hated Nicole to the core. There was no way Quavon would give up on revenge.

Clayton's expression was faint, knowing what Grant meant by his words.

"I had someone check on him immediately. My people are watching him day and night. It's impossible for him to have access to any information from the outside world, including Isaac."

If possible, Clayton really hoped that it was Quavon and Isaac who did it.

At least they would not be bumping around like headless flies now. If they had a direction, it would be easy to deal with.

Unfortunately, they did not.

Grant fell silent and lowered his eyes. His gaze looked askance at Clayton, and his tone was extremely cold.

"It better not be them. If this matter has something to do with you, even if Nicole protects you, you'll have to get lost."

Grant said it very bluntly, not leaving any mercy at all.

Grant was Nicole's big brother and hoped that she would always be happy and safe.

If she kept getting implicated because of Clayton, the Stanton family would not be able to tolerate it, regardless of whether he was innocent or not.

Clayton's face was gloomy, but he did not retort.

He had no right to say anything when the other party was Nicole's brother.

Silence was his only response.

Grant went out to make a call. Here, he had broader connections and a closer and friendlier relationship with the relevant authorities, so it was more convenient for him to act.

It was a cold and clear night.

Everyone was just immersed in the live gossip of Eric's engagement ceremony

and could not help but sigh.
No one knew that something like this happened to Nicole at the same time.
The night seemed long. Some people could not sleep.
News of Nicole's kidnapping was not publicized.
It was only announced that she had gone out for a few days to take a break.
Going out for a break at this juncture just made people want to pick her out from Eric's gossip.
The more this happened, the more people wanted the two of them to be together.
For a while, the circle paid more attention to Eric and Nicole's movements.
However, no one moved after the engagement ceremony.
Countless people heard the sound of a gunshot at the site of Eric's engagement ceremony, but no one knew what happened afterward.
No one came out to explain it.
Since the matter concerned Eric, no one dared to gossip about it.
They just speculated that the engagement was considered a lost cost, and his fiancée also disappeared from the circle.
Besides speculation, they were also relieved. A day passed.
Clayton barely closed his eyes. His eyes were bloodshot. Exhaustion and anxiety tortured him until he felt like a different person.
Grant was not much better.
Anything they speculated about was overturned one by one.

They almost secretly combed through the entire large city.
There was no clue about that man and Nicole. It was as if they had suddenly disappeared.
Stanton Corporation.
Logan went to work as usual but could not get in touch with Nicole. She did not even reply to his messages.
He was vaguely aware of something, but he did not say anything, nor did he ask.
Grant told him to go about his business as usual, so Logan could only do as he was told.

Caleb was very tight—lipped. He refused to admit that he was the arms dealer, Caleb.
He insisted that he was just an ordinary traveler from Southeast Asia.
It was like he forgot how vicious he was when he wounded people with a gun that night.
Angie could not bear it. Even if she was arrested, she cursed and swore at Eric incessantly.
She cursed him to a tragic death.

However, when it came to anything else, she seemed to have learned her lesson.
She kept her mouth sealed when it came to Caleb.

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Ferguson Corporation.

Keith sat in Eric's office and took a sip of coffee.

"The Security Bureau is trying hard to pry Caleb's mouth open, but he's refusing to say anything. As for that woman Angie, she keeps cursing you and says that she wants to see you..."

Eric wrinkled his brows and sat on the sofa. His aura was austere and cold.

He smiled indifferently at the words.

"Don't worry, not many people can get out of there safely."

People who were targeted by the Security Bureau were definitely problematic.

They had been wanting to catch this big fish for a long time.

Keith listened to his tone and was also relieved.

"Well then. That woman is settled, and your engagement is ruined. Aren't you going to explain it to Nicole?"

There was a teasing tone in his words.

Eric was threatened and forced into marriage, but he also had thoughts of watching a good show.

Now that he was free, how could he not go and talk to Nicole?

Eric frowned slightly, still hesitating. Was he wrong about the figure he saw that night?

Keith laughed. "What are you thinking so much for? Just go if you want to. She's already with someone else. That Sloan guy is just waiting for you to back out!"

Eric's eyes instantly turned cold and stern. His gaze narrowed, and his expression tightened.

Keith leisurely stood up. "Well, I have to go back now and accompany my wife.

She's been in a good mood recently, so I have to hurry up and curry favor."

After the remarriage, Livia's attitude toward Keith was no longer as careful as before. It was Keith who rushed to show his excessive passion to her.

However, Keith did it willingly. He asked for it.

Eric looked at him and did not say a word.

In his heart, a few hints of sourness and envy emerged.

They both divorced. Livia made a huge scene during their remarriage and looked like she would never get back together with Keith, but now, she was still able to reconcile with him.

Nicole and Eric did not tear all pretenses of cordiality and left enough dignity for each other, but they got further and further away from each other.

It was a lie to say he was not envious.

However, Nicole was not Livia. He could not force himself on a woman like Keith did either, nor could he force her to stay by using a baby as an excuse.

Eric's heart was empty and unbearably stuffy.

After a while, he picked up his coat and went out. Stanton Corporation.

When Eric went in, the front desk thought that he had an appointment and just notified Logan in advance.

However, Logan was currently dealing with an emotionally out-of-control Yvette.

The more Yvette thought about it, the more panicked she got. If she had not called Nicole,

maybe Nicole would not have been in danger.

Even if there was no movement from the Stanton family, Yvette was worried.

Nicole's phone could not be reached, and Clayton only replied to one of her messages telling her not to worry and that they would find Nicole.

The implication was that Nicole had not yet been found.

Yvette lost her mood to work and came to Stanton Corporation, wanting to see how far their progress was.

She stubbornly wanted to go to Nicole's office, and Logan could not stop her. He was also afraid that people would notice, so he advised her to go back inside.

Yvette sat in the office and cried, blaming herself in sadness.

"It's all my fault. If it weren't for me, Nicole wouldn't be in danger..."

"Ms. Quimbey, don't say that. Mr. Stanton and Mr. Sloan are trying to find a way. Ms. Stanton will be fine. If you continue to cry and people find out about it, she might be in greater danger..."

Logan persuaded her and felt overwhelmed.

The door suddenly slammed open. The two people instantly shook.

Eric stood in the doorway with a dark and sullen face.

His gaze burned faintly with rage, and his voice was extremely low.

"What did you say? What happened to Nicole?"

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Logan's throat felt astringent. He opened his mouth but did not know whether he should tell Eric or not.

Grant told him that this matter could not be publicized.

However, it seemed like Eric heard them from outside.

Yvette stood up, looked at Eric, took a deep breath, and looked at Logan.

"Tell him. Two heads are better than one."

Eric was incredibly capable. No one doubted that.

Back then, Nicole was able to return from that island because of Eric. Who else had that ability?

He was another ray of hope for them right now.

Logan gritted his teeth. He looked at Eric's dark expression, pursed his lips, and spoke.

"Ms. Stanton has disappeared. She was kidnapped. The other party came prepared but hasn't come out to state his terms. He didn't leave any clues either."

Eric's face suddenly changed, and his heart clenched painfully. Nicole was kidnapped.

He vaguely felt that something was wrong.

His voice was deep and cold. "When did this happen?"

"On the night of your engagement, around 11:00 p.m."

Eric felt a nerve in his mind pull and snap.

He was very reluctant to connect Nicole's danger with his engagement chaos.

However, his mind suddenly flashed back to that night. Under that chaotic gunfire, a figure ran out of Caleb's car and blended into the night.

The image lingered in his mind.

His face was cold and stern. He was silent for a few seconds before looking at Logan.

"What other clues are there so far?"

Logan shook his head. His expression was glum. He did not know much.

"Mr. Stanton and Mr. Sloan are following up on this matter. The clues are in their

hands.”

As soon as Logan finished speaking, Eric turned around and left.

He found Grant and did not say any unnecessary nonsense. He simply asked how far they had progressed.

Grant was stunned at first but quickly told Eric about the progress and sent him the video as well.

As long as they could save Nicole, did it matter who saved her?

Her safety was still the most important thing. It had been two days.

Grant did not even dare to think about what this meant.

Eric looked at the man in the surveillance video. He was tall and thin, and a glimpse of his face showed that he looked miserable and defeated. He was thin, but he had a lot of strength, vigilance, and was very good at avoiding surveillance. What person could have such skills?

That man was either connected to law enforcement or the underworld.

He would not resort to kidnapping if he was from the former, so that meant that the man was from the underworld.

Who did Nicole offend?

The interests in the business world were fought both openly and covertly. Even though it was dangerous, not many people could avoid Nicole’s bodyguards who followed her at all times.

Kidnapping Nicole under the eyes of her bodyguard was not something that ordinary people could do.

Caleb.

That name flashed in Eric’s mind.

Eric immediately called one of the heads in the Security Bureau. “I want to see Caleb.”

Caleb’s arrest was only possible because of Eric’s cooperation.

Coupled with his contacts and the role Eric played in the middle, there was no reason for them to refuse him.

Soon, the time of the meeting was arranged mysteriously.

It was in the early hours of midnight when people were the most vulnerable and tired.

This was the best time for interrogation, but Caleb’s was very tight-lipped, and they did not manage to get anything from him.

Eric looked at his pale and tired face, narrowed his eyes, and sized him up with a cold gaze.

Caleb also sized him up.

Suddenly, he spoke. “Eric Ferguson?” His expression was full of disdain.

Eric looked at him indifferently with a gloomy expression. “We meet at last.”

He was almost gritting his teeth. Caleb smiled.

It was an ugly yet soothing smile.

A few seconds later, his face changed, and his smile faded. His gaze was cold and dark as he stared at Eric.

“You set up such a big game just to catch me?” “Why would I want to catch you?”

Eric’s voice was extremely cold and light as he desperately suppressed his emotions.

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Caleb shut his mouth.

Induced confession was something that he had experienced a lot in the past two days.

He would not say a word.

He must not let anyone get any information to use against him.

The night was silent as the two confronted each other in a private space.

No one else was present for this secret meeting.

However, somewhere, the meeting was being watched.

After a few seconds.

Caleb smiled. "Yes, I'm being wrongly accused. I'm not the Caleb you guys are talking about. Why are you arresting me? I know the laws in Mediania.

Your illegal imprisonment of foreign nationals isn't allowed internationally and will cause international disputes. Under the condition that there's no evidence, you can't imprison me for more than fifteen days. It's just fifteen days. I can afford to wait."

Mediania was a country that claimed to be friendly to the rule of law.

He looked at Eric smugly with provocation in his gaze.

It was like he was saying, "What can you do to me?" It was really arrogant.

Eric lowered his dark eyes that were filled with killing intent.

He looked up again with his dark gaze and curled his lips in either benevolence or wickedness.

"If you kill someone in Mediania, you're liable to be tried under Mediania's law. Didn't you even know this common sense? Whether or not you're Caleb, you're done for."

The other party's expression changed slightly. He narrowed his eyes.

"Don't try to scare me, Eric Ferguson. My lawyer will be here soon. You better wait for me when I get out."

Eric chuckled disdainfully. "That is if you get out alive. This place is my territory..."

His words were brazen, reckless, and not subtle at all.

Caleb stared at him.

His expression was hard to read.

Eric suddenly leaned over and approached him. His eyes were cold, and his voice carried a hollow chill as he spoke.

"Or, you can let who you're pretending to be leave while you stay behind."

At those words, Caleb stiffened, and a trace of redness flashed in his eyes.

"Eric Ferguson—"

Eric faintly curled his lips into a sneer. Then, he straightened his clothes and stood up. He turned around and was about to leave.

Suddenly, Caleb called out to him. His face was twisted.

"Do you think you can catch me? Do you think you'll be safe and sound if I die?

Stop dreaming..."

Eric paused for a second. His back stiffened slightly, then he walked out.

The people outside the door knew exactly what was going on inside. They would pick out useful information and erase unnecessary information.

Someone came over and spoke with a frown. "I didn't expect him to be so tight-lipped. He didn't say anything even when you came."
Eric pursed his lips. His face was gloomy and ugly. "He already said it."
The person was stunned. "What did he say?"
Eric's gaze was dark and deep, indiscernible like a thick fog above the sea. "He's not Caleb."
The person's expression changed fiercely. "What?"
The person inside was not Caleb?
They have followed him since he entered the country. It was the correct person.
How could it not be Caleb?
If he was not Caleb, who was?
Eric's expression was slightly gloomy. He pursed his lips.
"From the beginning, he never mentioned his daughter. He came here for his daughter but didn't care about her in the slightest. That's the most abnormal part. The second thing is, from his last sentence just now, there was a hidden meaning in his words."
'Do you think you can catch me?'
That man gave him a bold hint, thinking that Eric would not understand the implications.
The person they caught was not Caleb because Caleb ran away long ago.
The person opposite him panicked.
"Then... What do we do? Where's the real Caleb? Was our informant's information wrong? But Caleb clearly got on the plane and came to Mediania!"
Eric was silent, but the chaos in his head suddenly cleared up.
However, his heart plummeted fiercely.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1539

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

Read Chapter 1539 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Eric looked at the person opposite him and said in a cold voice.
"The information was correct. There's only one possibility, which is that even they can't tell who exactly is the real Caleb. They got on the plane together and came to Mediania together, but one was caught while the other took the opportunity to run away."
The person was secretly amazed. He did not expect Caleb to have a trick up his sleeve.
They were too unprepared.
However, he quickly reacted. "I'll immediately conduct a thorough investigation of the people on the same flight. No one will be spared."
Eric nodded. The real Caleb must be on the plane.
Thinking about the man who took Nicole away, Eric felt his blood surge in his body. He was unable to calm himself down.
He lifted his feet to leave when the man behind him called out to him.
"Mr. Ferguson, that woman, Angie. Do you want to question her?"
This arms dealer's daughter was probably not fake. Maybe they could find out some useful information. Eric pursed his lips. "No need."
Angie knew nothing about his plan, much less any preparation.
Otherwise, she would not have fallen into his trap.
How could she have known that someone kidnapped Nicole?

The dark sky became brighter little by little, turning into the marble -white color of the dawn sky. Rays of light penetrated the clouds, and within a few hours, the sky was bright.

It was a sleepless night.

Nicole was on the bumpy road for a long time. She was in a daze and did not stay awake for more than a few hours a day.

She only knew that she was in a car. Her hands and feet were tied up, and her mouth was taped shut so that she could not make a sound. She was incredibly miserable.

When she opened her eyes in a daze, she felt like her body had been turned upside down. There was no place that did not hurt.

Nicole seemed to be thrown into a van surrounded by fishy seafood products.

The smell drilled into her nostrils and made her feel nauseated.

She could not even vomit, and she felt deflated. She did not have any strength at all.

That was not normal.

The memories in her head gradually returned.

Just a second ago, she was watching a movie with Clayton. It was a horror film.

Then, she received a call from Yvette. When she was talking, a tall, thin, and pale man came over and asked for directions.

She turned around and he called out to her. "Hi, Ann."

Nicole's nerves became tense for a moment.

She struggled a few times but could not break free at all. Her legs were numb, and her wrists were in extreme pain.

She twisted her body and changed her position. Her legs were sore and numb from being in the same position for too long.

That man knew her, but she did not know him.

She only remembered that his face was very pale and that his eyes were as sharp and dangerous as a falcon.

It was unforgettable.

It was dark in the carriage, but Nicole could see a bright light coming through the cracks.

A few minutes later, the car stopped. The back door opened.

A man stepped up, opened up the surrounding polystyrene boxes, and stared sharply at her.

Nicole did not move and lay there like she was still asleep. She closed her eyes and pretended to be dead.

The gaze lasted for two minutes.

Just when Nicole felt that she could not hold on any longer, the man could not help but let out a laugh.

He saw through her little trick.

Reaching out, the man ripped off the tape on her mouth.

Nicole's eyebrows wrinkled in pain as she sucked in a breath of cold air.

"Not pretending anymore?"

His voice was grim and hoarse.

Nicole paused. She slowly opened her eyes and looked at him warily.

Her first impression was that he was miserably pale and looked incredibly weak.

However, Nicole remembered that he was very strong.

The second thing was his eyes. The tail corner of his eyes dropped downward, and he looked shrewd and ruthless. He looked terrifying at a glance.

Nicole calmed her mind and spoke in a hoarse voice. "Who are you? Why did you kidnap me?"

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1540

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

Read Chapter 1539 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

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