

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2332

### Chapter 2332 Donate Blood

Eric put his slender and beautiful hands on the steering wheel. His expression was always calm.

He gave off an indifferent and aloof vibe. He looked gloomy and arrogant.

Mitchell, who was next to him, hesitated to speak. They still had to pass a traffic light before they arrived at the Hilton Hotel.

Mitchell held the invitation card and did not know what to say.

“President...”

Seeing that Mitchell did not speak for a long time, Eric looked over indifferently.

Mitchell gritted his teeth and said, “President, Clayton is back. The Stanton family held this banquet to celebrate the hundredth day of Grant’s second son’s birth and to announce Clayton’s return. Why should we join in the fun? There must be media present on this occasion. If the media exaggerates our presence, we’ll incur more losses. Why don’t I deliver the gift? Then we can go back.”

No matter how much he thought about it, Mitchell felt that it was inappropriate for Eric to show up at the party.

In the beginning, Mitchell was also extremely optimistic about Eric and Nicole.

However, before or after marriage, Nicole and Eric just did not seem to have a spark.

Their love was unrequited, and they hurt each other.

If Clayton was really dead, then Eric might have some motivation and hope if he persisted for a few more years.

However, Clayton came back unexpectedly. Even an outsider like Mitchell could see clearly that Eric was really out of luck this time.

Although the Stanton family sent an invitation to the Fergusons this time, they probably did it out of politeness and did not want Eric to come.

But Eric went over after he was done with work.

After Mitchell finished speaking, he noticed Eric’s stern face and immediately realized that he talked too much.

Eric stared at him with an emotion surging in his eyes.

The next second, Mitchell raised his eyes subconsciously and suddenly widened his eyes.

“President, be careful...”

Eric did not notice that he ran a red light.

At the same time, a woman was also crossing the road.

“Bang—”

The car screeched to a stop.

They hit someone.

Eric’s complexion changed slightly, and his protruding Adam’s apple bobbed up and down.

Mitchell’s face also turned pale. He panicked for a moment before he quickly opened the door and got out of the car.

He regretted that he distracted Eric from driving.

Mitchell did not expect Eric, who looked so calm and silent, to have such a strong reaction because of his words.

Mitchell walked to the front of the car with a glum face.

“President, that woman fainted and bled a lot. You should send her to the hospital immediately, and I’ll take care of the rest here.”

Eric’s eyes darkened slightly, and his pupils shrank.

There seemed to be a little relief in his eyes.

Yes, relief.

Eric forced himself to go to the Stanton family’s banquet to force himself to face reality.

Now, there was something to stop him, and he did not have to torture himself. This seemed like God’s will.

His dark pupils flickered with a cold light.

Mitchell handled the situation quickly.

It was too late to call an ambulance now, so it was better to ask Eric to send the woman to the hospital immediately. Mitchell first contacted the hospital before he called the police.

If this matter was not handled properly, it would have a fatal impact on Ferguson Corporation.

Thus, Mitchell dealt with it methodically and carried the woman to the car.

Mitchell looked at Eric, gulped, and said, "Mr. Ferguson, I'll go to the hospital immediately after I've dealt with this matter. Please drive carefully."

Eric nodded. He knew what should be prioritized. Human life was most important, so he could not delay.

Mitchell was slightly relieved as he watched Eric's car leave.

Eric did not dare to divert his attention to look at the woman in the back seat. He seemed a little nervous too.

When he arrived at the hospital, the doctors and nurses were waiting at the entrance.

As soon as the car arrived, they immediately carried the woman in the back seat to the emergency room.

From the corner of his eyes, Eric could only see blood soaking through the woman's clothes and the stretcher.

Something was churning in his stomach.

Eric was a shareholder of this hospital, so the doctor thoughtfully comforted him not to worry and that they would try their best to save her.

Before Mitchell arrived, Eric could not leave.

Eric was not in the mood to ask someone to come and wait in his stead.

After a while, the nurse came out with a flustered expression.

"The patient has lost too much blood and needs a blood transfusion. Who has blood type A?"

Eric stood up subconsciously. His side profile was stern and deep. Under the hospital's white light, he looked so pale that his blood vessels were visible.

“I am.”

The nurse did not have time to think about it and said, “Please follow me.”

Eric did not have to donate blood, but at that moment, he did not have time to think about it.

He followed the nurse to the next ward and suddenly thought of everything before his divorce from Nicole.

Eric forced her to donate blood, and she left in anger.

He also wanted to feel what it was like to donate blood.

This was how it started, so this was how he wanted to end it.

The nurse put a needle into his arm and subconsciously looked at him.

She was new to the hospital and did not know who Eric was. However, she guessed that he must be someone influential because he was handsome and he had an indescribably powerful and dignified air temperament.

Dark red blood flowed into the blood bag.

Eric’s face also turned pale.

The nurse’s hands began to tremble slightly.

Eric casually raised his eyelids, and the nurse immediately calmed down. When it was almost done, she wanted to pull out the needle, but Eric said in a hoarse voice, “Continue.”

The nurse looked up at him in shock.

The air seemed stagnant.

Eric pursed his lips. “This isn’t enough, right?”

The nurse paused. “It’s not enough, but we can get the rest from the blood bank. The temporary aid you donated should be enough.”

Eric let out a deep and nonchalant laugh. He tightened his jaw and said, “It’s okay. Just take my blood.”

He was in so much despair that he thought of giving up.

He wanted to drain all his blood and return it to Nicole.

If he endured all the pain and torture he inflicted on her, would she hate him a little less?

Donating blood was nothing compared to his mental torment.

In comparison, it was not worth mentioning!

Eric seemed to let himself go at this moment and donate blood to a stranger, someone he had never met. He wanted to take this opportunity to avenge Nicole.

He wondered what Nicole was doing now.

She must look beautiful at the banquet.

Nicole was always dazzling. Eric really wanted to go and have a look at her, but he did not dare to.

Clayton was back, so she would no longer look at anyone else.

Eric was one of those “outsiders”.

The nurse froze for a moment.

Eric seemed to have a momentary loss of consciousness.

The nurse did not dare to draw too much blood. After reaching the maximum limit for blood donation, she immediately pulled out the needle.

She quickly took a cotton swab to stop the blood from flowing, then stood up with the blood bag.

From her point of view, Eric looked noble and indifferent. His face was pale and stern, and the veins on his neck were bulging.

However, his eyes were curved slightly as he smiled, and he seemed extraordinarily gentle.

Eric looked like he had let go of a burden.

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