

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 2362

### Chapter 2362 Murderer

People like Derek bowed to people who were richer and more powerful than him.

He would also boss around those who were not as rich as him.

Derek had long stopped keeping up the kind act since the beginning by beating and scolding her.

He had three faces.

Selena could not take it anymore.

Knowing that she locked the door, Derek tugged on the car door unwillingly. His face was tense, and he looked at her with fierce eyes.

She suddenly felt her scalp go numb.

Selena recalled the severe pain and humiliation of having her hair yanked out, and this feeling spread across her whole body.

She looked away in a panic and started the car with trembling hands.

Derek recklessly ran to the front of the car to block her and slapped the hood of the car. He warned her, "Get out of the car! Do you hear me, b\* tch?! I will kill you!"

The car engine started. Selena's face was pale, and her hands on the steering wheel were trembling slightly.

Her tears flowed as she said in a trembling voice, "Go away..."

Her grandfather was dead, so she did not have to put up with Derek anymore.

Selena did not have to live the days when she did not dare to call the police even after being beaten.

She was not ready for a showdown with him, but when she saw him here, she could feel the fear in her bones.

Selena was scared, cold, and creped out. This feeling enveloped her tightly and pulled her into the abyss.

She thought about it for a moment. Derek saw that she was afraid to drive, so he guessed that she was timid and scared.

He turned around and was about to tug at her door again. At that moment, Selena accidentally stepped on the accelerator.

“Go to hell...”

“Go to hell...”

Selena seemed to be cursing Derek and encouraging herself.

She would be free from him if she stepped on the accelerator.

Selena did not hesitate. Before Derek moved out of the way, her car suddenly drove forward.

“Bang-“

She felt something hit the front of the car. Derek was thrown into the air before he slid down from the hood of her car and fell to the ground.

There was a heavy thud.

The windshield was stained with a dark red liquid.

Selena’s face was pale as the blood in her body gradually turned cold. She panicked.

She was crazy.

Selena was so close to gaining freedom. Her grandfather died, so she could dissolve this failed marriage openly without any concerns.

Why did she have to be so impatient? Why did she impulsively run Derek over at the entrance of the hospital, under everyone’s watchful eyes?

Waves of back surged in her heart, making her nauseous.

Her fingers on the steering wheel began to tingle slightly.

She looked broken.

This happened at the entrance of the hospital, so it was impossible for no one to notice it.

After a while, her car was surrounded by people.

‘That woman ran over someone!’

“What’s going on?”

“Where’s the doctor?”

The chaotic voices from outside were like a death toll that defeated her reason.

Was she afraid?

Yes, she was.

Selena wished that Derek Norton died, but if he died by her hands, she would be ruined too.

That kind of fear made her feel flustered. She picked up the phone and did not know what to do.

She cut ties with the Nelson family earlier, so they would not help her. They might even push her out to pay for what she did.

Who else could she call?

Her phone suddenly rang.

It was Mitchell.

Selena picked it up in a panic.

Mitchell’s voice was calm, polite, and thoughtful.

“Ms. Nelson, I’ve already arrived at the bar.”

Selena gasped. Her voice was trembling and fearful. She could only see the dark red liquid in front of her, and she was flustered.

“I... I killed someone. I want to see Eric.”

Mitchell was silent for a long time.

His tone was cold and distant as he asked, “Where are you?”

“I’m at the hospital entrance.”

Mitchell paused for a few seconds before he suggested.

“You can call the police first. I’ll recommend Mr. Ferguson’s lawyer to you.”

His attitude was clearly a little colder than before.

Mitchell was not so stupid to get Eric involved in a murder case.

At this time, it would only be more difficult for Eric if Mitchell did not draw a clear line.

It was common knowledge that he had to ensure the interests of Ferguson Corporation in the face of all emergencies.

Mitchell even regretted making the call.

“No. I want to see Eric now. Ask him if he wants people to know that secret?”

Selena spoke recklessly. She was losing her mind.

There were increasingly more people gathered around her car. The doctor ran out from the hospital and carried Derek, who was covered in blood, into the emergency room.

The security guards also came over and surrounded the place to protect the scene.

There was nothing Selena could do. She felt like she was thrown into the sea. She was suffocating and breathless.

If she did not grab onto driftwood, she would be washed away by the waves, and she would drown.

Selena began to tremble while she held the phone and panicked.

She was afraid of being rejected.

She knew that even if she threatened Eric, he might not care. That was because, with his power, he had many ways to deal with her.

However, she was cornered, and there was no other way.

Selena had to give it a try.

After a long time, Mitchell spoke slowly and coldly.

“I will pass your message on to Mr. Ferguson. Since you want him to help, it’s best not to test his bottom line before he decides.”

She understood the implication and shut her mouth tightly.

Mitchell hung up the phone.

He had an intuition that the secret Selena mentioned had something to do with the surveillance footage in the bar.

That video was deleted.

What was the secret that made Eric lose control?

Did it have something to do with Nicole?

Probably not. If it was related to Nicole, Selena should have threatened Clayton.

No matter how Mitchell thought about it, he could not find any clues.

Seeing Eric and the client come out of the conference room, Mitchell greeted him with a smile.

“Mr. Ferguson, the contract has been drawn up.”

Eric nodded and shook hands with the client.

“Here’s to a happy cooperation.”

“Yes, let’s work well together.”

The client signed with a smile on his face. Mitchell thoughtfully sent the client away, arranged for some entertainment, and came back in a hurry.

Eric looked at him with a stern expression.

“Didn’t I ask you to accompany them?”

Eric still had work to do in the afternoon and could not accompany the client, so Mitchell had to take his place.

Mitchell looked serious. He closed the door before he said, “Selena Nelson called me just now, saying that she killed someone in front of the hospital. She wants your help.”

Eric’s face froze slightly. His eyes instantly became as cold as ice, and he looked shocked.

Before he could speak, Mitchell said, “She wanted to see you, so I declined it for you. But she said... Do you want that secret to be known?”

After Mitchell said that, he saw Eric’s gloomy eyes. His face was glum and indifferent, but he was exuding a chill that made the temperature in the office drop.

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