

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 1

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Ding!

A message alert sounded.

[Please go to the hospital to donate blood as soon as possible.]

When Nicole saw this message, she was stunned for a moment like she had sustained a huge blow to her chest.

The sender's name was "Hubby".

Ding!

Another message immediately followed. It was a notice from the bank that she had received a fund transfer of 500,000 dollars.

Nicole scrolled up to look at her message history with her husband.

[Remember to go to the hospital.]

[Fund Transfer: \$500,000]

[Remember to come to the hospital to donate blood.]

[Fund Transfer: \$500,000]

[Please come to the hospital right away.]

[Fund Transfer: \$500,000]

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In their three years of marriage, the only time Nicole's husband, Eric Ferguson, initiated

contact with her was to ask her to go to the hospital to donate blood. To be exact, to sell blood. Nicole's blood was sold to...Wendy Quade.

Eric also treated Nicole as a stranger throughout their marriage.

This month alone, Nicole had already given blood three times, which was more than her body could tolerate.

Nicole sat on the sofa as her eyes unconsciously became sore and started to blur. Yesterday while she was waiting for Eric to get off work, she stood in the rain for more than an hour, so

she was feeling unwell and dizzy today and did not go into the office. Eric probably did not know that she had a fever either.

She coughed and held her phone, hesitating whether to reply. Suddenly, an unfamiliar number sent her a message that crushed her last ounce of perseverance and self-respect.

[Even if you are Mrs. Ferguson, you're just a front and shamelessly occupy this position for three years. Has Eric ever looked at you once before? He slept over at my place last night. If I were you, I'd find a rope to hang myself. You're just an interfering homewrecker!]

'A homewrecker?'

Nicole suddenly felt suffocated, depressed, and shaken. Nicole was Eric Ferguson's legal wife. She gave up her family and friends to marry this man for three years, yet she was labeled a despicable homewrecker?

Once again, her chest felt like it was crushed. All those accumulated feelings for Eric throughout her humble days as his wife suddenly shattered into pieces.

Following that message, a photo was sent to her phone. It was Eric's calm sleeping face. His handsome sculpted features were like an intricate art piece that made her so attracted to him, like a moth to a flame. This picture was an attestation to the message earlier.

The woman nestled on Eric's shoulder was none other than Wendy Quade. Although both of them have their eyes closed, the curled-up corners of Wendy's lips showed her wakefulness at that moment.

They looked like a pair of intimate lovers.

Her phone suddenly rang. It was a call from the Ferguson Villa.

When Nicole habitually picked it up, Eric's mother, Quinn, curtly ordered her around.

"Nicole, did you forget what day it is? The maids are off today, so hurry up and come over to cook for us!"

Nicole sneered and hung up the phone without saying anything.

She had been walking on eggshells around Eric Ferguson, trying to maintain this fragile marriage.

At the office, everyone underestimated her, but she still did her best to play the role of Eric's secretary.

At home, Eric's mother and sister looked down on her "unknown origins". They were mean

and picked on her every chance they could. They ordered her around, asking her to cook, do the laundry, and even clean the house. Nicole, who was supposed to be the Young Madam

of the Ferguson family, was treated like a lowly servant. She stayed meek and obedient. She also never complained about any of this to Eric for fear of troubling him and putting him in a difficult position.

She had endured so much that she was desensitized to it.

Regardless of how much others despised her, Nicole was still willing to persist and endure all of it for the sake of Eric Ferguson.

However, for the past three years, Eric never seemed to remember that she was his wife. The

extent of their communication was when he gave her work to do at the office, urged her to donate blood, and transferred money to her.

At this moment, Nicole felt exhausted. She could not hold on any longer.

This was not the first time Wendy Quade tried to provoke her. In the past, Nicole could

always laugh off those harsh and mean words, but this photo completely trampled over her self-esteem.

Humiliation, loneliness, and a harsh cold engulfed her.

‘Was my three years of marriage a joke?’

At this moment, Nicole’s face was extremely glum. She had finally made up her mind.

‘Fine. It’s time for this joke to be over.’

Nicole scrolled through her phone, and without hesitation, she sent Eric a message.

[Let’s get a divorce.]

Although she was still feeling dizzy, she knew that this was the right decision.

Eric called her immediately. Nicole had already expected his wrath at this moment. The

man’s voice was harsh and cold as he said, “Nicole, what are you making a fuss about? How much do you want? Just state a price. The doctor said that Wendy’s in critical condition...”

Nicole forcefully suppressed the dizziness and interrupted his words. She smiled coldly and

said in a hoarse voice, “Eric Ferguson, I’ll see you at the City Hall in an hour, or you can watch her die.”

She hung up after that sentence. Immediately after, she received another message.

[Fund transfer: \$1,000,000]

“Hahahaha...”

Nicole laughed out loud as her tears gushed out uncontrollably.

‘This is absurd! It’s just too ridiculous...’

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 2

Nicole put away her phone. She suppressed the pain in her heart and the burning sensation in her body, then braced herself and took a taxi to the City Hall.

Time passed by the minute. Eric Ferguson called Nicole twice, but no one answered, so he refused to call again.

Nicole sat on a bench looking very pale. An hour later, Eric walked over with a stern, expressionless face as he looked down at her with his cold gaze.

“What exactly are you dissatisfied with? I know that you’ve donated more blood this month, but I’ve already compensated you.”

“Let’s just get a divorce...” Nicole lifted her head and met his cold gaze. Her voice was a little mute and she no longer wanted to speak to Eric anymore.

They were never on the same page after all.

Nicole looked at the prominent features of the man in front of her. He was handsome and tall,

which made her fall head over heels for him, but he never once smiled at her.

In the past, she used to be cautious not to irritate him, but now when she saw his stern face, she felt numb.

Eric looked at Nicole with a grim face. He could tolerate all of her requests or demands, but he needed a reason.

‘Does she genuinely think that she’s the only one who can donate blood?’

“Nicole, don’t regret your decision.”

“What I regret most is marrying you three years ago.” Nicole smiled miserably. She finally thought it through, and her mind could not be any clearer at this moment.

‘I’ve suffered enough in this marriage with Eric Ferguson. Enough is enough!’

It was near the end of the day, so there were only a few people in line and they were the last couple.

Their three years of marriage ended so hastily, in a matter of minutes.

The moment Nicole held the divorce certificate, her heart trembled a little.

Eric did not say anything about wanting her to stay and did not even cast her a glance.

“Let’s go to the hospital.”

He still did not forget to use her one last time.

Nicole lifted her head slightly and suddenly laughed. “Eric Ferguson, even if she dies in front of me in the future, I won’t waste another drop of blood on her.”

Eric’s eyes suddenly turned gloomy. “How could you curse Wendy like that when she’s sick?”

Don't forget, the condition of our marriage back then is that you'll donate blood at any time she needs it."

At that moment, Nicole just felt like her heart was stabbed. She was overwhelmed with pain.

'Right...I could only marry him because I have golden blood. I promised to donate my precious and rare Rh-null blood to Wendy Quade whenever she needed it...'

Nicole's gaze flickered as she looked at him, but the man's eyes only had his usual indifference.

Her smile widened until she finally laughed with unbridled coldness.

'I should've understood long ago that to Eric Ferguson, I am just a lowly walking blood bank...'

"Eric Ferguson, I don't give a damn about being your wife! Don't worry, I'll donate my blood to her one last time and settle our accounts."

She smiled enigmatically, then glanced at Eric and turned to leave.

Eric's eyebrows were slightly knitted. He felt inexplicably irritable. He felt that there was something not quite the same with Nicole today, but he could not describe the feeling. It was like she was out of his control.

In their three years of marriage, he thought that he already knew her well. She was clingy and persistent before they got married, but she became a meek and obedient wife after.

Recently, Wendy needed more blood transfusions. He felt guilty about it, but Nicole had never refused, so he felt more relieved and thought of compensating her in other aspects.

Regardless of her initial intentions of marrying him, Nicole was a good wife. Nicole suddenly asking for a divorce annoyed him, but it did not matter.

Eric's dark eyes deepened as he got rid of the irritation in his heart. 'Forget it, she'll naturally come back begging when she can't survive on her own.'

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Before Eric could say anything, Nicole hailed a cab by the roadside and went to the hospital. She found Wendy Quade's VIP ward and pushed the door open.

A few doctors and nurses surrounded Wendy and asked attentively if the woman was feeling any discomfort.

When Wendy saw Nicole, her eyes flickered and she immediately looked delighted.

"Nicole, you're finally here! You're not mad at me for always bothering you because of my poor health, are you? I was worried that your body couldn't take it."

Nicole strode over to her with a cold and gloomy gaze.

"You sent that text, right?"

She went straight to the point.

Before Wendy could answer her, Nicole slapped Wendy's face viciously.

"Ah!" Wendy screamed and covered her cheek in shock.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 3

Eric's eyes sank and his face was stormy as he yelled, "Nicole! What are you doing?!"

The man's voice was cold.

'He showed up fast enough. Was he so afraid that I'd hurt Wendy?' Nicole thought.

Wendy pouted and looked panicked. Her eyes suddenly brimmed with tears as she covered her cheek and looked behind Nicole. She argued in a loud voice, "I didn't do anything, Nicole. You misunderstood me."

'Is Nicole crazy? How dare she hit me in front of Eric?'

Nicole sneered. "Stop your act. I know it's you."

With a seeping cold gaze, Nicole walked to Wendy and took out the printed picture of Eric from her bag, then flung it in front of them.

Eric looked at the photo and had a moment of shock and confusion. Wendy's face also instantly turned glum and pale.

He had a long day yesterday, so when he visited Wendy at the hospital, he dozed off for a while. It was apparent that this photo was secretly taken at that time.

The only other person in that room then was Wendy Quade.

Thus, Eric knew who had taken this photo. Wendy wanted to stab Nicole in the heart, but she did not expect to shoot herself in the foot.

How could Wendy still maintain her image of a pitiful meek woman?

In the past, Nicole would still care about Eric's presence, but now, there was no need for that anymore.

Nicole smiled indifferently, and her voice was surprisingly cold. "I told you that I'm here to settle accounts. This is what you owe me. Wendy Quade, you're the homewrecker in this situation. Are you satisfied now? I wish you all the best in replacing me as Mrs. Ferguson."

Without much thought, Eric could guess how Nicole got this photo. He suddenly felt a little suffocated. His expression was cold and complex.

Eric's face was still as cold as ever when he looked at Wendy's sickly pale face with a stern gaze.

Wendy's heart trembled. She quickly defended herself. "Eric, Nicole must have

misunderstood something. I didn't do anything or take this picture. She probably found someone to take this so that she could frame me!"

Eric frowned for a moment as Wendy sobbed pitifully and tugged on his sleeve. She said cautiously, "Eric, I can apologize to Nicole. If giving me blood affects your relationship, I won't ask Nicole for blood in the future. I swear by Hendrick's name that I don't know anything about the photos!"

Hearing the name "Hendrick", Eric's eyes flickered as he thought of his best friend's dying wish. The gloom on Eric's face dissipated a little. "Nicole was too agitated earlier and shouldn't have hit you. Do you need a doctor to check it out?"

Wendy was still covering her cheek that felt numb from Nicole's slap and shook her head. "It's okay."

Eric nodded and looked at Nicole, who was standing on the side. The corners of her lips

curled up mockingly and she had a cold and indifferent look on her face. Seeing her like this, Eric inexplicably felt a strange emotion in his heart.

“You wanted a divorce because of this? Never mind, get your blood drawn first.” Eric wanted to clear up the misunderstanding, but it was not an appropriate environment.

An insignificant photo meant nothing compared to Wendy’s health. Eric planned to explain the photo to Nicole afterward as there were still outsiders in the ward.

Wendy felt relieved and knew that she got away with it. ‘Eric still chose me. Nicole lost again!’

Nicole had long guessed this outcome. Wendy was good at acting and Nicole was not bothered to expose her. She no longer wanted to be involved with them. Nicole looked at the doctor on the side and asked in a calm voice, “Are you sure she needs a blood transfusion?”

The doctor froze for a moment. When he received Wendy’s glare, he nodded in panic under Eric’s watchful gaze. “Yes, Ms. Quade fell just now, which caused serious blood loss in her legs, so she needs a blood transfusion.”

“Then what are you waiting for?” Eric ordered in a cold voice.

“Yes, sir.” The doctor quickly went to make preparations.

Wendy gave Nicole a smug smile from an angle that no one else could see.

“Wait.”

Nicole did not leave with the doctor obediently. Instead, she went forward and lifted Wendy’s quilt in a domineering and swift motion.