

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 4

Nicole did not care in the slightest whether Wendy was embarrassed or not. She looked at Wendy's bandaged left leg and ripped off the bandage despite Wendy's struggle.

Suddenly, the temperature in the ward instantly plunged to a freezing point.

Nicole looked at the graze on Wendy's leg and scoffed.

"Wow, it's so serious that there's not even a drop of blood flowing out. If I came a little later, I'm afraid your 'wound' will heal completely..."

"Nicole! You... Eric, it's not like that...it's just that I'm feeling weak right now and will recover better with a blood transfusion..."

Wendy Quade met the man's dark gaze. Her heart trembled as she explained in a panic.

"You get 'injured' four to five times a month. I think you're just trying to drain my blood!"

Nicole's voice was cold as she continued, "Too bad, you won't have this opportunity again in the future. Get Eric to marry another fool to be your new mobile blood bank."

After that, Nicole sneered and left the ward without looking back.

The moment Nicole slammed the door to the ward shut, she slumped on a bench in the corridor. At that moment, she felt dejected like she had been abandoned by the whole world.

Nicole felt extremely aggrieved. Tears slid down the corners of her eyes as she took out her phone and mustered her strength to make a call. Her voice choked with fatigue.

"Big Brother..."

The other party only heard her voice and sighed silently. His voice was indulgent. "Where are you? I'll pick you up."

A few minutes later, a noble and elegant man leading a group of mysterious men in black carried the unconscious woman out of the hospital and left quietly.

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Eric Ferguson dragged the attending doctor out of the ward with a gloomy face. His dark eyes were filled with anger.

"A serious leg injury?! Is a blood transfusion even needed for grazed skin? Is this the standard of professionalism in your hospital?!"

Eric exuded a terrifying chill. When he thought of Nicole's weak condition every time after she donated blood, the guilt in his heart deepened, and that strange feeling in his heart became more intense.

The doctor shuddered and did not dare to hide the truth from him anymore.

"It was Ms. Quade's order. It has nothing to do with our hospital. Ms. Quade said you agreed to all of the blood transfusions. Every time Ms. Nicole donated blood, you were also there, so we thought that we're just following orders. Mr. Ferguson, we will never dare to do this again..."

'Wendy Quade...did I indulge her too much? Nicole insisted on divorce just because of that photo. Did she misunderstand my relationship with Wendy?'

In that case, Eric thought that he could just explain it to her. Although he did not have much

affection for his wife, he had always been faithful to their marriage and was satisfied with their status quo. Thus, he did not mind living like this for the rest of their lives.

At least, he had never thought about getting a divorce since they got married.

If Nicole was just not satisfied with his relationship with Wendy, he could keep his distance from her.

Eric thought that their marriage could be saved if they sorted out this tiny problem.

He took out his phone to call Nicole, but her phone was turned off.

Eric's eyebrows were tightly furrowed as he summoned his bodyguard that was at the entrance. A few minutes later, the bodyguard stood in front of him with trepidation.

"Mr. Ferguson, we can't find the Young Madam anywhere. The hospital's surveillance

footage was suddenly hacked ten minutes ago. We can't find any clues to where the Young Madam went even if we searched the entire hospital."

Eric frowned deeper and his thin lips were pressed into a taut line. When he thought back to

the way Nicole did not hesitate to sign her name on the divorce agreement, he felt an indescribable emotion surging in his chest. His deep dark eyes seemed bottomless and inscrutable.

'Where can she go after the divorce? She doesn't have any money...'

The thought of her leaving so abruptly made that irritable feeling that constantly haunted him more intense. His heart just felt extremely uncomfortable.

"Get someone to search for her and notify me immediately when you've found her."

'How dare she turn off her phone like this?! She's really out of line!'

"Yes, sir."

Eric did not want to admit that he felt a twinge of panic because of this woman who was no longer his wife.

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The Italian limited-edition luxury furniture in the lavishly decorated room was incredibly

familiar to Nicole. As soon as she opened her eyes and saw the opulent room that she had not seen in a long time, her tears instantly streamed down her face.

'This is my room...'

"What are you crying for? It's just a divorce. Do you think the Stanton family can't support you?"

A mature and tough voice rang in her ears. When Nicole looked over, her eyes felt sore and she cried even more.

Floyd Stanton, the legendary Chairman of Stanton Corporation who could shake the entire West City with a stomp of his foot, stood in Nicole's room looking imperious and majestic.

"Dad..."

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As soon as Floyd Stanton walked over, Nicole jumped into his arms and cried hysterically.

Floyd sighed, heartbroken and angry at his daughter. She had never suffered the slightest

bit since she was a child, yet she acted so lowly in front of Eric Ferguson. To make things worse, Eric Ferguson never once appreciated his darling daughter.

If not for their prior agreement, Floyd Stanton would have crushed the Fergusons and beat that bastard to death to avenge his daughter!

“Nikki, remember our agreement? If that bastard doesn’t fall in love with you within three years, you’ll come back to succeed me in the company. Now, you have to abide by our agreement, okay?”

Floyd lovingly stroked his daughter’s hair while she bawled. After a while, Nicole sobbed and spoke intermittently.

“Don’t worry, Dad...I...won’t be...that stupid again...”

To chase after her so-called “true love”, Nicole abandoned her family and friends despite their advice. She gave up her identity, elite status, and luxury lifestyle to fly into her own self-destruction, like a moth to a flame.

That man was finally stripped from her heart, inch by inch, but the pain that she felt was etched in her mind forever.

“Good. Daddy will get your big brother to accompany you. Familiarize yourself with the company first, then we’ll choose a nice day to host a welcome banquet to announce your identity.”

Floyd was excited because his precious baby daughter was finally going to start a career!

Although news of Nicole’s return to the Stanton family had not been announced yet, Nicole’s best friend, Yvette Quimbey, could not wait to see her and came running to her door.

As soon as Yvette saw Nicole, she gave Nicole a big bear hug and said, “Baby, I’ve missed you so much! Congrats on your divorce!”

When Nicole first told them that she would conceal her identity to get married, Yvette was the first to stand up against it, but Nicole still stubbornly married into the Ferguson family and gradually lost contact with Yvette. Now that she saw her best friend after all these years, Nicole’s eyes brimmed with tears again.

The two ladies chatted for a long time about everything under the sun. Finally, Yvette pestered Nicole wanting to see her divorce certificate, so Nicole reluctantly took it out and showed her. When Yvette saw it, she sighed with relief.

“Eric Ferguson, that stupid blind son of a b*tch! He’s gonna regret this!”

Nicole lowered her eyes. “Even if he does regret it, it doesn’t have anything to do with me anymore. He’s a stranger to me now.”

“Well done, Baby! You just need to wave your hand, and your admirers will be lining up from your doorstep to the outskirts of West City! That bastard can’t even get in line!” Yvette scoffed in disdain.

Nicole suddenly remembered that she left some important documents at Eric’s house, so she had to go back to take them. Yvette volunteered to go with her, which Nicole agreed to after some thought.

What Nicole did not expect was to see Eric’s mother, Quinn, as soon as she went back. Quinn always went to their house without notice and walked around like she was the master of the house.

Quinn was very displeased when she saw Nicole return with a stranger. She held her head up high and looked at Nicole and her friend with scorn.

“Nicole, didn’t I tell you that we have a lot of confidential documents in the house? You can’t just bring randos back here. Do you have a goldfish memory?”

Yvette was stunned and spoke up in dissatisfaction. "Who are you calling a rando? Don't you think you're too old to be calling people names?"

She was a pampered princess who was loved by everyone. 'How could she ridicule me like this?'

Yvette could already tell what kind of life Nicole had while she lived here and felt infuriated.

Quinn coldly snorted and gave Yvette a once-over. "Don't think you can pretend to be elite just by wearing this fake outfit. I've seen a lot of low-class people like you who dream of marrying into a rich family!"

Yvette sneered in anger. Nicole's face sank as she said, "She's my friend. Please show some respect."

Nicole had always walked around with her tail between her legs in the Ferguson family and never talked back to Quinn.

'Now, she dares to reprimand me in front of outsiders? This lowly woman with an unknown background dares to speak to me like this?!' Quinn thought.

She was furious and yelled, "Respect? Do people of your background even deserve respect? Nicole, you should count your blessings that our family accepts you to be our

daughter-in-law. You've been living so well in our house for the past three years. Did you forget which mudhole you crawled out from? This girl you brought home is probably just like you. You both smell of poverty, so get the hell out of my house and don't stain my floors!"

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Yvette tilted her head back and laughed from exasperation. She wanted to jump up and curse at Quinn.

"Nicole, is this the result of you working so hard for these people for three years? We smell of poverty?! How did you put up with this for three years?! Well, you can put up with it, but I can't!"

Yvette stepped forward and shoved Quinn, who stumbled backward and almost fell.

"I'm telling you, if it wasn't for Nicole, I wouldn't have even heard of the Fergusons! You're just a nouveau riche with that measly money. Watch how I'll stain your floors with your blood! If you dare, come at me with your old wrinkly limbs!"

Quinn was trembling with anger as she pointed at Yvette and Nicole. She threatened them. "You... you... Nicole, I'll kick you out of the Ferguson family!"

Nicole did not apologize and make amends as she would have in the past. Instead, she just looked at Quinn with an expressionless face.

"There's no need for you to kick me out. I'll take my own things and leave."

After that, Nicole ignored Quinn's shocked gaze and went straight to her bedroom upstairs.

Her old self was really stupid to give up her dignity for a man.

Nicole was trampled on time and time again by Quinn, who only wanted a daughter-in-law from a prestigious family, yet she did not utter a word of complaint.

Going forward, she did not have to put up with all this anymore.

She took nothing but her documents, then went straight downstairs.

Yvette and Quinn, who were downstairs, were still shooting daggers at each other. When Yvette saw Nicole coming down, she raised her eyebrows proudly. "You ready?"

Nicole nodded. "Let's go."

"Nicole, I'll tell Eric what happened today! Don't think that you can just leave and come back as you please. Even if you come crying and begging on your knees, I'll still kick you out!"

Quinn thought that Nicole would be afraid of such a threat.

As a result, Nicole stopped in her tracks and smirked, then looked back at Quinn with disdain.

"I forgot to tell you. I've already divorced Eric Ferguson. Even if you come crying and begging on your knees, I will never step into this house again."

Nicole finished her sentence and left without hesitation.

Quinn was stunned in place. 'Divorce? Nicole's willing to get a divorce?'

She immediately called her son. "Eric, did you and Nicole get a divorce?"

Eric furrowed his brows. "How do you know? You saw her?"

"You're really divorced?! That's great! This kind of woman is not worthy of being a part of our family. She's just a pheasant that wants to become a phoenix. I can't stand her from the beginning. There are so many high-born ladies waiting to marry you, so it's best if she leaves. Good riddance!"

Eric's dark eyes sank. His voice inexplicably became urgent. "Where is she?"

He impatiently interrupted his mother's ramblings.

Nicole had mysteriously disappeared from the hospital and he could not find any trace of her, but she finally appeared on her own.

There was only one thought in his mind at this moment. 'I want to see her!'

"At Imperial Gardens, of course, but she left. This reminds me, I have to check if she stole anything. You didn't give her too much money for the divorce, right?"

"She didn't ask for a penny." Eric was a little surprised at his mother's malice towards

Nicole. He had always thought that Nicole and his family got along well and did not expect his mother to be so outrightly discontented with Nicole.

"At least she's self-aware!" Quinn coldly snorted.

The man's cold eyes darkened as he hung up the phone in annoyance. He felt even more unsettled. 'Did Nicole ask for a divorce because of my mother?'

Eric went back without a thought. He barely came back to their house.

When he went upstairs, he saw that everything was still there. Even the card that he gave her for her monthly expenses was untouched, but her documents in the drawer were all gone.

Eric suddenly felt a tightness in his chest, and the irritable feeling became more intense.

After all, he could not remain indifferent to her after three years of marriage.

Quinn came into the room angrily. "The 'Daydream' necklace in the safe is missing! It's worth \$10 million. Nicole must have stolen it. I'll call the police!"

Eric frowned. "Don't call the police. It's not her. Maybe you left it somewhere."

Nicole had never asked for the password to the safe, so how could she steal the necklace?

'Also, it's merely \$10 million. It's not worth much, so what's the point of stealing it?'

When Eric thought of this, he could not even recall if he ever gave his wife any jewelry in their three years of marriage...

Eric took his car keys and left. He sat in the car and smoked a cigarette, but the uneasiness in his heart did not dissipate.

Quinn was not willing to let this lowly woman get away that easily. She did not have to call the police because she had plenty of other means.

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After Nicole and Yvette left Imperial Gardens, Yvette had been cursing the Fergusons until they got home. "That old hag is senile! If it wasn't for her age, I would've taught her a lesson!"

Nicole was used to it and smiled. "Forget it. Don't stoop to her level. Anyway, we won't be seeing them anymore."

The two ladies were talking and laughing. When they finally returned to the Stanton Mansion,

they saw Grant Stanton, who rarely appeared because he was always busy with work, sitting on the sofa and reading the newspaper. He looked so serious, noble, and indifferent.

Nicole happily ran over and hugged him from behind as she acted like a spoiled child. After three years without seeing him, he still felt as familiar as ever.

"Big Brother, you're finally back! Why did you disappear after sending me home?"

Grant helplessly and dotingly allowed her to wiggle around him. His cold aura was broken by the cozy atmosphere.

"There was an important meeting I had to attend. I rushed back as soon as it was over. Here, your gift."

This was Grant's habit. No matter how far away he went on a business trip, he would always bring her souvenirs. This was a limited-edition custom-made handbag that was not yet available in the country. It had an eight-digit price tag and was invaluable in the market. Most importantly, it was unique to Nicole.

Grant found out in advance that Yvette was also here, so he bought her a custom Chanel perfume that women liked.

Yvette took it over with a blush on her face and said softly, "Thank you."

However, Grant did not notice Yvette's expression because his eyes were fixated on his sister. He knew that she had a rough time, so he felt heartbroken and only wanted to give her the best.

On the other hand, Nicole keenly observed Yvette's reaction. Her smile widened and she had already fantasized about their future.

"Your second brother is in a laboratory abroad participating in a confidential scientific research project, so he can't come back at the moment. Your third brother's at a film festival and will be back in a few days. For the next couple of days, you can shadow me at the office..."

Nicole made a bitter face, but she knew that there was no escape, so she could only nod and agree.

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Late at night.

“Holy sh*t!” Yvette was hyperventilating as she called Nicole, who picked up the phone in the middle of the night with a sleepy voice, “What’s wrong?”

“Go online right now! The Fergusons still didn’t forget to sling mud at you after the divorce.

They said that you stole something from them and that they won’t involve the police if you return it by tomorrow. Otherwise, they’ll screw you over. It’s gone viral!”

Nicole’s heart sank and she immediately went online. Sure enough, the hashtag, #FergusonsExWife, was trending on the internet.

It was an official statement from the Ferguson Corporation accusing Nicole of having no character and stealing valuable jewelry after the divorce.

“Valuable? They even dare to show off a mere \$10 million jewelry? Do they think that you’ve never seen money before?” Yvette cursed indignantly.

The comments on the internet were speculating that Nicole was kicked out of the wealthy Ferguson family because of her bad character.

Those netizens spittled so much hate and even dug out Nicole’s social media account. Her only happy memories during the past three years that she posted on her social media were all spun into twisted stories by those spiteful netizens.

[Peaceful times? I think she’s just pretending!]

[She deserves to get kicked out of the family!]

[They should just call the police. She’s not only a clown but also a thief!]

There were many other hateful comments about Nicole.

Nicole had seen that set of jewelry once. Eric kept it locked in the safe and she did not know the password, nor did she ever ask for it.

‘Haha! Eric Ferguson doesn’t even have the basic decency after our divorce and wants to hurl mud at me? Does he think that I’ll put up with this crap?!’

Nicole immediately dialed Grant’s number. “G, I remember that K’s entertainment company is under my name. Who is managing it now?”

Grant paused for a moment and rubbed his brow. He had also just learned about this news. “Dominic Young. I’ll get him to handle that viral hashtag right away.”

“No need. I’ll handle this myself.”

Nicole’s tone was indifferent. ‘Don’t they want a confrontation? Do they think that I’m scared?’

This viral topic spread like wildfire after one night. Nicole became a rat that everyone mocked.

At 8:00 am, Nicole logged on to her social media account and posted a photo with a statement.

After that, she looked at the nice weather outside and smiled bitterly in self-derision.

‘I was really so blind to marry Eric Ferguson...’

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The photo Nicole posted was the one of Wendy Quade and Eric Ferguson sleeping together. Their intimacy was self-evident.

What was originally a sharp weapon used to hurt Nicole became a shield for her to protect herself.

Nicole's statement was as follows:

[Dear Mr. Ferguson,

I was deeply sorry to hear that 'Daydream' was stolen, so I hired a private detective to track it down overnight. The detective found the jewelry across the Atlantic Ocean in Germany, at the hands of Ms. Ingrid Ferguson. It seems that Ms. Ferguson is quite a world-class gambler.

I hope that you will investigate this thoroughly before jumping to conclusions.

Regards,
Nicole.]

Nicole also attached the well-known private detective's investigation report as well as another photo of "Daydream" that was on a gambling table with Ingrid Ferguson.

In an instant, the already viral gossip became even more turbulent. Eric Ferguson's divorced ex-wife, Nicole, was put in such a vulnerable position, yet she hired a reputable private detective agency and even cleared her name during the day without disturbing anyone's rest. Her statement was also justified and concise.

Moreover, that photo of Eric Ferguson and Wendy Quade together implied the reason for their divorce – adultery.

Who was the unprincipled one in this relationship?

The netizen's voices instantly changed directions. Needless to say, Nicole's innocence was proven. She was blatantly accused without reason. Everyone started sharing her post. All of a sudden, the Fergusons became the subject of this scandal.

Eric Ferguson had a few drinks with some friends that night and did not expect that so much had happened overnight. Even their stocks began to plummet by the morning.

Early in the morning, Eric's face was extremely glum as he sat in his office. He exuded a chilly air that his assistant, Mitchell, only stood there with trepidation and dared not breathe too loudly.

"Who authorized the use of our company's main account to post such a statement?" Eric gritted his teeth. His eyes were cold and stern.

"Madam Quinn ordered this last night, saying that she has already informed you."

Eric swept everything off his desk, which clattered all over the floor.

The man's gaze was harsh and piercing. "When has this company ever listened to the Madam's orders? Fire everyone in the PR Department!"

Mitchell's heart trembled. "Y-Yes, sir."

"Get rid of that news on the internet immediately!" An abysmal storm was brewing under the man's dark eyes.

Mitchell bowed his head and spoke stiffly, "President Dominic of Falcon Entertainment has already given word to lock this news for 24 hours. No one can remove it."

Falcon Entertainment was the top player in the entertainment industry, so no one dared to go against them.

Eric's face was stormy. 'Ha! I didn't know that Nicole is so capable! Dear Mr. Ferguson? Does she think that this was my idea and at my behest?'

The man's face was tense. His eyes were cold and stern. Suddenly, his phone rang. When he saw that it was from his mother, he hung up the call without thinking.

'I didn't allow her to call the police, so she made such a big scandal?! If Nicole didn't find the whereabouts of 'Daydream', would she have taken the blame for this?'

The thought of this made Eric even more enraged.

His phone rang incessantly. Eric looked at the caller ID again and frowned – Father.

"Get Nicole to delete that post immediately! Is this not embarrassing enough? Do it now!" Charles Ferguson's voice was deep as he suppressed a huge wave of anger.

"Eric, bring that b*tch back. How dare she do this?! She must be taught a lesson!" Quinn grabbed the phone and roared.

Eric closed his eyes and said in a deep and cold voice, "Did she do anything wrong? It's obvious that Ingrid took away 'Daydream', so why frame Nicole?"

He was mad at Nicole's emotionless statement as if there was no way that they could reconcile.

'Even if Nicole did not respond, would I just stand by and watch her get wrongly accused? Did she have no trust in me at all?'

However, he was more angered by the fact that his mother righteously accused Nicole without remorse.

Quinn was told off by her son, so she begrudgingly defended herself. "How would I know that Ingrid took it? Hasn't it always been in your safe? Who else would've taken the necklace but Nicole?"

"It's not too late to apologize to Nicole now." The man's gaze was dark. This was a PR crisis, and they needed to solve it within the golden hour.

“What? Apologize? That btch is the one who should apologize! She’s just an ungrateful gold-digger with unknown origins and even dared to put our family in a crisis?! Bring her back and watch how I’ll teach this btch a lesson!”

“We’re already divorced...”