

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2262



Chapter 2262 Golden Blood

Eric had no choice but to take over the phone from Nicole.

"Okay. Please send me the location. You should also go back as soon as possible."

Eric hung up the phone and looked at her cautiously.

"Nicole, are you okay? What's the matter?"

Nicole blinked. She felt as if she had been smashed on the head. First, she was numb. Then, there was severe pain.

She felt like

she was being toyed with, and she felt suffocated, dismal, and powerless.

Jeff and Clayton.

Their figures appeared in her mind, but it was Clayton who remained in the end.

Was Jeff Clayton?

If Clayton was not dead, why did he not return to her?

Why did he watch as she was in despair because of him?

That was not right.

Nicole saw Jeff's face, which did not resemble Clayton's.

Or did Clayton make minor adjustments to his face to avoid being recognized by Nicole?

It had been a few months. Any high-tech fine-tuning surgery would have enough time to heal.

Once the doubt in her heart seeded, she could not control it anymore.

The fire in her heart was getting bigger and bigger, and it seemed to bum her whole body.

She could not even hear Eric calling out to her.

“Nicole...”

She stared at him blankly. Eric said in a serious tone.

"George just sent me the location. Do you want to contact your friend?"

Although the meal went smoothly, it could not go on any longer.

Nicole's mind was buzzing. She did not even know what she was supposed to do.

Out of instinct, she found Camille's phone number and dialed it.

When she left the hotel, she resolutely rejected Eric's offer to send her home.

Nicole sat alone in the car and watched as the scenery flashed by outside the window. Her heart was burning. She looked

vulnerable and desperate, and she no longer seemed invincible.

Nicole was not that strong in the first place.

Did Jeffs Golden blood further prove that he was Clayton?

But what if it was just a coincidence?

Although Golden blood was rare, there were still a few people in the world who had it.

Was it just a coincidence?

At that thought, she felt as if someone had splashed cold water over her head. She was covered in cold sweat.

She wholeheartedly resisted the idea that it was all just a coincidence.

She would rather believe that Jeff was Clayton.

But how could he act so flawlessly when he was facing her?

From the beginning when they met at the amusement park to the time that he "stalked" her on the streets.

Perhaps, what Eric said was true. Jeff was really following them.

Otherwise, were their encounters purely a coincidence?

But were there so many coincidences in this world?

Nicole's heart was pounding.

Her blood was also boiling.

Whether Jeff was Clayton or not, Nicole had to ask him in person.

He could undergo plastic surgery and change his identity, but he could not change his blood.

His relationship with Chatty could not be faked.

Nicole could prove her thoughts if she did a DNA test.

Thinking of this, Nicole seemed to have a sliver of hope.

The sun was shining brightly outside, and the air was fresh.

It felt as if a hand was caressing her face.

Her dark future seemed to have a glimpse of color.

In the next second, Nicole panicked because she almost left him there to fend for himself.

Why would Jeff choose to be a test subject? Why did he not want to leave the cruise ship?

Nicole did not want to speculate, but she could understand why he felt that way.

Clayton was a proud perfectionist who did not allow himself to have a single flaw. He was very demanding of himself.

If Clayton was seriously injured in the earthquake, he probably would not be able to accept it for a while.

Fortunately, there was still time.

Camille contacted Nicole again.

‘We contacted the Coast Guard as well as the company. We're planning to go at night and catch Sebastian off guard since

Sebastian doesn't know that we're coming and won't take any precautions. We'll bring Sebastian back first.”

To put it bluntly, they wanted to arrest Sebastian as soon as possible and slowly destroy the lab.

That laboratory should not even exist in this world.

"Okay. I want to go too.”

Nicole was anxious.

She could not wait for the result at home calmly.

Camille paused and was a little hesitant. "Our mission is top secret, so the personnel we bring are all involved in the project. It'll

also be somewhat dangerous. Sebastian has a gun, and I'm afraid that he'll do something crazy if pushed to the brink.

Leighton

won't let me join either, so I don't think you should go.

Let's just wait here. I'll update you when Sebastian is caught.”

Camille simply felt that Nicole was very enthusiastic and eager to know the progress of the matter.

Thus, Camille would tell Nicole their plan since Nicole was of great help.

However, the mission was dangerous.

Nicole paused. "It doesn't matter. I must go. I've been there before, so I'm more familiar with the place than the others. I can help

if you let me tag along."

Camille said, "But..."

Before she finished her sentence, Leighton interrupted her.

"Ms. Stanton, see you at the pier at 9:00 pm. Don't tell anyone about this mission because it's confidential."

"Okay, Mr. Malone. I will be there on time."

Nicole hung up the phone. Her heart tightened, and she took a deep breath.

After a while, she arrived at the villa.

Chatty was playing with Fischer downstairs.

Nicole went upstairs to take a nap. She needed a good rest so that she could recharge her spirits and set off at 9:00 pm.

After Nicole changed into pajamas, her phone rang.

She took a look and saw that it was the psychiatrist.

Nicole frowned slightly.

She still remembered that the psychiatrist said she was hallucinating. However, she was just one step away from proving her intuition.

That psychiatrist was a quack!

However, Nicole would not blurt this out.

She calmed her emotions and picked up the call.

"Sorry to bother you, Ms. Stanton."

"It's okay"

The psychiatrist said, "I just wanted to ask if you still feel the familiarity and sense of dependence on that person?"

Nicole's eyes flickered, but she nodded honestly.

"Yes."

Maybe there was nothing wrong with that sense of dependence.

The psychiatrist was the one who was mistaken.

The psychiatrist sighed. "Did you sleep well last night?"

"It's alright."

"Ms. Stanton, I'm a little worried about you."

Nicole paused. "What are you worried about?"

The psychiatrist said, "During this period of time, I had a case that was somewhat similar to yours. The man my patient fell in

love with died unexpectedly. My patient was heartbroken and had some mental health problems, such as insomnia and selfharm..."

Nicole's expression changed slightly.

She looked a little nervous.

The psychiatrist did not hear her response and said, "Ms. Stanton, please tell me the truth. Do you have a tendency to cause

self-harm? If so, please return to Mediania immediately as staying abroad isn't suitable. You'll only feel uneasy constantly in an unfamiliar environment."

The psychiatrist's tone was also somewhat tentative and anxious. He always thought that Nicole's condition was not that serious because she seemed calm. However, he changed his mind when he met the other female patient.

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