

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 9

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Eric Ferguson hung up the phone and rubbed his temples. His face was glum and he felt extremely irritable.

He dialed Nicole's number, but as expected, she did not answer and even blocked him.

Eric slammed his phone so hard on the desk that it made a loud clang. He looked at Mitchell coldly.

"Go find out where Nicole is. I want an answer in fifteen minutes."

Mitchell felt like he would lose his job and hung his head even lower.

"Mr. Ferguson, I had someone check Ms. Nicole's whereabouts. She doesn't seem to be in Atlanta. There's no trace of her anywhere."

Eric's thin lips were pursed, and his face grew darker.

Half an hour later, the Ferguson Corporation deleted the statement involving Nicole and

issued an apology, stating that it was a misunderstanding. However, they did not clarify a word about the marriage between Eric and Nicole.

Even so, the effect of this move was still very minute. Eric browsed through Nicole's social media page and found her posts about their life together. It was so close to him, yet so foreign.

[Hubby came back early today! *smiley face* ]

[It's raining...I wonder if Hubby has an umbrella with him...]

[Hubby picked me up from work~]

[Breakfast especially prepared for my hubby!]

.....

Eric unconsciously scrolled to the bottom and suddenly felt that their three years of marriage were not completely blank, but filled with this woman.

He noticed that he had never understood her and had never participated in her happiness.

Every one of her posts was about him, and the latest statement she released at 8:00 am today was emotionless, unlike her previous posts.

It was as if this was the end of their marriage.

He suddenly felt as if a piece of his heart was missing. His chest felt empty.

Eric wanted to continue scrolling, but the page suddenly stopped moving. When he refreshed it, all those posts he had just read suddenly disappeared. They were all deleted, leaving only the cold statement from this morning.

The number of likes, comments, and retweets kept increasing.

'This was her stance. She just deleted everything like that? She wants to pretend that these three years never happened?'

Eric's heart sank and his gaze was gloomy. His heart felt like it was being squashed.

'I will find her even if I turn the whole country upside down!'

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A month later.

Those who attended Atlanta's business banquet were dignitaries and the elites of society. Almost all of the upper class were present.

The banquet was not open to the public. Bodyguards were also stationed a few blocks away from the venue to stop paparazzi from secretly snapping pictures.

A luxury Mercedes Benz sports car slowly stopped at the entrance of The Waldorf. Eric

Ferguson looked incomparably noble and was undoubtedly the focal point as he made his grand entrance with his female companion, Wendy Quade.

When Wendy learned of Eric's divorce, she was excited and knew that her opportunity had come.

However, after all this time, Eric did not visit her once even when she was really sick.

Wendy was only able to attend this banquet as Eric's female companion because her uncle had sent her an invitation.

Her pitiable face and expensive custom-made dress would move any man.

"Welcome, Mr. Ferguson..." The organizer went over to shake hands with Eric but suddenly heard a commotion at the door.

Someone said, "Grant Stanton from West City is here..."

A luxury custom Rolls-Royce came up to the entrance. Grant Stanton was truly worthy of

being a legendary big name on Wall Street. His aura was extraordinary and had a natural high-born bearing. Grant Stanton and Eric Ferguson were both legends that were comparable in strength.

As soon as Grant appeared, people around him were already waiting to shake his hands and exchange pleasantries with him.

However, Grant did not leave immediately after getting out of the car. Instead, he walked to the other side of the car, took over the position of the porter, and opened the car door. He

then extended his hand modestly, which attracted the attention of the crowd.

Who did Grant Stanton, who had never been close to women, bring with him tonight?

“Nicole!” Someone shouted out her name.

The woman was wearing a custom handmade gown from a European royal family. The dress was studded with diamonds and was sparkling with grandeur. It outlined her slender figure flawlessly.

Her makeup was extremely meticulous and highlighted her features perfectly. It made her look even more beautiful.

Eric narrowed his dark eyes as he watched the woman take Grant Stanton’s arm and walked inside the hotel with a bright smile.

Nicole was getting closer to him with each step she took.

## **The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 10**

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The glorious banquet hall was filled with important people. Every guest present was at the top of their field.

Nicole was mentally prepared to see Eric Ferguson again. Her heart did not fluctuate when she saw him because she had already let him go.

Although everyone knew that Eric Ferguson had an ex-wife, Eric had never brought her to any formal occasions. Even when the last statement went viral online, everyone had only heard of her name.

When Nicole saw Wendy Quade beside Eric, she laughed lightly and thought, ‘She took my place so soon?’

Grant Stanton sensed her emotions and thoughtfully patted her arm. “Don’t be afraid. I’m with you.”

Nicole’s smile deepened. “I’m not the one who should be afraid.”

‘I don’t have any worries anymore. What should I be afraid of? I’m invincible!’

Grant walked up to Eric. The two men were equal in popularity and were similar in all aspects.

“Mr. Ferguson, I’ve heard a lot about you.”

“Mr. Stanton, so have I.”

The two men shook hands and parted immediately after. Eric’s eyes were fixed on the woman next to Grant.

Nicole stood beside Grant and smiled radiantly. Her eyes were glistening and clear, and her bespoke dress made her fair skin look flawless. She looked like a completely different person from before, and Eric could not take his eyes off of her.

This radiant Nicole in front of him was unfamiliar and dangerous with a fatal attraction. Eric could only stare at her unmovingly while a complex emotion stirred in his heart.

‘Did she go to Grant Stanton the day she vanished into thin air? What is her relationship with Grant Stanton?’

At that moment, the emotions surging in Eric’s heart were so complicated that he did not even know how to describe them. Anger started to brew in his dark eyes.

Wendy Quade also noticed the flash of shock in Eric’s eyes the moment he saw Nicole. She secretly gritted her teeth and said in a shrill voice, “Nicole, why are you here? Do you think this is a place you can come as you please?”

She was reminding Nicole not to forget her lowly status.

Eric’s brow furrowed, but before he could stop her, he heard Grant’s cold rhetorical question.

“And which family are you from, Miss?” His tone was aloof and interrogative.

Wendy froze and forgot that she had a companion, so she hastily tried to remedy the situation. “Sir, you may not know this, but Nicole just divorced Eric...”

She thought that Nicole had found herself another sugar daddy and felt the need to expose Nicole’s divorced status to him.

Grant’s indifferent attitude was oppressive. “Is there a rule that divorced people can’t attend? Isn’t Mr. Ferguson also here?”

Wendy awkwardly tucked her hair behind her ear and looked at Eric to plead for help.

However, Eric just stood there silently without the intention of relieving her from this awkward situation.

Nicole lowered her head slightly and scoffed.

“Ms. Quade, do I need to report to you whoever I’m with? Don’t you think that you’re overstepping your bounds?”

Wendy was stirring up trouble, so there was no reason for Nicole to back down in this tit for tat.

Although the scandal between Eric and Wendy had been suppressed, it had already spread like wildfire on the internet. No one believed that Eric and Nicole had an amicable divorce.

There were so many people at the party, but Nicole did not even glance at Eric.

Grant swept a cold glance at Wendy and said unceremoniously, "It seems that the quality of

this banquet has dropped because of Ms. Quade's attendance. Mr. Ferguson, you need to improve your standards in selecting female companions."

After he said that, Grant did not intend to continue wasting time with insignificant people and led Nicole to the other side of the hall.

Wendy was ridiculed by such a dignified person and felt humiliated. She pouted her lips pitifully.

"Eric..." Her voice was forlorn and cautious.

Eric looked at the two departing backs with a cold and dark expression. He was not in the

mood to think about anything else at the moment. 'We haven't been divorced for long, yet that woman was living in style and pretended not to see me? She even ran into the arms of another man?'

A few business partners came over to greet Eric, so Eric ditched Wendy and mingled around by himself.

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A large swimming pool was right outside the floor-to-ceiling window. This corner was secluded and unoccupied. Nicole held a glass of red wine and seemed to be admiring the moonlight that reflected in the water.

Wendy thought, 'Why should an abandoned wife that was kicked out of the Ferguson family be able to attend such an exclusive banquet?'

## **The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 11**

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Wendy Quade's face was gloomy as she walked over to Nicole step by step.

"Nicole..."

Nicole stood there and already knew that someone was approaching her. She knew that besides Wendy, no one would come over to her.

She casually glanced to the side and saw Wendy's soft and gentle face that looked so pitiable.

Wendy walked up to Nicole with a cold smirk and had already removed her disguise.

“Did you come to the banquet on purpose? You wanted to get close to Eric, didn’t you? You’re already divorced, so why are you still clinging to him? If I were you, I’d hide far away. Don’t come looking for trouble.”

Nicole looked at Wendy with a harsh and mocking gaze.

“Wendy Quade, the whole world knows that you’re the mistress in our relationship. Did you have a good time lately?”

Since this scandal went viral, netizens dug up information on Wendy Quade, who was frequently seen around Eric Ferguson.

Although Eric Ferguson had already taken down those posts, Wendy Quade had been dubbed “the homewrecker” and was scorned by many, so much so that Wendy could not sleep well for some time.

“Nicole, a title isn’t as important as our feelings for each other. Eric and I will be together one day, unlike you.” Wendy coldly snorted out of jealousy and gave Nicole a once-over.

“Did you take the money from selling your blood to get this banquet invitation? How else could you come to such a place? The clothes and jewelry you’re wearing are also rented, right?”

Wendy stepped forward. Her gaze flickered slightly as she walked next to the pool with a cold smirk.

“Nicole, you’re just asking for it...”

As she said that, Wendy suddenly leaned backward and fell into the pool. The splash immediately attracted the attention of the crowd.

The crowd exclaimed.

Nicole looked at this scene with an indifferent and dark gaze. She suddenly thought about the banquet three years ago back when she had just gotten married to Eric. This exact situation happened as well.

“Nicole, I won’t congratulate you on your marriage. After all, Eric isn’t in love with you. If it

weren’t for the fact that you can donate blood to me at any time, Eric wouldn’t have agreed to marry you. You will never be happy together. If you don’t believe me, just watch...”

Wendy leaped into the pool back then, and Eric jumped in without a second thought.

She had proved to Nicole that Eric cared about her. Back then, Nicole thought that her sincerity would one day move Eric, but she had failed miserably.

Now, Wendy jumped into the pool yet again and struggled in the water.

A man rushed by. Without having to look, Nicole knew that it must be Eric. He anxiously brought Wendy out of the pool.

“Eric, don’t blame Nicole. I came to apologize but she didn’t forgive me. She must still hate me, but I’m sure she didn’t mean to do this...”

Wendy looked so aggrieved as she shrank into the man’s arms and suppressed her sobs. The onlookers pitied Wendy and looked at Nicole dubiously.

Grant Stanton heard the commotion and frowned when he saw this scene. Nicole stopped him from interfering. Instead, she whispered a few words into his ear. After that, Grant left.

Eric held the drenched Wendy and draped his jacket over her. His dark eyes glared at Nicole coldly.

Nicole met his gaze without avoidance and the corners of her lips curled up mockingly.

“She used this trick a long time ago. Did you fall for it again?”

Nicole did not care if Eric believed what Wendy said. She tucked a strand of hair behind her ear and smirked. “It doesn’t matter. Her acting skills are so subpar without any improvement after all these years. I’ll cooperate and ignore it.”

‘Why do I have to play along with her? It’ll just lower my IQ!’

Nicole was just about to turn around and leave when Wendy suddenly got up from Eric’s embrace and tugged on Nicole’s arm. Wendy refused to let go of this wonderful opportunity to clear her name and cried.

“Nicole, I know that you don’t like me, but every time you donated blood, Eric paid you for it. What else are you dissatisfied with? Why are you still pestering Eric after the divorce and slander us? You did everything possible to come to this party because you refuse to let go of him, right?”

## **The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 12**

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The guests looked at the trio strangely.

Everyone knew about the Ferguson scandal, but the Fergusons were powerful, so no one dared to add fuel to the fire and only watched the drama unfold.

‘Is Eric’s ex-wife not as innocent as she seems?’

Eric Ferguson frowned slightly and thought that Wendy Quade was being rude. He was just about to go over and pry Wendy away when he saw Nicole turn around with a cold face.

While the crowd was still dumbfounded, Nicole grabbed Wendy’s arm and marched towards the pool.

Wendy was like a helpless puppy that was being dragged by Nicole and did not even have a chance to retaliate.

Nicole held Wendy's chin, then gave her a crisp slap across the face, which made Wendy scream in pain.

After that, Nicole released her grip. Wendy then fell into the pool with a big splash.

Wendy's scream stopped abruptly as she struggled in the water, shocked and humiliated.

Nicole withdrew her hand. Her gaze was cold and sharp, and her tone was indifferent as she said, "Since you accused me of doing something I haven't done, I ought to live up to it. You can stop the act. I admit to what I've done now."

Wendy was thrown into the pool under everyone's watchful gaze. Her reaction was very different from the first time when she jumped in herself. Thus, everyone began to be skeptical.

Eric Ferguson also questioned what he saw at that moment. The Nicole in front of him seemed like a completely different person.

The water in the pool was not very deep. Wendy saw that no one was going to save her, so she was about to climb up herself when she suddenly felt a cold liquid raining down on her head.

The scent of the 1982 Lafite wine was strong as it dripped down Wendy's hair. Wendy's dignity was completely crushed as she looked up in fear.

Nicole's eyes were cold and sullen with unbridled contempt as she poured half a glass of wine over Wendy's head. She was instantly in a much better mood.

"This is an extra gift for you, Ms. Quade. Don't be in such a hurry to leave just yet. I still have another surprise for you."

When Nicole left the scene, everyone looked at Wendy with disdain.

'How can a bad person act so righteous?'

One of them was calm and collected, while the other one was panic acting.

Everyone could see that Wendy started this pretentious act.

"Eric..." Wendy's voice trembled as she carefully looked at the man.

Wendy hated Nicole so much because Nicole stole Eric's attention and all the limelight away from her the moment she appeared.

If it was not for Nicole, Wendy would not be in such a mess and would not become a laughing stock.

Wendy admitted that she panicked. All she wanted now was to hurry up and leave because she did not know what other tricks Nicole had up her sleeve.

Eric withdrew his gaze and called a waiter to help Wendy, who was shivering after falling twice into the water.



“You fell in by yourself just now, right?” Eric’s dark eyes were cold and gloomy.

Wendy looked flustered. “Of course not! Why would I frame Nicole? Can’t you see that she’s crazy and just wants to get back at us? Eric, do you not trust me? Do you not believe in Hendrick?”

Eric’s gaze was deep as he scrutinized Wendy. His intimidating gaze made her tremble.

“I’ll send you back first.”

Wendy looked relieved and was just about to nod when someone shouted, “Look upstairs!”

Everyone’s attention turned to the second floor, where Nicole was standing nonchalantly with a large crocodile leather suitcase in her hand.

She was leaning against the railing with her arms bent and had a cigarette in hand. The wisps of smoke made her look so enchanting that the crowd could not move their eyes away.

Wendy’s heart shuddered, then watched as Nicole casually took out a stack of Benjamins from the bag next to her and threw it out insouciantly. Those crisp bills floated in the air and fell onto the ground and the water.

Nicole continued throwing money by the handfuls. Many waiters and guests excitedly picked up the notes and everyone was shocked by this scene.

After a while, Nicole felt that it was not satisfying enough, so she took the bag and inverted it over the railing. Just like that, \$25 million in cash eloquently rained down on the people below, including Eric Ferguson and Wendy Quade.

## **The Divorced Billionaire Heiress chapter 13**

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“Eric Ferguson, this is what you’ve paid me throughout the three years for my blood. Now that I’ve paid you back, we don’t owe each other anymore...”

Nicole’s voice was cold and resolute.

Eric’s eyes were dark and deep, and his mood at this moment was extraordinarily complicated.

The crowd was clear about the situation at this moment. Earlier, Wendy Quade labeled

Nicole as a gold-digger who clung to Eric for his money, but in the blink of an eye, Nicole slapped her in the face by returning everything Eric had ever given her. Wendy’s reputation had gone down the drain with this incident.

Nicole walked away glamorously while Wendy was left with chattering teeth as she shivered in the cold.

‘This woman is my nemesis!’ Wendy thought.

“Eric, Nicole must be mad at me again. Let’s just go.”

Eric refused to let go of this opportunity to clear things up with Nicole and said to Wendy, “Wait for me at the entrance.”

After that, he went straight in and saw Nicole sitting on a deck chair while the renowned

Grant Stanton knelt by her side and rubbed her ankles that were slightly chafed by her high heels. Grant’s gaze was so tender that Eric found it jarring.

The two of them looked up at the unexpected guest. Grant Stanton smiled and sat calmly next to Nicole as he put an arm around her in a protective stance.

“Mr. Ferguson, shouldn’t you be comforting your companion? You’re still in the mood to settle scores right now?”

Eric frowned. His body was exuding an extreme coldness and his gaze was locked on

Grant’s hand that was wrapped around Nicole. His tone was frigid as he said, “Nicole, if I’ve done something to upset you, you can look for me to settle the score, but you should apologize for what you did to Wendy.”

Nicole hooked up her lips slightly and met his gaze. “What if I don’t? Will you throw me into the water?”

Eric was displeased by her blasé attitude. Seeing that she was so quick to be associated with other men, Eric also felt inexplicably vexed.

“Since we used to be married, let me give you a word of advice. Be kind to others.”

“Mr. Ferguson, I guess you don’t know me very well. I was born evil.”

Eric choked. Nicole’s stubbornness was especially infuriating to him, but since they were divorced, he was in no place to tell her what to do.

His tone was cold as he spat out one word. “Fine.” He then turned to leave.

Eric was so exasperated that he forgot his purpose of coming to Nicole. He had wanted to explain to her about his relationship with Wendy, but there was no need for that anymore.

Nicole’s smile faded gradually. Grant patted her shoulder. “Lil N, do you still like him?”

“How’s that possible?”

Nicole sneered. She would not make the same mistake twice.

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In Eric Ferguson’s car.

Wendy Quade was wrapped in his clothes. She was just about to explain what happened tonight to dispel Eric’s doubts about her when the driver exclaimed in surprise. “Eh? Isn’t that Ms. Quade?”

The driver slowly stopped on the side of the road and pointed to the huge digital billboard behind The Hilton Hotel.

That advertising space that cost tens of millions of dollars per minute was looping the footage of Wendy and Nicole at the poolside earlier.

Their faces had been censored, but the celebrities and dignitaries who went to the banquet knew the identity of these two women.

Eric's eyes were fixated on the screen. It was a silent video, but it clearly showed that Nicole did not even touch Wendy. The latter just took a step back by herself, leaned back, and fell into the pool.

In an instant, the air in the car became cold and stagnant.

Eric's face was even colder. His eyes were stern and gloomy because just a few minutes ago, he had gone to Nicole and asked her to apologize to Wendy.

This was Nicole's reply to his request.

'Ridiculous! Simply absurd!'

Wendy's face was pale and she was trembling with extreme fear.

She never would have imagined that someone would play the surveillance footage from the banquet on a digital billboard that could be seen by the entire city!

"Bang!" The car door was slammed shut.

Eric Ferguson stood outside the car. His tone was cold and stern and his gaze was implacable.

"I'll have someone send you to France first thing tomorrow morning!"