

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1878

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...'