

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2248

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Be a Test Subject Eric breathed a sigh of relief when he came out.

The driver was already waiting for Nicole, and she got into the car without saying goodbye to Eric.

Roland followed closely behind.

Before they left, Zuthi walked toward them with a smile.

He smiled brightly, and there was a blonde girl beside him.

“Ms. Stanton, wait a minute...” Nicole looked over and frowned slightly.

“Mr. Camus?” Among all those people, she had the deepest impression of Zuthi Camus.

It was not just because of his glorious story of having three wives, but because of his babbling mouth.

Nicole was speechless.

Zuthi walked over with a smile and handed over a business card.

“Ms. Stanton, this is my business card.

I'm going home, so I won't get to see you often in the future, but let's keep in touch." Nicole smiled, took it over, and glanced at Roland.

Roland immediately took out one of her business cards. Nicole took the business card from Roland and handed it over to Zuthi with a smile.

"This is my business card, Mr. Camus. Are you going back now? Weren't you very interested in this project?" Zuthi sighed and looked into the distance.

"I thought about it.

This investment is too risky, and I need to be cautious when handling money since I have four wives to support! I'll let others get involved in this life-changing project." Nicole frowned.

"Four? Isn't it three?" Zuthi smiled and pointed to the blonde girl behind him.

"This is my fourth wife.

She promised to come back with me, so I'm about to have a fourth wife!" For a moment, Nicole looked like she ate a fly.

She did not know what to say to Zuthi.

The customs and laws of Zuthi's country were different from Mediania, so Nicole could not accept Zuthi's behavior.

Zuthi was lustful, but he also took responsibility and married the woman he liked.

He was not that annoying in retrospect.

Fortunately, Nicole would not have any business interactions with him in the future, so it was not difficult for her to maintain superficial politeness.

Nicole looked at him with a smile.

“Congratulations, Mr. Camus.” This topic could have ended here, but Zuthi saw Eric walking toward them and had an idea.

Zuthi did not like Eric’s arrogance, so he deliberately leaned closer to Nicole to provoke Eric.

“Ms. Stanton, do you still remember the disabled person sitting in the wheelchair from yesterday?”

Nicole subconsciously nodded.

“I heard that Sebastian intends to use him as a test subject to attract investment.

A few investors even bet on it.

If Sebastian can get rid of his disability, they will quadruple their investment.

If Sebastian fails, they’ll pull out their investment.

It sounds like Sebastian really has a way.

Do you think that Sebastian hired that disabled person to put up an act?” The blood gradually drained from Nicole’s face.

Even the corners of her lips turned white.

Test subject...

For some reason, when Nicole heard this news, she felt suffocated as if she had been struck by some heavy object.

The dull pain lingered, and Nicole panicked.

“Ms. Stanton, why do you look so pale?” Zuthi did not know what he said that made her upset.

Nicole pursed her lips stiffly.

Eric stepped forward and pushed Zuthi away.

“What did you say?” Zuthi stood there, flustered and confused.

“I don’t know...” When Nicole saw Eric, the panic she felt was gradually replaced by irritation.

“It’s nothing.

I’m just not used to being on the ground.

Mr. Camus, my apologies.

I have to get going.” Zuthi nodded quickly.

“Go ahead! Let’s talk later, Ms. Stanton!” “She has nothing to talk about with you.

Mr. Camus, you should mind your own business.” Eric could not help but speak up.

Zuthi sneered and looked at Eric.

“at least she has more to talk about with me than with you.

Mr. Ferguson, you don't need to worry about me and Ms. Stanton." After he finished speaking, Zuthi tidied his clothes, hummed happily, and walked toward the blonde beauty.

Zuthi was in a great mood.

Eric's face was dark and gloomy.

Roland did not know why Nicole had a sudden change in attitude.

He was just a little worried about her health.

"Ms. Stanton, shall we go home now?" Nicole nodded.

Eric glanced at her worriedly: "You should go to the hospital first." Nicole pursed her lips as her heart gradually calmed down.

"No need, I'm going back first.

Goodbye." She closed the car door so as not to give Eric any hope.

The driver started the car.

Roland pursed his lips and said: "Mis.

Stanton, are you worried about Jeff Lieberman?"

Nicole's eyes flickered slightly.

The mention of that person's name made her feel suffocated.

"you know him?" "He looked for me yesterday."

Roland thought about it for a while and answered honestly, "He promised me

benefits and wanted to take the opportunity to get close to you.

I guess he has bad intentions and ulterior motives. But since we're leaving soon, we probably won't have a chance to see him again." He raised his eyebrows.

Nicole was extremely calm in the back seat.

He could not help but glance back.

Nicole closed her eyes and looked as if she was asleep.

However, only she knew that her emotions were surging.

If what Roland said was true, that Jeff deliberately approached Nicole, why did she not notice anything wrong with him when they

were on the deck of the cruise ship? Nicole could not see any worldly greed or corruption in Jeff.

He did not look like someone who was chasing money and power.

In her perception, Jeff was completely different from what Roland saw.

Thus, she could not accept such a contradictory comment.

Never mind.

She did not need to worry about it.

He was just a stranger who she met by chance.

Nicole noticed that her attention to Jeff had surpassed that of a stranger, which she should not have.

She was just looking for the same kind of vibe that Clayton had in Jeff.

However, if she really got to know him, she might find him to be the exact opposite.

Thus, there was no need to waste effort.

Her life had to go on, and Jeff was just a passing stranger.

After they arrived at the castle, Nicole got out of the car, exhausted.

The butler had already drawn a bath for her and prepared her meal.

However, Nicole did not have much appetite, so she took a bath to relax first.

Before she went upstairs, the butler went over and reported to her.

“Miss, Fischer’s parents are here.

They’re in the living room.” Nicole raised her eyebrows and saw Fischer bouncing over.

“Godmother! Where’s Chatty?” She could tell that Fischer had a lot of fun because there was a lot of sweat on his forehead.

Nicole smiled and wiped his forehead.

“Chatty should be back by now.

If she isn’t back yet, it means that Uncle K took her shopping.

Why don't you call them if you're worried?”

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