

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 2065

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Openly Imitate Her Cheryl hesitated to speak.

When Ingrid turned around, she saw Cheryl.

In an instant, Cheryl and Ingrid regained their composure.

Ingrid smiled at Cheryl and tucked her hair behind her ear.

"I was waiting for you. You finally came out."

Cheryl walked over and asked unintentionally, "Sorry, did I come at a bad time?"

I didn't mean to pry into your personal affairs."

Ingrid raised her eyebrows.

Enter title...

"You'll be part of our family sooner or later, so don't worry about it."

Cheryl smiled and seemed to be a little depressed.

"Your brother seems to have no interest in me. I guess I'm not his type, huh? I

think his attitude toward the nanny is much better than it is to me."

Ingrid looked up, smiled, and took her arm.

“Cheryl, don’t think too much. Everyone has their own style. How could Eric like a nanny? He just did that to provoke me. You won’t be implicated in our conflict. If you’re not his type, then you can just change your style to fit his type.”

Cheryl looked at her in surprise.

Ingrid smiled and pulled her away.

The two women went to the mall and shopped for a long time.

They only shopped at luxury stores.

Cheryl had used up her savings to buy new clothes and jewelry. She even had several overdrafts on her bank cards. She smiled calmly on the surface, but her heart was aching.

Those clothes were a little sexy and cute.

They were utterly different from her usual conservative style of dressing.

Cheryl put on a body- hugging dress with golden stitching on the edges.

The hem of the dress fell to her ankles. She looked bright and flamboyant after completely changing her style.

It was a stark contrast to her introverted and calm personality. She looked at herself in the mirror and felt like her reflection was a stranger.

Ingrid did not explicitly say who else liked this style of dressing.

However, Cheryl had noticed it at the auction that day. It was similar to Nicole's style.

In an instant, Cheryl felt like she was slapped in the face. Her face felt hot and looked flushed.

Cheryl was a top student, but she was reduced to imitating another woman to please a man. It was simply ridiculous.

She suddenly had the urge to take it off, turn around, leave.

However, for some reason, she could not move her feet. Her emotions were easily restrained.

After Ingrid finished a phone call, she walked over to take a look and nodded in satisfaction.

"You're so beautiful! Your dressing is too plain. Men, especially my brother, like flamboyant and charming women. By the way, you should get your hair done later. Curl it slightly, and get the makeup artist to customize a look for you. You'll look perfect then!"

Cheryl looked at Ingrid with a smile and nodded.

"Okay. Thanks to you, I feel like I'm a completely different person now!"

Ingrid raised her eyebrows.

“Don’t worry, I’m here for you. My brother won’t look at other women. As long as you look beautiful, he’ll only have eyes for you in the future!”

Only you.

Ingrid’s words made Cheryl’s heart race.

Cheryl looked at her reflection in the mirror.

At times, she saw her dull and proud self.

Sometimes, she saw Nicole’s face.

Were they so alike? No, Nicole’s facial features were bolder and more seductive.

However, Cheryl imitated Nicole’s style and looked like Nicole, which was enough to attract people’s attention.

This would work.

Cheryl smiled. She convinced herself that it did not matter who she was imitating as long as she could get close to that man. She could still revert to her original style once Eric fell in love with her.

That way, Cheryl could comfort herself. She looked at herself in the mirror and thought that her reflection was much more pleasing to the eye.

The salesperson on the side praised Cheryl with a good attitude, which made Cheryl feel less distressed after spending so much money.

Chance's birthday is in two days. Although my brother doesn't like him very much, his existence is known by many, so there will definitely be a banquet. Dress like this when the time comes, and you'll certainly surprise everyone!"

Cheryl smiled and nodded.

"Okay, I'll do as you suggest."

She walked out with many shopping bags.

Ingrid's hands were free, but she had no intention of helping.

Ingrid was used to being a pampered young lady and would never carry bags for others.

Cheryl's eyes were dark, but she did not say anything.

Before she walked out of the store entrance, she overheard the manager's phone call.

The manager had a smile on his face as he walked in hastily.

"Linda, this season's new products have arrived. They're all global limited editions. Call Ms. Stanton's housekeeper now and ask if we should deliver it to

her house or if she wants to come over and try it in person?"

Cheryl paused in her footsteps. She had already gone over budget for these things.

The store attendant's good attitude toward her was superficial.

Since these were ordinary luxury goods, the store attendant did not earn much commission from them.

Cheryl did not dare to ask for any limited editions because she knew her financial strength very well. She was not at all on the same level as Nicole.

Thus, Cheryl had no choice but to put up with it.

Ingrid's eyes turned cold for a moment, but she was already used to this.

Now, Ingrid could easily bear with it. She patted Cheryl on the shoulder.

"Cheryl, when you marry my brother and become the matron of the Ferguson family, you can have anything you want! When the time comes, they'll beg you to buy their things."

Cheryl nodded and said with a smile, "Let's go and get our hair done."

"Okay.

" Ferguson Residence. This was the first time Eric came to this apartment. He did not expect it to be so empty. He frowned, took a look around, looked back at

Chance, who was huddled behind Yasmin, and beckoned to him. Yasmin

hurriedly pushed the child forward.

"Young Master, your father wants to talk to you. Be polite..."

Her gentle voice made Chance raise his head and look at Eric.

Eric paused, withdrew his hand, and looked down at him.

"How does it feel to live here? Do you think it's better to live here or in school?"

Eric used up the little bit of patience he had at this moment. He told himself that

Chance was his son.

No matter what, he had to ensure a comfortable environment for the child.

Chance blinked.

Although he was not as close to Eric as he wanted to be at first, it was rare for

Eric to talk to him so patiently.

Thus, his heart gradually softened.

Chance took out a pen and paper and slowly wrote, "Here."

When Chance handed it to Eric, he subconsciously glanced at Yasmin.

Seeing those words, Yasmin smiled to express her satisfaction.

Only then did Chance look at Eric and lower his head.

Chance pursed his lips and remained silent. He did not like it here, nor did he

like school.

However, if living here meant that he could see his dad more often, he would rather live here.

Eric's frown disappeared in an instant.

"It's good that you like to live here. Don't create any more trouble in the future, and don't get sick so often."

Chance's pupils shrank.

His face turned pale, and he lowered his head aggrievedly.

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### **The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 2065 Her Background**

Eric frowned. He could not stand seeing his son being so cowardly and timid.

However, he knew that he was not close to his son, so he could not bring

himself to lecture Chance.

Who knew how Angie brought him up in the first place? Eric suspected from the beginning that Angie had an ulterior motive in placing Chance by his side.

Since Angie had bad intentions, Eric was not willing to waste his effort in



developing feelings for his son.

Thus, Eric did not care much about this kid.

Enter title...

Eric thought so, and the emotion in his eyes faded a little.

He stood up straight and looked at Yasmin.

"Take good care of the young master. If he gets sick again, you won't be able to keep this job."

Yasmin could not even take care of a child, and Eric usually did not have much patience for his employees. He would rather replace Yasmin with another nanny that could do the job well.

Yasmin paused and immediately assured him.

"Mr. Ferguson, don't worry. I'll take good care of the young master so that he won't get sick again."

It was common for children to get sick.

The reason why Eric did not want Chance to get sick was not that he was worried about Chance, but because he did not want to waste his time and energy checking on Chance.

Any business or project would be more valuable than visiting a patient in the

hospital.

Eric raised his foot and was about to leave.

Yasmin caught up to Eric after he took a few steps out.

She suddenly said, "Mr.Ferguson, he didn't get sick because of weak immunity..."

Eric held his phone and looked back at her impatiently.

"What do you want to say?"

He did not have the patience to listen to her parenting tips.

Yasmin took a deep breath and looked up at him.

"He shouldn't have gotten sick so suddenly.He just moved out of school into this apartment, so it could be that he wasn't used to the environment.But I think there's another reason for it."

Eric looked at her silently with gloomy eyes.

Yasmin continues, "Perhaps he didn't receive enough fatherly love, so he wanted to attract your attention.Thus, he hurt himself to attract your care EGq!\_pIN attention.Mr.Ferguson, can you let him stay with you every day? He'll gradually get better if he can see you every day."

Eric's eyes changed slightly.He frowned.His face was dark.

Yasmin paused and said, "I also heard that the young master wasn't born with a speech disability. It might be a psychological disorder. If you let him stay by your side, it'll be good for his disability!"

Eric looked at Yasmin with a meaningful gaze.

His expression was grim as he stared at her for a few seconds. He smiled playfully and asked, "Oh? Who did you hear this from?"

How could a newbie who had only been at work for two or three days hear so much? Yasmin was stunned for a moment and said with a smile, "The young master told me this secret. We've become good friends. As I said before, I'm good with children. I brought up my relatives' children."

Eric looked at her coldly and warned her with an expressionless face.

"He's not your relative's child. Don't pry into my private affairs. Don't you know how to be a nanny? Do I need to teach you how to do your job?" He said coldly.

Yasmin was stunned and immediately lowered her head apprehensively, looking obedient and aggrieved.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Ferguson. I've overstepped my bounds."

Eric glanced at her coldly, turned around, and left.

After getting in the car, Eric took out his phone and called Nathaniel.

The call was connected.

Before Eric opened his mouth, Nathaniel got to speak first.

"Second Uncle, did you take good care of Yasmin? You can't let her get bullied!

She's from a small city, so she's not very tactful. You gotta take care of her on my behalf!"

Eric frowned irritably.

"Do you know her background? Where is she from?"

"Of course, I know her. I like her! I will confess to her when I return from this business trip. Don't let it slip, and don't break us up! "

Nathaniel continued chattering, so Eric was annoyed and hung up the phone.

Eric knew that he should not make this call. He rubbed his temples and returned to Ferguson Corporation.

When he got to his office, his assistant knocked on the door.

"Mr. Ferguson, someone wants to see you. It's..."

"No " Eric was in a bad mood.

The assistant coughed.

"It's the police."

Eric looked at him with deep eyes, and the assistant felt a creepy chill.

The assistant lowered his head and heard Eric's unwavering voice, "Lead them to the meeting room."

"Yes, sir."

Eric pursed his lips, sorted out his emotions, stood up, and walked out.

Before Eric reached the door, Mitchell hurried over.

Mitchell leaned over and whispered a few words to Eric, who looked at him with a solemn expression. Mitchell pursed his lips.

"The police are probably here because of this matter. They want to understand the situation better."

Eric lowered his eyes and went straight to the meeting room without a word.

Soon after, Eric led the police out of the room and asked someone to send them away.

Eric stood there. His eyes were dim as he stared blankly ahead.

Mitchell walked over.

"Mr. Ferguson..."

Eric glanced at him.

"It's a routine inquiry... Have you done a background check on Yasmin?"

Mitchell was stunned. He immediately lowered his head in shame.

"No, I'm sorry."

"you should at least have some simple information on her, right? Go to HR and ask them to go through the procedure." Mitchell pursed his lips.

"No, this is my negligence. I asked her before, but she said that she lost her ID card and wanted me to pay her salary in cash."

Eric looked at him coldly as a warning.

Mitchell lowered his head and felt a little apprehensive.

"Mr. Ferguson, is there a problem with her? I thought she was Young Master Nathaniel's girlfriend, so I didn't do a detailed background check on her..."

Mitchell felt more anxious the more he spoke.

How could he allow a complete stranger of unknown origin to take care of Chance? Mitchell suddenly panicked.

Eric pursed his lips. His face was grim.

"will you apologize if something really goes wrong?"

Mitchell was terrified and quickly said, "I'll get someone to investigate and suspend her immediately."

"No need. The investigation is necessary, but suspending her will just make her more vigilant. Let her stay for the time being. I want to know where she came

from. I'm guessing that Nathaniel doesn't know either..."

After Eric finished speaking and went straight to his office.

Mitchell's throat moved. His forehead was filled with sweat. He immediately called the driver who was assigned to Chance.

"Hey, keep a close eye on the young master lately. You must stay close and take good care of him!"

If Mitchell sent bodyguards hastily, it might arouse Yasmin's vigilance.

Thus, he could not do anything.

Everything had to be the same as before.

Before the investigation of Tina's death was made clear, the police had already detained her husband, Zach Gilbert.

That was because Zach's and Kirsi's affair was suddenly exposed by the media.

#KirsiTheHomewrecker #KirsiPregnant

#LegalWifeFoundDeadKirsiProvokedHerManyTimes These hashtags suddenly became trending topics.

In an instant, everyone knew about Kirsi's affair.