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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.

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“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

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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!"

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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

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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

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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?"

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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.

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

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