

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1551

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Nicole paused, thought about it, and followed over. It would be impossible for her to run now.

After all, she could not outrun a bullet.

The man walked over slowly and leisurely with his men. His gaze swept sharply over Nicole's body.

"You brought her out?"

The woman nodded and smiled. "She was locked up in the room. Even if she's not scared to death by you guys, she'll also scare herself to death! I thought that she might as well come out for a breather. We need to give preferential treatment to our hostage!"

Caleb sneered. His eyes were cold and sharp with a layer of gloom. "How kind of you."

He fumbled with the gun in his hand and aimed it at Nicole as he looked at her.

"Aren't you afraid that she'll run away?"

Nicole's face tightened slightly.

The woman laughed joyfully as she pulled out a pocket pistol from her chest and spun it around in her hand.

"What are you afraid of? If she doesn't behave, I'll just shoot her..."

She said it as a matter of course as if she had long been accustomed to such a thing.

Nicole's face was slightly pale as she thought, ' Luckily I didn't think of running away just now!'

Caleb laughed so loud that it sounded like he was praising that woman's cleverness.

Suddenly, he stopped laughing. His gaze was grim as he sized up Nicole.

"I heard that you have some fighting skills. Can you use a gun?"

Nicole was about to shake her head and say that she did not know when something suddenly occurred to her.

If she had a gun in her hand, did she still need to be afraid of them?

Then, she nodded solemnly.

The man smiled and threw the gun in the woman's hand to Nicole. He pointed to a few bodyguards that were target practicing not far away and said, "Go over and play for a while."

when Nicole thought about the authenticity of this gun, she suddenly felt a little nervous.

However, after being nervous, she calmed down. What a great opportunity!

Nicole looked at him. The man's phone rang. He looked at it and frowned slightly, then he let go of the woman and walked to the front to answer the phone.

"Hey, have the goods arrived?"

The woman walked to Nicole's side. "Go ahead. Don't hurt anyone..."

She raised her eyebrows meaningfully and did not intend to go over with Nicole.

She then left the place by herself.

Nicole took a deep breath, took the gun, and walked step by step toward the arena not far away.

The few bodyguards were dressed casually, but from their body and physique, they were all skilled and were comparable to Nicole.

Nicole was not confident she could escape unless she also had a hostage in her hands. The most suitable hostage would be Caleb.

Nicole bit her lower lip and went over.

There were three men there. All of them looked very strong. When they saw Nicole coming over, they smiled meaningfully with disdain and mockery in their eyes as if it was fun to watch her make a fool of herself.

"Is she going to practice this too?" "Does she even dare to pull the trigger?"

"Look at her skinny frame! But her rack's quite a looker..."

As they said that, they looked at each other and laughed.

Nicole's face was red with anger. She wanted to show her temper, but she could not.

The gun in her hand was pocket-sized and small but had a strong firing power.

To scare Nicole, a man standing at the most front suddenly raised his gun and consecutively fired a few shots. The shots were deafening, and the sound echoed all around.

The bullets hit the bullseye.

Nicole's heart trembled slightly as she tried to calm herself down.

The man smiled sinisterly and spoke disdainfully.

"Hey, it's your turn. If you win, this gun will be yours."

He held up the gun he was holding, which looked more practical than the one she was holding.

The smell of gunpowder was also stronger.

Nicole did not know how many people he had killed with this gun.

Her heart trembled. She was indeed moved by that offer.

The gun in her hand would be taken back sooner or later. It would certainly be more convenient if she got to keep this bigger gun.

Nicole exhaled. "Okay. Keep your word." The man did not expect Nicole to agree to it.

The people on the side who were watching the fun asked, "Then what if you lose?"

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Others echoed and laughed.

"Yeah! If you lose, will you offer yourself up?" "Hahahahaha! That's so worth it!"

Nicole rolled her eyes and told herself that she must bear it.

She must bow her head under someone else's roof.

Nicole stood there and raised her gun like a professional.

Although Nicole did not have any practical experience, she would often go to the

shooting range with Kai and Ian to practice. Thus, she was familiar with guns. Previously in the company's team-building event, Nicole was also good at shooting.

Thinking about that, Nicole boosted her self-confidence and thought that she had a better chance at winning.

Nicole slowly took a deep breath, then held the gun steadily and aimed it at the target in front.

The three men on the side did not take it to heart and were still making jokes about Nicole.

Soon, Nicole steadied her mind and twisted her wrist. The direction of the gun suddenly changed as she pointed decisively at the three men.

They were less than so meters from the gate.

This was a shooting range, so the gunshot would not immediately attract attention.

She had twenty seconds to get away, and if she was faster, she could run out in less than twenty seconds.

At that time, everyone's attention would be focused on the injured person.

Her chances of winning would be much higher. Nicole slowly exhaled.

At the moment Nicole intended to shoot, she suddenly felt someone attached to her back.

Her body froze as her wrist was clasped by a large hand with well-defined fingers.

The hand that squeezed her wrist had a miserable pale complexion that was sickly, yet it was strong.

The man exerted a little force so that Nicole loosened her grip. The gun fell to the ground and was steadily caught by the other hand. Nicole's face turned white.

The three big men's faces were also a little glum because they just realized Nicole raised the gun in their direction, not the target.

Wow, that was dangerous!

Nicole's eye eyelashes trembled. Her body relaxed as she showed no intention of resisting.

Caleb also let go of her hand and took a step back to put a distance between them.

That oppressive feeling finally felt further away.

Those three big men wanted to show their anger and went over intending to teach Nicole a lesson, but Caleb gently raised his hand. Those three men did not dare to continue moving forward, so he cursed and left.

Nicole looked at Caleb with a cold face and did not make a sound.

So what if Caleb saw through her intentions?

Caleb stood there with a gloomy face as he stared at her. The chill and hostility in his eyes were obvious.

He weighed the gun in his hand and sneered.

"Ms. Stanton, you didn't behave yourself..."

Nicole pursed her lips. "Is that so? I was just joking."

Caleb laughed in exasperation. "Joking?"

He moved extremely fast and pressed the gun against Nicole's chest. His gaze was cold and dark as he asked, "Was it really a joke?"

Nicole did not know him well, but she could also tell that Caleb was angry.

She chose to shut up.

After all, saying anything right now would be pointless, so she simply did not say a word.

Caleb's thin cheeks twitched slightly. He then took a step forward. The force in his hand strengthened even more.

“Do you think that I don’t dare to touch you? You don’t believe that your corpse is also worth a lot of money?”
His voice was like the fog from the forest that burrowed into Nicole’s ears.
It sounded very creepy.
Nicole’s face became extremely glum.

The next second.
After he said that, he pulled the trigger the moment when Nicole least expected it.
He fired a shot.
Nicole watched in shock as her body trembled viciously.
A sharp pain came from her chest, so she looked down. The sound of the gunshot was extremely soft, so much so that it was barely audible.
However, the pain in her chest was real.
Caleb let go of the trigger. His gaze was sinister as he sneered.

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Nicole looked at the needle that stuck out from her chest. After the pain, she felt a dense soreness and numbness. She felt that half of her body was stiff and numb. After the shock, she felt the fear of having escaped a calamity. She should be thankful that the gun was not real. It was just a scary tranquilizer gun.
Cold sweat started to break out all over her body after she came to her senses. Nicole almost forgot that she was in the territory of an arms dealer. Was she not just creating trouble for herself?
In front of her, Caleb’s face changed. He had a cold and evil look on his face when he stared at her. He then looked at her sternly.
“ It seems that I was too polite to you before, Ms. Stanton. You can stay somewhere else tonight.”
After saying that, Caleb walked around her and left.
Nicole did not feel good. She did not know how strong the anesthetic was.

The numbness started from her chest. Half of her body went numb and gradually spread to her whole body.
This feeling of losing control of her body was terrible.
Then, her eyes flipped back, and she fainted.
When Nicole opened her eyes again, she was not in the room she was in before. She had expected that she would not be treated the way she was before. It was too late to regret anything.
She could only blame it on her bad luck. Nicole gritted her teeth and looked around. She was instantly shocked.
This room was ramshackle and airtight. A dim light swung and swayed overhead, creating flickering shadows. It was extremely stuffy, and she felt breathless. In the opposite corner, more than a dozen girls were crouching on the floor. They looked at Nicole warily, but also sympathetically.

More than anything, they were expressionless.
Those girls did not look old. The youngest was only 11 or 12 years old, and the oldest was 17 or 18 years old. They were mostly adolescent girls.
Their eyes were so ignorant, fearful, or innocent. Nicole's heart sank.
She coughed. Her voice was hoarse. Her body was still sore and numb, but the after-effects of the anesthesia were not so strong anymore.
Nicole could barely sit up on her own.
It was dark all around, and it looked like it was already nighttime.

"This is..."

Nicole asked tentatively.

Before she could finish her sentence, someone pushed open the door.

It was Caleb's woman.

She swept a disgusted glance at the women who were in the corner before her gaze landed on Nicole's body.

The woman held a bowl of paste-looking substance and walked over to Nicole.

"Drink it. The boss said that from now on, you'll get one bowl of this a day. You can choose to starve to death if you dislike it."

Nicole paused and raised her eyes to look at her.

"I..."

The woman raised her hand to stop Nicole from speaking.

"It's useless to say anything. You can only hope that the person who's supposed to save you will come quickly. Otherwise..."

She stopped mid-sentence and laughed lightly. "I told you long ago not to hurt anyone. You're just asking for it."

Caleb was only tolerant of Nicole because she was not a threat.

Once Nicole posed a threat to him, he would no longer show mercy.

Nicole wanted to test Caleb's bottom line, which was a little foolish.

After hearing her words, Nicole held back her question.

Nicole took the bowl of paste and barely had an appetite when she looked at it.

However, Nicole still thanked her for her kindness. "Who are these people?"

Nicole could not help but ask.

The woman swept a glance. Her tone was cold. "They're not people. They're just goods."

That tone was so light as if it was not worth mentioning.

Nicole was shocked for a moment. She wanted to ask more, but the woman was already getting impatient.

"I'm leaving. You can stay here by yourself and mind your own business."

After that, the woman turned around and left, as if staying here for one more minute was an insult to her.

Nicole took a while to react. She put the bowl on the ground and looked at those girls across the room.

No one opened their mouths to speak.

Nicole finally learned her lesson. It was best not to pry blindly without knowing the other party's bottom line.

It looked like these women were not really guests here.

'They're just goods?'

Nicole wrinkled her brows. Why would an arms dealer treat women as goods?

The silence only lasted for a while. Just as Nicole began to doze off, the door was kicked open with a bang, making those women scream.

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Nicole instantly came to her senses and widened her eyes. A few big and burly men came into the dim and stuffy room. Nicole could even recognize one of them. He was the one that she tried to shoot at the shooting range earlier. Her expression changed dramatically as she quickly shrank back into the shadows. However, that man did not even look in her direction. The man casually glanced at the girls. He picked a younger one like he was picking up a chicken and dragged her out. The women were terrified and screamed in fear. The man was so annoyed that he impatiently fired a shot. The gun went off, and silence fell in the room. Everyone was crying with their mouths covered, afraid to be noticed by the man.

“Damn it! Take her away...”

A girl was dragged away, and the rest of the women cried in despair. The room was quiet again. Nicole looked at the scene in shock. Although the air was hot and humid, her body still felt cold all over. It was extremely cold. The woman who had been dragged away was crying and screaming outside. They could hear her getting beaten up. It was as if the most desperate thing had happened. Nicole jerked to her feet, ignoring the discomfort in her body, then leaned on the door and looked out. Nicole looked out into the darkness of the night. Those men took the woman into another room. Her unabated cries continued until midnight. A chill ran through Nicole’s heart, and she felt nauseous. Why did Caleb keep Nicole here? Was it to warn her that he was not a kind person? Now, Nicole finally experienced it.

She stood there. The others were accustomed to the fear. When the crying ended, they all fell asleep. Nicole could not sleep at all. It felt like she had fallen into a nightmare. She did not know how long she stood there for. A grimy-looking woman tugged at Nicole’s clothes and looked at her with dark eyes. “Don’t look. She can’t come back.” The girl said very calmly and hopelessly. Nicole’s body stiffened. She turned back and saw that the group of women had fallen asleep, only a younger one did not. She pursed her lips. “Who are you girls? Why are you here?” The girl was only about 18 or 19 years old. She looked at Nicole and blinked. “How did you get here?” Nicole said, “I was kidnapped.”

The girl nodded and did not seem surprised at all. "I was tricked into coming here."

She turned around and pointed to the people behind her. "Some of them were also captured as well."

The girl seemed satisfied with Nicole's answer and let down her guard.

"You're new here, so it won't be your turn for the next few days. Don't worry."

Nicole was stunned. Her heart became more suspicious. "You just said that she can't come back. What do you mean by that?"

She thought that the girl was brought out and raped. There were so many men here, so those men would certainly not hold back their physical needs.

The security here was already chaotic, not to mention they were in the territory of arms dealers.

However, if those men only wanted to rape that girl, why can't she come back?

The girl looked at Nicole. Her voice was a little cold and small.

"They're getting her to transport the goods..."

Nicole's heart trembled. She suddenly felt goosebumps all over her body.

She had a bad intuition, but she could not say it. "Transport goods?"

The girl nodded her head. "That's what they told me."

After saying that, she looked back. "Go to sleep."

The girl turned around and went back to where she originally was. She leaned against the corner and closed her eyes to sleep.

Nicole suddenly understood why Caleb's woman told her to mind her own business.

She took a deep breath. The air was stuffy and humid. She felt as if she was wrapped in a cocoon.

Nicole was shocked and felt even more helpless.

She could not even save herself, so how could she save the others?

After all, not every place was like Medania.

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The next day, the sun rose as usual.

Only today, no one came to see Nicole. She stayed with the group of women. The air was stagnant and extremely hot.

During the day, they took away four women, so Nicole was extremely tense.

She felt like she was going crazy from the repression.

Two days later.

Someone brought Nicole to Caleb.

Caleb had just finished making a phone call. His eagle eyes looked at her sharply.

"Mr. Ferguson is here and said that he wants to see me for negotiations. Ms.

Stanton, you can look forward to it."

Nicole could no longer look at Caleb with the same gaze she had in the beginning.

He was an arms dealer that made such cruel and unseemly deals in the shadows.

How could Nicole believe that he would keep his promise to let her go?

Nicole's eyes were clear, cold, and still. "It's not that simple, is it? Besides exchanging hostages, what else do you want?"

Caleb raised his eyebrows slightly. He seemed to look at Nicole in a different light.

"It looks like you've become wiser after spending a few days there, huh?"

Nicole pursed her lips. Her face was very glum.

How could he have any integrity if he did not treat people as human beings?

"Caleb, you're not doing this for Angie. Angie and I are just dispensable in your plan, right?"

Her tone was extremely dull as she tried to suppress the ripples within her heart.

Caleb's face changed slightly. His gaze darkened for a moment as he looked at her dangerously.

"And?"

Nicole looked at him. "You want to get something from Eric, so he must come in person. But you didn't show him your cards. At the meeting, you'll take advantage of the situation and blackmail him. Eric will have no choice but to concede."

The air turned cold in an instant.

Caleb raised his eyes to look at Nicole. His voice was deep and cold as he said, "Ms. Stanton, you're really smart, much smarter than Angie. No wonder Mr. Ferguson can't forget about you."

"Caleb, I have to remind you that I have no relationship with Eric Ferguson. If it's simply exchanging hostages or demanding a ransom, it'll be an easy deal. If anything more is involved, I'm afraid that Eric won't agree to it. You're just wasting your efforts."

Caleb laughed lightly. He had an imperceptible look on his face.

"Is that so? Aren't you curious what Mr. Ferguson is willing to do for you?"

Nicole stood still. "I never test the bottom line of someone's principles, let alone someone who has nothing to do with me."

Caleb tilted his head and laughed for a while. He suddenly stopped laughing and looked down at her. His voice was cold. "I really should let him see how heartless you are. Mr. Ferguson has come such a long way to save you, yet you dismiss it by saying he has nothing to do with you?"

"This is the truth. It's your error of judgment." Caleb's face sank.

"Fine, then we shall see if it's right or wrong..." Caleb put away his smile and looked at the time. A bodyguard came in the door.

"Boss, the car is ready. We can depart now."

Caleb answered, glanced at Nicole, lifted his foot, and left.

He only intended to inform Nicole of the meeting and had no intention of taking her with him.

If Eric really brought Nicole away as he wished, how else could they continue negotiations?

Caleb was planning to use Nicole to the end and gain something valuable in exchange for nothing.

After Caleb left, Nicole's legs went limp in an instant. She held onto the table on the side so that she would not fall.

The soles of her feet felt cold. Every time she looked into Caleb's eyes, she felt an eerie and very oppressive feeling.

No one came to rush her back to the previous room.

Nicole stood there for a while.

She heard the sound of a car driving in the yard, followed by the sound of a

woman screaming.
They were such strange and tragic cries.

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The car drove past Nicole. When she looked up, her face changed dramatically. Through the car window, Nicole saw the girl who had talked to her that night in the back of the car. The girl's face was bloodied, and her eyes were desperate and empty as she looked out the window.

The girl seemed to be looking at Nicole too.

In an instant, a wave of nausea rushed to Nicole's chest. She could no longer resist and ran out to dry heave.

However, her stomach was empty. Except for a gag reflex, nothing was thrown up. Caleb's woman came out from inside and looked at Nicole expressionlessly with some sympathy.

"Don't have such high hopes. This negotiation won't go so smoothly. It could take a month or even a year."

Nicole paused and abruptly turned her head. "What does he want?"

The woman smiled and gaudily stroked her hair.

"A lot, such as Eric Ferguson's forces abroad that are powerful enough to launder money, his contacts in various parts of Mediania, and our men who have been arrested by Medianian officers..."

Nicole's face changed a few times. It was indeed a lot.

Compared to these, Nicole and Angie were not considered much of a bargaining chip.

"That's just a pipe dream!"

How could Eric possibly risk having the business that he had painstakingly managed get into the mire again?

It was even more impossible to expose his secret connections and drag them through the mud.

Moreover, those criminals who were arrested deserved what they got, so why should they be released?

Once Eric agreed to Caleb's conditions, it was tantamount to agreeing to become an accomplice. Eric would never be able to rid himself of Caleb again.

"You have such little faith in your own charm?" The woman smiled and looked at Nicole.

Nicole looked over with a clear and cold gaze. "If it were you, would you agree?" All these overstepped the bottom line. It was equivalent to throwing away his future.

Eric was such a shrewd person.

Comparing a relationship that ended in smoke and the future of the entire Ferguson Corporation, anyone would choose the latter, right?

The woman's smile faded. She did not speak for a while.

"You've become different from when you first arrived," she said honestly.

When Nicole first arrived, the woman could feel that this hostage wanted to get close to her.

However, after only a few days, Nicole's gaze when she looked at the others was cold as hell.

That cold gaze did not have much fear. Rather, it carried more disdain and scorn. How could a hostage look at them with such mockery? Nicole did not answer. All she could think about was the girl's face just now when she was sitting in the car. Her face was covered in blood.

It was her turn. The people outside came in and said that they wanted to take Nicole back to the room. The woman waved her hand. "No need, I'll talk to the boss." "Yes, ma'am." They still had some respect for the boss' woman. Just a little though. The woman looked at Nicole's face and realized something. "Are you like this because of those women? Did they scare you?" A dainty young lady would indeed be easily frightened after a few days here. After all, Nicole did not grow up rolling around in the mud. The woman had a light smile on her face. "Don't be afraid. The boss won't do this to you. He just wants to scare you since you tried to shoot someone, steal a gun, and run away in the first place." Nicole turned back. Her face was pale and bloodless. "If it were you, even if there was a 1% chance,

wouldn't you run?" The woman touched her nose. "I won't run. There are more people here than the few that you saw. Hundreds of them are hiding around this place. If you really fired the gun, you would've been shot to death on the spot." Nicole's gaze was in despair for a moment. She blinked and kept silent. Her heart kept sinking. Sure enough, Nicole's thoughts were too simple.

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The woman smiled and went over to pat Nicole on the shoulder. "I quite like you. As long as you behave, I can make sure that you suffer a little less." Nicole blinked. She slowly listened to those words but was not the least bit happy. "Then can I ask where the girl was taken away to?" The woman's smile faded. Her eyes exuded a slight chill. "I told you to mind your own business." "An arms dealer still does such a low-level thing as human trafficking?" Nicole's voice was dry. The woman tugged at the corner of her lips. "It's just handy and not a big deal. Many people in the world do this. Besides, it's more than just human trafficking." "What do you mean?" "It's fine if you know about it. These women's stomachs are filled with goods to

be sent to the place of need. Then, their mission will be over. It's a kind of relief. You're just lucky to be born in a peaceful country with such a good family background. Of course, you won't understand that such things are common in other countries."

The woman's tone was extremely light as she spoke without emotion.

It was really hard to imagine that they did not have the slightest compassion and pity toward life.

It was as if they were all desensitized.

Nicole's gaze changed. She did not continue to ask.

It was useless to know so much before she had the power to fight back.

The woman saw that Nicole's complexion was horrible. She thought about it and asked, "Do you want a doctor to check on you?"

Nicole was just about to nod, but the woman added, "But this doctor will only prescribe morphine whether it's a headache or foot pain. Morphine is the least valuable, so he only prescribes this kind of medicine."

Nicole pursed her lips. She fell silent for a moment before she said, "Then no need, I'll just take a rest."

The woman nodded. "Okay then. You can stay in the room you stayed in before. I'll talk to the boss when he comes back."

"Thank you."

Nicole's tone was slow. Although this woman was Caleb's girlfriend, she did not harm Nicole.

The woman raised her eyebrows. A faint smile appeared on her face. "You're welcome."

Nicole returned to her original room. It was at least clean enough for her to breathe smoothly.

She slowly regained her composure.

It turned out that peace was sometimes hard to come by.

Nicole sat in the chair with her eyes closed, intending to straighten out her thoughts over the past few days.

Suddenly, she heard a cacophony of sounds outside.

Gunshots were mixed with sudden movements of cars.

For a moment, Nicole was surprised. Nicole's eyes snapped open.

She wanted to run outside and happened to bump into the woman.

The woman saw that Nicole was still around and sighed in relief.

"What's going on outside?" Nicole asked.

The woman smiled. "It's nothing, just a little conflict. Such insolent provocations happen here all the time about stealing some supplies and territory. Don't mind that..."

Nicole lowered her eyes in disappointment. "It's so chaotic. Is there no one to control the public order?"

"You mean the authorities?"

The woman looked at Nicole with amusement. "This is a no man's land in Southeast Asia that has no governance. Armed conflicts are commonplace, so even if you escape, you'll just fall into the hands of others, and you won't be so lucky next time..."

Nicole's face went white, and her frown deepened.

The woman smiled and told her to go back and get some rest. Then she closed the door and locked it from the outside.

Nicole paused and walked back with feeble steps. It felt like a thorn was stuck in her throat.

Was there no hope at all?

It was not at all like Nicole's style to sit back and wait for death.

A moment later, the sounds outside stopped. The car engine sounds faded away. A few curses rang out from the courtyard, which made Nicole feel frustrated.

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In the evening.

Caleb came back looking unhappy. He failed to negotiate with Eric.

His gaze when he looked at Nicole was getting colder.

Nicole guessed it right.

Eric would not give in because of her. This was not a matter of money.

Caleb's ultimate goal was to control the global weapons business. He could not do it himself and needed to rely on Eric. That way, he had insurance and could just sit back and enjoy.

It was a beautiful dream.

How could a woman make his wish come true? Caleb looked at Nicole with an extremely gloomy gaze.

"Ms. Stanton, are you sad? You still have to stay here for a while since Mr. Ferguson didn't agree to my conditions."

Nicole curled the corners of her lips. She obviously knew that there was no hope, but she inexplicably felt more relaxed.

"It's expected. Eric's not stupid."

"You're quite open-minded, huh? Do you want to give him a call? Or should I send one of your body parts to him like what I did with Charles Ferguson? What should I send him? Your fingers are very beautiful..."

His nightmarish voice was like a poisonous snake that could freeze one's blood.

It was simply terrifying.

Nicole subconsciously put her hands behind her back and took a step back.

Caleb let out a light laugh.

He was laughing at Nicole's timidity.

In the next second, his face turned glum, and his gaze was gloomy.

"I've underestimated Eric Ferguson. He's not that lovesick after all..."

Nicole did not say a word.

Her best option now was to play dead and be silent. Nicole did not know if it was her illusion, but in the next few days, she noticed some drones in the sky that were not too far nor too close from the base.

If Nicole could see them, Caleb's people naturally could see them too.

There were a few times when Caleb's people shot the drones down. When the drones crashed, they found that these were just ordinary gaming drones.

Caleb cursed a few times, but his expression was obviously unpleasant.

In any case, this place was relatively hidden. If someone was really watching, it meant that they had noticed the place.

Then, this place was no longer safe.

Within a few days, Caleb moved his large band of people.

Of course, it also included Nicole.

Nicole had the honor of sitting in the same car with Caleb.

Caleb looked out the window. His black eyes blended into the darkness. No one knew what he was thinking.

Suddenly, Caleb let out a light laugh.

He glanced at Nicole to the side. "Eric refused to agree to my terms. What should I do? I can't get anything but the money. It's such a bad deal..."

Nicole's face tightened. Her voice deepened. "Money's good. Can't you get Angie back?"

In addition to the money, he still had Angie.

Caleb narrowed his eyes that were flickering. He was calculating and reluctant.

He worked so hard and did not want his efforts to go to waste.

However, Eric did not even try to compromise.

After hearing about Caleb's conditions, Eric seemed to have sorted his priorities in an instant. He did not care so much about Nicole's safety anymore.

Eric did not even take the initiative to contact Caleb and slowly gained the upper hand in this negotiation.

This feeling made Caleb feel very uncomfortable. Was it real or fake?

There was a moment of silence.

Caleb suddenly raised his eyelids. "I thought of a fun way."

Nicole's heart sank.

She did not believe that what Caleb thought was fun would be beneficial to her.

Caleb said, "Since he doesn't care about you at all, then I'll make him watch as he loses you. At least that way, I'll be a little happier."

Nicole's body became tense. She was baffled as she looked to the side at him. Her face was extremely glum.

Caleb laughed a little. "Ms. Stanton, you can only blame it on your bad luck!"

"Caleb, why don't you consider the Stanton family? We're also very rich..."

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Nicole wanted to fight for a chance to live.

She could not depend on Eric to survive.

Caleb waved his hand. "I know, but your family has so many children, and you're a woman. With Medianian's patriarchal habits, your siblings must be so happy with one less person to share their wealth with. I can't get much money from you..."

Nicole opened her mouth and stared at him in shock.

Really?

That was what he thinks?

This was the first time Nicole doubted her value. Wasn't she the Stanton family's most valuable child?

Nicole wanted to say something else, but she just felt her head spinning as it hit the glass so hard that it hurt.

The car abruptly skidded to the side.

Caleb quickly took out his gun, leaned down, and spoke in an extremely cold and fast tone, "What's going on?"

The driver spoke nervously. "Boss, a few cars are coming in front of us. I wonder if they're from Snakehead."

Snakehead was their archrival. "How many of them?"

"Five cars, all filled with people. Should we rush through?"

Everyone got nervous. Nicole could hear the sound of bullets being loaded from the side.

What the hell?

How could Nicole encounter everything?

Caleb gritted his teeth. "Let's turn back. Draw them toward our main fire zone and get everyone at home ready."

Although they had been more tolerant of Snakehead's gang, they would not lose if they fought head-on.

However, they would sustain a big loss.

It would be better if they lured Snakehead's gang to their vantage point and fight them with all they had. Snakehead's gang would be greatly wounded, and Caleb would have a better chance of winning.

The driver was in high spirits. "Yes, Boss! Sit tight!"

As he said that, the driver abruptly turned the steering wheel like he was doing a failed drift. Their car skidded out dozens of meters away. If not for the large distance between the surrounding cars, they would have crashed into their own convoy.

Soon, everyone was extremely cooperative and turned back around.

Nicole leaned to the back and shrank down in her seat.

She was afraid that she would get accidentally shot.

Snakehead's gang's cars were fast. They were targeting Caleb's car.

The moment they were side by side, Caleb was furious.

Caleb pulled out his gun and aimed at their car, showing no mercy when he shot continuously.

Nicole was so frightened that her face turned white. She did not dare to move a muscle as she shrank back.

Snakehead's car slowed down because it seemed like the bullet hit them somewhere. They did not catch up.

Caleb was satisfied as he changed the magazine.

Nicole subconsciously looked back. The car behind was getting farther and farther away. That one glance made her body stiffen.

She wondered if she was mistaken. Her heart fluttered violently.

She seemed to have seen Clayton, who should not have been here.

However, her car was extremely fast. In a few seconds, Snakehead's car was left behind.

She never saw the car behind again.

However, her eyes were red, and her body was trembling gently.

Nicole did not come back to her senses until they got back to that wooden house.

When Caleb got out of the car, he saw that Nicole was still sitting in the car. He swept her a glance and could not help but sneer.

"Ms. Stanton, did that scare you into tears?" Many of them mocked Nicole for crying.

After the fierce exchange of fire, their blood boiled.

Seeing a woman's tears only stirred up more desire to win.

It seemed like they had accomplished something.

Caleb's woman got out of another car. She came over and saw the situation, then laughed a little.

She then went over to pull Nicole out of the car.

"Come on, what are you laughing at? Are you guys not scared of death?"

Nicole stood there dumbfounded. She could not hear any sound for a while.

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After Caleb finished laughing, he went to arrange their defenses.

"Snakehead is really tired of living! How dare he try to cut me off in the middle of the road? If they dare to come close later, just kill them all!"

"Don't worry, Boss. If they dare to come close, not a single one of them will be left alive!"

They were extremely arrogant.

Nicole wanted to go out and take a look, but she was dragged back.

The more she thought about it, she felt that something was wrong.

Clayton came for her. Perhaps she was not mistaken.

Clayton was here!

That meant that it was not Snakehead.

If Caleb knew about it, he would probably retaliate strongly.

After all, he was still wary of Snakehead. A local mobster was more powerful than an outsider, so Caleb would not care.

Nicole suppressed the surge of emotions in her heart. Her face looked a little pale.

Caleb thought that Nicole was scared out of her wits, so he got someone to take her back to rest.

Nicole was eager to go out and take a look, feeling that freedom was right in front of her right outside that door.

Clayton was there. He had come for her.

After days of feeling hopeless, Nicole somehow felt excited, with joy surging in her blood.

Were those drones his? They must be.

Nicole stood frozen in the room.

Caleb's woman saw that she was scared silly and shook her head.

"Why are you so scared? You didn't get hurt, right?" Nicole did not answer.

The woman sighed. "Forget it, just rest well then. I'll look for you when it's time to leave."

After saying that, the woman turned around and left. She thoughtfully closed the door for Nicole.

Nicole slowly walked over and sat down. She stroked her chest to calm her racing heart that felt like it was about to jump out of her chest.

The hope that she lost from Eric was gained back through Clayton.

At night.

Nicole fell asleep in a daze, but she did not sleep deeply.

Suddenly, she heard a noise outside.

Nicole thought that it was the men planning to take those girls out again, but within a few minutes, someone pushed the door open.

Nicole jerked open his eyes.

Caleb's woman stood there. "Get up! We're leaving."

Her tone was extremely urgent. She did not even give Nicole time to react before coming over to pull her.

Nicole paused and struggled for a bit. "In the middle of the night?"

"Yes, it's too conspicuous during the day. Let's leave now while everyone is not paying attention."

Nicole's heart sank slightly.

"But what if someone is waiting outside?"

Nicole did not want to sneak away in the middle of the night.

What if Clayton had some plan to come here and missed her? She would have been happy for nothing.

The woman wrinkled her eyebrows and was a little impatient. "Why are you talking so much? You don't want to leave? Do you want to stay and get caught by Snakehead? They're not as nice as Caleb."

Nicole pursed her lips. "I was just simply asking..."

The woman pulled Nicole out. "Don't worry, someone's keeping watch. No one is outside, and no one will come to fight at 2:30 am. Do you think they're robots?"

Nicole was speechless and could not say another word.

No matter how much Nicole tried to stall, the woman ignored her and stuffed her into Caleb's car.

"Honey, let's go..."

With that, the woman went to another car in the back.

It was their rule for one person to sit in a car so that they could sit with their bodyguards for higher security.

Thus, Caleb's woman never asked to share a car with Caleb.

The purpose of having Nicole in Caleb's car was to prevent her from running away and also to prevent Eric from suddenly attacking. If Eric did attack, Caleb would have a hostage in hand that he could use to blackmail Eric.

No one was more suitable than Nicole as a hostage.

Caleb's trip in the darkness of the night looked a lot more low-key.

The convoy shrunk by half, presumably for fear of making too much noise and attracting the attention of others.

Nicole subconsciously looked out the window. It was pitch black without even a street lamp.