

Chapter 81 Purposely Look For You

The sky gradually dimmed into a dark blue hue. The gloomy sky accompanied by the evening chill felt quite disconcerting.

Nicole saw that it was almost time, so she went to the dressing room in her office where she had the latest collections of her favorite brands always available. She picked out a decent knee-length low-key luxury dress to change into, then paired it with a limited edition bag and beautiful stilettos.

When Nicole arrived at the clubhouse, no one recognized her. Everyone was just chatting with the people they knew well. There was no theme to this gathering and looked like it was purely for these high-society ladies to pass the time.

Nicole took a plate of hors d'oeuvres and ate it slowly. She sat in a corner and looked around. 'There's no sign of Samantha Lindt anywhere. Is she not coming?'

"Nicole?" The person in front of her looked at her in surprise.

Nicole raised her eyebrows. "Carter? Why are you here?"

"We're truly destined to be together! It's fate that brought us here at this moment ..." Ian raised an eyebrow.

Nicole threw a sidelong glance at him. "Can you be serious for once?"

"My mother wanted some pastries from the clubhouse and sent me out to get them." Ian helplessly shrugged his shoulders.

Nicole smiled and thought, 'Mrs. Carter is quite the foodie.'

"What about you?"

"I uh... I just came to have some fun, but turns out the 'fun' didn't show up..." Nicole smiled. She looked at the time and stood up, but Ian pulled her wrist.

"Where are you going?"

Nicole looked at him helplessly. "I'm going to the bathroom, then I'll leave in a moment."

Ian let go of her hand and naturally did not want to give up such a good opportunity to spend time with Nicole. "I'll wait for you and send you home later."

"I drove here."

"Then you can take me home!"

.....

After leaving the banquet hall, the corridor was relatively quiet. Quite a few people were talking there. When Nicole walked around the corner, she heard someone mention her name.

"Eric Ferguson's ex-wife is not a simple woman. I heard that she cheated on him before the divorce and acted all innocent to gain sympathy with the netizens. In fact, the Fergusons just aren't bothered to deal with her. Otherwise, how can she live so peacefully until now?"

"Young Lady Ferguson is my friend and I've heard a little about their marriage. Apparently, Nicole has no degree or family background. She's just been a housewife for the past three years and suddenly became the Vice President of Stanton Corporation after the divorce.

She even forced out Samantha Lindt..."

"Samantha's such a poor thing. She used so much effort to get to where she is now and became the strong independent woman everyone envies, but that mistress just snatched her position... I heard that the current projects Nicole is handling are taken over from Samantha..."

"Nicole is so shameless! How can such a woman be so sought-after? I heard that she cozied up to Grant Stanton, who even bought her a house and a car. I wonder what Grant Stanton will do when he sees her photos with Kai... Do you think he'll go berserk?"

"Yeah, she should take a good look in the mirror. This kind of woman is only worthy of being a mistress. Anyone with a background won't marry a divorced woman who fools around with so many

men.”

Nicole stopped in her tracks and could not help but raise an eyebrow. ‘Wow, I’m always the main character wherever I go...’

She lowered her head, hooked her lips, and was just about to walk over to teach these two women a lesson when she heard a familiar voice that sounded so aggrieved.

“Yeah... It’s a pity that I didn’t come from a wealthy family nor do I know how to please men. Even if I’m capable and work so hard, there’s no way I can beat Mr. Stanton’s sweetheart...”

‘Is that Samantha Lindt?’ Nicole thought.

“Don’t be such a pushover. If this was my family business, I’d have gotten rid of that woman. How dare she go around like she’s somebody?”

"Yeah, Samantha, you should teach her a lesson! Why are you scared of that vixen anyway?"

.....

Nicole hooked her lips and took a step back to call Ian. "Can you do something for me? I have something in my bag..."

After hanging up, a waiter passed by with a tray of wine. Nicole picked up a glass and walked over to the group of gossiping women.

"I'm curious... What lesson do you want to teach me, Ms. Lindt?"

Nicole's sudden remark made the three women in the corner freeze in place, especially Samantha. A trace of panic flashed across her face, but she quickly regained composure.

"Vice President Nicole, what a coincidence..."

"It's not. I came here purposely to look for you." Nicole smiled at Samantha. She raised the glass in her hand, gently tilted it, and poured the red wine all over Samantha's head without leaving a single drop behind.

Chapter 82 Beat People up Personally

Samantha's body stiffened. She then raised her head in shock and glared at Nicole angrily. Her voice was shrill and harsh.

"Nicole! Are you crazy?"

The two young ladies next to Samantha were also mad at Nicole and tried to stand up for Samantha.

"Nicole, don't you know where this is? Do you even deserve to be here?"

"That's right! You're not welcome here! I'll get the security guards to kick you out!"

Nicole did not care for these two idiots and stared at Samantha coldly. "You didn't think of this scenario when you slandered me?"

Samantha was stubborn. "Who slandered you? Everyone knows what you did!"

Nicole hooked her lips and pushed Samantha back to a wall with one hand. When Samantha tried to struggle, Nicole put one arm across her neck and said in an extremely cold voice, "Samantha Lindt, you should own up to your actions. I prepared a big return gift for you."

Samantha saw disdain in Nicole's eyes. The corners of her lips trembled as she lowered her voice and said, "The recording with Chairman Zeller doesn't mean anything. Anyone will encounter such things in the workplace, so this won't hurt me. Nicole, you'll never get rid of me as a rival!"

Nicole withdrew her gaze and raised her eyebrows. "Oh? But you're not even qualified to be my rival."

As soon as Nicole finished her sentence, a shocked cry suddenly came from the banquet hall.

"Isn't that Samantha Lindt?!"

"That's Samantha Lindt from Stanton Corporation! She's been mingling in our circle lately..."

"Who's that? That's Micah Zielinski, right? Mrs. Zielinski, isn't that your husband?"

Soon after, they heard intermittent voices coming from the banquet hall.

Samantha's face instantly turned glum. She panicked and asked, "What did you do?"

"Tsk ts... Whoever told you that I only have one recording of you?" Nicole took a step back. "Go check out your gift..."

Samantha ran out, but before she could

see what was going on, she was slapped hard in the face.

"Ahh!"

"You homewrecker! How dare you seduce my husband? Shameless b*tch! You incited me to help you spread rumors about Nicole but you stabbed me in the back? I'll beat you to death today..."

A woman dressed in expensive and extravagant clothes yelled as she angrily charged at Samantha. No one nearby tried to stop the fight.

Nicole laughed. When she arrived earlier, she had already spotted Micah Zielinski's wife. 'She's just as hot-tempered as they say!'

Samantha was beaten and did not dare to fight back. She only covered her face and whimpered wretchedly.

Overhead on the big projector was an unseemly video of Samantha Lindt and Micah Zielinski with their bodies entangled in the car.

The people around started to watch the show.

Nicole smiled and turned to look at the shocked faces of the two young ladies behind her. "Now, it's your turn."

Those two young ladies were shocked as they just found out that Samantha was not a good person. However, they did not think that Nicole was any better and did not fear her.

"What do you want to do? Why hasn't the security guard come yet? Even if Samantha Lindt isn't a good person and has wronged you, it doesn't mean that you're innocent either!"

"Whether I'm a good person or not is none of your business. Didn't your families teach you basic manners not to talk behind people's backs?" Nicole smirked at them.

"What right do you have to tell us what to do? Security!" One of them started shouting impatiently.

Coincidentally, someone walked over from a distance. The handsome man with charming eyes and extremely sexy lips said, "Why are you calling for security?"

"Second Young Master Carter! This woman was being rude to us. She even fought with Samantha Lindt just now. You have to protect us..." Another woman spoke.

They thought that Ian Carter, who was a distinguished Young Master of an

affluent family, was just like them and would surely be on their side.

Ian glanced at them and grunted, then said in a cold tone. "You asked for it."

He then reached out to hold Nicole's hand and looked at it with heartache as he chided her in an aggrieved tone. "Why didn't you call me to fight for you? How could you hurt your own hands by beating people up personally?"

Chapter 83 Who's More Popular?

Everyone was from the same gentry circle. Ian Carter had always been popular among the high-society ladies, and his status as the Second Young Master of the Carter family was also very appealing.

Thus, when these two women saw Ian Carter treating Nicole like this, their faces subconsciously paled.

'What's going on? Didn't Nicole have a thing with Grant Stanton and a fling with Kai? Ian Carter still sides with such a scandalous woman?'

Nicole withdrew her hand with some annoyance and turned to look at the women. "You can either take the initiative to apologize, or I can make you

apologize. Choose one.”

The two women looked at each other. Their bodies unconsciously stiffened.

Ian, who was next to Nicole, looked at the two women with a cold smile. “Are you deaf? Choose!”

Those two women were perplexed. It looked like Ian Carter was willing to beat them up as long as Nicole said the word, regardless of their gender difference.

Click!

Nicole snapped a picture with her phone and hooked her lips in satisfaction.

“What are you doing?” One of the women could not help but ask because she was confused as to why Nicole would take pictures of them.

“We’re civilized people, so I won’t fight

with you. Since you don't want to apologize, I can only get your father to apologize to me. When the time comes, it won't just be a simple 'sorry' anymore."

Nicole laughed. With Stanton Corporation's power, it would be easy to make things difficult for a few small companies. Making them disappear from West City could also be done in a snap of a finger.

One of the women whispered to the other, then the two of them looked up and said reluctantly, "Sorry."

Although they did not like Nicole, they were afraid of the Carter family's strength. Ian Carter was clearly backing Nicole, so they could not afford to mess with them.

Moreover, if Nicole complained to Grant Stanton later, the situation would be even

worse.

These two ladies were trust fund babies that had no contribution to the family business. If they implicated their family business because of such a small matter, they would certainly get disowned.

Nicole raised her eyebrows and dug her ear. "I didn't hear it..."

The two women gritted their teeth and stared at Nicole. They raised their voices slightly. "Ms. Nicole, we're sorry."

Nicole smiled, but it was cold. "This is a warning. Next time, I won't pretend to be civilized."

She had a lot of ways to intimidate a few trust fund babies.

The two ladies smiled. Although indignant, they dared not say anything.

Nicole looked at the time on her phone. The sounds of beratement in the banquet hall were still ongoing. Nicole did not want to continue meddling, so she went straight out the door.

Since everything had been exposed, Stanton Corporation would publish Samantha Lindt's dismissal later in the evening, so Samantha would not be able to stay in this industry.

Of course, Micah Zielinski would also suffer the same fate.

Before they got out of the door, they saw a group of people coming from another direction, led by none other than Eric Ferguson.

Ian was next to Nicole and snorted lightly. "What a small world..."

He walked forward, put his arm around

Nicole's shoulders, then whispered in her ear, "You don't need to thank me. We can't lose this battle."

Nicole noticed that Eric was staring at her. She retracted her gaze indifferently and walked forward without glancing at him, treating him like a stranger.

"Nicole, you've been quite popular lately, huh? Your appearance rate is even higher than actual celebrities. Are you trying to change your career and make your debut in showbiz?"

Keith, who was beside Eric, could not help but annoy Nicole when he saw her. He then stepped forward to stop her from leaving.

He had been watching the drama unfold online all day.

It was a rare occasion that Nicole was

insulted, so Keith wanted to add fuel to the fire.

Unfortunately, the keyboard warriors he hired stopped all movement in the latter part of the day.

Ian raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Ludwig, what does it have to do with you?"

"Second Young Master Carter, how can you still side her when she has entanglements with three men at the same time? Don't you think that this woman is a little too popular with men?" Keith's words were very sarcastic.

Nicole cast a sidelong glance at Keith. "Mr. Ludwig, if I were you, I'd learn to keep my mouth shut at this time."

"What?" Keith thought, 'This woman dares to teach me what to do?'

Nicole hooked her lips and sneered. "

Because if I get upset, I can easily make you more popular than I am now..."

Once Keith's nudes were posted online, who among them would be more viral?

After dropping that sentence, Nicole retracted her gaze and left the clubhouse. She did not even glance at Eric Ferguson, who was standing next to Keith.

Keith's face turned red as he stood there gnashing his teeth. "This woman... Is she planning to threaten me for life?!"

Eric coldly withdrew his gaze from Nicole and swept a glance at Keith. "You asked for it."

Chapter 84 She Can't Be Touched

Ian had driven his car to the clubhouse, but he still insisted on Nicole to drive him home.

Nicole reluctantly agreed. After they got into the car, a tall figure blocked the front hood when they were about to drive away.

Ian put away his smile and raised his eyebrows slightly. "Why is Eric Ferguson so clingy?"

Eric Ferguson walked right in front of them unhurriedly without the intention of giving way. He obviously had something to say.

Nicole was getting impatient. Eric walked to the car and knocked on her window. She lowered her eyelids, lightly hooked

the corners of her mouth, then slowly lowered the car window.

"Mr. Ferguson, is there a problem?"

Eric's dark eyes sank as he looked at her profoundly.

"Nicole, those two conditions you proposed..."

Nicole laughed and interrupted him. "It looks like you've made a decision? Which one do you want?"

'Wendy Quade or the emerald pipe?'

Eric's gaze sank slightly. "Change your condition. Wendy can't be touched."

When Nicole heard this, her smile stiffened for a moment. She was grateful that they were in a dark environment so that no one could see the gloom on her face.

'Wendy Quade can't be touched? How precious is she to him? Does Wendy Quade have such a special existence in his heart?' Nicole thought.

Nicole thought that she was over Eric Ferguson and that she did not care about such matters anymore. However, she could still be so easily hurt by his simple remark. That numbing dense pain was particularly familiar to her. She had gotten through this pain with clenched teeth countless times before.

'The only person Eric Ferguson would willingly hurt has always been me...'

Nicole suddenly felt a warm and strong hand holding her right hand tightly. She was stunned for a moment and looked back at Ian. Ian raised his eyebrows and had a glint in his eyes.

"Mr. Ferguson, it seems that Wendy Quade is truly special to you. I'm concerned about your tastes in women. If I were you, I'd rather blind myself than take one look at her."

Ian's words calmed Nicole down. She paused for a moment to gather her expression. When she raised her eyes again, they were filled with coldness. She scoffed. "Mr. Ferguson, you still don't get it, huh? I'm the one calling the shots. I gave you a choice, so you can only choose among them and have no right to change the options."

Nicole hooked her lips and sneered. She slowly raised the car window, withdrew her gaze, then stepped on the gas pedal and drove off into the night.

She did not glance at the man left behind.

"Lil N, look at you! Weren't you so confident when you were inside? Why did you become such a wimp after coming out?"

Ian and Nicole grew up together and knew each other well, so he knew what she was thinking with just one glance. He tore down her mask and still did not let go of her hand. The corners of his lips were still curled up.

Nicole retracted her hand and laughed self-deprecatingly. "I know I'm a fool..."

Ian paused, then reached out to stroke her head. His voice was gentle as he said, "Don't be scared, you still have me, alright?"

Nicole smiled, withdrew her thoughts, and said in an indifferent voice, "How can I be scared to lose something I never had? S

o... I'm not scared of anything."

She would not give Eric Ferguson a chance to hurt her again.

'So he chose Wendy Quade, huh? I guess his family heirloom will be lost forever...'

Inside the parking lot.

Keith panted as he ran over to the tall and well-built Eric, who was just standing in place. He stared at the man strangely.

"Didn't you come here to try out my new car? I'm freezing to death! Why are you just standing there?"

Eric's gaze was cold and sullen. "Nothing."

Keith breathed a sigh of relief. Suddenly, he swept a glance at the car next to him and saw a dent in the door. He then squatted down and stroked it, feeling anxious, angry, and heartbroken at this

moment.

He just wanted to jump up and curse at the culprit.

"My beloved car! I only had it for less than three days... Which son of a b*tch did this?! I'm gonna kill them!"

Chapter 85 Get Away From Me

Eric Ferguson looked at Keith Ludwig coldly as he felt a suffocating and irritating pain in his chest. For some reason, Eric was annoyed when he saw that Nicole did not reject Ian from holding her hand earlier.

Keith continued chattering on the side. " You didn't see who did it?! Who'd damage my beloved car? I ordered it from Europe and it came in a special shipment after floating at sea for more than half a month! That son of a b*tch!"

Stanton Corporation.

A few days later, Samantha Lindt was officially kicked out of the company and charged with leaking trade secrets. The company's supervisory board began to

investigate the accounts handled by Micah Zielinski. They found that Micah Zielinski had sold off three percent of his shares at a high price long ago and that he was just a titular shareholder that fooled everyone.

When Logan reported this matter to Nicole, she was leisurely sipping her cup of coffee and only narrowed her eyes. Logan could not grasp Nicole's thoughts. 'Is she not anxious about such a big thing?'

"Vice President Nicole, should I investigate who he sold his shares to?"

If Micah Zielinski sold his shares to a rival company, they would be in dangerous waters.

Nicole laughed lightly, picked up a document from the side, and threw it on the desk. "My brother's been prepared for

this long ago. How could he let his company's shares fall into the hands of others?"

Logan was curious and took a look. The assignee on it was actually Nicole!

'What a great covert move!'

"Micah Zielinski unknowingly sold his shares to President Stanton's representative, who then sold them to you?" Logan asked.

Nicole raised her eyebrows and smiled gently. "Yup."

Grant Stanton had more foresight than anyone else. He started planning this early on. Micah Zielinski's shares were just a little welcome gift he prepared for Nicole.

Grant's flight was scheduled to land later that day, so Nicole dragged Kai, who was

resting at home, to pick Grant up at the airport.

Not wanting to cause another sensation like the last airport pickup, Nicole and Kai waited in the parking lot, each with a cup of coffee in hand. There were only a few people around, so it was quiet.

In a few minutes, Grant showed up in a low profile. Nicole recognized his tall, upright figure and handsome eyebrows right away.

Nicole quickly got out of the car and ran over with her arms wide open to welcome him, then hugged his neck like a koala bear, not letting go. "Welcome home, Big Brother!"

Grant let out a helpless laugh. "You missed me so much?"

"Yeah, I missed you! Where's my present?"

Kai also got out of the car excitedly and opened his arms to hug him just as Nicole did. "Welcome home, Big Brother!"

However, before he could touch Grant's neck, Grant pushed him away with one hand. "Get away from me!"

Kai was speechless.

Nicole laughed at the side while Grant's assistant came over from behind, lugging seven or eight suitcases. Nicole finally let go of Grant and swept a glance at the suitcases. She was surprised that her brother had so much luggage.

On the other side, Kai grunted coldly and was so vexed that he spat out some harsh words. "I'm gonna disown you guys!"

"Alright, goodbye then!" Grant raised his eyebrows and turned to stroke Nicole's

hair. "Don't mind him. Let's go home... I bought you several boxes of gifts and I'm sure you'll like them. You can take your pick first and give one or two things you don't like to Kai."

Kai, who was walking in the front, stopped in his tracks. He looked so aggrieved and angry as he glared at his siblings at the back. He gritted his teeth and said, "Can't you be more discreet when you say things like that?!"

'I'm the most miserable and insubstantial movie star in the world!' Kai thought.

The group of assistants behind the Stanton siblings were baffled and panted as they carefully carried several large boxes.

Chapter 86 Special Guest

The car returned to the Stanton mansion, and the three siblings went inside. Mr. Anderson was overjoyed and immediately instructed the maids to prepare dinner.

Even in Floyd Stanton's absence, every corner of the villa was cleaned every day. Mr. Anderson had been working as a butler in the Stanton mansion for more than thirty years and had never made a mistake.

The three siblings finally got together, so they drank some wine to celebrate. Kai staggered around like a madman, dancing with the music. He did not look a bit like the superstar he was. If his fans saw him at this moment, they would probably turn their backs on him.

Nicole spread out all the gifts Grant brought back for her on the floor and sat there to pick out her favorite ones. These priceless collectibles from private collectors abroad were worth more than those luxury brands.

She was feeling a little tipsy when her phone rang. It was a call from Julie Nixon, so Nicole happily answered it. With a simple hand gesture, the butler immediately understood what Nicole meant and went up to put these gifts in her room while she was talking on the phone.

"Jules, are you back?"

Julie responded and was upfront with Nicole. "Clear out your schedule tomorrow night. I can't do without you for the opening of my big show. Come over with Yvette, okay?"

Nicole fully supported her bestie's career. Moreover, Julie's fashion shows were always interesting. "No problem. I'll be there!"

Julie paused for a moment and said, "Can you bring along your third brother as well ..."

Nicole was surprised. Julie and Kai had never interacted much, so Nicole was wondering how she should invite him to the show.

Julie coughed slightly and explained, "He's a big movie star, so his appearance will increase my show's coverage and stature. If others see that I can't even invite an A-lister to my show, what will they think of me?"

Nicole laughed and walked into her room. "Don't be modest. Your tickets are so

hard to get that everyone's fighting over it. Who doesn't know how trendy Share is right now? But since you asked, I'll bring Kai with me. Don't worry!"

In the beginning, the domestic fashion trends were led by international brands. Two years ago, Julie Nixon won an international fashion design award and founded her mysterious private fashion shows in which she would reveal her designs little by little. Her shows took the fashion industry by storm and received international acclamation.

This year's private show was held back home in Medania. Since it was a private show with limited seating, Julie would send out these invitations personally after careful consideration and selection. The people who could get an invitation to her fashion show were from the mysterious gentry circle.

Everyone wanted to see the legendary Share fashion show.

"Thanks!" Julie breathed a sigh of relief and hung up the phone.

Nicole put down the phone and sent a message to Kai informing him about his attendance for tomorrow night's show. Without waiting for his reply, Nicole turned off her phone and went to bed.

The next morning, Yvette called Nicole to shop for a new outfit for Julie's show. Since Grant was back, Nicole took this opportunity to take a break from work and gladly agreed to a shopping spree.

The two ladies made an appointment with the store before going. When the store manager saw Nicole and Yvette, her eyes lit up and she excitedly welcomed them at the door.

"Welcome, Ms. Stanton and Ms. Quimbey. We have specially cleared the store for you today and everyone here is dedicated to serving your needs." The store manager spoke amiably.

Nicole chuckled and said, "We want to keep a low profile, so there's no need to be so troublesome. We'll just take a look upstairs and won't delay your business."

"Um..."

"Just do as she says. Let's not waste time." Yvette urged.

"As you wish, ladies." The store manager nodded and complied with the guests' request.

The second floor was brightly lit and the table was filled with exquisite small desserts specially ordered from Michelin-star restaurants. There was also a

luxurious scent in the store.

"Ladies, would you like a drink? We've specially prepared a selection of fine European wine exclusive for our VVVIPs. The low alcohol percentage makes it quite befitting for casual drinking. Would you like to try it?" The store manager recommended their value-added services for the important guests.

Nicole and Yvette glanced at each other, then answered, "Sure, we'll have a glass then."

The wine was very fragrant. Nicole knew at first glance that this kind of wine without a brand was not for sale to the public and was only available for private collection. Just as the store manager mentioned, it was very exclusive.

Nicole and Yvette sat on the sofa while the store manager handed them an iPad

that had a catalog of their brand's limited edition collection.

The store manager adjusted the ambient light on the second floor. With a light clap, a stream of models with similar figures to Nicole and Yvette came out from the back wearing the sample clothes. Thus, the ladies did not have to try them on and only needed to nod when they saw a piece they fancied. They did not even need to lift their feet.

While Yvette and Nicole were watching intently, they suddenly heard a noise downstairs. "Where is everyone? Is this how you serve your customers?"

Nicole glanced in the direction of the voice and saw Wendy Quade and Ingrid Ferguson standing at the entrance.

'Damn it... If I'd known earlier, I would've let them clear out the store...'

Chapter 87 Mind Your Breathing

Wendy Quade looked up and was slightly stunned to see Nicole upstairs gently swirling a glass of wine in her hand, looking very relaxed. However, Nicole did not bother to look at them and continued to watch the models in front of her.

Ingrid and Wendy walked to the stairs but were stopped by the staff in the store.

"Sorry, the second floor is closed to the public."

Ingrid was infuriated. "What did you say? What right do you have to stop us? I'm your VIP guest, so why can't I go upstairs?! Your service attitude is horrible! Just wait till I file a complaint against you and make you lose your job!"

The staff smiled and spoke politely, "I'm sorry, but we have important guests upstairs that cannot be disturbed. The first floor is still open for other customers. If you wish to go to the second floor, please come again tomorrow."

"No, I have an important event to attend in the evening, so it has to be today!"

Ingrid was a snob and full of herself. 'I'm the Young Lady of the Ferguson family! Who dares to neglect me?'

The staff had a difficult look on her face. "Ms. Ferguson, I'm sorry, but it's really not possible."

Wendy pulled Ingrid's arm from the side. "Forget it... Perhaps they do have some important people upstairs... Let's just stay on the first floor."

This was a slap in the face for a snob like Ingrid. 'Who dares to offend me in the whole of Atlanta?'

Ingrid sneered. She shoved the staff aside and headed upstairs. "I must go to the second floor! If that guest of yours doesn't want to share a space, kick them out!"

The staff could not stop her, so she could only follow in a panic. "No, Ms. Ferguson ..."

A triumphant smirk flashed across Wendy's face.

Nicole noticed the commotion downstairs and thought, 'These clowns!'

The store manager also heard the commotion and glanced at Nicole apologetically. She walked over intending to stop Ingrid, but it was too late. Ingrid

had already reached the top of the stairs.

When Ingrid saw Nicole, her face stiffened. She did not expect that the important guest was Nicole.

Yvette snorted coldly. "I was just thinking who that uncivilized person might be... Turns out it's Ms. Ferguson. I don't think there's anyone in the entire city that's as boorish as her..."

Ingrid was ridiculed and gritted her teeth in anger. "Hmph! So it's you guys... Did you buy out the second floor? Why can't other people come up?"

"Because we like it. What do you care?" Yvette raised her eyebrows as she retorted.

Nicole shook her wine glass insouciantly. It was a pity that such fine wine and this wonderful atmosphere were so crudely

ruined.

Wendy came forward and looked at Nicole with a smile. "Nicole, it's been a long time since we met."

"Quit that act. Who wants to see you?" Yvette had the worst impression of Wendy Quade.

Wendy was such a manipulative two-faced b*tch that liked to act all innocent to gain everyone's sympathy. She was the most wicked person Yvette knew.

Nicole looked down and did not pay any attention to Wendy. The atmosphere was awkward for a while. The store manager saw this and immediately understood that these ladies knew each other but did not get along.

"Sorry, these two ladies came upstairs first. Can you two please wait downstairs

for a moment?"

"Why should we wait?" Ingrid was dissatisfied and needed to vent her anger on someone.

'It's all Nicole's fault that Grandpa is mad at me for not getting his emerald pipe back! Brother also didn't help me because of her!'

"Yeah, we all know each other anyway. Why don't we join our sessions since the models are already displaying the clothes? This service isn't usually offered to guests, so it's just as well we can all enjoy it. Nicole, you wouldn't mind, right?" Wendy's voice was gentle as she spoke.

The store manager paused and was just thinking of a way to kick them out when she heard Nicole's light laughter.

'Does she think that I'll be cordial in front

of everyone, that I'd put up with her like before? Dream on!' Nicole thought.

Nicole lifted her head nonchalantly to look straight at Wendy with a cold gaze. "I do mind... Because your breathing bothers me."

Chapter 88 Kick Them Out

Nicole hooked her lips into a cold smile and watched as Wendy's fake smile gradually stiffened and shattered.

She was extremely satisfied.

"Hear that? Why are you still here? How thick-skinned are you to freeload off of our treatment? Ms. Quade, please be more self-conscious." Yvette sneered.

Seeing this, the store manager feared that Nicole would be upset and immediately made her position clear. She turned to Ingrid Ferguson and Wendy Quade and said, "Ladies, please head downstairs. Our staff will attend to you shortly."

Wendy's face was glum. Ingrid was even

more furious because this was a slap in the face for her.

If word got out, Ingrid's reputation among the high-society ladies would go down the drain!

"No! I want to see what kind of clothes Nicole has her eyes on. I have plenty of money, so I'll buy whatever she wants!" Ingrid wanted to flaunt her wealth to gain back her reputation, especially in front of Nicole.

Nicole was slightly stunned and raised an eyebrow. "You're buying it?"

"Yes, I'll buy it all!" Ingrid sneered, then looked at the store manager smugly. "Kick them out of here now!"

The store manager could hardly maintain her smile and looked torn. 'Ms. Ferguson's princess attitude is so

difficult to deal with...'

Nicole smiled and looked at the store manager. "Since Ms. Ferguson wants it, just wrap up everything that I picked earlier and give it to her."

The store manager froze and felt surprised that Nicole did not look the slightest bit angry. She then nodded and did as she was told.

"Alright."

The store manager then told the staff to take out all of the clothes Nicole picked earlier. Nicole looked at Ingrid in the back and said nonchalantly, "Ms. Ferguson, you wouldn't think that they're too expensive and return them later, right?"

The store manager was stunned. If Ms. Ferguson returned all of these, the store would sustain substantial losses!

Ingrid heard this and thought that Nicole was simply trying her patience.

"Return them? I'd rather throw it away than return the things I buy!"

Ingrid lifted her chin arrogantly and thought, 'Nicole is just a sugar baby that depends on her man yet she acts like she's really from a rich family?'

Nicole took out her phone and played the recording of their conversation earlier.

"Ms. Ferguson, you wouldn't think that they're too expensive and return them later, right?"

"Return them? I'd rather throw it away than return the things I buy!"

Ingrid froze and her expression changed slightly. "What are you trying to do?"

Nicole looked at the store manager with a

smile. "This is proof of what Ms. Ferguson said. If Ms. Ferguson returns these items, you can show her friends how 'generous' Ms. Ferguson is when they come to the store!"

Ingrid was so mad that her face turned red. She sneered and said, "I'm the Young Lady of the Ferguson family, so why won't I be able to afford a few pieces of clothing? Nicole, do you think everyone's just as broke as you?"

'I'll buy it all!' Ingrid thought.

Nicole laughed and sent the recording to the store manager, who looked at Nicole gratefully and was obviously relieved.

She turned back to Yvette and smiled, "Let's go. I'm afraid we won't be able to get anything today thanks to the generous Young Lady Ferguson."

Yvette raised her eyebrows and stood up with her purse in hand. "Sigh... I guess it's time to admit defeat."

The two of them then walked downstairs unhurriedly...

The store manager came over with the list of items Nicole had just chosen and said, "Ms. Ferguson, the total amount is \$ 6.49 million. Please look through it."

Ingrid's head felt like it was exploding.

Her face stiffened. The smile on her face faded as her face flushed red. She looked completely shocked. "What?!"

Ingrid only thought that it would come out to be a few hundred thousand dollars. Even if it was one or two million, she would still be able to accept it.

However, Ingrid's allowance was

deducted by Old Master Ferguson as a punishment for losing the emerald pipe, and the little money she had was not enough for her to survive.

"The items Ms. Nicole chose are the latest haute couture dresses of the season which are not yet available in Mediania, so there's no discount on the price."

The store manager said euphemistically as she looked at Ingrid with sympathy. 'Ms. Ferguson was so bold earlier... Is she starting to wimp out now?'

Ingrid bit her lower lip. Her face turned pale as she thought, 'No wonder Nicole recorded that to make sure I won't return these... Is she looking down on me that I can't afford it?'

Wendy Quade frowned as she looked at Ingrid and carefully proposed. "How

about this... We can give your brother a call? I can call him for you..."

Yvette and Nicole, who had reached the entrance of the store, heard Wendy's proposal. Nicole's face was expressionless, but Yvette snorted and said, "You can't even spend this amount yet you wanted to flaunt in front of us?"

Nicole smirked and said, "Just leave her be..."

She did not have to be concerned about this.

Chapter 89 Make You Shine

Wendy Quade made a phone call and walked over to pat Ingrid's shoulder. "Don't worry, Eric's coming over soon. He didn't say anything."

Business Convention Center.

Eric Ferguson walked out of the conference room, hung up the phone, and had a cold and detached look in his eyes. His custom-made suit set off his ascetic elite persona. His assistant, Mitchell, was waiting on the side and went up to greet him. "President."

"Go to Ingrid and settle the bill, then give the things to Nicole."

Although Wendy said that Nicole willingly gave Ingrid these clothes and did not

mention what happened, Eric was doubtful that Ingrid did not do anything to Nicole.

Mitchell was slightly stunned. "Send it to Ms. Nicole?" He wanted to confirm once again.

"Yes." Eric only said one word.

"Yes, sir." Mitchell nodded and left.

When Mitchell arrived at the store, Ingrid had already endured enough of the staff's wandering gaze. Although they looked polite, it felt like they were all laughing at her when she was not looking.

If it were not for the recording in the hands of the store manager, Ingrid would have just left the store without hesitation, but now she could not.

"Ms. Ferguson, Ms. Quade..." Mitchell nodded at the ladies and went to settle

the bill.

Ingrid walked over arrogantly and looked at the staff. "I'm the Young Lady of the Ferguson family, so of course I can afford this stuff. I just left my wallet at home, yet my brother immediately sent someone over."

"Ms. Ferguson, we have wrapped up the items for you. Should we carry them to your car?" The store manager asked politely.

Ingrid waved her hand. "Of course..."

"Wait." Mitchell raised his hand. "Send the things to Ms. Nicole's address. If you don't have her address, send it to Stanton Corporation."

"What do you mean?" Ingrid stared at him in shock. "Why are you sending it to Nicole? This is my stuff!"

Wendy, who was on the side, was also shocked. Her smile stiffened as she said, "This is Ingrid's things. Nicole has already given it to Ingrid and left."

Mitchell flashed a detached and polite smile. "This is the President's order. I'm just doing as he instructed."

He glanced at the store manager and nodded. The store manager immediately acted on it.

Whoever paid for the items had the final say.

Wendy's face gradually became gloomy and clenched her fists.

Ingrid stomped her feet in anger and cursed. "How could she?! Nicole set me up! Even my brother won't help me..."

She wanted to call Eric for clarification,

but Eric ignored her calls.

On the other hand, Nicole and Yvette each held an ice cream cone and went back to Nicole's office. Yvette even called Julie on the way to tell her about what had just happened.

Julie sneered and said, "I've already prepared your outfits for tonight. You two just need to show up. Also, what are you two thinking about coming to my place and wearing another designer's clothes? Is that not a slap in my face?"

Nicole and Yvette kept quiet. Julie Nixon was among the few of them to start a business first. She was from a rich family but did not rely on her family background and single-handedly achieved her current stature. In the past, Julie would always point out fashion faux pas on the streets. She then went to Europe for training.

Afterward, she came back to Mediania to establish her own brand, Share. Julie's experiences were simply legendary!

Julie was a strong independent woman that was very capable and decisive, which was quite intimidating to many others.

However, to Nicole and Yvette, Julie was their bestie and the same little girl they knew back then.

Nicole coughed slightly and tried to talk her way out of this situation. "Uh... We were just trying to make you shine brighter!"

"Save it. You two had better be on time tonight! Or else..." Julie threatened them.

Nicole and Yvette glanced at each other. When they entered the lobby of Stanton Corporation, the receptionist called out to

Nicole.

"Vice President Nicole, someone sent you some things..."

Chapter 90 She's a Trash Can

Nicole walked over perplexed and saw the understated yet luxurious packaging with the familiar brand logo on it. Yvette looked down and picked one of the bags up. "Huh? Aren't these the items you just picked in the store?"

'They are!'

These clothes looked so familiar. Nicole frowned and was puzzled. 'Didn't Ingrid swoop in to buy them? How did these appear here then?'

The receptionist explained, "The store manager sent them over personally saying that these are already paid for by Mr. Ferguson."

'Eric Ferguson?'

Nicole's eyes sank slightly. 'He must've done this just for the emerald pipe, but I don't appreciate it.'

Yvette let out a cold laugh. "Eric Ferguson? What does he mean by this?"

Nicole looked up indifferently. "Have someone send these to Ferguson Corporation and return it to him."

The receptionist was stunned because she initially thought that Vice President Nicole was getting back together with Eric Ferguson.

It looked like that was not happening any time soon.

"Yes, ma'am." The receptionist looked down and called for the courier.

"If he's willing to be an imbecile, just keep it. It'll really piss off Ingrid Ferguson and

Wendy Quade!" Yvette suggested.

Nicole looked at her and laughed lightly. "I can't afford to wear what he gives me and I don't want to owe him a dime!"

'He hasn't taken the initiative to give me any gifts during our three years of marriage, let alone clothes. Now he's trying to be unctuous after our divorce? Isn't he ridiculous?'

Yvette raised her eyebrow. "You're right."

When the items were returned to Ferguson Corporation, Mitchell looked at the ground and sighed, then reluctantly went to the President's office.

Mitchell knocked on the door. "President ..."

Eric raised his head. His eyes were cold. "What is it?"

"The items sent to Stanton Corporation were sent back here..." Mitchell looked at Eric, who frowned with a glum face, then continued, "I think that Ms. Nicole may not like these. Otherwise, why would Ms. Nicole give it up to Ms. Ferguson?"

Mitchell did not want to send the items to Nicole again knowing that she clearly did not want anything from Eric. It would just be wasted effort.

Eric paused slightly and faintly withdrew his gaze. "Then forget it."

After all, Nicole did not put up with anyone after the divorce.

Mitchell breathed a sigh of relief. "Then the clothes..."

"Just send it to Ingrid then."

"Yes, sir."

When the clothes were sent to the Ferguson Villa, Ingrid's mood that had just been alleviated, became worse all of a sudden.

She was agitated and jolted up, then raised her voice. "What is this?! I'm getting what Nicole doesn't want? Am I a trash can?"

Wendy's face stiffened as she watched. She gritted her teeth as she stared at the expensive clothes and suppressed the waves of hatred surging at the bottom of her heart.

She gently comforted Ingrid, "It's alright. Nicole probably knew that she didn't pay for these and was too ashamed to accept it. It took a lot of effort for me to entrust someone to get the tickets to tonight's show. Let's just wear these since it's befitting for our identity."

Ingrid could only put up with this because the tickets were very hard to come by. None of the high-society ladies in their circle got the invitation to this fashion show even though everyone tried through all kinds of channels. However, the mysterious designer, Nixon, only did things to her liking.

Whether they could get invitations to this show became a show of status among the gentry circle. Thus, when Ingrid learned that Wendy got them tickets, she was elated.

Once they got into the fashion show, Ingrid planned to post a picture on social media so that others would envy her.

'I must be the most stunning one there!' Ingrid thought.

Wendy knew that Ingrid's dream was to g

o to this show, so she looked for her uncle, who contacted Keith Ludwig, who then sought out Hendrick Carter's former friends to get these tickets. Wendy used so many connections and took a lot of effort to get these two tickets just to please Ingrid Ferguson as a stepping stone into the Ferguson family.