

Chapter 16 Chance Encounter

Nicole walked away in style. Ingrid's face was pale, and before she could react, Quinn cursed loudly on the side and told the waiter to clean up the mess.

"Is this b*tch Nicole crazy?! How dare she do this to you?"

Quinn spoke viciously. In the blink of an eye, Nicole had already been led by the manager to the VIP room on the other side of the restaurant.

Ingrid's hair and clothes were soaked through with red wine. She looked wretched. When she returned to her senses, she was so infuriated that she wanted to go after Nicole to settle the score, but she was stopped by the waiter. "Miss, do you need a change of clothes?"

The surrounding patrons stared at the miserable-looking Ingrid, who stomped her foot indignantly. "I won't let her get away with this!"

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Grant Stanton was in a bad mood after that encounter, but Nicole was not affected in any way. She looked up at Grant and smiled. "G, I have a shopping date with Yvette later, do you wanna join us?"

The man gave her a sidelong glance and his tone was cold. "How are you still in the mood for dinner and shopping? Look at the Fergusons' attitude towards you! They're so condescending!"

Nicole looked down and smiled helplessly. A hint of coldness flashed across her eyes. "It doesn't matter. You don't have to take it to heart. It's over anyway. They won't mess with me anymore. Even if they do, I'm certainly no longer the pushover that will let them do as they please."

After dinner, they saw Eric Ferguson's car as soon as they came out of the restaurant.

Ingrid, who was sitting in the car, quickly pulled Eric out the first moment she saw Nicole. She cried and complained. "Brother, she did this! I was so humiliated just now because of this b*tch! Mom can attest to it."

Nicole stood there with cold eyes and walked away holding Grant's hand, ignoring the Fergusons.

Eric's face was gloomy. He did not believe that Nicole would become so mean. When he thought about Wendy's false accusation against her, he was afraid of causing another misunderstanding and waited for Nicole to come over to explain herself, but she did not even look at him and left.

When they walked past by Eric, he clasped Nicole's arm and looked at her with a frigid face.

"Nicole, you should give us an explanation for what happened just now."

Nicole faintly raised her eyes to look at him and snorted lightly. "I did it. What's there to explain?"

She then walked away like she was not at all concerned by this matter.

Nicole also did not care about Eric's attitude.

Eric's grip tightened, which made Nicole feel uncomfortable. She turned to look at him with her beautiful eyes that permeated a chill. "Mr. Ferguson, are you trying to settle the score for her?"

"Brother, don't let her go! This b*tch dares to treat me like this, so you can't spare her so easily!"

Ingrid Ferguson, who had been pampered and coddled by her family since young, had never been insulted like this before, so naturally, she refused to give up.

Eric's eyes darkened slightly and frowned at his sister. "What do you want then?"

Ingrid hooked her lips and looked at Nicole smugly. "I'll let her go if she bows and apologizes to me."

"You want me to apologize?" Nicole sneered and looked at Eric. 'I guess he has the same idea...'

Every time Ingrid or Quinn stirred up trouble in the past, Nicole would apologize for it and would sweep the matter under the rug, but this time, Nicole did not want to condone their transgressions.

"Mr. Ferguson, do you also want me to apologize? It's best to check the surveillance footage at the restaurant to figure out the cause of the matter before jumping to conclusions. Ms. Ferguson isn't some innocent little rabbit, so why the self-pity?"

Nicole's words were sarcastic. She shrugged Eric's hand off of her and took Grant's arm.

Grant could not bear to see this and spoke up in an icy tone. "Hasn't anyone in the Ferguson family ever taught Ms. Ferguson that it's natural for others to retaliate against bullying? Why didn't Ms. Ferguson think to apologize to Nicole when she was being rude?"

Ingrid's heart trembled when Grant glared at her. She felt guilty and flustered, so she hid behind Eric, looking pitiful. "Brother, I didn't..."

Grant and Nicole looked at Ingrid with disdain.

Eric heard this and frowned slightly.

“That’s because she exposed me online for stealing ‘Daydream’ and my friends made fun of me for it! That’s my family’s jewelry, so how is it stealing? I only said a few words to her, but she even dared to do this to me!” Ingrid sheepishly tried to defend herself.

That incident made Ingrid lose her pride.

Eric’s face was gloomy and his gaze was inscrutable. He furrowed his brow and wanted to speak.

However, Nicole laughed lightly and ignored Ingrid’s rebuttal, “Not retaliating when being accused was something the old Nicole would do. Ms. Ferguson, you should learn how to respect others. Otherwise, this will surely happen again.”

Grant added, "The restaurant's surveillance footage will always be available. Mr. Ferguson, you can view it at your convenience. Goodbye."

After that, Grant led Nicole to the car and thoughtfully opened the car door for her. They then left the Fergusons dumbfounded.

Chapter 17 Coincidence

Eric Ferguson watched as Grant Stanton's car gradually drove away with narrowed eyes and a sullen expression.

The divorced Nicole was like a derailed train. He simply could not figure out which direction she was heading.

In the past, Nicole would be very cautious around him, but now, she even dared to say those ungracious words fearlessly.

Ingrid was reluctant to let Nicole get away so easily and wanted to stop their car, but Eric yanked her back.

"That's enough!"

"Brother, how can you side with an outsider? Nicole bullying me is the same as disrespecting our family! That ungrateful b*tch forgot who fed, clothed, and accommodated her these past three years. She needs to be taught a lesson!"

"Ingrid Ferguson, the jewelry in the safe at Imperial Gardens are all for Nicole. Why did you take them without permission?" Eric reminded her. Although he had not taken the initiative to give it to Nicole, everything at the Imperial Gardens belonged to him and Nicole.

"Brother, I'm your sister! It's just a piece of jewelry, so why are you being so calculative? Besides, Nicole doesn't have any occasion that she could wear such expensive jewelry, so why can't I take it?" Ingrid spoke with discontent and thought that Nicole was not worthy of the "Daydream" necklace.

Eric really wanted to teach his sister a lesson, but Ingrid began to cry aggrievedly, so he did not know what to say for a moment.

"I'll watch the surveillance footage first."

This made Ingrid freeze in place. She stopped crying and gritted her teeth in indignation. "Brother, do you not believe me? Nicole clearly framed me!"

"We'll know once we see it." Eric cast a sidelong glance at his sister and walked into the restaurant.

A trace of panic crossed Ingrid's face, but she bit the bullet and followed Eric.

"Brother, I told you that she's not a good woman! Look at the man next to her, he's so protective and fond of her, so maybe she's already cheated on you long ago and took your money to support that pretty boy!"

Ingrid slandered Nicole in hopes that Eric would help her deal with that woman. 'Who is she to walk all over me?'

Eric's eyes sank and his face turned extremely glum. "Shut up!"

He walked away and completely ignored his sister.

The restaurant manager had already received orders from Grant Stanton beforehand to prepare a copy of the surveillance footage. As soon as Eric arrived and explained his intentions, the restaurant manager took out the surveillance footage and handed it over.

One minute...two minutes...

Eric's face became more gloomy by the second while Ingrid stood anxiously on the side. In the video, Ingrid and Quinn were hurling insults and curses that were harsh to hear, but Nicole looked like she was accustomed to it.

'Is this customary? Is this not the first time this has happened? Was this how my family treated Nicole all this while during our marriage? Nicole's calmness and retaliation shocked the two of them, so is this the first time she ever fought back?'

Eric's heart surged with complicated emotions. Blood rushed to his head and his expression kept changing. Suddenly, he stopped the video and walked out with big strides.

"Brother, wait for me..."

"Ingrid Ferguson, this is not the first time you attack her, right?" Eric glared at his sister.

Ingrid's face paled and looked horrendous as she quickly denied it. "What? I was just angry that she found another man so soon after your divorce. Why would I berate her otherwise?"

Eric sneered. He no longer believed his arrogant and capricious little sister.

“Go and apologize to Nicole!”

“I don’t want to! I’d rather die than apologize to that b*tch!” Ingrid shouted in aggravation. ‘Nicole was the one who poured wine all over me, so why should I apologize to her?’

Chapter 18 Someone You Can't Afford to Mess With

Ingrid tugged on Eric's arm. "Brother, you have to help me...didn't Nicole take your money to support her lover? She clearly has an affair with that man..."

Eric shrugged Ingrid off of his arm. His tone was sullen as he coldly spat out. "That man is Grant Stanton from West City. He's someone you can't afford to mess with."

He began to be doubtful. 'Was the divorce not just my problem? Perhaps the entire Ferguson family is the problem...'

Ingrid was stupefied. Although she had never met Grant Stanton, every woman in the elite circle knew that he was the most eligible bachelor in West City. He was so mysterious and noble. Countless women would bend over backward just to marry this man, but Nicole was with him?

She was vexed. Since her brother did not back her up, she could only turn to others for help. Ingrid immediately made a phone call. "Keith, Nicole bullied me. You have to help me..."

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At Grant Stanton's office in the Stanton Tower, Nicole watched as Grant made her a cup of coffee with skill and grace. Just then, she received a call from Dominic Young, the President of Falcon Entertainment. "Nicole, I got insider information that Ms. Ferguson found someone to follow you discreetly. Do you need help to solve this?"

Nicole pursed her lips slightly and smiled. Her gaze was indifferent. "Nah, let her be. I'll just go with the flow. It'll save me some publicity fees."

After she hung up, Grant frowned slightly and paused for a moment. "What is it?"

"Ms. Ferguson hired someone to follow me. Let her be."

Grant did not take it to heart because these little tricks were within their control. He handed over an aromatic cup of coffee he just made for her. "Careful, it's hot."

Nicole smiled and took it, then closed her eyes to savor the smell. "Your coffee is the best, much better than the world's top baristas. I think you'll definitely make it big if you open a cafe."

Grant snorted and cast her a helpless glance. "No one but you can afford to drink my coffee."

Nicole tasted the coffee with great satisfaction and suddenly remembered something. "Since I'm officially starting my job tomorrow, can I ask Yvette to be my right hand and help me for a few days?"

Grant nodded without much thought, "Whatever, just make your own arrangements."

Thinking about the way Yvette looked at Grant, Nicole excitedly sent Yvette a message.

[Okay, you're officially starting work tomorrow!]

Yvette replied immediately. [Yes, ma'am!]

Yvette was from the affluent Quimbey family. When Yvette offered to help Nicole, she only planned to spend more time with Nicole and Grant. Nicole saw through her intentions but did not expose her because she also wanted her best friend and big brother to be together.

Nicole was in a great mood and happily left for their date. The two ladies then went to a bar they frequented.

Tattle Bar was lively with raucous music. The bass and the beats made them immerse themselves in the music.

Yvette was delighted to be starting work at Stanton Corporation, so she let loose and partied to her heart's content. After some drinks, they went up to the dance floor. These two ladies were incredibly beautiful with outstanding temperaments, which immediately attracted a lot of attention. One was sexy and passionate, and the other was aloof and regal.

Although Yvette was starting to slur her words, she still wanted to continue drinking. Nicole was a little helpless when she saw this. She took Yvette's hand and shouted over the music, "I'm going to the bathroom, so wait for me here!"

Yvette just waved her hand in assurance.

Nicole came back after a few minutes. Her face instantly sank when she saw a tall, burly man standing next to Yvette.

The man had long noticed the two ladies dancing by themselves. When he saw that Yvette was alone, he became horny and went up to pull Yvette into his arms. He did not expect Nicole to come back so quickly and looked askance at her.

Chapter 19 Video

“Since you’re here, you don’t have to leave just yet. Why don’t you accompany me for a drink?” The man’s gaze was lecherous as he flashed a cunning smile. His tone was half-threatening and half-coaxing.

Yvette was already tipsy. The man was holding her neck and looked like he could drag her away at any time.

Nicole looked straight at the man and said calmly, “Let her go.”

The man hooked his lips smugly and beckoned to her. “Come here and drink this, then I’ll let her go.”

Nicole knew without having to think that the drink must have been spiked.

Even so, she did not hesitate and walked over, but an onlooker discouraged her. "Miss, don't go over first. Call the police. This guy is a notorious gang leader."

'Even a gangster dares to bully me now?'

Nicole turned to look at the other guy and said, "Thanks for your concern, but don't worry."

She was fed up and laughed instead of getting angry. "If I go over, you'll release her?"

"Sure. Come over then..."

The man smiled lewdly and thought that he had these ladies in the bag. 'I'm getting lucky tonight!'

Nicole smirked and walked over to him confidently.

When she was in front of the gangster, she raised her eyebrows. "I'm here now, so let her go."

'This chick is more beautiful than this drunk one.'

The gangster was aroused and reached out wanting to caress Nicole's face, but before he could touch her, he watched as a beer bottle landed on his head.

"Ah!" He squealed like a pig.

In the next second, Nicole reached out and bent his wrist downward, which made him lose all ability to retaliate. While the man was squealing, she kicked him in the chest, and the punk fell heavily to the ground. He rolled around a few times and curled up in pain as his body trembled. The gangster did not even have the strength to stand up and fight back.

The music in the bar stopped abruptly, so it was unusually silent for a moment.

The crowd was shocked by this scene. Some people did not even catch it before it was over because it all happened in less than a minute. Those who intended to be heroes did not even get the opportunity to save their damsel in distress.

Such a burly man was crushed by this beauty in mere seconds!

Having been out of practice for three years, Nicole was not at all rusty and still had the basic fighting skills. She took a step back and glanced at the punk on the ground with a cold gaze. She then calmly went over to pick up the glass of spiked wine that was on the bar counter and squatted next to him.

“You wanna drink this yourself, or should I help you with it?”

The corners of her lips curled up in contempt. She was unfazed by the dark red blood that oozed out from his head. Under the colorful lights of the bar, her smile looked more terrifying.

The man wailed in pain as he twitched and shuddered in fear. He hurriedly begged for mercy. He never imagined that he would encounter such a difficult woman.

However, Nicole did not care about his pleas. She reached out and yanked his hair aggressively, forcing him to tilt his head back. Her voice was still as calm as ever. “I’ll help you.”

After that, she poured the entire glass of wine into his mouth that not a single drop was left.

Nicole dusted her hands and stood up as she dealt with this vile man calmly, without the slightest panic, fear, or even haughtiness.

The crowd was in awe. Who they thought was the weakling turned out to be the champion.

Nicole went back to carry Yvette and left the bar unperturbed. "Let's go. That guy just ruined our night..."

When everyone came back to their senses, the woman had already disappeared through the door.

The gangster was covering his wound in pain as he rolled around in discomfort. He looked so wretched like a wriggling worm...

A few paparazzi that were there watched the whole spectacle in excitement. One of them sneaked out to make a call. "Mr. Ludwig, we took a video of Nicole hitting someone at the bar. This content will surely go viral! If we post it online, her image will be ruined."

Keith Ludwig was eating some fresh air-flown caviar at that moment. He smiled smugly. "Go ahead and post it then."

'It's only been less than a day and Nicole already let the cat out of the bag? This ungrateful b*tch left the Ferguson family and dared to bully Ingrid and betray Eric. How detestable! It's time to teach her a lesson.'

Chapter 20 Berated Again

Late at night, the paparazzi quietly posted the edited clip online and left out the background story. They simply posted Nicole's violent actions. At a glance, it looked like Nicole was bullying the man without reason.

After a good night's sleep, Nicole did not forget that it was her first official day at work and woke up on time to pick out her outfit.

Yvette drove over in her little convertible and pushed the door in furiously. "Nicole! All those people online are berating you again!"

Nicole paused slightly. "Berating me? Why?"

Yvette showed Nicole the video that the paparazzi posted. It was only ten seconds, but it clearly showed the stark contrast between Nicole's hostile look and the man's miserable appearance.

The following comments were all about Nicole's screw-up. Eric Ferguson's ex-wife had a rendezvous at a bar late at night and even beat someone up. Some people also commented on how ruthless Nicole was. This incident pushed Nicole into the top trending topics on social media.

Nicole was unconcerned and turned off the screen. "It doesn't matter. It won't affect your mood if you don't look at it. Now, go get ready for work."

Yvette was vexed for Nicole. Although Yvette had too much to drink last night, she was still conscious at that time and knew that Nicole only fought the man to

stand up for her. 'No, I can't just let this be!

"You don't need to care. I'll handle this. Let's go to work!" Yvette said.

Once they went out, Floyd Stanton's butler stood respectfully at the door.

"Miss, the driver is waiting for you outside."

Nicole frowned. It was too conspicuous to go to work being driven in a Rolls-Royce, so she immediately refused. "No thanks, I'll drive to work."

The butler unhurriedly took out a set of car keys.

"The Chairman specially selected the latest models of Maserati and Porsche for you. They're placed in your garage. He has also ordered a few models of Lamborghini and Ferrari from Italy, which

will take a few more days to arrive, so he asks that you temporarily make do with these.”

Yvette widened her eyes in awe and was left speechless. ‘Wow...Uncle Floyd pampers Nicole so much that driving these cars worth millions of dollars is considered having to make do?!’

The small convertible that Yvette drove was not even enough to buy the tires of any car parked in Nicole’s garage.

Nicole sighed helplessly. “I’m going to work as an ordinary person, so I can’t be too flashy. I don’t want these. I’ll just go with Yvette.”

The butler hesitated for a while, then bowed slightly to Yvette. “That’s very kind of you, Ms. Quimbey.”

Yvette smiled, “Don’t worry, I’ll take good

care of her. It's my honor to be a driver for our dearest Miss Nicole Stanton."

The two ladies looked at each other and laughed. Nicole then pulled Yvette away and ran outside. 'Mr. Anderson is just as naggy as Dad!'

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Once they arrived at the office, Grant Stanton held a meeting to formally introduce Nicole as a director of the company. This position, which had been vacant for a long time, was coveted by many, but it was now taken away by Nicole, who parachuted into this role. Before the meeting was adjourned, some people had already begun to dig up details about Nicole.

Besides her identity of being Eric Ferguson's ex-wife, everything about her was a blank slate, even her family

background.

Samantha Lindt, who assumed herself to be the best candidate for this position, was the first to speak up in disapproval. She had her eyes on this role for a long time, so why should it be taken by an incompetent person?

"Ms. Nicole, what qualifications do you have to assume this role? Do you think you can handle this position after three years of being Eric Ferguson's wife? I don't agree with this decision, and I won't stay in this company if someone like Ms. Nicole is a director."

Samantha immediately raised her objection at the meeting.

Grant Stanton looked down at his watch. His voice was indifferent and unfeeling as he said, "Those who don't want to stay can hand in their resignation notice. I'll

approve it.”