

Chapter 66 I'll Be a Part of That Family

Old Master Ferguson said, "Grant is very capable and has taken after you. Won't it ruin everything if he's tricked by such a woman?"

"It's just a woman, what can she ruin?"
Floyd Stanton sneered.

Old Master Ferguson glanced at Nicole and spoke meaningfully.

"This woman is not simple. After she just got a divorce, Grant promoted her as Vice President of your Stanton Corporation and is the second-in-command. She'll soon start to call the shots in your company, so shouldn't you step in to control the situation as the Chairman?"

If it were anyone else, they would

certainly become furious and anxious after hearing these words from Old Master Ferguson.

Unfortunately, Floyd Stanton was no ordinary person.

Floyd let out a lazy laugh and responded insouciantly.

"Chairman Ferguson, mind your own business. I believe in my son. Oh look, a fish just got hooked! Goodbye."

The call was disconnected and Old Master Ferguson's expression was quite amusing. He cursed and glared fiercely at Nicole, seemingly unwilling to let her off the hook.

"You got lucky, but do you think you can get away like that? Do you think it's so easy to get into the Stanton family? Floyd Stanton is much more powerful than you

think!"

Nicole laughed. "That's not for you to worry about anyway..." She paused and had a glint in her eyes. "I'll definitely be a part of the Stanton family!"

After all, Nicole was bound to reveal her identity one day. She wondered what this old man would feel after finding out about her real identity.

Old Master Ferguson snorted and laughed at Nicole's wishful thinking. He wanted to say something else, but Nicole was no longer in the mood to deal with them. It seemed like calling Floyd Stanton was the old man's trump card, so Nicole did not need to worry about it.

"Chairman Ferguson, if there's nothing else, I'll get my secretary to send you off. I have a meeting to attend."

Nicole smiled and looked at them with a detached yet polite smile. Ingrid looked indignant and wanted to say something, but she could only grit her teeth and hold back. Old Master Ferguson was also exasperated after this meeting and coldly snorted. "You're asking for it!"

After Nicole pressed a button on her internal office phone, Logan came in and stood there respectfully. "Vice President Nicole, what are your orders?"

"Send off the guests, please."

"Yes, ma'am. Chairman Ferguson, Ms. Ferguson, this way, please."

Logan stretched out his hand politely. Old Master Ferguson gritted his teeth and walked away with a glum face. Ingrid also followed resentfully.

While walking, Old Master Ferguson

called Eric and was furious.

"I didn't expect that Nicole would be such an ungrateful wretch after marrying you for three years. She's so stubborn. Were you blind to marry her back then?"

Eric paused and said, "You went to see her?"

"Of course, I can't stand that my beloved pipe is in her hands for another second! This woman is too wicked and refused to let go even when I went to her personally. She lied to us for three years. I didn't expect her to be such a person!"

Eric was silent for a few seconds and thought, 'I guess she's had enough of putting up with us for the past three years...'

"Grandpa, I'll take care of this. Don't worry, I'll get your pipe back."

"You'd better! Otherwise, I won't let her off the hook! By the way, she even said that she'll marry into the Stanton family. You can do something about her private life. I don't believe that an affluent family would accept a divorced b*tch that hooks up with everyone."

Eric frowned and suddenly felt irritated. Nicole did not do anything wrong yet she was still insulted like that. Eric just felt repulsed when he heard his grandfather's words.

However, when he thought about Grant Stanton and Ian Carter who were constantly revolving around Nicole, he inexplicably felt more irritable, suffocated, and upset.

After hanging up, Eric rubbed his temples. Mitchell, who was standing to the side watching apprehensively, suddenly spoke

up. "President, will the meeting scheduled to begin in five minutes still be held as usual?"

Eric's dark eyes sank slightly. He did not answer Mitchell's question. Instead, he asked, "Mitchell, what kind of person do you think Nicole is?"

'Why is she so different before and after our divorce?'

Mitchell hesitated for a moment but decided to tell the truth.

"Madam... I mean, Ms. Nicole is a very nice person."

Eric's face was slightly cold. "Do you have frequent contact?"

"No, no... It's just that I often received her calls when you just got married. She was very concerned about your livelihood. Every time you'd go on a business trip,

she'd check the weather forecast and remind me to prepare the appropriate clothes and meals. Sometimes, she'd even get them ready and send them over herself. Even when you never returned her calls, she never got angry..."

Seeing Eric's increasingly glum face, Mitchell wondered if he had said the wrong thing.

"How come I never knew of these things?"

Chapter 67 Who Are They?

Eric thought, 'I don't think I've ever received Nicole's calls...'

Mitchell hesitantly spoke, "I've mentioned it to you once before, but at that time, you said not to report such trivial matters to you. You also said in front of both me and Ms. Nicole that aside from things related to Ms. Quade, you don't want to be contacted about unimportant matters from Imperial Gardens, so... I guess that's why Ms. Nicole stopped calling you..."

His volume gradually decreased as he seemed to notice the air around Eric getting colder.

Eric rubbed his brow and seemed to remember this scene. Back then, they were at their villa in Imperial Gardens, but

Eric was only thinking of Wendy Quade's excessive blood loss and seemed to ignore another pair of expectant eyes that slowly became desolate.

He had only given Nicole the nominal marriage that she wanted, yet he chipped away at her heart and drew her blood.

His heart suddenly felt so painful that it was hard to breathe.

It seemed like he was beginning to get an answer to how Nicole went from being cautious to disheartened.

"President, the meeting..."

"Go and make an appointment with Nicole. I want to meet her." Eric knew that Nicole would not answer his call, and rashly showing up at her office was also rude.

"Their reply has been very clear. Ms.

Nicole is not available," Mitchell said.

When Eric swept a glance at Mitchell with his gloomy eyes, Mitchell's heart jumped and a chill gradually spread throughout his body. Mitchell immediately added, "But I will keep contacting them until we get an appointment."

"Get out. The meeting will be held as planned."

"Yes, sir." Mitchell let out a sigh of relief after he retreated respectfully.

'Why bother? What's the use of being attentive to her after the divorce?'

Stanton Corporation.

A few minutes after sending Old Master Ferguson away, Logan returned to Nicole's office and conveyed word for word what he had just heard to Nicole so that she could be prepared.

Once Nicole heard this, she laughed coldly. Old Master Ferguson had never liked her, so Nicole had already expected that he would not hold back when dealing with her. However, she never thought that he would make up scandals about her private life.

'He wants to keep me from marrying into an affluent family? That's cruel!'

If an ordinary woman was treated like this, she would be ostracized for life.

Nicole intended to return the pipe after messing with them for a few days. However, she no longer wanted to let go of it now that they tried to mess with her.

Her phone suddenly rang. The caller ID showed that it was Floyd Stanton.

Nicole waved her hand and said, "You may leave."

Logan nodded and left. Nicole picked up the call. "Dad, how many fishes did you catch today?"

Floyd froze for a moment and let out a cold grunt. "Did that old man Ferguson look for you?"

"Yeah, he just came to my office and called you right in front of me." Nicole looked down at her manicure and spoke leisurely.

"Hmph! He still has the audacity to complain to me? Who are they to bully you like this?" Floyd was furious and cursed. His daughter had suffered a lot when she was with the Fergusons. He did not even go to them to settle the score, yet they dare to complain first?

"Don't be mad, Dad. I've already kicked them out very unceremoniously."

Floyd grunted. "Well done, Baby. You don't need to be polite to them. This old geezer doesn't even know his place. What a scourge!"

Nicole laughed. "Yeah, you're right. Anyway, it doesn't matter because I won't put up with them anymore. If that old geezer comes looking for trouble again, I'll break that emerald pipe. Then we'll see who gets the last laugh!"

Floyd was satisfied with his daughter's reply and praised her. "Yes, do that. We gotta show the Fergusons who's boss. My daughter is the best!"

After chatting for a few more minutes, Logan knocked on the door and urged, "Vice President Nicole, the planning still needs to be finalized. Should we call for a meeting to discuss it?"

"Sure!"

Nicole then said to her father, "Dad, carry on fishing... I need to get back to work now!"

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After a busy day, Nicole took her purse and was ready to leave the office. Before she walked out the door, Logan caught up to her. "Vice President Nicole, Mr. Lichman wants to invite you to dinner to talk about some issues related to the J&L project."

Nicole thought about it and nodded her head in agreement. After all, this was the most important matter at hand.

"Let's go together."

Logan nodded. "I'll go and make the arrangements."

They drove to the agreed location. To their surprise, they met not only Gerard Lichman but also Eric Ferguson.

Chapter 68 What if We Get Back Together?

Nicole glanced at Logan, who also looked surprised, which meant that he was also unaware of Eric Ferguson's attendance.

The two of them looked at each other. Nicole then walked in with a smile as she looked at Gerard Lichman. She spoke casually. "Is this a set-up?"

Gerard shrugged his shoulders. He looked at Eric, then at Nicole.

"Vice President Nicole, I had no choice. Please forgive me for being presumptuous. Let me just clarify that I will remain neutral and will never interfere in the matters between you both. To express my sincere apology, when you're done talking, I'll bring you to visit our

newly established research lab. I'm sure you'll be very interested in it."

'Interested? Indeed.' Nicole thought.

However, she still felt annoyed that she had been deceived.

Nicole expressionlessly retracted her gaze and looked at Eric with a slight frown. "Mr. Ferguson, if this is because of that pipe, there's no need to waste your breath."

'Will they ever stop pestering me? My time is very precious, alright?'

"Nicole." Eric looked at her with deep eyes. After a pause, he continued, "I know that my grandfather went to see you today and said a lot of unpleasant things. Don't take it to heart."

He knew that Nicole did not care for his apology and that it was futile. A simple "

sorry" could not wipe away all that he owed her in the past three years.

Nicole lifted her eyes and thought that it was strange because Eric seemed a little weird today.

"Is that all?" She was getting impatient.

Eric was silent for a second before he spoke again. "That tobacco pipe is useless to you. If you were just deliberately trying to anger them, you've already succeeded. After your anger has subsided, please return it to my grandfather. As I mentioned before, you can state whatever conditions you like."

The atmosphere was silent for a moment. Nicole hooked her lips.

'Hah! When other methods didn't work, he decides to go down the emotional route? His purpose is to get back the emerald

pipe. It looks like that stupid pipe is really important to them...'

Gerard could not help but crack a joke to break the silence.

"Whatever conditions? If she wants to get back together with you, are you willing to do so?"

The other three people in the room were stunned, and Logan could not help but subconsciously look at Eric.

Eric's eyes sank and he frowned slightly. The atmosphere was silent and still.

Just when Gerard regretted saying this, Nicole let out a light laugh. Her voice was clear, cold, and indifferent.

"Get back together? There's no need to assume because it'll never happen in this life. Someone like Mr. Ferguson should marry someone from the same social

status. Why would he compromise on his own marriage?"

Eric's brow was tightly knitted when he heard this and wanted to say something, but Nicole continued, "But..."

She paused and hooked her lips into a faint smile.

"But if you must have this emerald pipe, the conditions can still be negotiated."

Nicole seemed to have thought of a perfect condition.

Eric raised his head. "What is it?"

It seemed that he would agree to whatever she requested.

Nicole swept a glance at Gerard. "Can we have the room?"

Gerard froze. "Of course."

He straightened his tie and walked out without hesitation.

Whenever Eric and Nicole were in the same space, the atmosphere was extraordinarily awkward. If Eric did not force him to invite Nicole to dinner in his name, he was very reluctant to put these two exes together because he did not know how to deal with these majesties. After all, Gerard did not want Eric and Nicole's problem to affect their three-way cooperation.

Logan was also sensible to leave the room.

With only the two of them left in the room, Eric waited silently for Nicole to speak, but she did not seem to be in any hurry.

When Eric heard Gerard's proposal of

remarrying Nicole, he surprisingly did not feel like it was an absurd idea. Anyway, they had been married once, so he did not mind getting married to her the second time. If they were to get back together, he would treat her better too.

However, Nicole was not willing. Nicole walked to the sofa on the side and sat down, then picked up a box of cigarettes on the table and skilfully lit one. She gently inhaled and exhaled a beautiful smoke ring. Seeing her slender fingers holding a cigarette, Eric felt a little uncomfortable, but she did so with such grace and charm.

Eric's eyes sank slightly. "You actually learned to smoke?"

In his impression, Nicole was a gentle and well-behaved woman that did not have any bad habits.

However, the woman in front of him looked so skilled and natural in her movements that showed that she had been smoking for quite some time now, yet he was not aware.

Looking at Eric's surprised face, Nicole smiled. Her smoking hand tapped lightly on the sofa. "Yes, I learned it three years ago."

Three years ago was when they just got married.

In other words, she had learned to smoke at the beginning of their marriage.

Chapter 69 | Want My Blood Back

Eric Ferguson felt his heart clenched and his eyes darkened. He did not know anything about Nicole. He was unaware that she could play the violin so well, nor did he know that she smoked.

"I never smoked in front of you because I was afraid you wouldn't like it before, so of course, you never had the chance to see it."

Every time Nicole donated blood, she would feel very weak. Eric accompanied Wendy Quade, and Nicole's only company was cigarettes. Nicole was particularly addicted to smoking during those tough days.

The corners of Nicole's lips hooked up, but her eyes were slightly despondent. A

moment later, she returned to her usual self.

She glanced at Eric's drooping eyes and smiled playfully.

"Want to hear my conditions?"

Without waiting for his reply, Nicole went straight to the point.

"Get Wendy Quade to give me however much blood I've donated to her. It doesn't have to be in one go. Anyway, she can finish repaying me within a year."

Eric's head jolted up. "What?"

Nicole laughed. "I thought about it. My blood is so precious, so I should use it to save people who are actually worth saving, rather than wasting it on this vile woman. I was so stupid before, but it's still not too late to wake up from my delirium. I want my blood back. In

exchange, I'll give you the pipe, then we won't owe each other anymore."

Wendy Quade was only trying to spite Nicole, so from time to time, she would pretend to be sick or hurt and would ask Nicole to transfuse blood to her. Nicole knew all about it, but Eric never saw through it. In the past, Nicole would feel aggrieved, but now, it all seemed irrelevant.

Once Wendy returned her blood, Nicole could draw a clear line with the past and could finally feel whole again.

'Isn't Wendy Quade coming back soon? I want to spite that woman! Which will he choose? His family heirloom or Wendy Quade?' Nicole was looking forward to Eric's answer.

She smiled leisurely and threw the cigarette butt in the ashtray in front of

her, then stood up and left the room with her purse.

"You don't need to give me an answer so quickly. Think about it."

Looking at her back, Eric's gaze became complicated all of a sudden.

'How much did Nicole hate Wendy? How much did she hate this marriage that she wanted to get back every single drop of blood?'

Eric called his assistant Mitchell. "Check how much blood did Nicole donate to Wendy throughout the years."

Mitchell paused for a moment before he replied, "Yes, sir."

Within a few minutes, Mitchell came back with an answer to Eric's question. "

President, Ms. Nicole has donated a total of 14,400 ml of blood to Ms. Quade. The

total amount of blood of an adult is about 4,000 to 5,000 ml. The blood donated by Ms. Nicole over the years is equivalent to the total amount of blood in three adults. That means Ms. Nicole had drained every drop of blood from her body three times..."

As soon as Mitchell finished his sentence, Eric hung up the phone.

'She literally bled herself dry three times because of me?!

However, he was completely unaware of her grievance and fortitude in the past three years.

Eric's heart felt like it was pressed down by a boulder and he found it hard to breathe.

Nicole's condition was to get Wendy to pay her back within a year. This showed

someone on the phone.

Seeing Nicole, Gerard quickly said a few words and hung up. He strode over and said politely, "Ms. Nicole, did you have a pleasant chat?"

"It is for me, but probably not for the guy inside..." Nicole gave a faint smile.

Chapter 70 Hello, Pretty Lady!

Gerard Lichman raised his eyebrows. "In any case, I was the one who overstepped in the first place. Ms. Nicole, if you'd like, you can come with me to meet our core research team. Not everyone will have the opportunity to see it."

Nicole agreed without a second thought. After all, if she knew about the latest research technology of J&L Corporation, she could grasp the market first and would get a better grasp on the development of artificial intelligence in the future.

Once the three of them walked out, Gerard turned to Logan and said, "Mr. Logan, I'm afraid you don't have access to the lab because it has our company's

secrets. Don't worry, I will ensure that Ms. Nicole gets back safely."

Logan looked at Nicole hesitantly. Nicole understood Gerard's concern, so she nodded at Logan and said, "You can go back first. I'll be fine."

"Yes, ma'am."

Nicole and Gerard got into Gerard's car. They sat in the back with the curtains closed, so they could not see what was going on outside. Nicole thought to herself, 'Gerard Lichman is that cautious, huh? I'm looking forward to this visit even more now...'

"Mr. Logan used to be Grant Stanton's right-hand man but he now works for you. It looks like Mr. Stanton really values you. No wonder you decisively refused the idea of remarriage when I mentioned it earlier. With such a good backer, who will

repeat the same mistake?"

Gerard pushed up his gold-rimmed glasses and spoke with a smile.

Nicole paused and replied in a clear and cold voice, "Mr. Stanton values me because he has a good eye."

Gerard raised his eyebrows. 'It seems like Nicole won't give Eric the time of day no matter what he does...'

After twenty minutes, their car drove into an underground garage.

As soon as they got out of the car, the surrounding lights were as bright as day.

The building had a uniform shade of Morandi gray, which was hard to distinguish. Perhaps it was designed as such to be discreet.

Gerard took Nicole to the elevator. He

reached out to scan his fingerprints on the screen in front of him. After three times of recognition, the elevator door finally opened. Gerard extended his hand. "After you, Ms. Nicole."

Nicole was vaguely surprised and impressed. She went into the elevator and only saw one button to the 17th floor with no other options.

"Don't I need to be blindfolded?" Nicole joked.

Gerard laughed. "Nah, you won't be able to take away any core secrets, so it's fine for you to see it."

Nicole breathed a sigh of relief and had an expectant look in her eyes.

Once they walked out of the elevator, Nicole saw a hallway filled with silver-gray glass. Almost all the walls were

made of translucent material, but it was impossible to see through any of the walls even on closer inspection. It felt like a top-secret lab.

Gerard took her into a closed, empty room. He just walked to the opposite side of the room and placed his hand on the glass wall. Suddenly, some curved thin lines with some sort of data appeared on the glass. Gerard stood in place and aligned his pupils with a spot on the glass. After the iris recognition, the wall in front of him parted.

Nicole followed behind and saw another long gray glass corridor. If no one led the way, it would be like walking in a maze.

Soon, Gerard pushed open a door and said, "This is it..."

When Nicole walked in, she saw a few people inside wearing white lab coats

with their heads down working on something. Someone was spinning with a gyroscope-like tool, and someone else was talking to a computer.

"Everyone got off work. The rest here are all single..." Gerard laughed with a relaxed expression.

Someone heard Gerard's voice. A man with curly hair looked up and retorted. "Tsk tsk... Don't insult single people like us ... We have feelings too! Oh, we have a visitor?"

Nicole smiled and wanted to say hello when she felt something rubbing her shoes. She looked down and saw that it was the little tiger again!

The little tiger looked at her and grinned. The stripes on its forehead moved. "Hello, pretty lady! We meet again! I like you very much..."