

Chapter 831 You Should Be Careful

Subsequently, Logan learned of Eric's arrival and received Eric at once.

Eric was thick-skinned and stayed there. He did not go to the meeting room but sat at the door of the President's Office, which attracted a lot of attention.

He looked at the conference room not far away and saw Nicole sitting there through the glass panel. Her eyebrows were stunning, and her smile was charming.

Eric was a little stunned for a moment.

Her smile was not soft at all, but extremely powerful with a sharp edge. It made her subordinates tremble in fear.

Eric suddenly felt enchanted. His heart trembled violently.

He loved her gentleness and toughness, but also her wit and bravery.

Eric should not just remember Nicole's gentle compromise with him back then because that was not all of her.

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those three years of marriage had worn

Those three years of marriage had worn away Nicole's sharpness and covered up her brightness. Those years were probably her darkest times.

At that moment, Eric seemed to understand how much Nicole had regretted marrying him back then.

His heart clenched in that instant.

Logan was watching on the side and felt a little helpless.

Eric was sitting there with such a strong aura, so who in the office had the heart to work?

Twenty minutes later, the meeting was adjourned.

Everyone came out one after another. Some were praised, so their faces were extremely relaxed and somewhat pleasant, while some had grim faces.

"President Nicole always speaks more bluntly than President Grant. No wonder even President Grant had to compromise ..."

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MERA "It's good that you know. Stanton Corporation is basically hers now!"

Everyone left one after another. Nicole was inside and stretched her back before she stood up leisurely to go outside.

Logan had not had time to report to her about Eric.

When Nicole walked to the door, she was caught off guard when she saw Eric. 'Why is he here?'

Eric sat upright. His black eyes were cold and sullen. "Good morning, Ms. Stanton ..."

Nicole frowned and looked at Logan.

Before Logan could say anything, Eric had already stood up with his things.

"I came for business."

Eric threw down a sentence and led the way into her office.

Nicole paused for a moment and handed the materials in her hand to Logan. "Two cups of coffee please."

"Yes, President."

Eric sat on the sofa with handsome features and a powerful aura, as if he was

● tures and a powerful aura, as if he was the owner of this office.

"Sit..." Eric lowered his voice.

Nicole was still in a bit of a trance. 'Am I in the wrong place?'

She was not so obedient and walked to her desk to turn on the computer.

The light of the screen reflected on her cheeks. Nicole's eyebrows were arched as she slowly spoke.

"Mr. Ferguson, what official business do you have that you had to come in person?"

Eric raised his eyes. "I would've just texted you, but you blocked me!"

He almost said it through clenched teeth.

Eric felt stifled and angry.

Nicole raised her eyebrows. "Is that so?"

Her tone was light. She clearly did it intentionally, but she pretended not to know.

'Eric's so annoying, so why can't I be more annoying?' Nicole thought.

more annoying?" Nicole thought.

She picked up the phone and looked at it.

Her posture was slack.

"I thought someone was harassing me, so I just blocked the number without looking at the name."

She was mocking him for sending her such a shameless message.

Eric's eyes were cold and heavy as he walked over and leaned close to her. His long arms were resting on the back of her chair.

His voice was deep and slow.

"Nicole, you did it on purpose!"

Eric thought, 'I can tell, so don't make any excuses!'

There was a moment of silence.

Nicole's lowered eyelashes trembled slightly. She could smell his cold scent that made him seem calm and elegant. It put her in a momentary trance.

She secretly pinched her palm, raised her eyes, and smiled faintly.

"Fine, I did it on purpose."

"Fine, I did it on purpose."

Since Eric wanted to be so blunt, Nicole did not need to care about his feelings either.

Eric choked. Nicole pushed hard against the table so that her chair rolled back to separate herself from him.

Nicole wanted to say, "If you send those irritating sweet talk, I won't tolerate it!"

In the next second, Eric did not say anything and concealed the chill he had earlier. He suddenly turned around and walked away. His back looked extremely desolate.

Chapter 832 Is Poison Yummy?

Chapter 832 Is Poison Yummy?

Nicole froze slightly. She then saw that Eric was walking over with a thermos flask.

His slender fingers moved fluidly to pour out a bowl of stew and pushed it over.

“Have a taste...”

Nicole frowned and thought that Eric seemed a little off today.

She could not tell what was wrong with him.

Nicole looked at the stew. “Toto made stew so early in the morning?”

Eric lowered his thick and lush eyelashes. His black eyes were sunken, and his voice was deep.

“Mm...”

Nicole did not feel like eating stew and did not touch it.

“Besides me blocking you, do you have other things to talk about?”

She implied that it was time for him to

leave

● e implied that it was time for him to leave.

Eric's lips were pressed into a straight line. His eyes seemed to have ripples.

"I intend to speed up J&L Corporation's project. I poached a high-tech research team from Denmark. They'll arrive next month. When the time comes, we'll rearrange the project's process."

Nicole was dumbfounded for a moment.

A high-tech research team from Denmark was no longer just a matter of salary. It was even harder to poach core technical staff than a soccer team, so how did Eric do it?

Eric looked at Nicole quietly. His temperament was oppressive as he said slowly, "So, Clayton Sloan can hurry up and go back to where he came from."

Eric spent so much money to poach an excellent team so that he could rush the process, just so that Clayton could leave quickly.

It was best if Clayton could stay further away from Eric and Nicole. The further, the better!

A chill lingered in the air.

Nicole took a deep breath. "Mr. Sloan's schedule is not within my arrangement."

Eric smirked. His eyebrows were intertwined with coldness and warmth.

"Nicole, you know what I mean. If you reject him, I can give you whatever you want."

Nicole raised her eyes in a flash.

'Wow...'

The confidence in his eyes was hard to conceal.

Only Eric could pull off saying such words without being ridiculed for bragging.

Eric thought that he was much better than those "domineering presidents" from the novels that Toto showed him.

After all, if Eric took two million dollars and smashed it in Nicole's face, she would just feel like he was insulting her.

She would probably take 20 million dollars in cash to bury him under.

To avoid such barbaric behavior, Eric

To avoid such barbaric behavior, Eric decided to be pedantic and threw this money in a more valuable place!

Nicole looked at Eric, who was elegant and reserved. His beautiful black eyes were sunken, and he looked perfect.

She thought, 'But why do I want to beat him up so badly?'

"Mr. Ferguson, I hope you understand that..."

She paused and took a deep breath. "You're also a beneficiary in Clayton's project. You'll only benefit from your own investment, so what does it have to do with threatening me?"

Nicole was earning money properly, so why should she get hooked by Eric's lousy request?

How shameless!

Eric's face instantly sank. Since he was the smallest beneficiary in this project, he did not remember or care for this bit of benefit.

Thus, he overlooked this point.

'Damn it! What a blunder!'

His eyelashes drooped and created a shadow. He calmly and frankly accepted Nicole's criticism.

In the end, Eric pushed the stew in front of Nicole again. His tone was calm, and his voice was deep.

"I'm just proving my strength. I didn't mean to threaten you. Here, moisten your throat..."

'Hah!' Nicole wanted to laugh in exasperation. She just felt like she was hitting a bag of cotton. ①

This bastard was getting more capable at getting on her nerves.

Nicole took a deep breath and told herself not to get angry because if she died from anger, who would benefit from it?

She looked at the bowl of stew in front of her and thought that she did miss Toto's cooking.

Without another thought, Nicole picked up the bowl and took a sip.

Eric's eyes suddenly flickered for a moment.

moment.

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In the next second, Nicole struggled not to spit it out. She had good cultivation, so she could not throw up.

Nicole swallowed it with an odd look like she was swallowing poison.

Eric's face was calm and somewhat nonchalant as he asked her, "Is it yummy?"

'Is poison yummy?' Nicole thought.

Chapter 833 I'll Come Every Day

Chapter 833 I'll Come Every Day

Nicole raised her eyes to look at Eric silently without making a sound.

She suspected that Eric drugged it.

Just in time, Logan came in with their coffee.

"President, Mr. Ferguson, your coffee..."

Without another word, Nicole picked up a cup and drank it in one gulp.

Nicole felt the strong taste of coffee in her mouth. The salty-sweet mix in her mouth was explosive and intense. Her expression eased as she slowly put the coffee down. She was extremely elegant.

Nicole looked at Eric's slightly grim face and Logan's furrowed brow.

She smiled faintly and looked at Logan.

"The coffee is good. I want another cup..."

Logan's keen gaze fell to the bowl of stew on the table and lingered for two seconds. He then fully understood.

"Yes, President..."

YES, President...

Once Logan left, Eric narrowed his eyes, picked up the coffee, and took a sip, slightly disdainful.

Nicole took the tissue and gently wiped the corners of her mouth. She smiled politely.

"The stew is not bad. Thanks."

Eric let out a long breath of relief. The joy of success shone between his eyebrows.

"To express my apology, I'll come every day to send it to you from now on."

Nicole's face stiffened. "There's no need for such trouble."

Eric stroked his brow. "It's no trouble. I'll just keep coming until you unblock me."

Nicole paused, took out her phone, scrolled through it, and gave Eric a look.

"I should reflect on myself. We're business partners after all, so I shouldn't just block you as I please. Don't worry, Mr. Ferguson, such a thing won't happen in the future."

Nicole's attitude was so clear and decisive, which Eric did not expect.

decisive, which Eric did not expect.

● She even guaranteed that it would not happen again?

Eric simply dared not think about it.

His eyebrows were relaxed, but later, there was also some disappointment from not being able to bring her food every day. What a pity!

Nicole thought, 'Please leave me alone!'

Eric received an urgent call from Mitchell. Eric's face darkened slightly before he stood up.

He glanced at Nicole, who also stood up and was ready to send him off.

Eric did not stay any longer and strode away with his long legs.

Finally, it was quiet.

Logan came in again with the coffee.

Nicole raised her chin and said, "Throw this away."

Logan nodded. Nicole usually liked stews, but this was the first time that she could not swallow it.

"Did Mr. Ferguson make it himself?"

Logan muttered

● "Did Mr. Ferguson make it himself?"

Logan muttered.

Nicole was stunned, but her face was expressionless. 'Right... It really isn't Toto's level. Eric actually made this stew for me?'

If it was anyone else, Nicole would probably be touched.

However, since it was Eric, Nicole suddenly wondered if this stew was poisoned.

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Nicole did not have much going on in the afternoon when she received Yvette's call. Yvette had an important client and was afraid that she could not handle it, so she wanted Nicole to be there as moral support.

Nicole agreed to it without much thought.

She just did not expect the place to be in that newly opened bar with those hooligans.

Nicole thought about it and felt a headache coming on.

Since the place was booked, Nicole had no

Since the place was booked, Nicole had no choice but to go.

When Nicole got there, the inside of the bar was finally normal with noisy, ear-splitting music, which made people's hearts surge with excitement.

Once Nicole went in, many people whistled at her.

Nicole wore a light-colored shirt, which was tucked in a narrow skirt that outlined her thin waist and made her legs look straight, long, and beautiful. Her figure was so sleek up to her ankle.

Her leg injury had just recovered, so her family did not allow her to wear high heels. Thus, she chose a pair of low-heeled shoes, but it did not affect her clear and imposing aura.

Nicole ignored the extra stares.

She walked to the bar, sent a text message to Yvette, and waited downstairs.

The bartender pushed over a cocktail and stared straight at her face.

Nicole lifted her eyelids. "I didn't order it."

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The bartender said, “It’s my treat.”

“Thanks, but no need.”

The bartender pushed the QR code of his bank account to her.

His tone was implicit. “I’ve already paid for this, so if you don’t wanna accept it, you can transfer it back to me...”

Chapter 834 You’re Too Fierce

Chapter 834 You're Too Fierce

Nicole finally raised her eyes and seriously sized up the bartender. 'Is he trying to flirt with me? He's pretty good-looking though, with beautiful features and seductive eyes. I gotta say, he's quite attractive. No wonder he dares to be so blatant. I'm afraid that many young lady customers are drooling over his face.'

Unfortunately, Nicole had seen too many good-looking guys and she did not like his type.

She hooked her lips and said in a clear and light voice, "I don't like this cocktail."

The bartender smiled frivolously. "So picky, huh?"

It was not like he had never met a woman who did not pay for the bill, so he did not care.

After all, the woman he hooked up with could spend hundreds of thousands here, so the boss could not wait to hold him up.

Nicole smiled lazily. "Aren't you too blindly confident to use a cup of cheap

blindly confident to use a cup of cheap cocktail to pick up women?"

The person opposite was stunned.

The colorful lights flickered dimly in every corner.

The bartender narrowed his eyes and sized her up. He thought that she looked familiar like he had seen her before, but he could not remember.

Before he could explore carefully, an exquisitely dressed woman came down from the spiral staircase and ran over to take Nicole's hand.

"Nicole, what are you doing here? Let's go up!"

Nicole did not even look at the bartender and helplessly followed Yvette upstairs.

The bartender recognized Yvette, who could spend a minimum of hundreds of thousands of dollars at the wave of her hand.

The boss said that she was a valuable guest, so she could not be offended.

The bartender thought, 'Was I mistaken? Yvette just called that woman Nicole?'

Yvette just called that woman Nicole!

A big hand slapped his shoulder at that moment.

The bartender trembled with fear. "Boss?"

That boss looked at the two ladies' disappearing figures upstairs and sighed. He looked at the bartender with a seeming smile.

"That lady earlier isn't someone you can get your hands on. When we first opened, the police and fire departments took turns coming over to find trouble just because she met a few punks after she left our bar. I almost went out of business..."

The bartender's face paled. "Boss, is she that Nicole?"

The boss nodded. "She is!"

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Nicole followed Yvette upstairs. She did not know anyone in Yvette's private room.

Yvette's family business was not in the same industry as Stanton Corporation, so it was excusable that Nicole did not know them.

It was excusable that Nicole did not know them.

However, Nicole still greeted the others very politely.

The three people were accompanied by their assistants. Yvette's assistant was also pouring wine on the side.

One of the younger ones in the room, Sean Moore, was handsome and distinctive-looking with deep features and a pair of glistening eyes that kept staring at Yvette.

His black eyes glittered under the backlight. His eyelashes were thick.

Sean seemed to be scheming something, which looked obvious. He looked very shrewd.

Fortunately, Yvette could still handle this kind of occasion. It was not at all awkward because they were joking and laughing.

Yvette only wanted to sign the contract as soon as possible. Nicole saw through it but did not say anything.

A few people began to toast each other. Yvette did not squirm and drank a few

A few people began to toast each other. Yvette did not squirm and drank a few glasses at once.

Nicole watched from the side and blocked a few glasses for her.

A few glasses later, Yvette was worried about Nicole's injury and refused to let her drink more.

Nicole sat on the side and watched them start playing games.

This was a very old-fashioned guessing game, which Yvette was good at.

However, when Yvette met Sean Moore, she felt that it was a bit overwhelming.

He was a good player that was the best at this kind of game. The surrounding people coaxed him. "Drinking is meaningless. Let's change our way of playing..."

Yvette drank earlier, so her smile was slightly drunken and very charming.

"Sure, but we'll play one last time. If I win, you must sign the contract!"

"And what if you lose?" Someone asked her.

her.

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Yvette pondered for a moment. Sean Moore, who stared at her all night, said, “If you lose, I want to get a hot French kiss from you, Ms. Quimbey.”

Chapter 835 Hot French Kiss

Chapter 835 Hot French Kiss

As soon as Sean Moore said this, the others started to coax.

Sean was their mainstay, and his words certainly carried great weight.

“Ms. Quimbey, you don’t dare? Three contracts and a French kiss. No matter how you calculate, you have the advantage!”

“That’s right, Ms. Quimbey! If you can charm Mr. Moore, even if you do end up losing, there may be a turnaround..”

“Ms. Quimbey, if you don’t dare, you can even let your friend replace you.”

Some people turned to look at Nicole.

Nicole’s face was slightly sunken. Before Nicole could speak, Yvette got anxious.

“What’s there to be afraid of? It’s just a game anyway!”

Before Nicole had time to stop her, Yvette had already blurted out.

Nicole pulled Yvette and explained in a whisper. “Sean Moore isn’t a simple guy. Let’s forget it. It’s okay if you can’t sign

Let's forget it. It's okay if you can't sign today."

Since they attended this gathering, it meant that they had a willingness to cooperate with the Quimbeys.

Nicole looked at Sean, who had a specious smile on his face and a confident look.

She could not help but feel worried for Yvette.

Yvette's brain was muddled by alcohol, so she had an impulsive urge and did not listen to any persuasion.

Yvette felt that she could definitely win.

"Don't worry, I won't lose!"

Yvette stood up and said, "Let's play poker dice. One game to determine the winner with the highest rank."

Sean nodded. "Sure."

Everyone gradually fell silent and looked over.

Yvette casually picked up the dice cup, shook it, and slapped it on the table. Her series of actions was casual but with a confident arrogance.

confident arrogance.

She opened it.

Three of a kind.

Nicole breathed a sigh of relief.

The people around were silent for a moment.

It seemed that it would be hard for Sean to win over Yvette no matter how good he was.

Yvette was focused on playing poker dice for several years and suffered a lot of beating for it before she quit.

Sean looked at Yvette and smirked, then picked up another dice cup.

He only shook it a few times and slammed it on the table.

His action was casual and undisciplined with a lazy posture.

“Ms. Quimbey, if I win, you won't say that I'm bullying you, right?”

Yvette frowned. “If you win, it's your ability, so I have nothing to say, but if you lose, the contract is right here, so you have to sign it before you leave!”

Sean's smile deepened. His voice was deep and slow as he said, "Then it's a deal."

After saying that, he opened the lid.

Everyone's face changed slightly when they caught a glimpse of the dice. Except for Nicole and Yvette's people, everyone else laughed out loud.

Four of a kind.

Yvette lost.

Nicole instantly raised her eyes and looked at Sean Moore.

Sean laughed confidently.

Since Yvette had already said such words and she was allowed to choose prior to this, she no longer had room to backtrack.

This was not a child's game, so even Nicole knew that Yvette was sure to accept this loss.

Yvette looked at the four of a kind he rolled for a few seconds and frowned, then pulled the corners of her lips and snorted.

Nicole tugged on Yvette's clothes to stop

Nicole tugged on Yvette's clothes to stop Yvette from fighting if she got too excited.

"You need help?"

It was not like they had no chance of winning.

Although Yvette looked drunk, she was conscious and knew what she was doing.

Since she lost to Sean in a guessing game, she chose a game that was most favorable to her.

Yvette did not expect that Sean Moore would be a master in all games.

'This son of a b*tch did this deliberately to nauseate me?!'

If Sean was just any other trust fund kid, Yvette could get his parents to teach him a lesson, but this person should not be offended.

Yvette turned her head and smiled. "It's alright."

She felt very apprehensive.

Sean stood up, carelessly tidied up his clothes, put one hand in his pocket, and walked out with long legs.

walked out with long legs.

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“Ms. Quimbey, don’t be a sore loser...”

The surrounding people burst into cheer.

Yvette’s face stiffened. She was livid as she thought, ‘So what if I lost? It’s just a French kiss anyway!’

She stood up and said with a slight disdain in her tone, “Mr. Moore, I wonder how your skills are compared to my ex-boyfriends...”

Chapter 836 People You Shouldn’t Meet