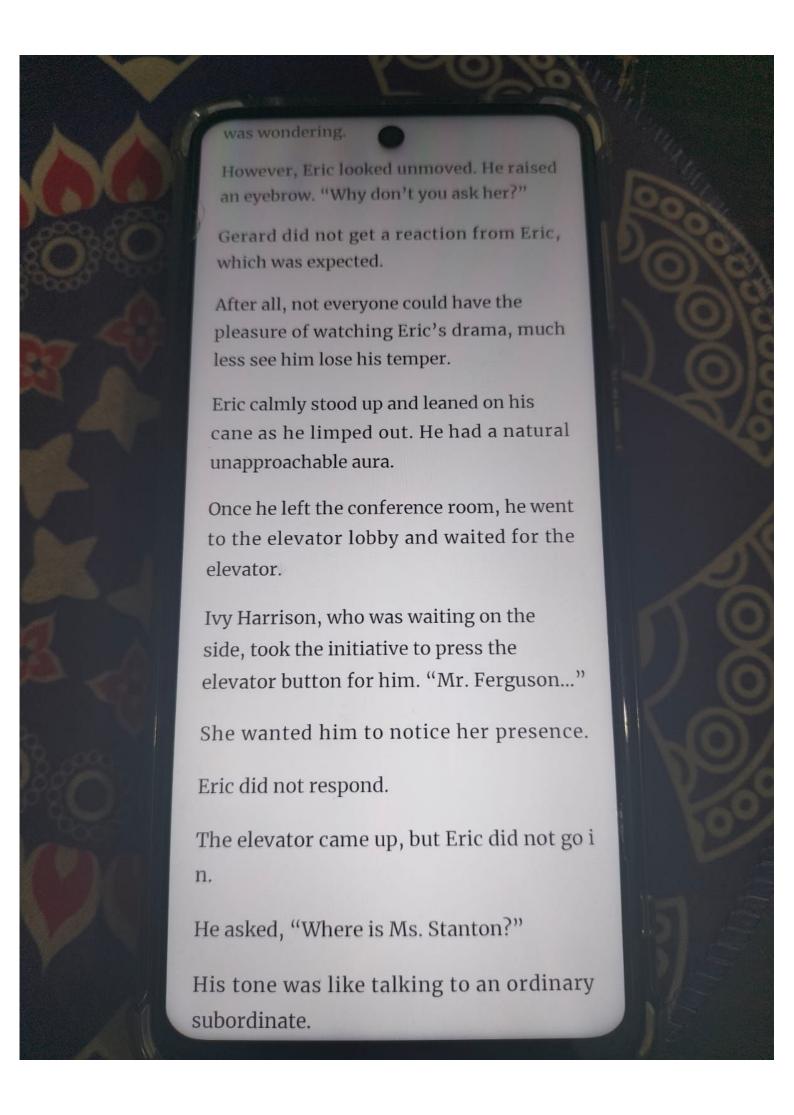
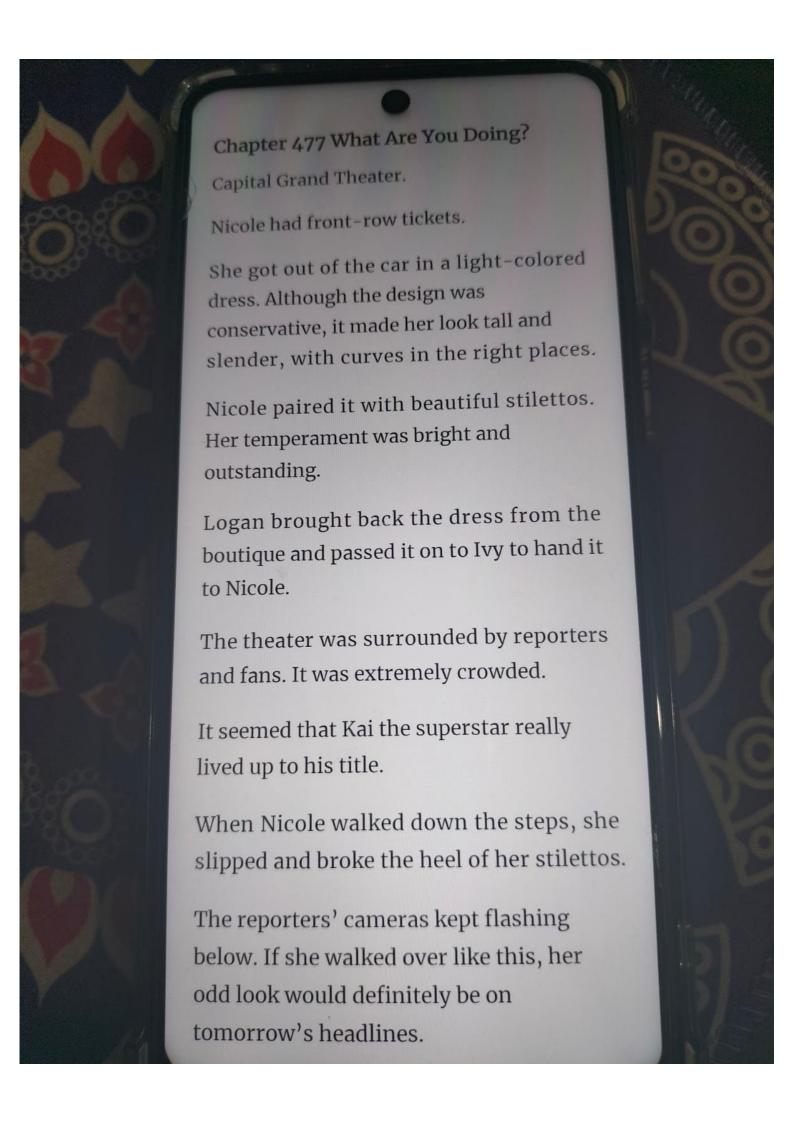


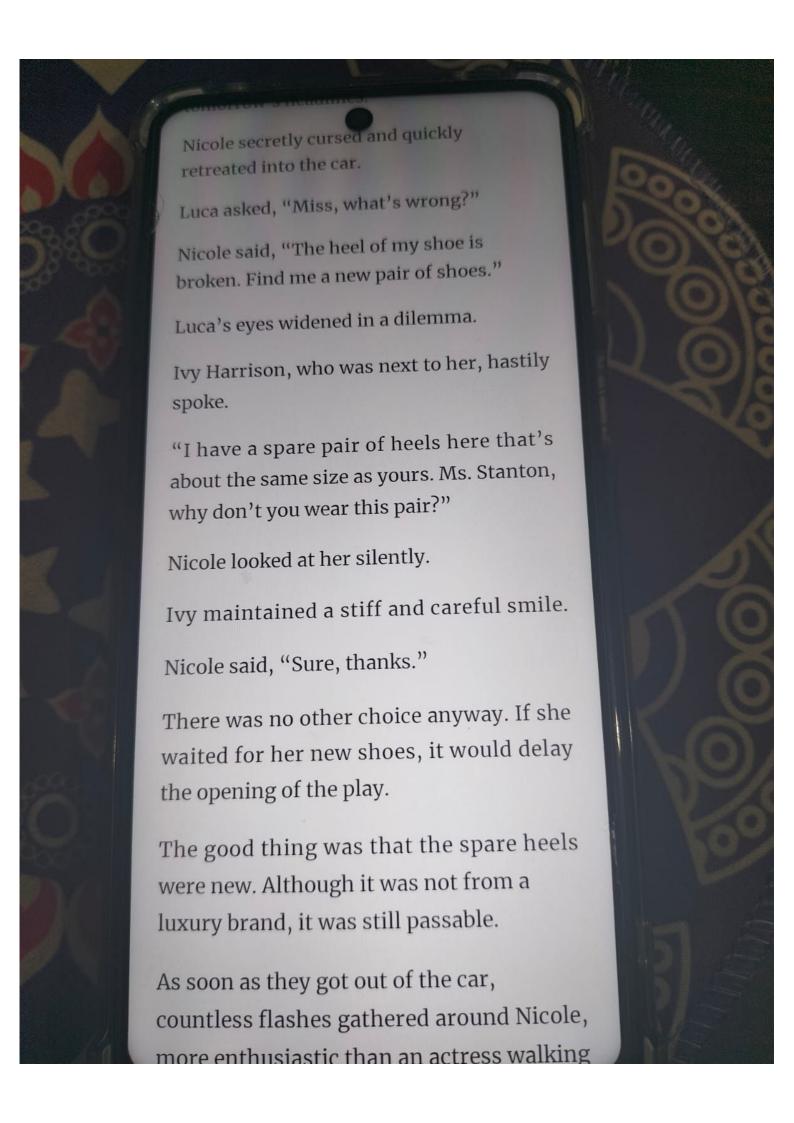
"Fine. It's my assistant's fault. To make amends, I can invite you to the opening of my brother's play tonight. Are you interested?" Gerard clicked his tongue. "Of course! Kai's tickets are hard to get. Can I bring a plus one?" Nicole said, "No, just yourself." Eric's voice was clear. "I'm going too." Nicole nodded and packed up her things a s if nothing had happened. "Let's stop here first. As to where to list, let's get Mr. Sloan here next time to continue the discussion. I'll go first." Gerard called out to her. "Let's eat together?" "No thanks." Nicole refused. When she was about to walk out, Nicole glanced at Ivy. "Logan is going on a business trip, so you can come with me tonight." Nicole did not ask for Ivy's opinion. Ivy subconsciously glanced at Eric. She was cautious and delighted. "Yes, Ms.

Stanton." There were plenty of opportunities in front of her. Sooner or later, Eric would notice her. Nicole did not care to look at their expressions and walked straight out. Inside the large and solemn conference room, Gerard and Eric were the only two people left. Gerard looked at Eric's dark and sullen face and could not help but laugh gloatingly. "Mr. Ferguson, I thought you had a wonderful trip, but it seems like there are still some rough patches, huh?" Eric's sharp gaze pierced Gerard. There was no warmth on his face. "Curiosity killed the cat." Gerard was silent for a second. He stood u p with a faint smile and shook his head. "Tsk tsk... Do you think that Ms. Stanton kept this little assistant around intentionally?" Gerard's question was exactly what Eric

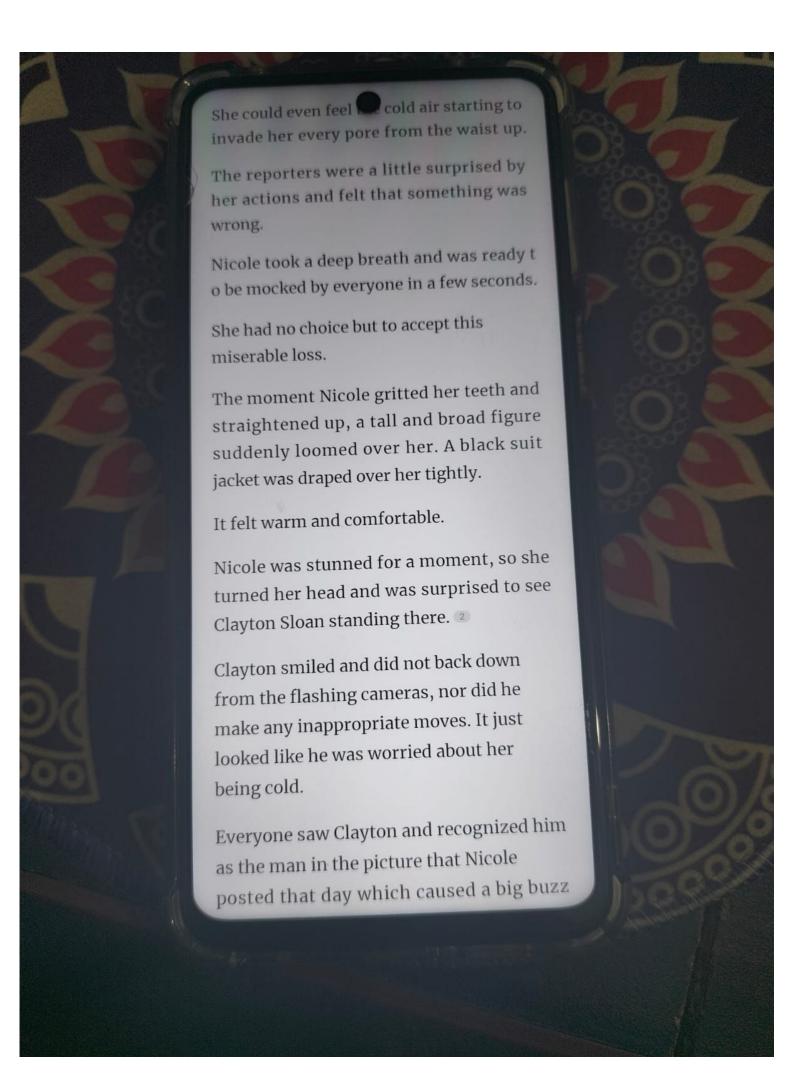


Ivy's face stiffened. She pointed to the office at the side. "In the office with Tucker." Eric did not say anything and went to the opposite office to wait for Nicole. Ivy lowered her eyes to hide her disappointment. She then went to the pantry to bring over a cup of coffee for Eric. Eric wrinkled his brows. "You're not my assistant." He implied that she had mistaken her identity. Ivy pursed her lips. She looked soft and gentle, with a hint of ingratiation. "Mr. Ferguson, it's also my first time attending the opening event of a play. Is there anything I need to pay attention to?" Eric said, "You don't need to do anything." She was merely an assistant, so what did she need to prepare for? Ivy smiled with embarrassment.





the red carpet. Nicole maintained an elegant stance and a decent smile. When she was halfway through her walk, the front strap of her heels suddenly came loose and broke. She subconsciously bent down to fix it when she suddenly felt a chill down her spine. The zipper of the dress came undone! The weather was not too cold, but it was still slightly cooler at night compared to the day. When Nicole realized this, her body stiffened. Everything from the shoes to the dress seemed like an accident, but countless thoughts flashed through Nicole's mind. All of them pointed to Ivy. Nicole was kind enough to offer Ivy this opportunity, but Ivy was ungrateful. The camera kept flashing. Nicole knew that as soon as she stood up, someone would immediately notice that her zipper came undone. She could even feel the cold air starting to



online. Soon, the reporters raised their cameras with excitement. "Ms. Stanton, may I ask if he is really your new love interest?" "Are you two really together?" "Mr. Ferguson will also be present today. Do you have anything you want to say to him?" "Are you two on a date? Ms. Stanton, can you introduce this man beside you?" The countless hustle and bustle seemed to be distant from Nicole. All she saw was Clayton's gentle smile that soothed her restless heart like fresh spring water. Clayton did not speak and only smiled at the camera. He then turned around and led her into the theater. There were no reporters inside the theater, so Nicole instantly felt relieved. She sat on the sofa in the lounge.

She sat on the sofa in the lounge.

Clayton's gaze was fixed on her shoes with a heavy expression.

Suddenly, he knelt on one knee next to her and took off her shoes.

"These shoes don't match your dress today."

Her dress was a custom-made premium collection, while these shoes were common off-the-rack heels.

Clayton looked up just as Nicole looked down.

Their eyes met, and time seemed to freeze.

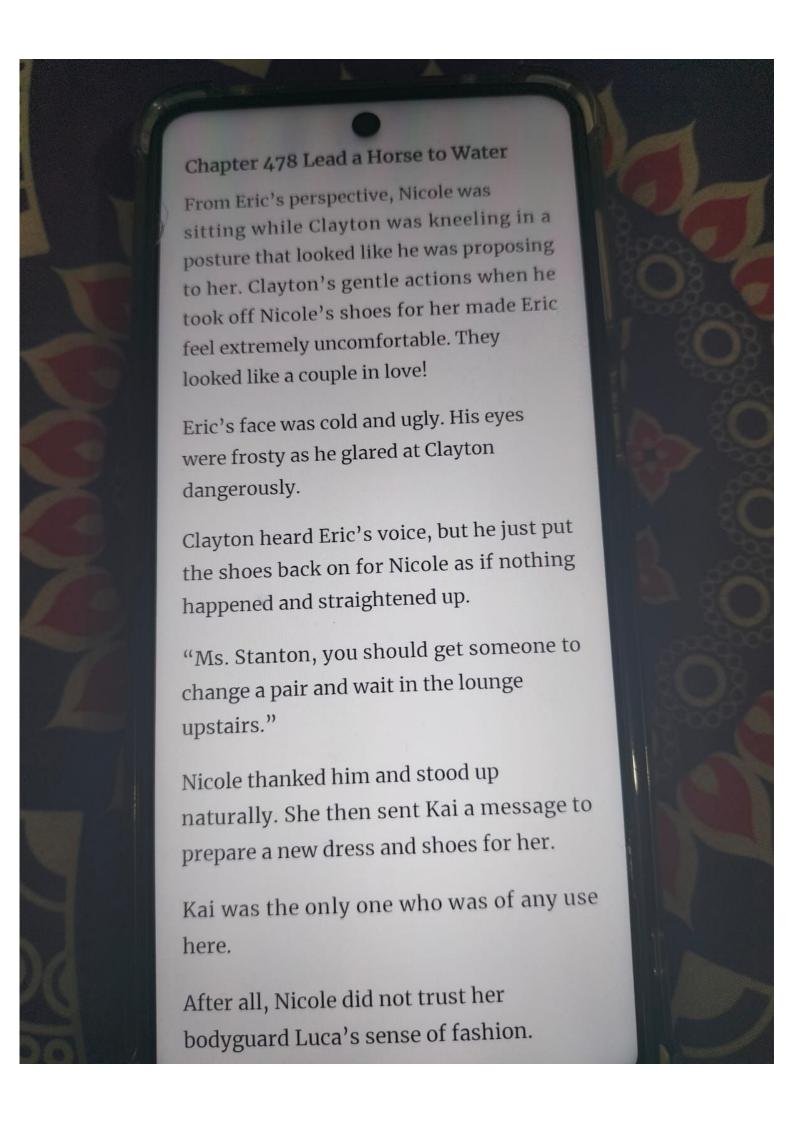
One second...

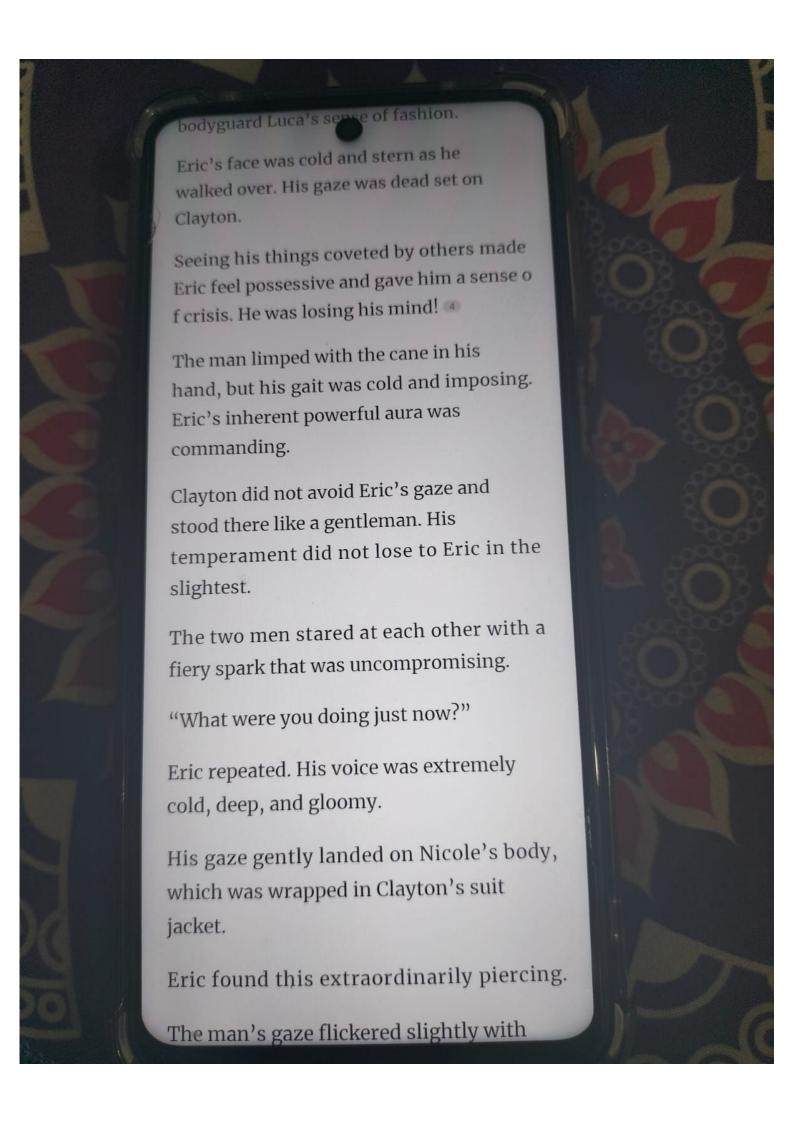
Two seconds...

Three seconds...

"What are you doing?"

Eric's icy cold voice broke the intimate silence.

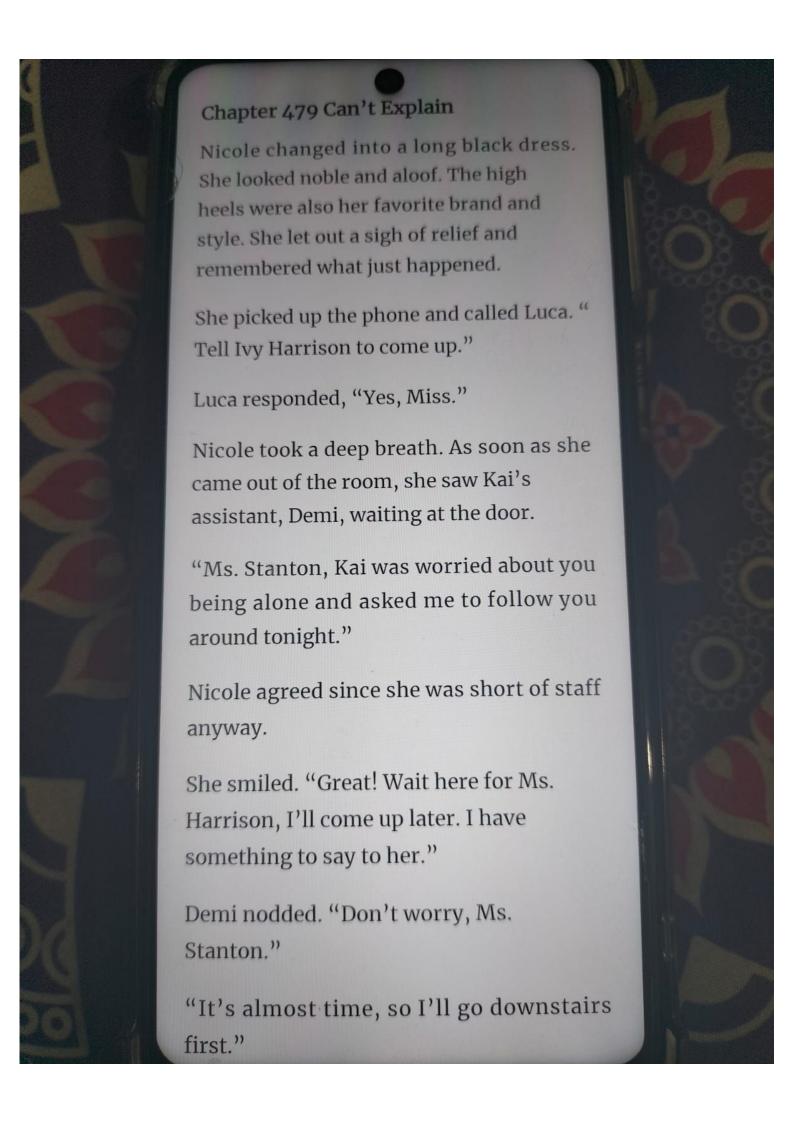


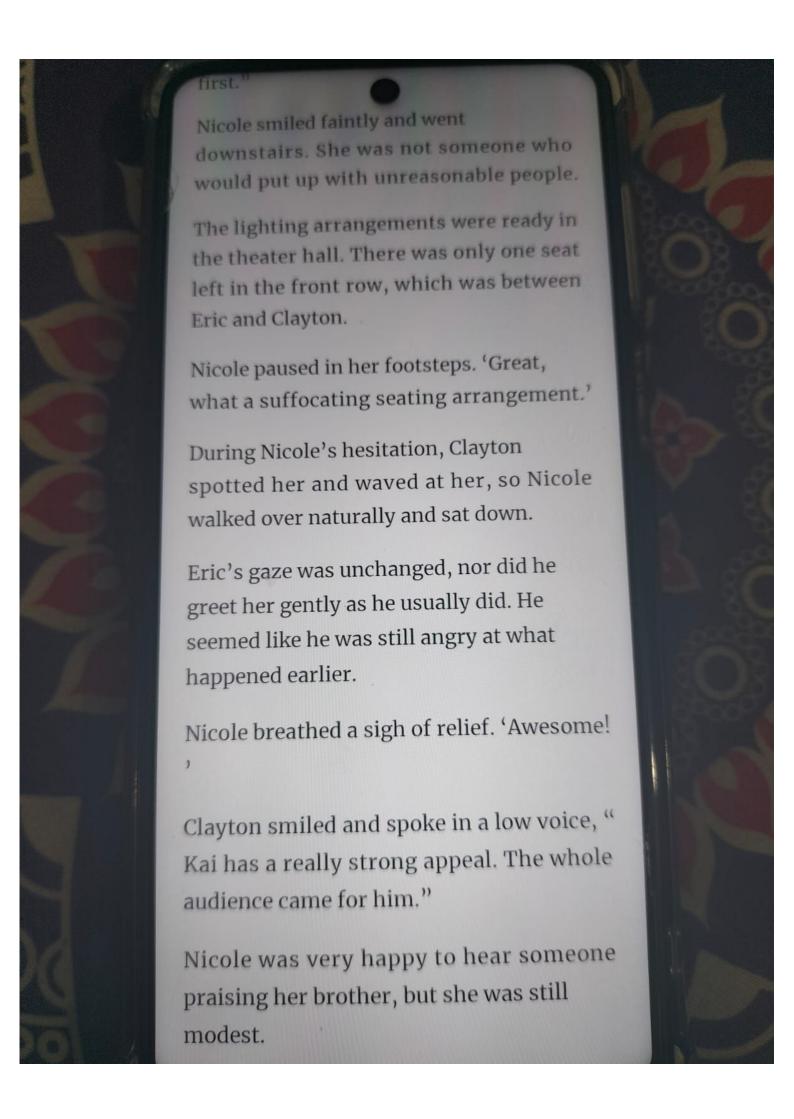


The man's gaze flick ed slightly with forbearance and restraint. Nicole walked over. When she was next to Eric, she paused in her footsteps and spoke in a low voice, "There's no need for us to explain what we do to you, right?" She was dissatisfied with Eric overstepping his bounds. He should remember his identity. What was more, if this was done by Ivy Harrison, then it was only because of Eric. 2 If Eric had not caused this trouble, Nicole would not have had this mishap that almost made her get humiliated in public. 2 After that, Nicole went upstairs to wait for Kai upstairs without caring about Eric's reaction. Eric's face became gloomier. His gaze also darkened. Clayton walked over with a faint smile and no extra emotion on his face. "Mr. Ferguson, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't make it drink. Some things just can't be forced." Eric's sharp and cold eyes narrowed

slightly. "Regardless, it's still my horse. No one is worthy to touch it." The temperature instantly plunged to freezing point. The reporters and fans outside naturally did not know about this confrontation. If they did, it would have caused another frenzy. In the upstairs lounge. Kai came in with a new dress and shoes for Nicole. He was speechless when it came to his troublesome sister, but he was quick to serve her needs. "Fortunately, the sponsors have your favorite brand, but these are off-the-rack. Don't you always wear custom-made dresses and shoes when you participate in these events?" Nicole sighed in relief. She took off Clayton's suit jacket and turned her back t o Kai. "Look..." Her back zipper was broken, revealing a large patch of her sexy back. Although she

large patch of her so back. Although she had a nice back, this dress was not designed to be backless, so it was somewhat unfitting. Nicole had been working with her favorite brand for many years, so they would not make this kind of low-level mistake. Kai looked shocked and wrinkled his evebrows. "Holy sh*t! Who did this? Logan can't even do his job?!" Kai was infuriated because he knew that this was done on purpose. Nicole picked up the clothes he threw aside and went to the room inside. "It's not Logan. It's someone else." "Who then? I'll beat them up!" Kai was fuming because someone dared to bully his baby sister. Nicole laughed lightly and closed the door. "I'll take care of it. You can go first." Kai left in a rage.





"My brother is just good-looking, acts well, and has a nice personality." The corners of Clayton's lips stiffened, then he nodded approvingly as his smile deepened. Eric, who was on the other side of Nicole, did not speak. His face just became increasingly glum. The last scene of the act ended. An assistant handed over three cups of coffee. Clayton handed it to Nicole, who passed it on to Eric. Eric froze for half a second. His expression eased as he reached out to take it. In the next second, the cup somehow leaked before he could hold it steady. The coffee spilled on his clothes. Eric wrinkled his eyebrows. He had OCD and simply could not tolerate his soiled clothes until the end of the play.

lothes until the end of the play When Eric stood up, the assistant was faster than Eric and took his cane. "I'm sorry, Mr. Ferguson..." Eric swept a stern glance at the assistant and took his cane, then looked at Nicole. " I'm going to get changed first." Nicole nodded and sat back down again. The assistant looked somewhat familiar. Not long after Eric left, Nicole stood up and quietly went out of the hall. Toto had informed Eric of his room number in the lounge. Eric stepped out of the elevator and found the room. When he walked in, it was dark inside. He casually turned on the lights and saw a lady's purse and dress on the large soft sofa. His eyes were cold and stern. In the next second, the bathroom door opened. A drenched woman wrapped in a bath towel came out from inside. The small

towel came out from side. The small towel barely covered the vital parts. It was quite a sight.

This woman was none other than Ivy Harrison.

Eric's face was extremely glum. His eyes were cold, sharp, gloomy, and frightening.

"Who told you to come?" His voice was surprisingly cold.

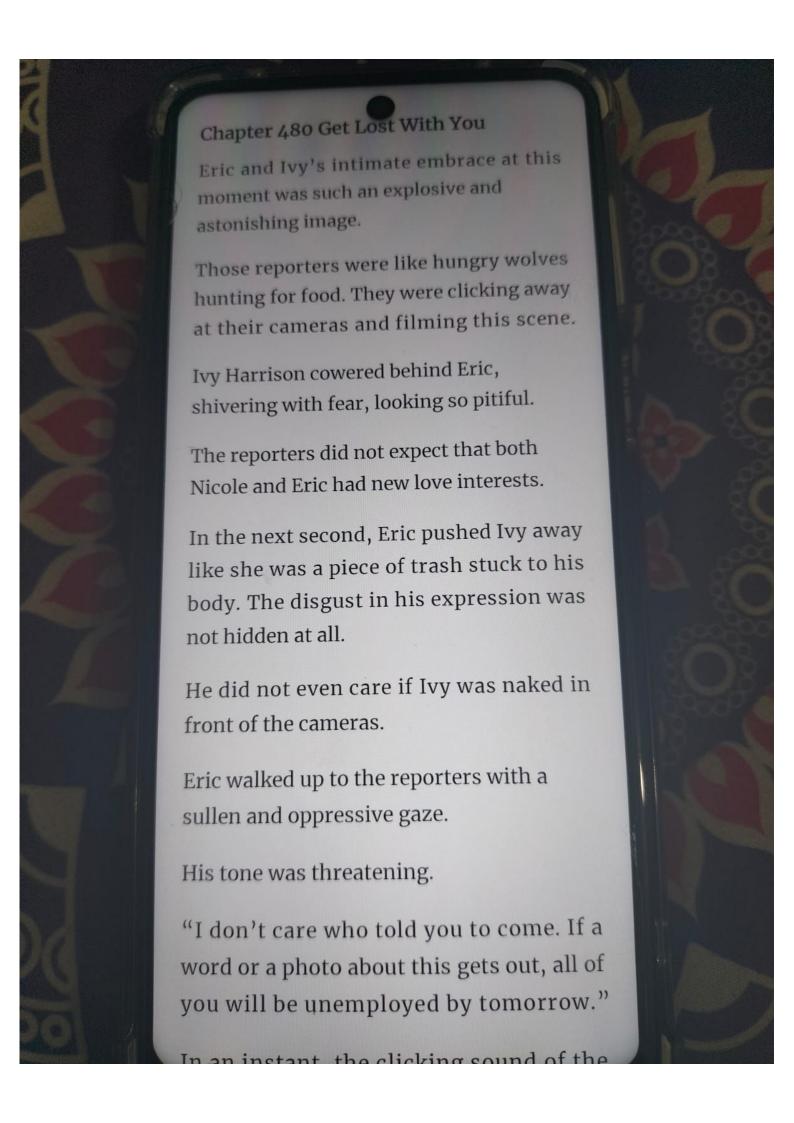
Ivy was startled and froze for a few seconds. She then grabbed the bath towel that looked like it was about to fall off with reddened cheeks. "Mr. Ferguson... W -Why are you here?"

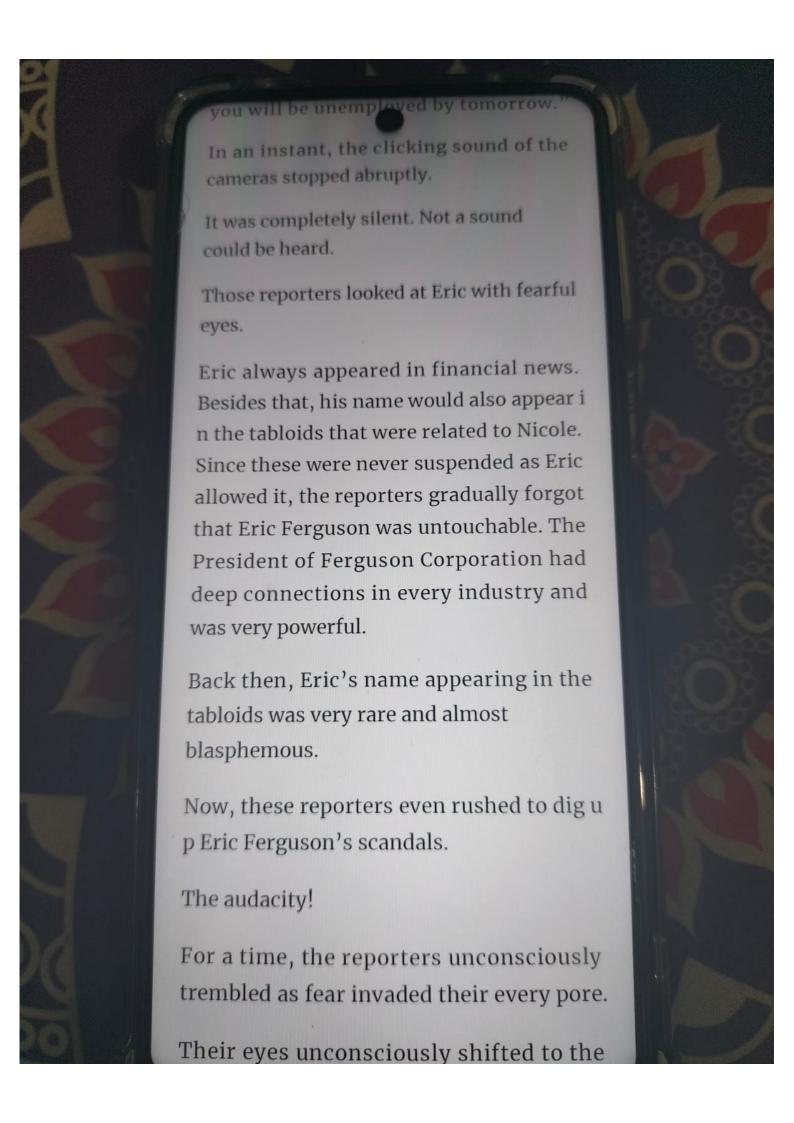
Eric's gloomy eyes carried extreme disdain and cold indifference.

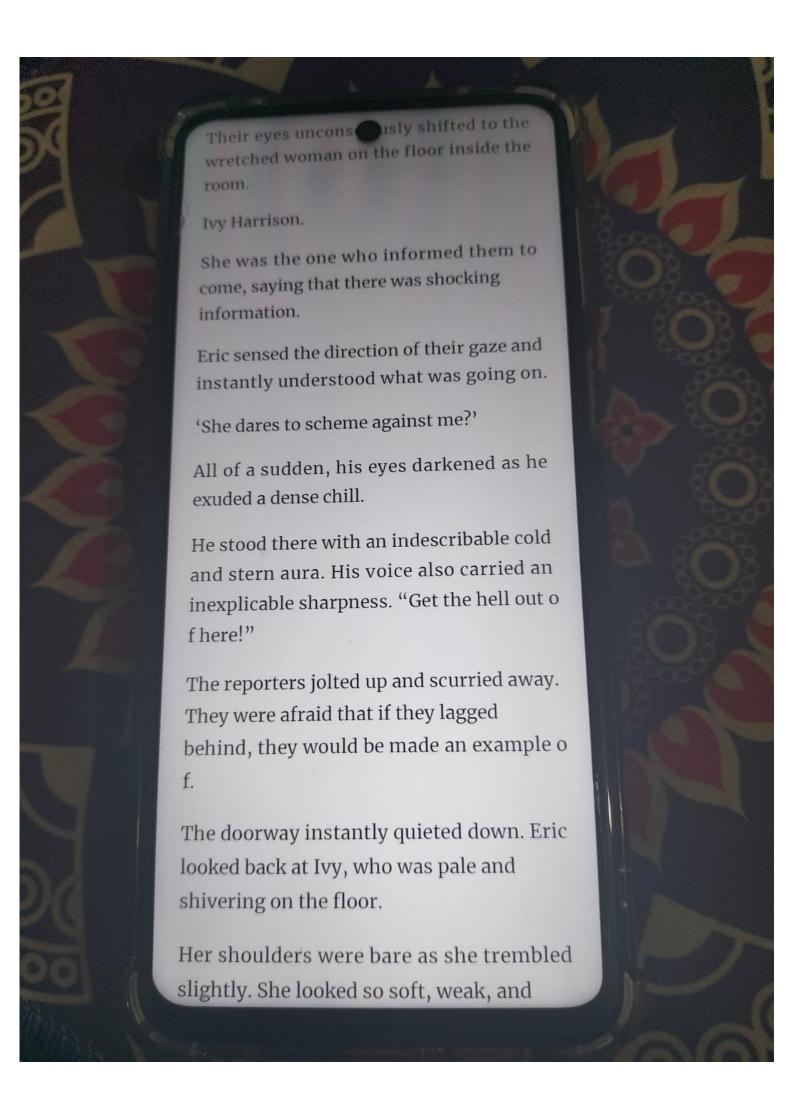
"Get out..."

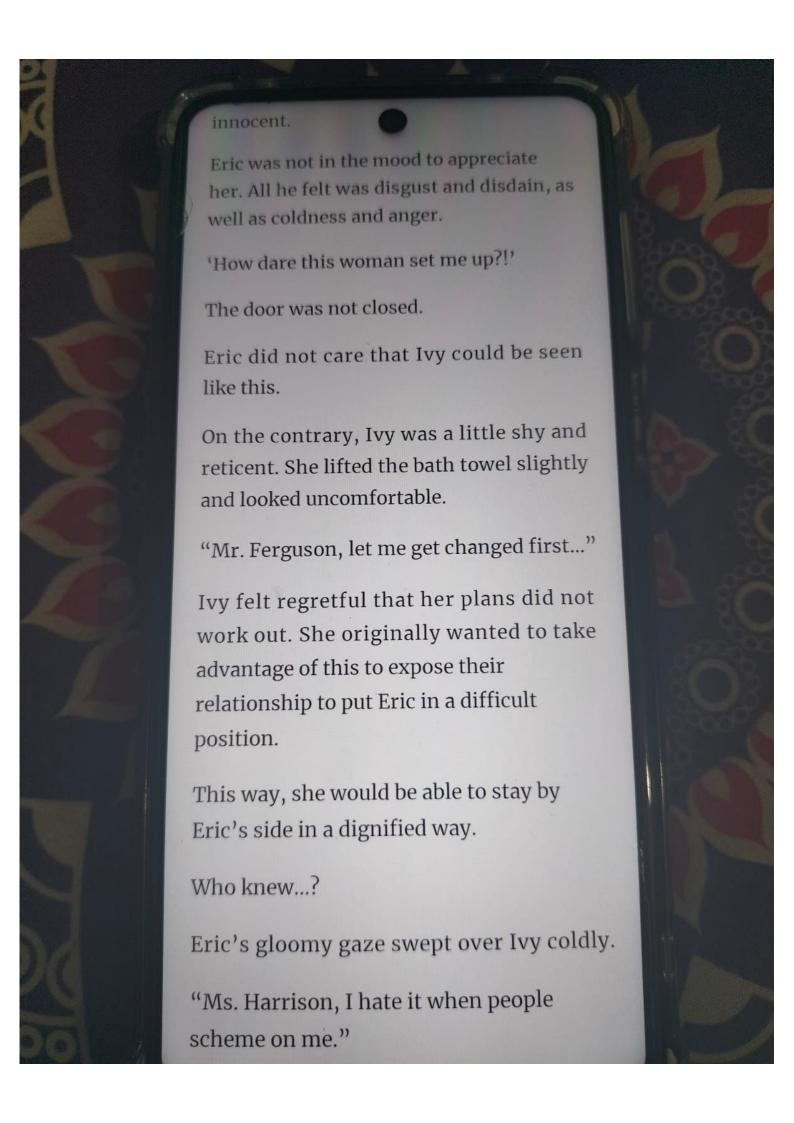
Before he could finish his sentence, Ivy suddenly covered her chest and screamed. She then hid behind Eric's body.

A group of reporters with their equipment suddenly appeared at the door. The camera flashes were incessant.









Ivy's face paled as she subconsciously denied it. "It's not me!"

Eric knew at a glance and shifted his gaze indifferently.

He did not want to take one more look at her because it would just pollute his eyes.

"It's too easy to find evidence, but I don't want to waste time on you."

His voice was compelling and left no room for maneuver.

"You can either get lost and scamper off to wherever you came from, or I'll have Eli Harrison come and get lost with you."

Ivy's face turned miserably pale, and her heart sank.