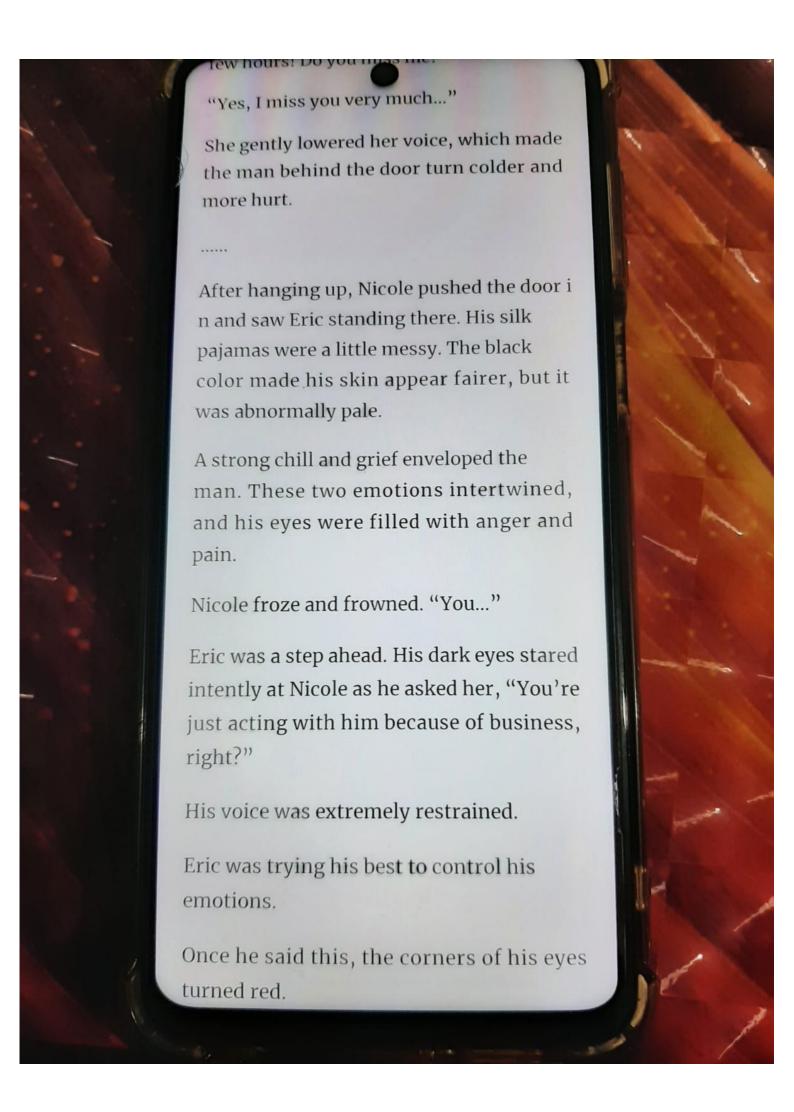
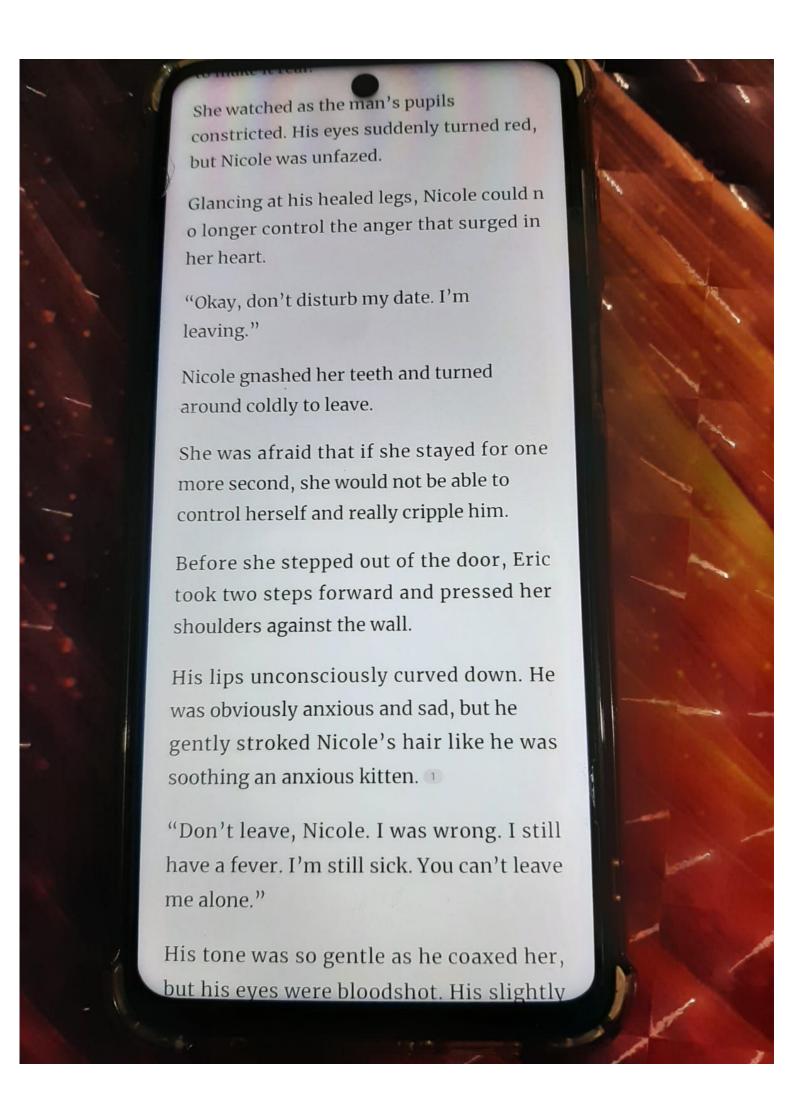
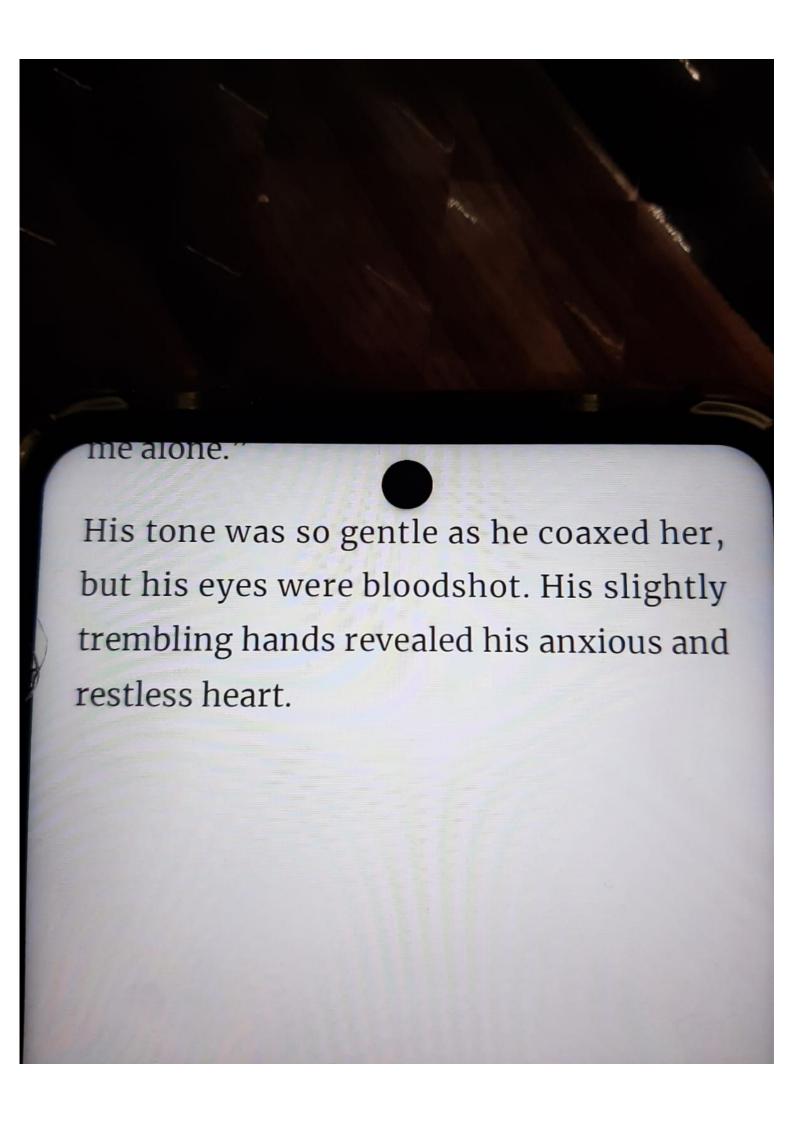


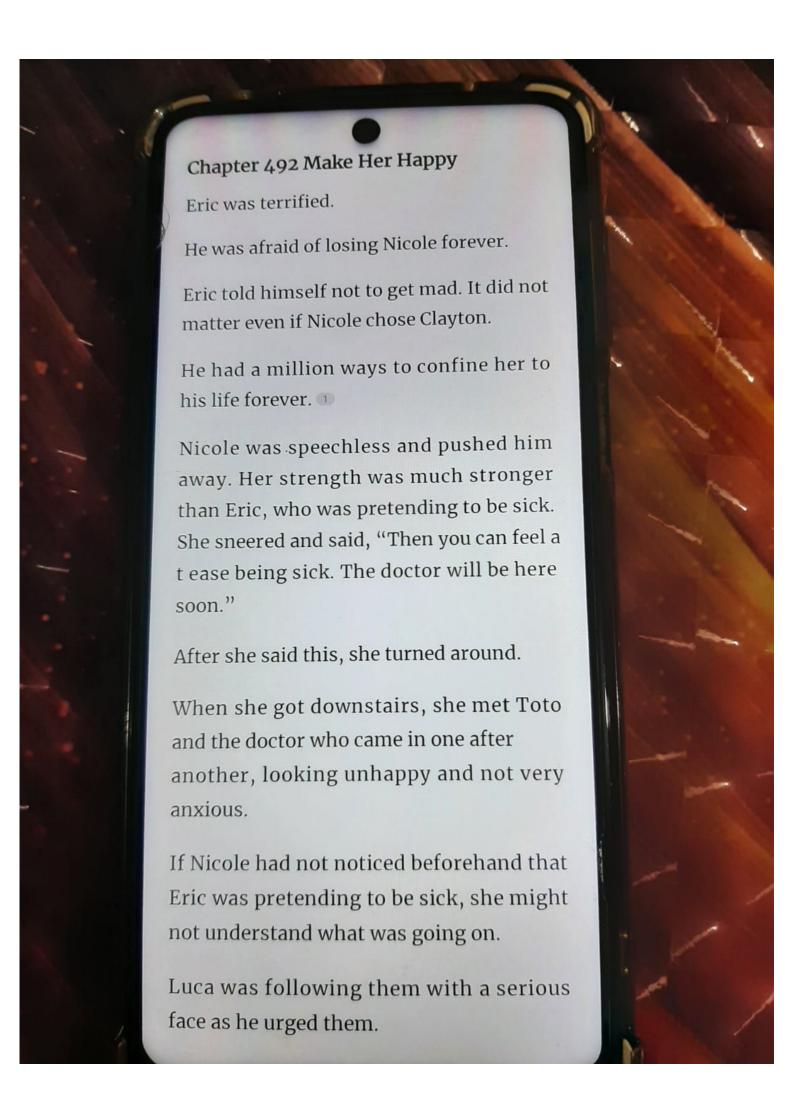
It was Clayton Sloan. His heart stalled for a moment. "It's so late. What could he be calling you for?" He could not hide the jealousy and bitterness in his tone. Eric felt so jealous that he wanted to kill someone! Nicole absently pursed her lips. "Work." She did not intend to explain anything to Eric because there was no need to do so. After that, she stood up and went outside t o answer the call. Eric watched her stand up and leave. The fire in his eyes was raging. He was going mad with jealousy. Eric subconsciously stood at the door to eavesdrop without making a sound. Nicole picked up. It turned out that it was Lil Michael. "Pretty Lady, I already miss you after a few hours! Do you miss me?"



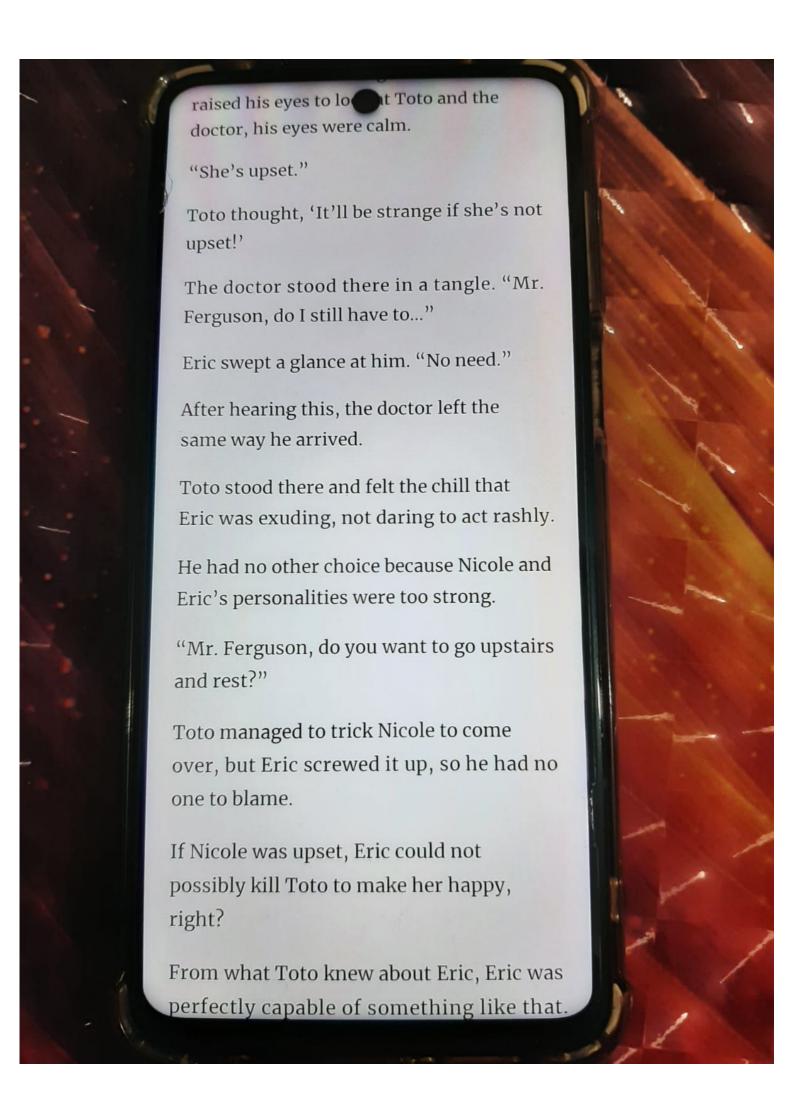
He was expecting to hear her answer, but a t the same time, he was afraid to hear it. Nicole was silent for a few seconds to ease the sudden acceleration of his heartbeat, but in the next second, she suddenly realized something. Eric was actually standing there without his cane! 'His leg recovered? Didn't he fall down the stairs and have a relapse? Wasn't he unconscious from a fever?' At this time, the husky ran to the balcony on the side and kept chewing on Eric's cane, not noticing the tension between the two people. The trace of pity in Nicole's heart instantly dissipated. Instead, she only felt infuriated by this absurdity. 'Eric Ferguson, this lying son of a b*tch!' Nicole raised her eyes and looked at Eric with a dull gaze. Her tone carried an indifferent coldness. " Who said that it's a show? We're planning to make it real!"







Seeing Nicole coming downstairs, Toto hurriedly greeted her. "Ms. Stanton, what do you want to take? I'll go get it for you. You don't need to come down personally." She should just spend more time with Eric. Nicole gave him a cold blank stare. She did not answer and looked at Luca. " Let's go." "Yes, Miss." Toto froze for a second. He then saw Eric trying to catch up to Nicole. He walked downstairs in such a hurry without his cane. He understood the situation in an instant. 'Mr. Ferguson hid it so well! I didn't even know when his leg had recovered!' However, Eric did not notice his abnormality. Nicole and Luca were one step ahead and left Imperial Gardens. Eric stood there looking lost. When he raised his eyes to look at Toto and the



Upstairs, the husky that was mischievously biting the cane, was trying t o drag it down the stairs to its bed step by step. When Eric heard the movement, he swept an oppressive gaze over. Looking at that cane, his eyes narrowed and instantly sank. He suddenly understood why Nicole's attitude changed so fast. Eric then looked at his legs. He kept his recovery hidden for so long just to make Nicole feel guilty all the time, but it was so recklessly exposed when he was unaware. The frustration in his chest was suffocating. He cursed under his breath and hated himself for recovering so quickly. Eric knew that if he chased after Nicole at this moment, she would still be angry and absolutely would not forgive him. Although Eric was mad that Nicole might have gone to meet with Clayton, he was in the wrong, so he could not act rashly.

the wrong, so he could not act rashly.

He could only find another opportunity later to make up for this.

A few days later.

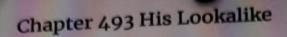
Nicole and Floyd were at home fishing.

Yvette ran over happily to greet them. "H
i, Uncle Floyd! Nicole, I've decided to
invite everyone to a party to celebrate my
new relationship!"

Nicole rolled her eyes and glanced at Floyd.

She meant that Yvette should reel it in a little.

Floyd looked at Yvette and laughed. "Yvie, you've already celebrated three or four times this month, each time a different guy. You go girl!"



Yvette knew that Floyd was just poking fun at her. She did not get angry and happily went to pull Nicole's arm. "I'm creating opportunities for Nicole. If she meets more people, she won't get easily coaxed!"

Floyd thought it made sense.

Nicole helplessly looked at Yvette.

"I have a dinner appointment with a business partner tonight, so go ahead with your celebration.

Nicole only felt a headache when she thought about Yvette's parties. It was just filled with all kinds of fancy food and drink, which she was already used to.

She might as well close a business deal.

Yvette simply walked over and sat next to Nicole. She spoke in a low voice, "This time is different. I've prepared a surprise for you! Many famous male models all over the world are invited too! I guarantee that they're your favorite type, so just go and check it out!"

Nicole gave her a speechless look. Famous male models all over the world? Yvette was never so focused on her family's business, but she was always extremely enthusiastic about these kinds o f plans. Nicole really did not know what to say to that. On the side, Floyd stared unblinkingly at the water like he was concentrating on the fish inside. "Lil N, what's the point of going to a boring dinner with the business partners? Get your brother to go instead. You should go to the party with Yvie. Go have some fun and don't come home too early!" Nicole was speechless and suspected that Floyd had overheard Yvette's words. Yvette excitedly dragged Nicole away. " Don't worry, Uncle Floyd! We'll definitely come back soon!" Floyd waved his hand. "No need!" The butler and maids at the side were speechless. Tattle Bar.

Inside the private room. Nicole and Yvette went in one after the other. Julie and Ian sat on both sides of the sofa, seemingly engrossed in their phones. There were many male models in front of them. Nicole swept a glance. Some were popular models who were very famous internationally. They were all sitting there obediently and talking leisurely. Nicole felt countless blazing gazes on her and instantly regretted coming. However, Yvette did not give her a chance to escape and pushed her inside. Nicole wore a slim black dress, which outlined her slender figure perfectly. Her makeup was exquisite, which was just fitting for this kind of occasion. Her usual iciness was toned down and made her look completely different. Julie waved at Nicole cheerfully, looking a little dazed and somewhat drunk. Nicole walked over and sat down. "Are you already drunk?"

She smiled lazily. "Do you know where we

Julie leaned into her mysteriously. "I've prepared a gift for you. It's your favorite type!" After that, Julie beckoned towards the person in the corner. The tall man was sitting there with a cold and lonely silhouette. Nicole was shocked for a moment when she saw him. "Eric...?" 'Isn't that Eric Ferguson?' When that man looked back, his eyebrows were much gentler, and his eyes were not as cold and calculating as Eric's. He looked like an innocent fresh graduate with a clear and cold temperament. However, his facial features were 70% similar to Eric's. He looked more related to Eric than Nathaniel, who was Eric's nephew. Seeing Nicole's surprised face, Yvette and Julie could not wait to call that man over. "He has nothing to do with Eric Ferguson. His name is Xander, a model who debuted abroad. I met him when I was running a

abroad. I met him en I was running a show there. As soon as I saw him, I thought that you'd like him, so I brought him back!"

Julie smiled as she looked at her gift.

She thought that her gift was really thoughtful.

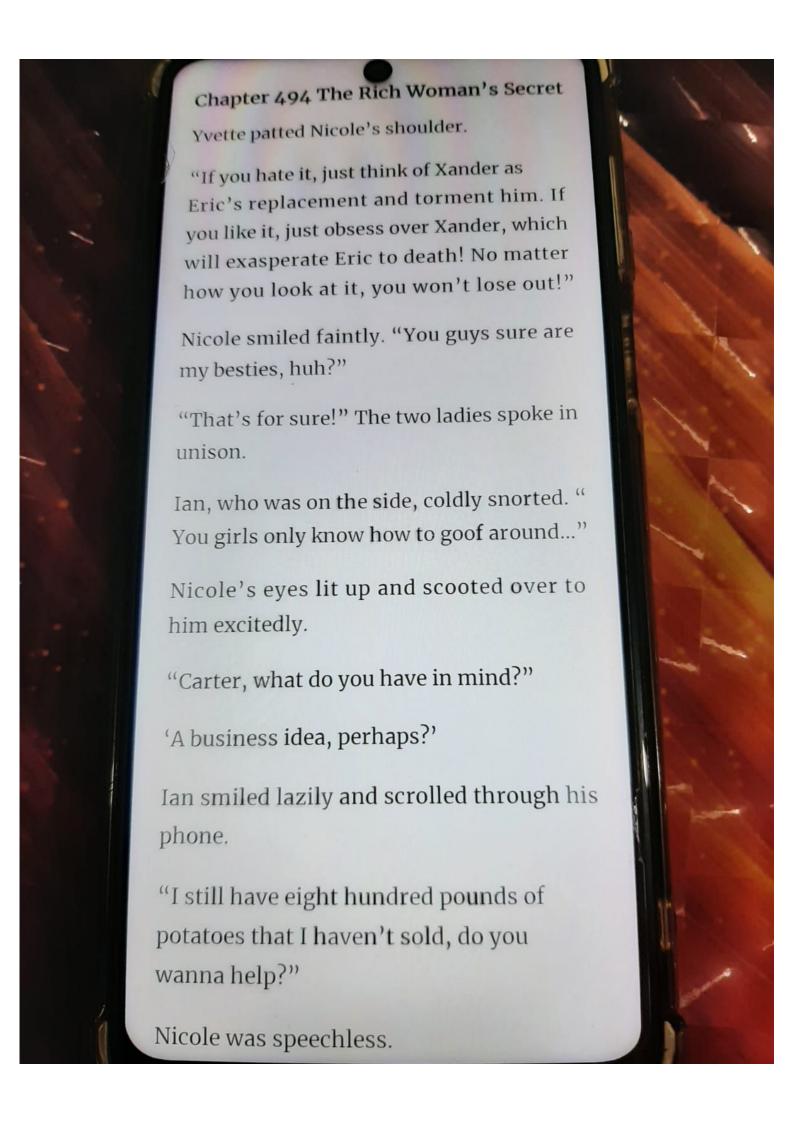
That man came closer. He looked cleancut with stunning features. He was just not as reserved and imposing as Eric.

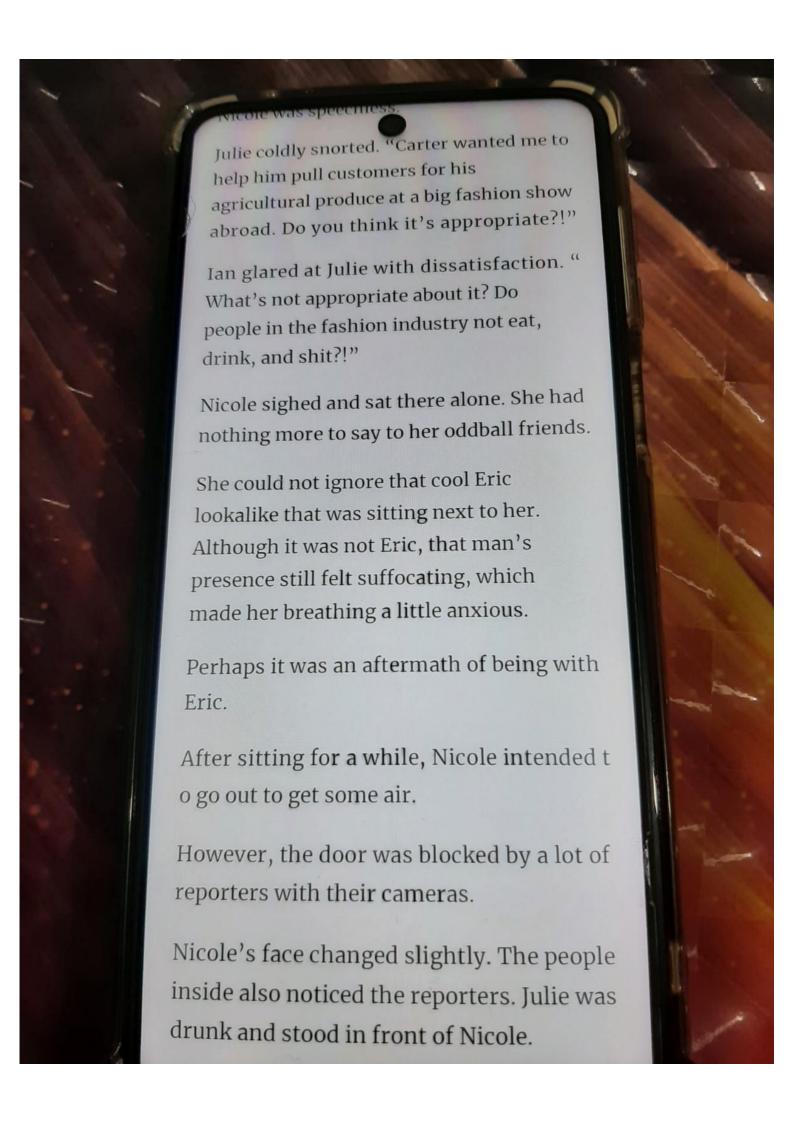
The man cautiously glanced at Nicole.

"Ms. Stanton, my name is Xander."

Nicole smiled perfunctorily and cast a sidelong glance at Julie.

"Don't you know that I hate that man?!
How could you send over someone who
looks so much like him?!"





"What are you guys doing?" "Ms. Nixon, we're reporters. We got the news that famous models all around the world are planning to develop their careers in Mediania. We want to ask how the talks are going?" "Yes, who among them agreed to stay in Mediania?" "Are you signing with all of them?" "Isn't Nicole Stanton here? Will she also participate in this matter?" "Ms. Stanton, do you want to say a few words?" "Is this just a simple get-together?" One reporter's voice was extraordinarily obvious and instantly quieted down. Everyone in the room had different expressions and thoughts. Nicole did not need to think too deeply to know that someone in this party must have schemed against them. Whether it was Nicole, Julie, Ian, or

Whether it was Nico Julie, Ian, or Yvette, any one of them was enough to be the subject of hot gossip.

If a model in this party wanted to be popular and betrayed this topic, everyone would be at risk when this party became a hot topic of discussion.

It might be about the messy life of trust fund kids or even the unseemly secrets of rich women.

Whichever it was, it would certainly cause an impact on their businesses.

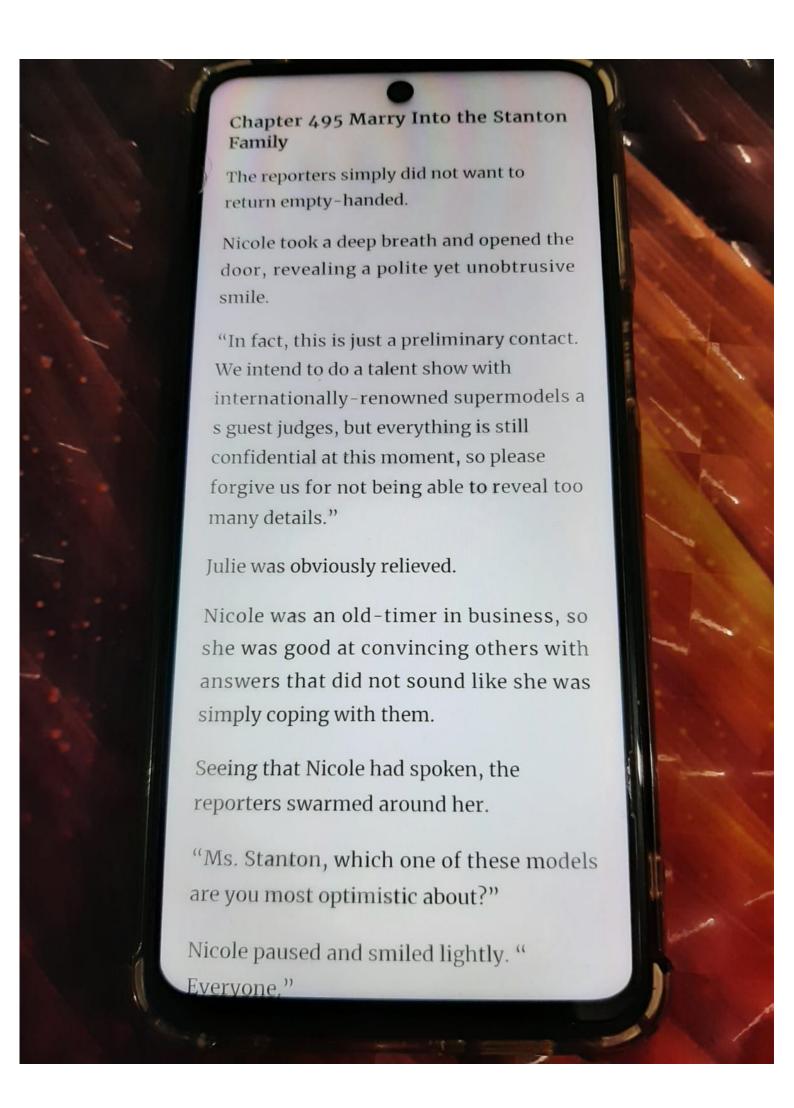
Nicole was speechless as she swept a glance at the male models sitting in the room. They had various expressions, so Nicole could not tell who was behind this.

Yvette was obviously a little flustered and hid behind Ian.

Ian was even more distressed. He barely contributed to his family business but kept creating trouble time and time again. He only wanted to be a simple trust fund kid with a conscience!

The reporters at the door had no tendency to stop at all.

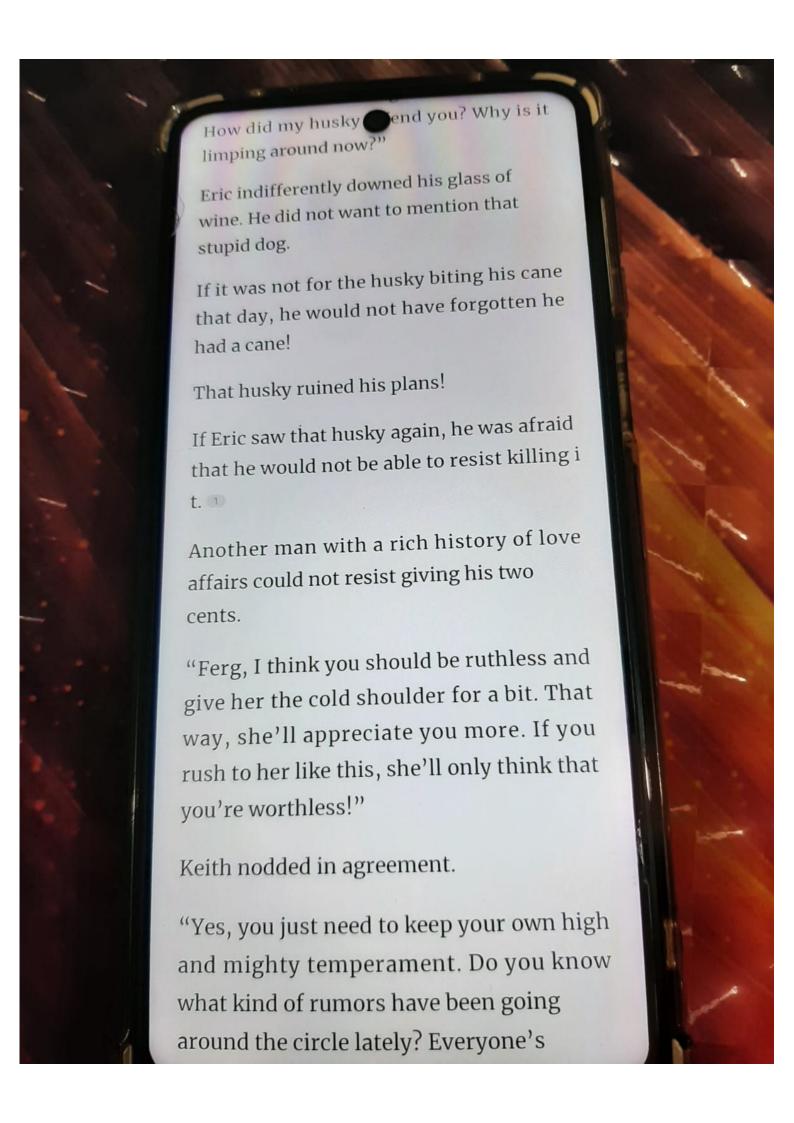
They were too curious about this kind of party. Was this gathering for their career, or was this a debauchery for rich women? Tomorrow's headlines would depend on their response. Julie stood at the door and did not intend t o give way. Her face was very glum. "This is a commercial secret and not open to the public. Please look forward to the official press conference!" Julie took out her phone, intending to call the bar manager so that he could come with his bodyguards to solve the problem. Where did this group of reporters come from? "We'd like to interview the people inside. Please come out so that we can see them." "Yes, please come out..."



They laughed in response knowing that they could not afford to offend Nicole. If they continued to pester her, they might lose their jobs. The reporters were not embarrassed and said, "Then we'll look forward to the new show!" They gradually dispersed, so Julie and Nicole breathed a sigh of relief. In the next second, Nicole's face sank. She looked at Julie, who nodded. Julie knew what to do next. They dismissed everyone. Ian and Yvette let out a sigh of relief after the scare. They were different from Nicole and Julie because they did not have the confidence t o be independent of their families. After everyone left, Yvette hugged Nicole's arm in a daze. "We'll change the venue next time! These reporters are too annoying!"

The corners of Nicole's lips twitched. " You never learn your lesson!" Yvette snorted coldly and did not take this little episode to heart. Julie found someone to send Yvette and Ian back, then called the models' agents one by one and instructed them to keep their mouths shut. She would find out which model today craved popularity so badly. The cold wind blew, so Nicole wrapped her coat tightly as soon as walked out of the entrance. Nicole was the last to leave in a low profile. Before she got into the car, she suddenly heard someone call out to her. "Ms. Stanton..." Nicole subconsciously turned back and was startled, but she quickly calmed down. "Xander?" Looking at that face, Nicole really could not remain indifferent. That was because he was really too

similar to Eric. Xander came forward and thoughtfully opened the door for her. He covered the roof of the car so that she would not hit her head and smiled. "Nice to meet you, M s. Stanton. Have a safe journey home." Nicole smiled, "Thank you." After that, she got into the car and left without another word. She did not notice the flashing lights from a dark room upstairs. At the same time. Eric was at a gathering with several close friends. Everyone could not stand his distraught look. "Ferg, you should just give up on Nicole knowing her temper..." One of the gentries proposed. Eric's face was cold and sullen as he glanced at him. "Impossible." Keith went over with a glass of wine. " How did my husky offend you? Why is it



around the circle late? Everyone's saying that you wanna marry into the Stanton family!"

This was really insulting to the patriarchy!

Eric's sharp eyes narrowed as he pinched his wine glass tightly. 'Hah! How dare they gossip behind my back?! The audacity!'

Keith patted his shoulder. "Don't worry, we'll help you out with Clayton Sloan."

Eric snorted coldly and did not care.

Keith and the others were too weak to deal with someone of Clayton's level.