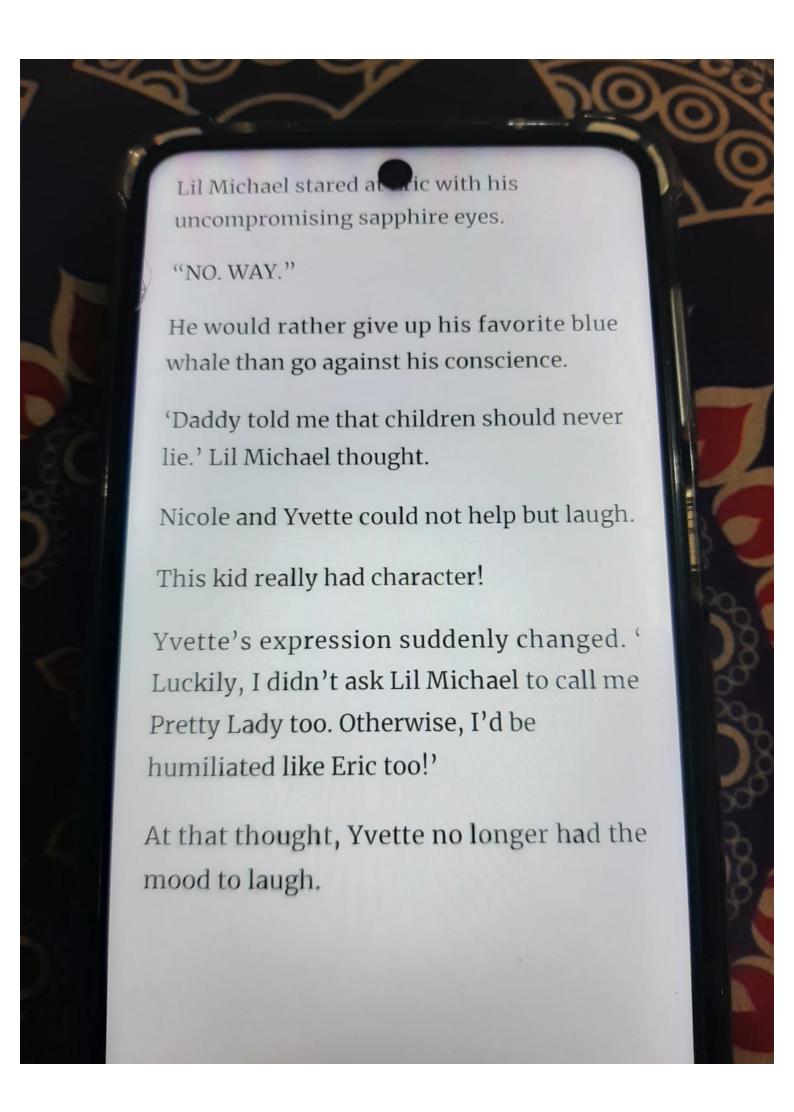
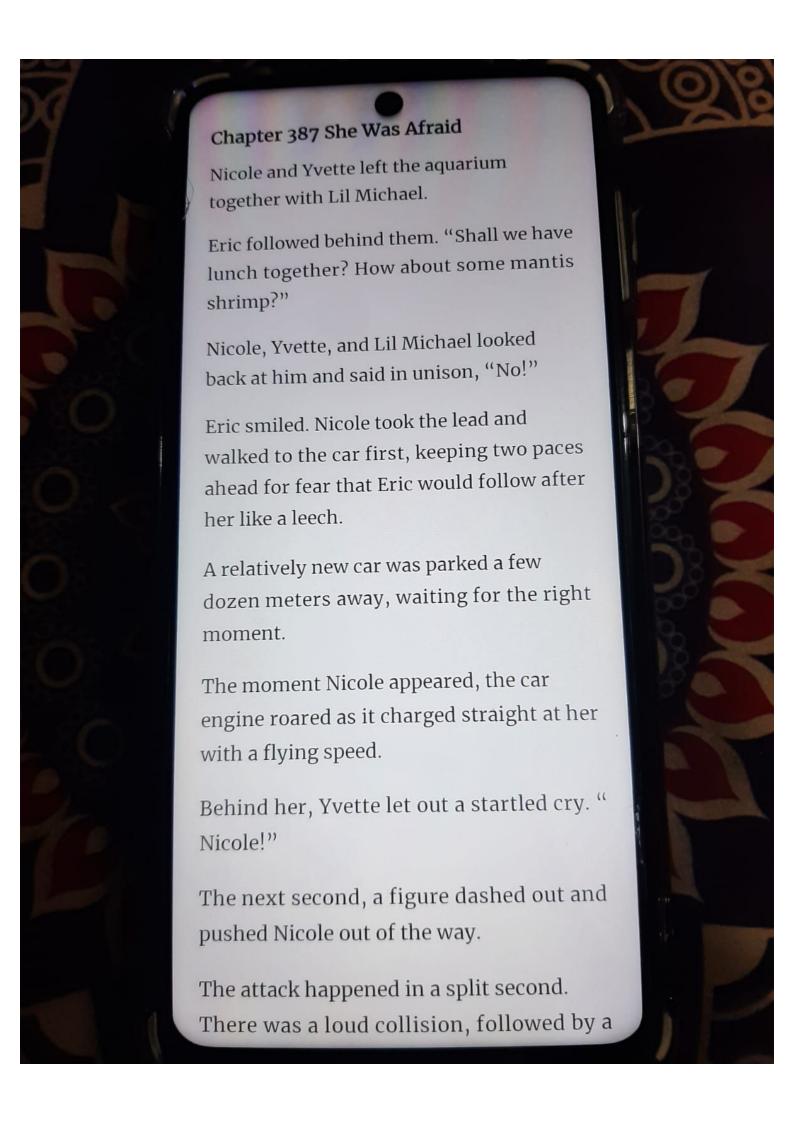
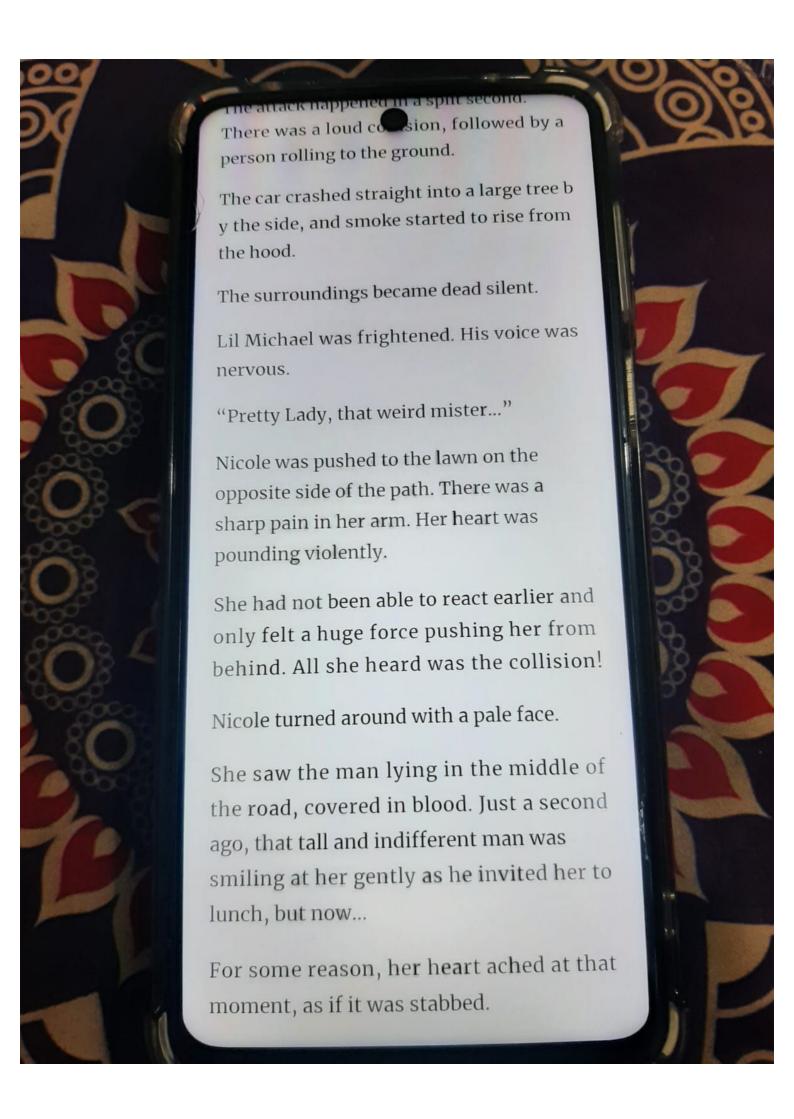
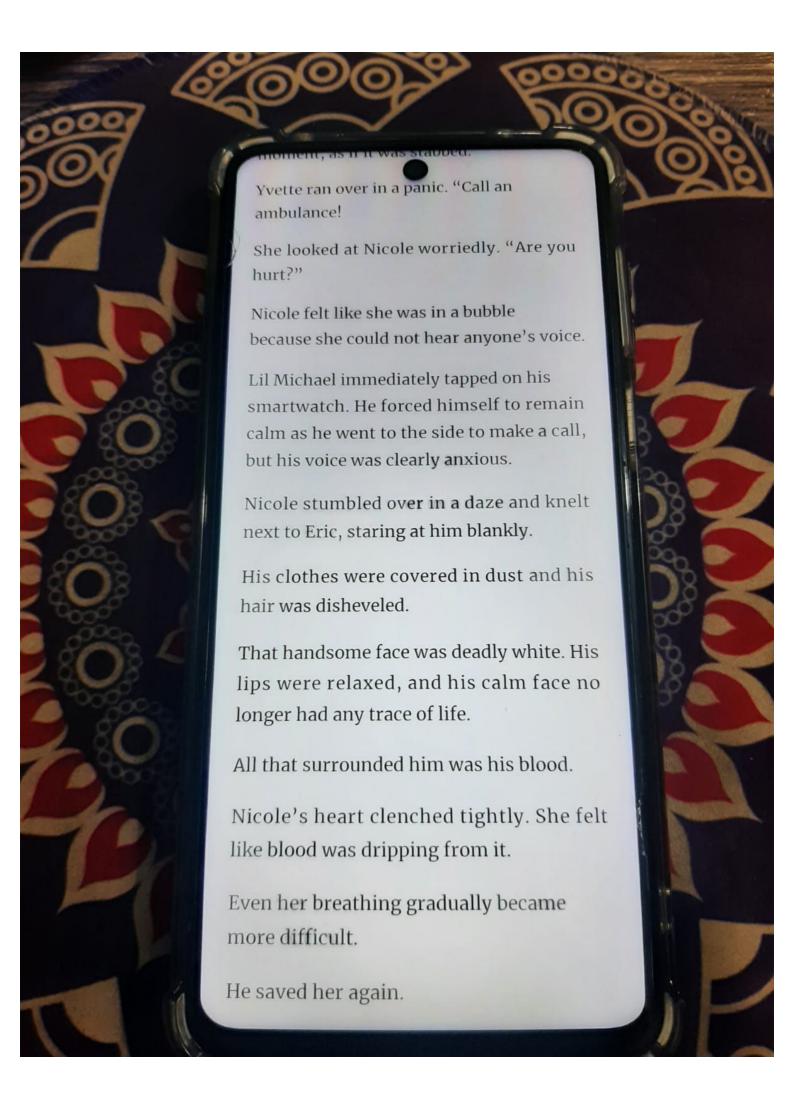


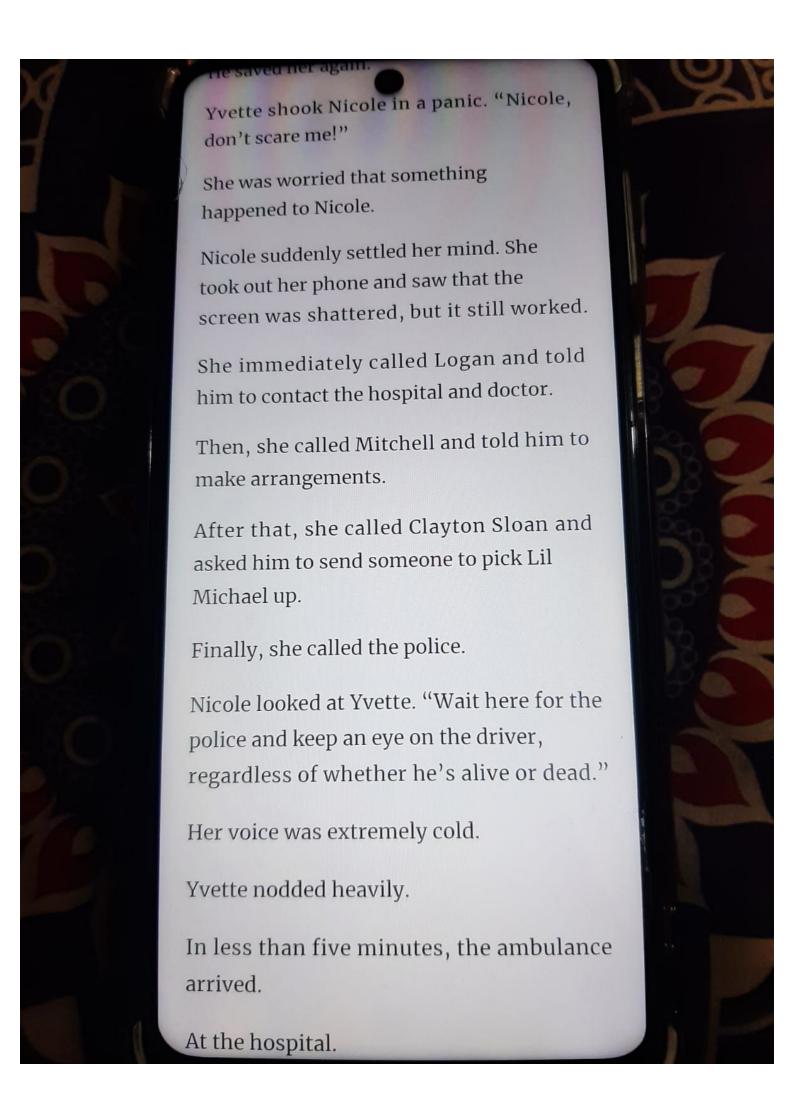
conflicted. Finally, snorted coldly and pulled Nicole's hand. "Pretty Lady, let's go!" "I'll consider selling it to you if you call m e Big Brother." Eric suddenly spoke behind them with a playful tone. From the side, Yvette could not stop the goosebumps that surfaced all over her body. Lil Michael paused in his footsteps. His mouth opened and closed. His little face puckered up in conflict as he struggled in this dilemma. This was the hardest decision he had to make! Even Nicole found it almost unbearable. This was too challenging for Lil Michael. The longer he stalled, the more unpleasant Eric's expression became. Finally, Lil Michael made up his mind. He clenched his little fists and gritted his teeth. His little body was tense. Lil Michael stared at Eric with his



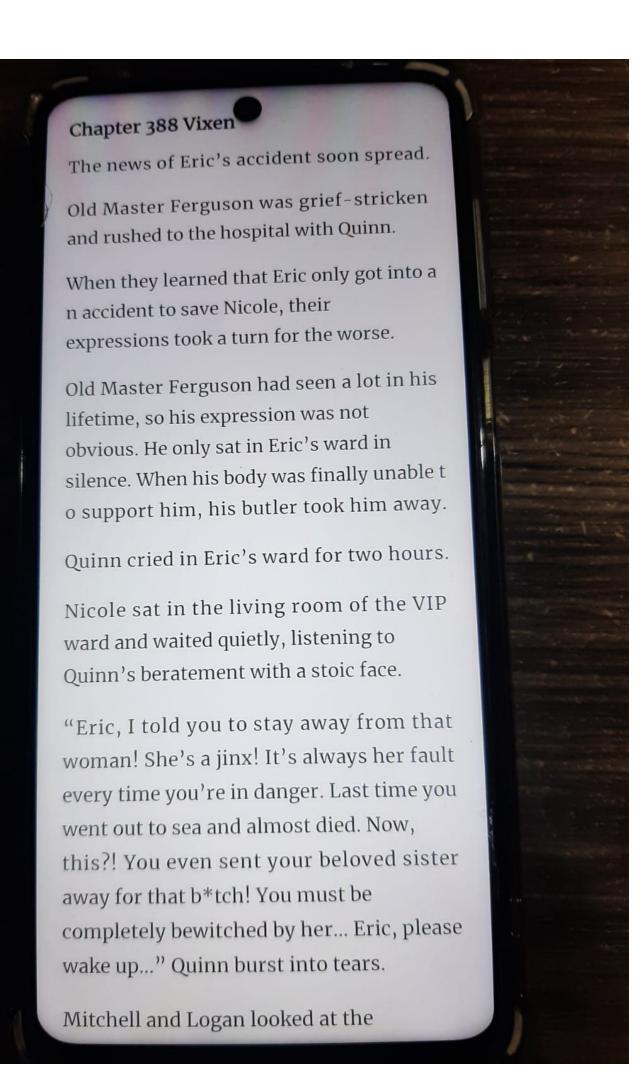








At the hospital. Nicole had never felt time pass so slowly and gruelingly. Every minute exhausted her patience. She sat there quietly with her head down until Mitchell brought a tissue to her eyes. "Ms. Stanton, don't cry..." Mitchell spoke with difficulty and did not know how to feel either. Only then did Nicole realize that at some point, tears were streaming down her face. She could no longer hold back. Her shoulders trembled violently as she choked out a sob with her head hung low. Terror and fear came in bursts. She admitted that she was completely frightened. What she was most afraid of was that Eric would die. The doctor suddenly pushed the operating room door open.



Mitchell and Logan ked at the motionless Nicole with conflicted expressions. She was calm as if she did not care that Quinn was blaming her for this.

When Floyd and Grant came over, they heard Quinn's crazed cries in the ward. Their expressions grew displeased.

Floyd went over and patted his daughter's shoulder. "Don't worry, Lil N. Pack up your stuff and go home to rest."

Nicole looked terrible. It had been two days and one night since she came to the hospital. She had not had a wink of sleep since.

She looked up at her father with reddened eyes.

Her heart was in despair.

Mitchell also stepped forward to persuade her. "Yes, Ms. Stanton. The doctor already said that President Ferguson has a good physique. He only suffered a concussion and bone fracture on his leg this time, so he'll get better soon. It's more important that you get some rest yourself..."

After all, Eric would be heartbroken if he

saw her like this. Quinn heard the commotion and ran out i n a rage. "You still have the nerve to rest? My son i s lying in there now! How dare you get any rest when my son is in this condition because of you?!" Quinn finally had an excuse to vent out her rage on Nicole. Floyd's face instantly darkened. However, it would do no good to argue with this woman at this moment. Grant's sharp gaze swept towards her. His voice was extremely cold. "Mrs. Ferguson, your son did save my sister, but she didn't push him towards the car. How could you point your finger a t her and blame her like that when he risked his life for her?" The cold vibes Grant was exuding made the people around him shiver. Although his voice was lowered, it still carried an obscure threat. Quinn choked. She almost forgot that the Stantons were not an ordinary rich

Stantons were not a prdinary rich family. How could they watch their daughter and sister get bullied like this?

They would not tolerate any harsh words that targeted Nicole.

Quinn opened her mouth, completely furious. It was all because of Nicole that Quinn and her son were not on good terms.

"You..."

As soon as she spoke, the doctor came in with a grave look.

"Madam, the patient isn't awake yet. He needs to recuperate in SILENCE!"

He emphasized the word "silence" with a n exasperated expression.

The doctor was about to kick Quinn out.

Grant smiled coldly. "Mrs. Ferguson, it seems that you only care about your satisfaction and don't care about your son's life with the way you're screaming."

Quinn was so furious that her face turned red, but just as she was about to retort, she saw the doctor's warning look. She had no choice but to plop down on the sofa in anger.

Grant walked over to Nicole. He looked at her shattered phone on the table, picked it up, and brought her bag to Logan.

With his other hand, he pulled Nicole up and said in a non-negotiable tone, "Come on, let's go home."

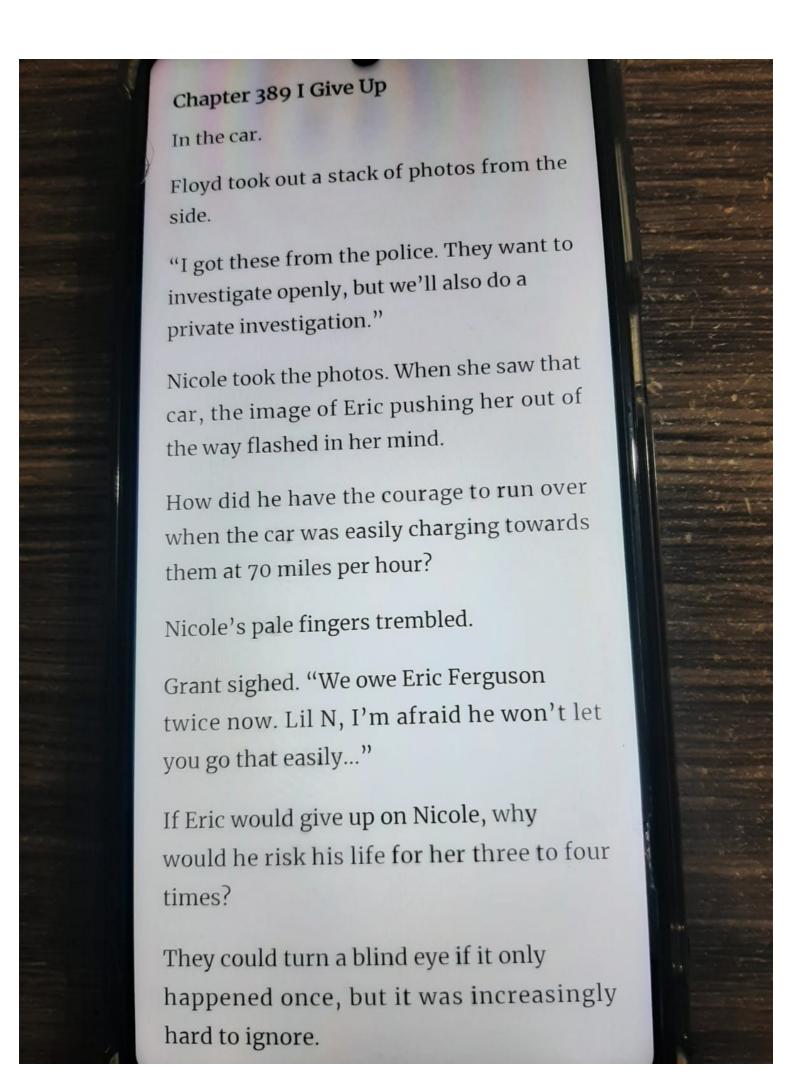
Nicole stood up and looked back at Mitchell, who understood and gave her an assuring gesture.

He would call her if anything happened.

Nicole smiled faintly in response.

BLACK FRIDAY: Our 34% Off Top-up Event is on fire right now!

Click to see it



Floyd closed his eyes. "He still can't expect Lil N to devote herself to him just because of this. Although I've begun to admire that boy, Lil N's wishes still come first."

Nicole pursed her lips. Her heart stalled as she lowered her eyes silently.

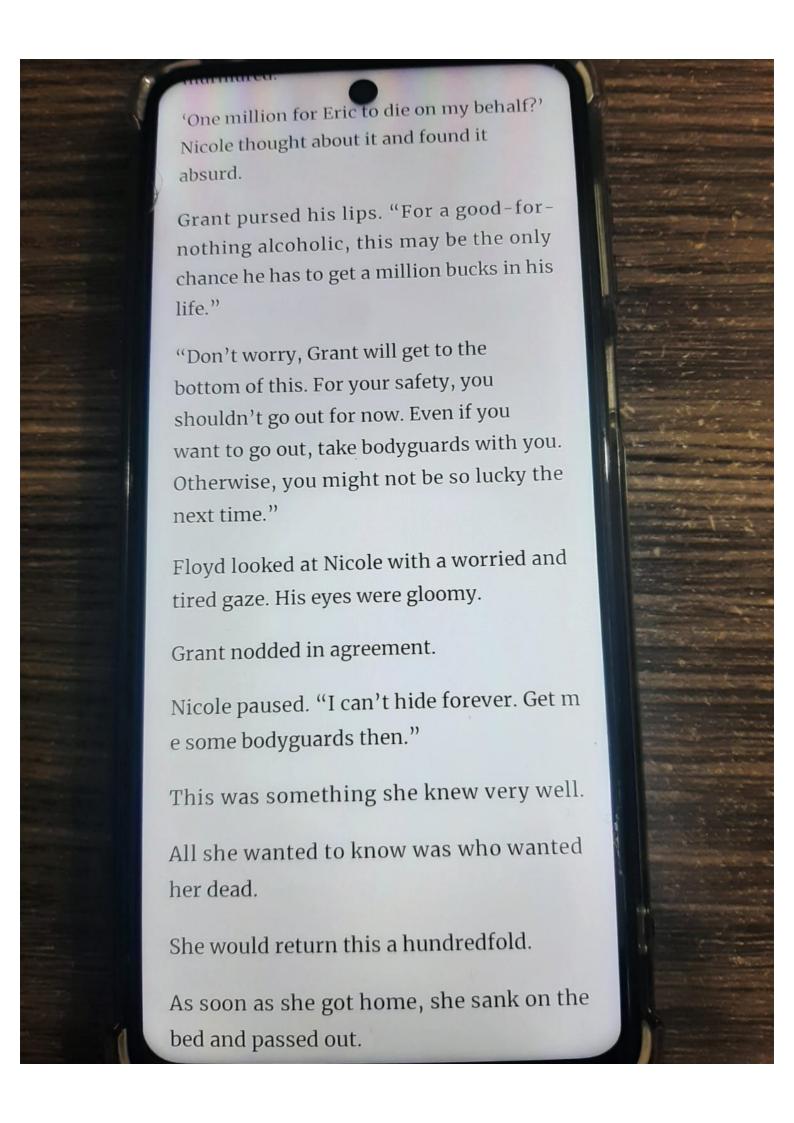
The next photo was of the person inside the scrapped car.

That was the person who wanted to kill Nicole.

It was a completely unfamiliar and ordinary face that would not catch any attention if placed in a crowd. His head was covered with blood. He did not fasten his seatbelt and slumped lifelessly on the steering wheel.

Seeing Nicole's frown, Grant explained, "
He died on the spot. He was drunk, so the
police tentatively classified it as drunk
driving, but more than one million dollars
was wired to his account from overseas, s
o they dare not close this case so easily."

"One million... For my life?" Nicole murmured.



bed and passed out. She was exhausted. Her whole body was sore and tired. When Nicole opened her eyes again, she looked out the window and saw the red glow through the trees. It was quiet and warm. The sunset was beyond beautiful. It was already evening. She had slept a whole day and night without dreaming. A new mobile phone was placed on her bedside table. Grant had transferred all her information and even installed the same apps from her previous phone. She picked it up and looked at the countless calls and messages. Some were asking if she was okay, and some were asking if Eric was fine. In a group chat with her close friends. [Yvette Quimbey: Honestly, I've changed my mind about Eric this time. He risked his life for you again, so you should probably consider him... @NicoleStanton] [Julie Nixon: Agreed.]

[Yvette Quimbey: But don't feel pressured, @NicoleStanton! Even if you can't be a couple, you can still be friends a t least. We'll stop hating him...]

[Julie Nixon: Agreed.]

[Yvette Quimbey: Don't you have your own opinions?! @JulieNixon]

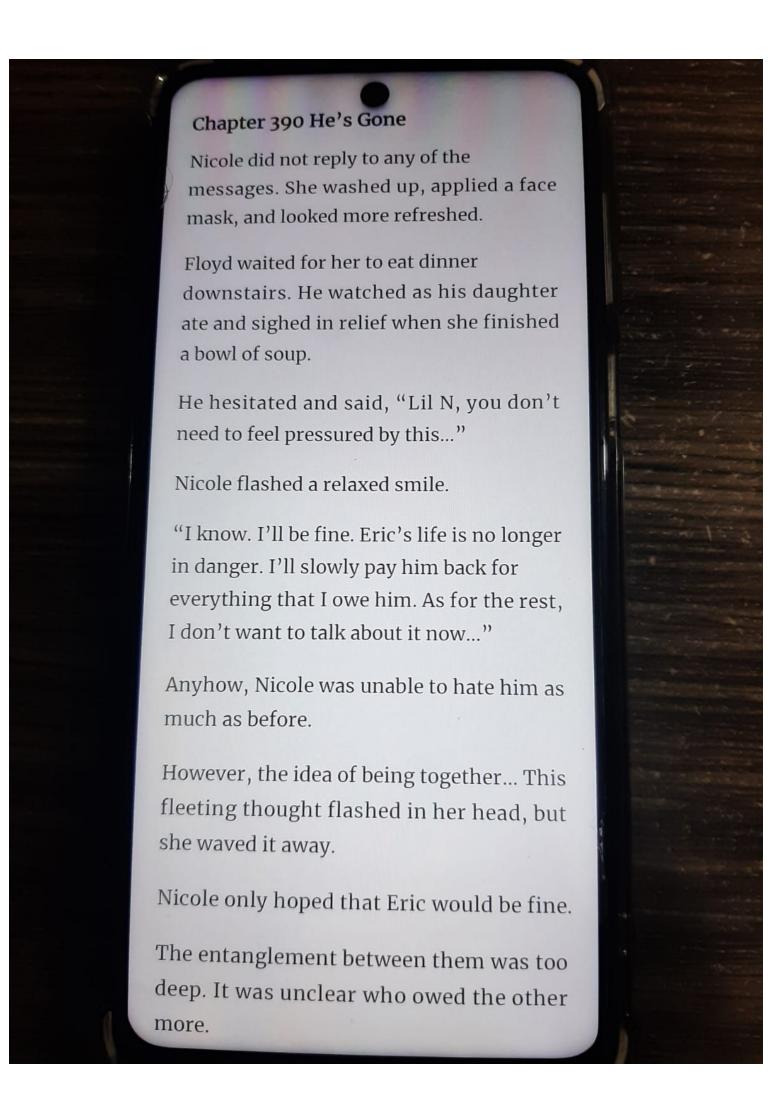
[Julie Nixon: I'm too lazy to type the same words that you've already said! @ YvetteQuimbey]

[Ian Carter: Eric really made me have a whole new level of respect for him! I totally give up T_T]

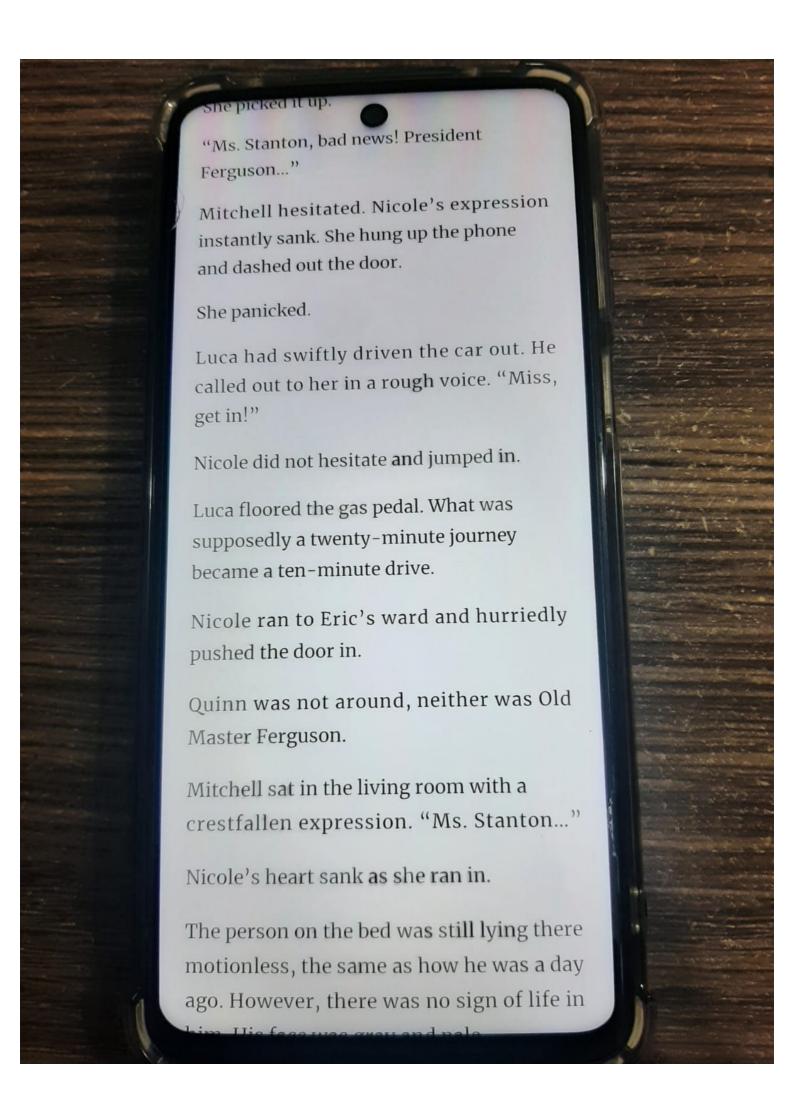
[Yvette Quimbey: Carter, didn't you already give up a long time ago?]

[Julie Nixon: ^ What she said.]

[Ian Carter: Hmph! I'll quit this toxic group now =P]



Floyd nodded in satisfaction. He was glad that his daughter had it figured out. He raised his hand and beckoned for a tall and burly man in a black suit and sunglasses who looked very fierce. "A bodyguard?" Nicole looked at his attire and knew at a glance. Floyd nodded. "His name is Luca. He's the best fighter in the world. He used to follow me around, but after I retired, I didn't need him for fishing, so he was on a long hiatus. He'll follow you from now o n." Nicole pursed her lips and nodded. She naturally would not refuse her father's kindness. "Hello, Ms. Stanton." Nicole smiled. "I'll be counting on you, Luca." Luca's fierce expression did not change as he nodded in greeting. Nicole's phone suddenly rang. It was a call from Mitchell. She picked it up.



ago. However, there as no sign of life in him. His face was gray and pale. The wires from the testing instruments that were originally connected to his body had been pulled out. His chest was flat without any rise and fall. Nicole was stunned for a moment. She suddenly felt as if the darkness in front of her was overwhelming and suffocating. Impossible! The doctor clearly said that he was fine! Her heart was crushed. It felt so painful that she did not dare to breathe heavily. That heartache felt like her body was being torn apart. Every cell in her body was filled with pain and despair. Nicole stood frozen in place. Her consciousness was gradually swallowed b y the darkness, and she almost fell when her legs gave out. Mitchell called out to her from behind. "M s. Stanton, watch out—" He quickly helped her to regain her

footing. At the same time, Nicole saw the lifeless man's right foot under the white silk quilt twitch slightly. It was just a fleeting movement, but Nicole keenly caught it. Her body stiffened and she froze for a few seconds before she slowly realized what was going on. After a short pause, she regained clarity. Mitchell was shocked to see such a drastic change in Nicole. She looked completely devastated earlier, but she regained her composure in the blink of an eye! Mitchell seemed like he wanted to say something as he let her go, but when he remembered what Eric instructed him, he quickly zipped his mouth. Nicole calmly walked forward and touched Eric's pale face. Her fingertips were slightly cool as they lingered on his cheek. She said in a clear and cold voice, "Have you made arrangements for the funeral?"