

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

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Wendy Quade pleaded in the car, but Eric Ferguson just felt like he had nowhere to vent his wrath.

'If this was fake, was anything ever real in the past three years?'

As Eric stormed away in the cold wind, a flashy sports car slowly stopped by the roadside. The person inside waved to him, "Bro! Get in..."

Keith Ludwig was also at the banquet earlier to network and witnessed the spectacle. Since Eric left in a huff, Keith got bored and followed suit. He did not expect to see Eric walking by himself at the roadside.

Eric sat in the passenger seat and lit a cigarette. When he saw the smoke, he thought of Nicole's figure when she held a cigarette earlier and stiffened.

"Bro, you saw Nicole, right? What's her relationship with West City's Grant Stanton?"

Keith's question annoyed Eric even more. Eric did not want to answer these questions that he did not even know the answer to.

Fortunately, there were no reporters at the event. Otherwise, it would cause another viral sensation in their circle. With the Fergusons' status, no one dared to spread rumors of what happened privately.

"We felt so sorry for you that Nicole married you back then with her sh*tty background.

She's so rude to Wendy too! Luckily you got a divorce, otherwise, the Fergusons' reputation

will go down the drain. I don't know how a woman like that can catch Grant Stanton's attention. They even look much closer than she was with you back then. I never expected her to be so capable in this arena."

With Eric's status, he should only marry a daughter of an affluent family. Nicole was just a gold-digger that married into the Ferguson family for money, so none of Eric's friends liked her.

Hearing Keith's frivolous words, Eric felt a trace of discomfort in his heart.

Eric's eyes were covered with a layer of frost and his eyes were deep and dark. "Enough, stop talking!"

Keith pursed his lips. 'At least that woman knows better and got a divorce...she'd better stay away from Eric!'

Eric was silent. His face was glum as he stubbed out the cigarette and threw it out the window.

“Wanna go for a drink?” Keith proposed.

Eric nodded. “Sure.”

He desperately needed to get rid of the irritable feeling in his chest.

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After this little spectacle, Nicole became the star of the banquet. Grant Stanton also took the opportunity to formally introduce Nicole as the parachuted Vice President in the company.

For a while, there was more speculation about Nicole and Grant’s relationship, but neither of them bothered to explain and only laughed it off.

Nicole needed to get a strong foothold in the company before they announced her status as the company’s successor. She must rely on her own ability first, so her network was most important.

There was a lot of dissatisfaction within the company, but no one dared to object to Grant Stanton’s decision.

Grant even assigned his right-hand man, Logan, to be Nicole’s secretary. Grant also set

aside some time to give her extra lessons, so Nicole would stay in Grant’s office for another two hours every day before they left work.

Looking at Nicole, who was sitting leisurely in a rocking chair, Grant laughed and threatened her. “You’re such a lazy bum. Why don’t I get Dad to teach you personally next time?”

Nicole immediately sat up. “Please don’t!”

“J&L’s anniversary is in two days. They have a project to offer, so you can handle it.”

Nicole’s eyes lit up. “Okay. I’ll definitely get it in the bag.”

“It’s not that simple. Everyone knows this is a big slice of the cake, so it’s not that easy to land this. I’ll probably be abroad for a meeting during that time, but K should be back by then.”

“Is he coming back? I’ll pick him up!”

Nicole had not seen her third brother, Kai Stanton, in a long time. The last time she saw him was when she watched a TV show that he was starring in.

Grant smiled helplessly and looked at the time. “Let’s go. I’ll take you to dinner.”

As soon as they entered the restaurant, Nicole’s face sank. ‘What a small world to be able to meet my enemies here...’

Quinn and Ingrid Ferguson were there.

“Where’s the manager? Does this restaurant allow just any trash to waltz in?!” Ingrid yelled.

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Ingrid Ferguson, who was gambling her money away in Germany on the other side of the Atlantic, was oblivious to the fact that news of her stealing her family's jewelry went viral back home.

Her reputation was ruined. Once Ingrid returned to Mediana, the ladies in her elite circle looked at her with contempt.

Moreover, the person who started all of this was Nicole, who they had kicked out of the Ferguson family.

Now that Ingrid saw Nicole in this restaurant, she clenched her teeth in anger. In the past,

Ingrid looked down on Nicole's unknown origins and trampled all over her. When she saw Nicole again, she went to find the restaurant manager.

The manager heard the commotion and rushed over. All guests who came to this restaurant had reservations and were all influential people that they could not afford to offend.

"Ms. Ferguson, I'm really sorry..."

Ingrid glared at Nicole and wanted to slap her a few times to relieve her anger.

"She's affecting my mood for dinner. Get her out of here! We're your VIP customers!"

The manager turned around and was shocked to see Grant Stanton's handsome face turn

glum. The lady beside Grant Stanton stood by his side with a faint smile. She looked so beautiful and regal with her long wavy hair draped at her back. She had glimmering eyes and

stunning features and did not look the slightest bit affected by Ingrid Ferguson's outburst.

The manager hurriedly went over and respectfully bowed to greet them. "Welcome, Mr. Stanton. Your table is ready. This way, please."

Ingrid's face changed as she surveyed Grant Stanton. A trace of amazement flashed across her eyes, but when she saw that he was holding Nicole protectively, she frowned in

dissatisfaction. "Hey! Did you not hear me? Get them out of here!"

Quinn sized up Nicole with disdain and echoed on the side. "Yeah, she should take a look at

herself in the mirror! How dare she come here? Nicole, do you think you can be arrogant with us after finding yourself a sugar daddy? A woman who's kicked out of the Ferguson family doesn't have the right to show up here!"

Grant sneered. His oppressive aura was overwhelming. "Kicked out of the Ferguson family?"

Your ability to twist a story is pretty impressive! When did the Fergusons become so shameless?" He was furious and wondered what kind of life Nicole had when she was staying with the Fergusons.

Quinn froze. Her face turned red with anger as she looked at the manager and ordered. "What are you still doing standing here? I don't want to see them!"

The manager's face sank. He spoke decisively, "Mrs. Ferguson, Ms. Ferguson, Mr. Stanton is a major shareholder of our restaurant, so if you don't want to see them, you may leave."

Quinn and Ingrid were stupefied, and their expressions kept changing. Nicole chuckled. Her gaze was clear and indifferent.

Nicole turned to Grant. "Ignore them. It's just a meal, so there's no need for this impasse. I have something to say to the two of them, so you can go in and wait for me."

Grant looked indignant, but when he thought about the fact that Nicole was a changed woman, he felt reassured that she could deal with this situation.

With a slight nod, Grant turned and walked in. He was astonishingly obedient.

The remaining Quinn and Ingrid were not afraid of Nicole. Ingrid sat there and snorted coldly.

"At least you're still self-aware. Our family won't care who's your new sugar daddy. My brother has never once fancied you, so I can make you vanish from Atlanta in a minute!"

Nicole looked down and smiled. Her eyes were indifferent. "Then...what do you want?"

"How about this...pour me a glass of wine and apologize. I'm sure you're used to serving others like this. Didn't you do this often when you were staying with us? I'll let you off the hook this once if you serve me well."

Ingrid raised her eyebrows and snorted coldly as she waited for Nicole to bow to her and admit her mistake.

Nicole laughed, went up to pick up the decanter, then skillfully poured out a glass of wine and handed it over.

Ingrid hooked her lips in disdain. Before her hand could touch the wine glass, she felt a chill over her head.

Every drop of wine in the glass that Nicole was holding spilled on Ingrid's head. Before Ingrid had time to scream or stand up, Nicole pressed her down on the shoulders. Nicole shoved Ingrid and said close to her ear, "Ms. Ferguson, remember this. I was the one who brought up the divorce. I'm the one that doesn't want anything to do with your family. If you dare bend the truth, I'll show you which one of us will vanish from Atlanta!"

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Nicole walked away in style. Ingrid's face was pale, and before she could react, Quinn cursed loudly on the side and told the waiter to clean up the mess.

"Is this b*tch Nicole crazy?! How dare she do this to you?"

Quinn spoke viciously. In the blink of an eye, Nicole had already been led by the manager to the VIP room on the other side of the restaurant.

Ingrid's hair and clothes were soaked through with red wine. She looked wretched. When she returned to her senses, she was so infuriated that she wanted to go after Nicole to settle the score, but she was stopped by the waiter. "Miss, do you need a change of clothes?"

The surrounding patrons stared at the miserable-looking Ingrid, who stomped her foot indignantly. "I won't let her get away with this!"

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Grant Stanton was in a bad mood after that encounter, but Nicole was not affected in any way. She looked up at Grant and smiled. "G, I have a shopping date with Yvette later, do you wanna join us?"

The man gave her a sidelong glance and his tone was cold. "How are you still in the mood for dinner and shopping? Look at the Fergusons' attitude towards you! They're so condescending!"

Nicole looked down and smiled helplessly. A hint of coldness flashed across her eyes. "It doesn't matter. You don't have to take it to heart. It's over anyway. They won't mess with me anymore. Even if they do, I'm certainly no longer the pushover that will let them do as they please."

After dinner, they saw Eric Ferguson's car as soon as they came out of the restaurant.

Ingrid, who was sitting in the car, quickly pulled Eric out the first moment she saw Nicole. She cried and complained. "Brother, she did this! I was so humiliated just now because of this b*tch! Mom can attest to it."

Nicole stood there with cold eyes and walked away holding Grant's hand, ignoring the Fergusons.

Eric's face was gloomy. He did not believe that Nicole would become so mean. When he thought about Wendy's false accusation against her, he was afraid of causing another misunderstanding and waited for Nicole to come over to explain herself, but she did not even look at him and left.

When they walked past by Eric, he clasped Nicole's arm and looked at her with a frigid face.

"Nicole, you should give us an explanation for what happened just now."

Nicole faintly raised her eyes to look at him and snorted lightly. "I did it. What's there to explain?"

She then walked away like she was not at all concerned by this matter.

Nicole also did not care about Eric's attitude.

Eric's grip tightened, which made Nicole feel uncomfortable. She turned to look at him with her beautiful eyes that permeated a chill. "Mr. Ferguson, are you trying to settle the score for her?"

"Brother, don't let her go! This b*tch dares to treat me like this, so you can't spare her so easily!"

Ingrid Ferguson, who had been pampered and coddled by her family since young, had never been insulted like this before, so naturally, she refused to give up.

Eric's eyes darkened slightly and frowned at his sister. "What do you want then?"

Ingrid hooked her lips and looked at Nicole smugly. "I'll let her go if she bows and apologizes to me."

"You want me to apologize?" Nicole sneered and looked at Eric. 'I guess he has the same idea...'

Every time Ingrid or Quinn stirred up trouble in the past, Nicole would apologize for it and would sweep the matter under the rug, but this time, Nicole did not want to condone their transgressions.

"Mr. Ferguson, do you also want me to apologize? It's best to check the surveillance footage at the restaurant to figure out the cause of the matter before jumping to conclusions. Ms. Ferguson isn't some innocent little rabbit, so why the self-pity?"

Nicole's words were sarcastic. She shrugged Eric's hand off of her and took Grant's arm.

Grant could not bear to see this and spoke up in an icy tone. "Hasn't anyone in the Ferguson family ever taught Ms. Ferguson that it's natural for others to retaliate against bullying? Why didn't Ms. Ferguson think to apologize to Nicole when she was being rude?"

Ingrid's heart trembled when Grant glared at her. She felt guilty and flustered, so she hid behind Eric, looking pitiful. "Brother, I didn't..."

Grant and Nicole looked at Ingrid with disdain.

Eric heard this and frowned slightly.

"That's because she exposed me online for stealing 'Daydream' and my friends made fun of me for it! That's my family's jewelry, so how is it stealing? I only said a few words to her, but she even dared to do this to me!" Ingrid sheepishly tried to defend herself.

That incident made Ingrid lose her pride.

Eric's face was gloomy and his gaze was inscrutable. He furrowed his brow and wanted to speak.

However, Nicole laughed lightly and ignored Ingrid's rebuttal, "Not retaliating when being

accused was something the old Nicole would do. Ms. Ferguson, you should learn how to respect others. Otherwise, this will surely happen again."

Grant added, "The restaurant's surveillance footage will always be available. Mr. Ferguson, you can view it at your convenience. Goodbye."

After that, Grant led Nicole to the car and thoughtfully opened the car door for her. They then left the Fergusons dumbfounded.

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Eric Ferguson watched as Grant Stanton's car gradually drove away with narrowed eyes and a sullen expression.

The divorced Nicole was like a derailed train. He simply could not figure out which direction she was heading.

In the past, Nicole would be very cautious around him, but now, she even dared to say those ungracious words fearlessly.

Ingrid was reluctant to let Nicole get away so easily and wanted to stop their car, but Eric yanked her back.

"That's enough!"

"Brother, how can you side with an outsider? Nicole bullying me is the same as disrespecting our family! That ungrateful b*tch forgot who fed, clothed, and accommodated her these past three years. She needs to be taught a lesson!"

"Ingrid Ferguson, the jewelry in the safe at Imperial Gardens are all for Nicole. Why did you take them without permission?" Eric reminded her. Although he had not taken the initiative to give it to Nicole, everything at the Imperial Gardens belonged to him and Nicole.

"Brother, I'm your sister! It's just a piece of jewelry, so why are you being so calculative? Besides,

Nicole doesn't have any occasion that she could wear such expensive jewelry, so why can't I take it?" Ingrid spoke with discontent and thought that Nicole was not worthy of the "Daydream" necklace.

Eric really wanted to teach his sister a lesson, but Ingrid began to cry aggrievedly, so he did not know what to say for a moment.

"I'll watch the surveillance footage first."

This made Ingrid freeze in place. She stopped crying and gritted her teeth in indignation. "Brother, do you not believe me? Nicole clearly framed me!"

"We'll know once we see it." Eric cast a sidelong glance at his sister and walked into the restaurant.

A trace of panic crossed Ingrid's face, but she bit the bullet and followed Eric.

"Brother, I told you that she's not a good woman! Look at the man next to her, he's so protective and fond of her, so maybe she's already cheated on you long ago and took your money to support that pretty boy!"

Ingrid slandered Nicole in hopes that Eric would help her deal with that woman. 'Who is she to walk all over me?'

Eric's eyes sank and his face turned extremely glum. "Shut up!"

He walked away and completely ignored his sister.

The restaurant manager had already received orders from Grant Stanton beforehand to prepare a copy of the surveillance footage. As soon as Eric arrived and explained his intentions, the restaurant manager took out the surveillance footage and handed it over.

One minute...two minutes...

Eric's face became more gloomy by the second while Ingrid stood anxiously on the side. In the video, Ingrid and Quinn were hurling insults and curses that were harsh to hear, but Nicole looked like she was accustomed to it.

'Is this customary? Is this not the first time this has happened? Was this how my family treated Nicole all this while during our marriage? Nicole's calmness and retaliation shocked the two of them, so is this the first time she ever fought back?'

Eric's heart surged with complicated emotions. Blood rushed to his head and his expression kept changing. Suddenly, he stopped the video and walked out with big strides.

"Brother, wait for me..."

"Ingrid Ferguson, this is not the first time you attack her, right?" Eric glared at his sister.

Ingrid's face paled and looked horrendous as she quickly denied it. "What? I was just angry that she found another man so soon after your divorce. Why would I berate her otherwise?"

Eric sneered. He no longer believed his arrogant and capricious little sister.

"Go and apologize to Nicole!"

"I don't want to! I'd rather die than apologize to that b*tch!" Ingrid shouted in aggravation. 'Nicole was the one who poured wine all over me, so why should I apologize to her?'

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Ingrid tugged on Eric's arm. "Brother, you have to help me...didn't Nicole take your money to support her lover? She clearly has an affair with that man..."

Eric shrugged Ingrid off of his arm. His tone was sullen as he coldly spat out. "That man is Grant Stanton from West City. He's someone you can't afford to mess with."

He began to be doubtful. 'Was the divorce not just my problem? Perhaps the entire Ferguson family is the problem...'

Ingrid was stupefied. Although she had never met Grant Stanton, every woman in the elite circle

knew that he was the most eligible bachelor in West City. He was so mysterious and noble. Countless women would bend over backward just to marry this man, but Nicole was with him?

She was vexed. Since her brother did not back her up, she could only turn to others for help. Ingrid immediately made a phone call. "Keith, Nicole bullied me. You have to help me..."

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At Grant Stanton's office in the Stanton Tower, Nicole watched as Grant made her a cup of coffee

with skill and grace. Just then, she received a call from Dominic Young, the President of Falcon Entertainment. "Nicole, I got insider information that Ms. Ferguson found someone to follow you discreetly. Do you need help to solve this?"

Nicole pursed her lips slightly and smiled. Her gaze was indifferent. "Nah, let her be. I'll just go with the flow. It'll save me some publicity fees."

After she hung up, Grant frowned slightly and paused for a moment. "What is it?"

"Ms. Ferguson hired someone to follow me. Let her be."

Grant did not take it to heart because these little tricks were within their control. He handed over an aromatic cup of coffee he just made for her. "Careful, it's hot."

Nicole smiled and took it, then closed her eyes to savor the smell. "Your coffee is the best, much better than the world's top baristas. I think you'll definitely make it big if you open a cafe."

Grant snorted and cast her a helpless glance. "No one but you can afford to drink my coffee."

Nicole tasted the coffee with great satisfaction and suddenly remembered something. "Since I'm officially starting my job tomorrow, can I ask Yvette to be my right hand and help me for a few days?"

Grant nodded without much thought, "Whatever, just make your own arrangements."

Thinking about the way Yvette looked at Grant, Nicole excitedly sent Yvette a message.

[Okay, you're officially starting work tomorrow!]

Yvette replied immediately. [Yes, ma'am!]

Yvette was from the affluent Quimbey family. When Yvette offered to help Nicole, she only planned to spend more time with Nicole and Grant. Nicole saw through her intentions but did not expose her because she also wanted her best friend and big brother to be together.

Nicole was in a great mood and happily left for their date. The two ladies then went to a bar they frequented.

Tattle Bar was lively with raucous music. The bass and the beats made them immerse themselves in the music.

Yvette was delighted to be starting work at Stanton Corporation, so she let loose and partied to her heart's content. After some drinks, they went up to the dance floor. These two ladies were incredibly beautiful with outstanding temperaments, which immediately attracted a lot of attention. One was sexy and passionate, and the other was aloof and regal.

Although Yvette was starting to slur her words, she still wanted to continue drinking. Nicole was a little helpless when she saw this. She took Yvette's hand and shouted over the music, "I'm going to the bathroom, so wait for me here!"

Yvette just waved her hand in assurance.

Nicole came back after a few minutes. Her face instantly sank when she saw a tall, burly man standing next to Yvette.

The man had long noticed the two ladies dancing by themselves. When he saw that Yvette was alone, he became horny and went up to pull Yvette into his arms. He did not expect Nicole to come back so quickly and looked askance at her.