

## Chapter 526 Kiss Me

Nicole and Eric, the only ones who remained, were about 15 feet apart. As soon as their eyes met, the two simultaneously raised the weapon in their hands.

“Bang bang—” Two gunshots.

It was just the sound.

The wind howled.

No one was hit.

Nicole ducked and rolled behind the thick tree trunk, gasping for breath.

Eric quickly rolled into the grass.

He was faster. Before Nicole could take a breath, he took advantage of the situation, and the moment his gun appeared behind her, hers also came up against his abdomen.

The admiration flowing from Eric's eyes was undisguised.

He was a pro, but she was more skilled. 1

Neither gave in to the other.

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Nicole looked at him. "Who won?"

She let her guard down and tried to negotiate the outcome.

Eric's lips curled in a smile. Taking advantage of the split-second she was distracted, he suddenly pushed aside the gun that was pressed against his abdomen with one hand. With a twist of the wrist, he used the barrel of her gun to hold her against the trunk of the tree, his long legs pinning hers so that she could not move.

Nicole was stunned. Did he just make a sneak attack on her?

She was very strong, but her physical strength was not enough against Eric.

The situation was immediately apparent in an instant.

His breath was extremely close, and the wildness and ferocity in his eyes had not yet faded. Nicole froze in place.

However, his eyes were filled with delight and smugness.

He leaned into her ear, looking at her fair skin with his dark eyes as he said in a magnetic and raspy voice. "Nicole, this is

skin with his dark eyes as he said in a magnetic and raspy voice, "Nicole, this is the third time. I won."

Nicole wanted to cuss at him. He was despicable and shameless! He took advantage of the opportunity to launch a sneak attack!

However, she suddenly remembered that for the first two games, she also won against him using sneak attacks.

They were even.

'F\*ck!' Nicole looked into his eyes and was stunned for a moment.

There was no look of calculation belonging to a businessman. His clear eyes were filled with exhilaration and wildness.

The next second, the man's lips suddenly came closer.

He wanted to kiss her!

Nicole had nowhere to run and could only bend her knees, but his long legs pinned her mercilessly, so there was no chance for her to dodge.

She turned her head, so his cool lips

She turned her head and his cool lips touched her cheek. He was already over the moon.

Nicole spoke coldly, "Get away from me."

Eric smiled like a rogue, not angry at all.

He took a step back. Regaining her freedom, Nicole glared at him fiercely and turned to walk away.

'Goddammit, that son of a b\*tch Eric Ferguson! He really reached a new low!'

Eric picked up her things for her and followed her with a smug smile.

"I won, Nicole. You have to agree to one of my requests."

Nicole paused and looked at him. "What is it?"

She lost.

Just consider it being unlucky!

"Shall we remarry?" He said gleefully.

"Get lost."

That was a pipe dream.

"Then, give me a kiss?" He asked again tentatively.

tentatively.

“Get lost.” She gnashed her teeth.

If he dared to make another unreasonable request, she would not be able to hold back anymore.

Eric paused for a few seconds and said with serious eyes, “You have to give me a chance.”

Her eyes flickered slightly as she remained silent.

“I’ve always been chasing you, Nicole. Even now.”

Every moment since he regretted divorcing her, he had been pursuing her.

Nicole had a calm attitude and said to him in a serious tone, “Eric Ferguson, what you feel for me is just a temporary sense of novelty. You’re just upset that I suddenly gave up on you after liking you for so long. You don’t want me to stop liking you without your consent. You don’t like me. You’re just bitter!” 1

Eric looked at her with deep and dark eyes. He did not speak for a long time.

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The strength seemed to dissipate from his body, and his heart shook.

His regrets, his affection, his humility. In her eyes, they were all just because he was bitter?

“Nicole, I know how to differentiate between being bitter and being in love.”

He gave her a decrepit smile.

Eric suddenly felt an overwhelming emptiness in his heart. It was as if someone had taken the love that was as heavy as a mountain in his heart and casually brushed it away like it was just a feather.

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## Chapter 527 Using an Excuse to Send Soup

Eric had strong self-control over anything that could be addictive.

However, his feelings for Nicole seemed to grow stronger by the day. It seemed like he would never be able to break that addiction.

Perhaps, in those five years, Nicole had already quietly taken root in his heart, but he never realized it until it grew into a huge, towering tree.

It was no longer possible for him to ignore it.

Nicole frowned. Just as she was about to say something, a few executives on the other side shouted at them.

“Come back quickly! Which one of you won?”

“It must be President Nicole. She won two out of three games.”

“According to President Ferguson’s temper, he definitely won’t win the third round. How can he be so desperately trying to chase a woman?”

round. How can he be so desperately trying to chase a woman?"

"That's right. Congratulations to President Nicole for her victory!"

.....

She did not want to say anything more.

Nicole and Eric went back one after the other.

"Congratulations on your victory, President Nicole!"

Nicole looked at them. "President Ferguson won the third round."

Everyone looked at Eric weirdly.

Why did President Ferguson not follow the typical routine when pursuing a woman?

Eric did not care about their gazes. The bottom line was that he won.

Grant took a towel to wipe Nicole's sweat and looked at Eric with a meaningful smile.

"President Ferguson, you really went all out in the final round..."

Eric drank a few gulps of water and nodded frankly.

"Big Brother, if I want to win Nicole over, I'll have to work hard."

In everyone's eyes, President Ferguson did not have enough EQ at this critical moment!

He should have let Nicole win and happily walk away. Why did he insist on winning the final round?

Afterward, everyone had a meal together, but Nicole left early on the pretext that she had work to do.

Everyone looked at Eric's excited face and was extremely puzzled. However, they did not dare to ask, so they just dispersed in confusion.

Nicole felt exhausted, so all she wanted to do was go back and get some sleep.

Eric's request remained unanswered, but Nicole did not care. She would not agree if it was too much.

Just after she left the company, she received a call from Gerard Lichman. ①

received a call from Gerard Lichman.

In Ferguson Corporation.

Eric took a shower and changed his clothes. He came out in an obviously good mood.

Mitchell saw this and quickly told him about recent thorny issues. As expected, Eric did not get angry but very patiently instructed the subordinates on how to solve it.

There was a knock on the door, and the secretary came in.

“President, Old Master Ferguson asked someone to send you something.”

Eric raised his brows. What was his grandfather up to this time?

“Come in.”

The secretary moved out of the way. Behind her was a well-dressed woman. She stood there timidly and gently with a bit of expectation.

It was Ivy.

“Mr. Ferguson, Old Master Ferguson said that you’re busy with work and asked me to bring you some soup from home.”

to bring you some soup from home."

Ivy spoke in a deliberately gentle voice. It was the only way to suppress the tension she felt inside.

Eric paused and his eyes instantly cooled.

"Haven't you left?"

His voice was cold and detached.

In the beginning, Quinn kept Ivy in the villa. Now that Quinn was gone, should Ivy not have left as well?

Ivy paled and the smile on her face wavered.

She pursed her lips and put on an ingratiating smile.

"The Old Master asked me to stay a few more days. I won't disturb anyone."

The chill in Eric's eyes deepened slightly as he remained silent.

Mitchell quickly took the soup from Ivy's hands and poured it for Eric. "Thank you, Ms. Harrison."

Eric obviously did not want to continue talking to her. Mitchell stood to the side, not knowing whether he should open his

mouth to send her off

not knowing whether he should open his mouth to send her off.

However, Ivy suddenly stepped forward. She bit her lip and summoned up the courage to speak.

“Mr. Ferguson, I know that I’m not as excellent as Ms. Stanton, but I can work hard to be who you want me to be. Old Master Ferguson said that I can learn a lot by your side. I’m willing to be your secretary...”

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