

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1481

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Nicole waited outside for a long time, but she did not get impatient. She knew that it would take time for Yvette to end things with Sean. It was just a little too sudden for Sean.

Yvette probably got tired of it long ago.

Seeing Yvette come out, Nicole wound down the car window and waved her hand. Yvette walked straight over and got in.

The moment she did, she let out a sigh of relief. Fortunately, no one chased after her.

Yvette was really afraid of clingy relationships.

Just as she was about to speak, Yvette suddenly saw that the driver in front looked somewhat familiar. Her eyes immediately widened in surprise.

"Mr. Sloan? How did Nicole make you her driver?"

Clayton, who was in front, smiled. "It's my pleasure."

Then, he started the car.

Nicole sat next to Yvette and looked over. Fortunately, Yvette did not cry, and her expression did not change.

It seemed like Yvette had really gotten over Sean. "Did you make things clear with Sean?"

Yvette took out her phone from her bag. "Mhmm, I've said everything I have to say."

Clayton cleared his throat. His voice was clear and deep.

"I haven't congratulated you yet, Ms. Quimbey. I wish you a happy marriage."

Yvette raised her brows and glanced at Nicole beside her.

"You told him so soon?"

Nicole pursed her lips in a smile. "He won't blabber off to anyone."

Yvette chuckled and looked at Clayton in front.

"Don't just say that. Mr. Sloan, you're not married to Nicole yet, so you'll both have to give me separate gifts!"

Clayton laughed. "Of course."

Nicole looked at her speechlessly. "Ms. Quimbey, you really don't spare anyone!" However, listening to Yvette's tone, Nicole figured that Yvette was genuinely not against this marriage.

That was good.

Yvette looked at her phone. Lance sent a few messages to her, but she did not have the time to reply.

[Have you eaten? Should I go pick you up?]

[Do you want to put your luggage in a separate room? Which room do you want as your dressing room?]

[Are you ignoring me? Or are you not done yet?]

The corners of Yvette's lips curved up as she read the messages and replied to Lance.

[I just got out. Choose whichever room for the dressing room. I have a dinner date with my friends.

Yvette replied very late, so logically, the other party should have been slightly angry.

However, Lance did not throw a tantrum at all and immediately sent her some money.

[I wanted to invite you to dinner, but I had to go on a last-minute business trip. Treat your friends on my behalf.]

Yvette unceremoniously clicked on it and accepted the money with peace of mind.

After all, they were married, so she could spend his money.

When they arrived at the club, it was already dark.

The lights on the treetops swayed. Clayton went to park the car while Nicole and Yvette got off and went inside.

Julie and Ian were already in the private room. Ian was singing a song hysterically with his hoarse voice to the point where no one could understand what he was saying.

Julie expressionlessly poured herself a glass of wine to endure it.

When the two people pushed the door in, Julie did not hesitate to turn off the music.

"God, you guys are finally here! I think I'd probably kill someone if you arrived a second later!"

Ian glared at her furiously.

"Julie, why does it sound like you're dissing me?" Julie said, "You could tell?"

Nicole laughed and looked around. "Stop arguing, or Ms. Quimbey will get angry!"

Ian glanced at Yvette.

"Isn't she angry all the time?"

Yvette walked in and waited for everyone to take a seat on the sofa while she sat across the table.

"I have a big announcement to make!"

Ian sat in the middle with a helpless look on his face.

"I get it. Which young hunk do you have your eye on this time? Do you want us to help ask for his contact information?"

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1482

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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Nicole rolled her eyes and pinched Ian, glaring at him with a fake smile.

"Shut up. Yvette isn't that kind of person!" Julie looked at her with questioning eyes.

Nicole pursed her lips, looked at Yvette, and raised her chin. "Go on!"

Yvette cleared her throat and took out a document from her bag and handed it over.

"I'm married!"

There was a moment of silence.
Except for Nicole, the other two people sat there dumbfounded like they were struck by lightning, not reacting at all.
Yvette frowned, took a step forward, and held the document in front of their eyes.
"This isn't fake. I'm really married!"
Julie was the first to react and took a look at it. It really was not fake!

However, the name of the groom was not Sean Moore, but Lance Sheldon.
Ian leaned over to look and was also stunned. The two of them exchanged glances.
Julie pursed her lips. "Yvette, you..." On the contrary, Ian sighed in relief.
"Oh, thank goodness it's not Sean! I was worried that love killed all your brain cells, and you got a marriage license with Sean!"
Yvette laughed and waved her hand.
"That's all in the past. Please call me Mrs. Sheldon now!"
Julie looked at Nicole with a complicated expression, hesitating to speak.
Nicole smiled. "Don't worry, she wasn't forced. Ms. Quimbey was perfectly willing. She already broke up with the last one!"
Julie slowly sighed in relief. "That's good, but this was too sudden. How did you become the first person among us to get married?!"
Yvette grinned and sat down, opening up a bottle of imported wine.

"Come on, we're celebrating that I found myself a partner. You're not allowed to leave until you're drunk!"
The few people smiled, let go of the topic, and immediately started drinking, singing, and dancing.
Except for these four people, no one knew what was going on inside.
Clayton did not come up. After he sent the two ladies over, he went back to work overtime. He only came to catch a glimpse of Nicole.

The group had fun until midnight. Yvette went out for some air and went down the corridor to find a washroom outside to wash her face. She felt a little dizzy since she drank a little too much.
It turns out that the past could be given up after all.
She gave Sean up, and the people around her all clapped their hands and cheered her on. Why had she been so insistent before?
After washing her face, a woman walked in next to her. Yvette shook her head when a shadow overlapped in front of her vision.
Her vision was blurry.

The woman kept staring at Yvette through the mirror.
Even if Yvette was drunk, she realized that the person was looking at her.
It was uncomfortable to be stared at in this way.
Yvette frowned, and her high and mighty temper immediately flared up.
"What are you looking at me for?"
The woman did not drink much. She looked at Yvette with suppressed hatred and jealousy in her eyes.
Her voice was extremely cold with a strong restraint.
"You don't remember me?"
Yvette wanted to look closely at the woman in front of her, but the alcohol went to her head and did not allow it.

She frowned. "Do I know you? Why should I remember you?" The woman smirked. "Ms. Quimbey, you stole my man away from me, yet you don't remember me?"

Yvette sneered. "Bullsh*t. When did I steal someone else's man?"

The woman stared at her and laughed.

"You're still so shameless and guiltless even as a third party. Ms. Quimbey, your character is really admirable!"

Then, she washed her hands, walked around Yvette, and was about to leave.

At that moment, a person suddenly appeared in Yvette's mind.

She subconsciously called out to the woman. "Are you Sean's ex-wife?"

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1483

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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The woman stopped and looked back at Yvette.

"You admit it?"

Yvette held onto the sink so that she would not fall.

"Admit to what? I didn't know about you before your divorce. I broke up with him after I found out. After your divorce, I accepted him again only because he chased after me so fervently. Why are you calling me a third party? You and your sister criticized me. Do you really think I'll feel guilty and upset? I'm the victim here. Why should I feel sorry for you?"

The woman's face changed, but unfortunately, Yvette could not see it clearly.

Yvette could only hear the woman's voice turn extremely cold with resentment and hatred.

"If it weren't for you, my marriage wouldn't have gone wrong. Ms. Quimbey, even if you didn't do it on purpose, that doesn't mean you weren't at fault. Did you know? He already started to draw a line with my family half a year ago. Even if it meant going back to the starting point of his life and offending all his current clients and contacts, he would still draw a line with my family."

The woman approached Yvette. Her gaze was frigid.

"Ms. Quimbey, what kind of spell did you cast on him?"

Yvette braced herself on the sink to keep herself from falling.

She knew who the woman in front of her was, but she could not really hear what the woman was saying.

Her mind was buzzing as if flies were swarming around her.

Yvette shook her head drowsily, but the person in front of her still had two heads. She only felt like it was very noisy.

Yvette could not stand it anymore and stood up straight in annoyance, wanting to leave.

"Enough, stop talking. I already broke up with him. Are you satisfied? You can drag him around and chain him down with morals while you act like you're in some kind of miserable plight. Not even showbiz is as dramatic as you! I was really unlucky to meet your family!"

Yvette did not even look at the woman who was standing there stiffly. She went past the woman and walked out.

She was angry and not in a good mood. She already felt choked up after meeting Sean, but meeting his ex-wife was just a nightmare.

The woman chattered incomprehensible words in her ears, but she could not understand a word that she was saying. However, Yvette knew that no matter what she said, it was impossible for her to go back to Sean. Yvette would never be able to forget the things he did, that indifferent attitude, and that mouth that could hurl insults at her so easily. There was a good side to Yvette. If she broke up, she would do it cleanly without any delay. Sean was already not willing to give up anything for her. If the two of them had to split hairs over investing their efforts, then what was the point? Yvette staggered forward, feeling that this was the path she took when she came out. However, when she turned the corner, she suddenly collided with a hard chest. She rubbed her forehead and pouted with a bitter face. "Everything's going wrong today!"

The other party chuckled like he did not expect Yvette's reaction. Yvette struggled to widen her eyes and saw a smiling two-headed Lance in front of her. She rubbed her eyes and thought she was mistaken. Tentatively, she asked him, "Lance?" Lance did not answer but laughed instead. "It seems like you drank quite a lot, huh?" Yvette pursed her lips. "Didn't you go out on a business trip?" Lance said, "I was waiting for a certain someone's reply and arrived late at the airport, so I could only come back and wait for tomorrow's flight." Yvette's current brain circuit did not understand what Lance meant by that. However, she just knew that the person in front of her was Lance Sheldon. "Oh." She wobbled and tried to go around. However, when she got close to him, she accidentally slipped and fell straight to the ground. Lance helplessly hooked her arm and fished her into his embrace. She was warm and soft in his arms, which made his actions stiffen for a moment. He could not bear to let go of her.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1484

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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Yvette stood firmly before reaching out to push Lance away without the slightest hint of reluctance. It was like she was facing a stranger. "Thanks..." Yvette finished speaking and continued to walk back, but she saw that she had gone in the wrong direction. For a moment, she could not figure out if she was walking at the right place or not. Lance saw her reaction and smiled somewhat helplessly. "Where's the room?" Yvette pursed her lips. "Call Nicole and tell her to come out and pick me up."

She went out in a hurry and left her phone in the room. Lance smiled faintly. His mature profoundness faded slightly and was replaced by warmth.

"I only have her office number. She might not necessarily answer at this time." After all, although their cooperation was a win-win situation, they did not have too deep a friendship in private.

Lance had Logan's number, but it was clear that Nicole would probably not bring her assistant to attend this kind of private party.

Yvette stood there without moving. The alcohol went to her head, and she threw a tantrum.

"Then what are you doing here?"

Lance looked even more helpless. He shook his head, went over to hold her slender wrist, and pulled her in the opposite direction with some force.

"Since you don't know where it is, then let's go out and sober up first."

He called Logan and asked him to inform Nicole to come out for Yvette. Then, he took Yvette to the floor-to-ceiling window at the end of the corridor.

Outside, the breeze blew through the branches, making it chilly both inside and out.

Yvette struggled to no avail and gave up. In any case, she recognized that the person in front of her was Lance, so she was not that guarded.

They already got their marriage license. Was she supposed to be worried that he would sell her off?

In front of the floor-to-ceiling window, there was a small window on top from which the cold breeze outside blew in. Yvette's drowsy drunkenness dissipated by half in an instant.

Yvette rubbed her eyes and looked to the side. Lance stood there, looking out through the floor-to-ceiling window. His figure was upright like a sculpture, and there was a hint of coldness in the night.

Her heart suddenly felt tickled. It was a feeling she could not describe. It was as if a huge treasure had landed in her arms, and she was so overjoyed that she was at a loss for a moment.

Suddenly, Yvette felt around her back pocket and took out a slender pack of fashion cigarettes.

Only a cigarette could calm her mind.

However, even after she searched her whole body, she could not find a lighter.

Lance's bony hands reached out. A matte black square lighter arrived in front of her eyes. It was square, just like Lance, and just as proper.

Yvette stared at it for a few seconds without moving.

Lance suddenly laughed. Then, he gently flicked it, and a flame sprang out.

Yvette's face flushed red. Did he think that she was waiting for him to give her a light?

However, if she explained herself for this small matter, it would seem like she cared too much.

Yvette tried to calm her mood and brush it off. The flame burned the head of the cigarette, and the smell of nicotine instantly filled her breath and throat.

Taking a drag, Yvette let out a sigh of comfort.

It was only at times like these that she felt like she was the great Ms. Quimbey who was in control of the whole situation.

What man would dare to try and conquer her?

Yvette raised her eyes and saw the person in front of her put away the lighter.

He looked outside again with a hint of weariness on his face.

It seemed like he was not surprised nor repulsed that she smoked.

The scarlet cigarette tip dimmed in the smoke that wafted between her fingertips.

The taste of this cigarette was specially tailored. It was not as light as ordinary designer cigarettes, but the taste was not as strong either.

Yvette turned her head sideways and stared at Lance. "Do you want a taste?" She twirled the cigarette around her fingertips as if she was luring a good student to do bad things.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1485

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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The impression Lance left on Yvette was that he was mature, stable, meticulous, and smooth in the ways of the world. He had a soul that was indifferent to everything.

That was what she thought.

However, was it true?

Yvette looked sideways and suddenly became overwhelmed with curiosity about the man in front of her.

His ex-girlfriend took his money and ran, but he did not care in the least, as if that was not his girlfriend.

Lance did not get angry, disappointed, or crazy. He did not even care.

In that case, what did he care about?

Yvette wanted to ask, but she felt like with their current relationship, it was impossible.

They were not a couple with deep feelings for each other. They were merely husband and wife in a marriage alliance who needed to cultivate their feelings. When Lance heard her words, he slowly turned his head. His eyes were dark as ink, flickering with something unknown.

Yvette very skillfully flicked the cigarette ash. The cigarette had a refined and cool taste and did not give off a greasy and nasty feeling at all.

She blinked her foggy eyes and subconsciously took a drag.

Looking up at Lance again, Yvette was just about to pass him the cigarette in her hand when her vision suddenly went dark. His broad figure blocked all the light in front of her.

Before she could react, Lance bent down and leaned over. His cool lips covered hers, and with a gentle flick of his tongue, Yvette subconsciously opened her mouth, as if he had cast some kind of spell on her.

Lance tasted the smoke that was left in her mouth with gentle movements but with a compulsion that could not be refused.

The cigarette lingered on his lips until he could no longer taste it, then he finally let go without any hesitation as if it was just for a taste.

Yvette frowned as she stood there and felt her head go dizzy.

There was no sound around. The two people were immersed in the darkness and did not feel embarrassed.

The silence stretched on. No one wanted to break it. Then, Lance chuckled and

spoke in a low voice.

"It's quite bitter."

Yvette let out a faint "mm".

Lance said, "This is a fashion cigarette? I remember the one my mother used to smoke wasn't this bitter nor this strong."

His feedback was serious as if he was discussing some professional academic issues with her.

If not for the deep kiss earlier, Yvette might have really discussed with him the percentage of ingredients contained in this cigarette.

Yvette wanted to look up at him, but the light inside the corridor was completely blocked, and she could only see his general outline in front of her.

The cigarette burned to her fingertips, and she only reacted when she felt the heat approaching her fingers. Her eyes glimmered.

"It's sweet too, isn't it?" Lance fell silent.

It seemed like there was no "sweetness" when he recalled the taste earlier.

Yvette blinked. She seemed calm without any emotion showing on the surface, but her heart was bubbling like boiling water.

She wanted to find an outlet for her dizziness, her heartbeat, her uncontrollable emotions.

"Did you forget?"

Did he forget whether there was any sweetness? Lance nodded honestly.

He really did not taste sweetness in the cigarette earlier.

Did he overlook it?

What a pity.

However, the next second, a soft arm suddenly clung to his neck.

His back was pressed against the floor-to-ceiling window. Outside the window were the cold wind and heavy traffic. The colorful lights flickered and blurred.

It seemed like the whole world had nothing to do with him.

His arms wrapped around her waist. It was as soft and wonderful as he imagined.

Just a gentle touch made every nerve in his body feel tense.

What a femme fatale!

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1486

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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Yvette's initiative made Lance lose some control over his restraint and coolness earlier. Her arms clung to his shoulders, soft and boneless but with a fatal attraction.

The initiative was completely taken away from her.

However, the next second, he immediately understood what "sweetness" tasted like.

Indeed, it was sweet. It was sweeter than any cigarette he tasted before. The sweetness penetrated his bones.

He forgot the taste of the cigarette earlier and only remembered the

"sweetness" in front of him. It was a taste that made him go out of control.

When he clamped down on her waist to gain dominance, she bit him hard on the

lips.

He had to stop.

She leaned on his shoulders and panted. Her breath was burning.

He did not push further either. Like her, he tried hard to restrain himself so as not to scare her.

"Lance."

"Hmm?" His voice was deep as the night, yet it carried a burning temperature.

Yvette's voice was languid. "Was it sweet?"

The corners of Lance's lips curved up subconsciously. His eyes were sunken.

"It's sweet."

Very sweet.

Yvette also flashed a smile, and the two of them embraced each other tightly.

The next second, the light in the corridor suddenly brightened, and the sound of high-heel shoes gradually approached.

The person stopped a few feet away from them.

Nicole's slightly drunken voice was a little exasperated.

"Yvette? Mr. Sheldon? Is that you?"

Yvette raised her hand to support herself on his chest, trying to stand up straight.

However, the alcohol rushed to her head. She could not control herself at all.

Hearing the familiar voice, Yvette turned around but felt that she could not stand up.

Fortunately, a pair of large hands held her waist and supported her body.

Yvette answered.

Lance did not pretend to be dead either. "It's me, Ms. Stanton."

As soon as Nicole met his eyes, she saw how dark his eyes were. The two of them were very close without a hint of strangeness.

This discovery was a bit of a surprise.

Nicole forced a smile. "It's almost time to leave. Are you bringing her back? Or should I find someone to send her home?"

Lance supported Yvette's shoulder with one hand and spoke in a steady tone.

"I'll send her back. Thank you, Ms. Stanton."

Nicole raised her brows, nodded, turned around, and left, waving her hand in the process.

"Wishing you both a happy new marriage!"

Lance smiled. He looked down at Yvette, who had started to close her eyes and fall asleep, and suddenly felt that this night was wonderful.

When Nicole returned to the room, Julie could not handle Ian's hysterical singing anymore.

Clayton called countless times before Nicole had the time to call him back.

"Done playing?"

His voice carried a hint of helplessness and fatigue. Nicole pursed her lips. "Yeah. Are you sleeping?" Clayton was silent for a second. "I'm downstairs at the club."

Nicole immediately sobered up. "I'll head down now."

Then, Nicole took her, Julie, and Ian's belongings and dragged them out.

Nicole originally did not want to care about Ian, but she was afraid that Second Young Master Carter would get into trouble if no one was looking out for him, which would cause trouble for his family, so she could only take him away too.

It took a total of ten minutes of dragging and pulling.

When Clayton saw the three of them coming down together, he was shocked for a moment and got out of the car to help her.

After finally getting all of them in the car, Nicole sat on the passenger side and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Let's send them back first."

Clayton glanced behind. "Aren't we short one person?"

"Yvette was taken away by Mr. Sheldon." Clayton nodded and started the car.

Under the night lights, there was a bit of tiredness in Clayton's eyes, but he still tried hard to hold on.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1487

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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Nicole suddenly felt her heart soften.

"If you're tired, just ask the driver to pick me up. Since you came back, the drivers in our families have started taking vacation days..."

At those words, Clayton smiled and looked at her.

"I'm not tired. If it weren't for picking you up, I'd still be busy working right now.

Rather than work, I'd much prefer picking you up."

Nicole smiled and said nothing.

Behind them, Ian leaned his head against the car window. He originally closed his eyes to rest, but after hearing those words, he felt so sour that he could not sleep.

At home.

Nicole washed up and did not rush to bed. Instead, she went to the study.

The stock market had been fluctuating strangely these days.

She watched in silence, and her fingers tapped quickly on the keyboard. From time to time, she looked at the material that Logan sent to her mailbox in advance.

Nicole did not notice that Clayton was standing at the door of the study, watching her after he washed up.

When she stretched, he finally came with a smile.

His hands were placed on her shoulders. "Aren't you gonna sleep?"

Nicole suddenly froze and looked at the time. It was already 1:00 am.

Clayton did not sleep because he was waiting for her.

She stood up guiltily. "I lost track of time. You should've called me earlier."

Clayton smiled. His voice was low and hoarse. It seemed to be infinitely amplified in the dark.

"It's okay. I'll wait as long as it takes."

He wrapped his arms around her waist and lowered his head to kiss her lips, lingering with fondness.

When he wanted to move on to the next step, Nicole suddenly pulled his hand.

Her pretty eyes were shining with delight.

"Mr. Sloan, it's really too late today. We have an early day tomorrow..."

Clayton's eyelashes trembled, and his throat bobbed. The person he wanted for several days was right in front of him. How could he hold back?

He used a little force and picked her up. His voice was raspy with restraint.

"All the more reason to make haste and save time." Nicole was speechless. Clayton might have some misunderstanding about what making haste meant. When dawn broke and Nicole's voice was hoarse, Clayton finally let her go. She fell into a deep sleep as soon as her head touched the pillow. Nicole seemed to hear it, but it also felt like a dream. Clayton's hand tenderly tucked the messy hair around her ear. His voice was as deep and warm as if it had blended into the night. "Nicole, when are you going to validate my status?" That way, he would not have to suffer from worry and fear. However, Nicole was already asleep and did not seem to hear his words.

Early the next day.

It was no surprise that Nicole got up late.

She woke up when she smelled the aroma wafting over from the kitchen. Walking out in her satin pajamas, Yvette watched in confusion as Clayton worked in the kitchen, bathed in light.

It had only been a few days since this kind of life started, but it was as if she had already taken it for granted.

Clayton had basically moved downstairs to live with her. Although his things were still upstairs, he brought them down time after time while completely unbothered.

The surrounding area was filled with traces of him.

Clayton felt a gaze and turned around. He took large strides over and lowered his head to press a soft kiss on her forehead.

"Morning, babe."

Nicole pushed him away, still not very sober in the early morning. She drank a lot last night, so she had a slight hangover.

"Why are you up so early?"

Clayton smiled. "I was worried that you'd have a hard time going to the office on an empty stomach, so I made you some hangover tea. Drink it quickly."

He originally had an urgent meeting, but after thinking about it, it was more important to make hangover tea for Nicole.

Nicole was really jealous. Clayton clearly slept so late, but his recovery was unbelievably fast.

As for her, it felt like she was tormented half to death.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1488

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Nicole was pulled to the table, and Clayton served her some soup. She originally had no appetite, but she suddenly felt hungry.

After breakfast, Nicole also sobered up and went to get dressed.

Clayton had already cleaned up and looked at her with a warm gaze.

"Let's go."

Nicole smiled, and the two went out together. Downstairs at Stanton Corporation, before getting out of the car, Nicole saw an unexpected person standing there, waiting.

For who?

Naturally, it was for Nicole.

Nicole narrowed her eyes, and the smile on her face faded.

Clayton also saw the woman. "You don't want to see her? Shall I tell Logan to come downstairs to pick you up?"

Nicole did not care and smiled. "No need. I'm going in."

She opened the door and got out.

Before Nicole could reach the entrance, she was unsurprisingly stopped.

Angie looked at Nicole with a deep gaze, then smiled at Clayton.

"Ms. Stanton, are you interested in having a short chat?"

Nicole said, "Sorry, I'm not interested."

She had nothing to say to Angie. Why should she be interested in a stranger she had nothing to do with?

"Ms. Stanton, I'm about to get married to Mr. Ferguson. As an ex-wife, don't you have anything you want to say?"

Angie did not lower her voice, drawing the attention of the people around her.

Even though they knew that Nicole's identity was not someone they could gossip about, curiosity really killed the cat. Many people perked up their ears to listen and watch.

Nicole stopped in her tracks and gave Angie an indifferent side-glance.

Angie's dress today was different from the past. She did not imitate Nicole's makeup, so she looked completely unlike Nicole now.

Angie originally had a wheat-colored skin tone. Her build was the taller type, but her eyes hid a sharp killing intent.

Although Nicole's attitude and temperament were cold, there was no danger in her gaze.

Upon closer look, there was a significant difference between them.

Angie smiled and looked at her, wondering how Nicole would react.

Nicole did not pretend not to hear.

"Congratulations, but can you stop mentioning that I'm his ex-wife? Even if you don't feel embarrassed, I feel awkward!"

Angie faintly froze and was instantly bewildered.

"Ms. Stanton, I didn't know that you didn't care about Eric anymore, so I didn't come looking for trouble with you either. However, your existence is still the reason why Eric isn't willing to marry me."

Nicole's gaze was indifferent. "So? Is that also my fault?"

Angie chuckled softly, seemingly unexpectedly surprised by Nicole's reaction.

How interesting. "Of course." Nicole sneered.

"Your appearance has seriously affected my mood. I would like you to stay as far away from me as possible."

Angie did not get angry and looked at the car behind her which had not left yet.

"Mr. Sloan is devoted to you. Why didn't you marry him yet?"

"What does it have to do with you?" Nicole was truly revolted.

Angie said, "You're not marrying because you're eyeing what's in the pot as you eat from your bowl, right?"

Nicole frowned, instantly understanding the meaning of Angie's words.

"I've eaten what's in the pot, and I really don't care for it. I'll tell you one last time. Don't appear in front of me again. Otherwise, I'll ruin your chances with Eric. Try me."

Angie stiffened faintly and finally had a reaction.

In the quiet surroundings, her smile froze.

Nicole's words were not a joke. She did not want to intervene because she felt it

had nothing to do with her.
However, if Angie repeatedly came to provoke her, Nicole did not mind taking away what Angie wanted.
After all, in everyone's opinion, Eric still liked Nicole.
Nicole rolled her eyes and did not say anything else. She simply walked past Angie and left.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1489

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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As soon as Nicole entered the building, Nicole instructed the bodyguard at the door.
"Keep an eye out. Don't let that woman in." Angie lowered her head and smiled. She really liked Nicole's character.
If it were not for Eric, maybe they could have been friends.
Putting away her smile, Angie walked over and knocked on the car window. Clayton wound down the window without the slightest expression on his face.
"I told you to leave her alone, didn't I?" Angie pursed her lips and went over stiffly.
"I did what you said. His company will only admit that we're in a relationship and won't mention anything about getting married."
Clayton's expression was cold. "That's your own business. Don't involve others."
A trace of anxiety finally crossed Angie's eyes.

"He's unmoved by force or persuasion. What can I do? If I really kill Charles, I'll lose the bargaining chip in my hand, and he'll get angry."
Clayton chuckled and gave her a deep look as if he was looking at an idiot.
"That'll depend on your own ability. Charles doesn't have that weight, but what about others?"
Then, without waiting for Angie to react, he started the car and left the place.

Nicole's mood was not very pleasant since she saw someone she did not want to see in the morning.
She was listless even during the meeting. Yvette sent her a message midway.
[I slept with him.]
Nicole raised her brows. Did Yvette have to share this kind of news with her?
It seemed like Yvette was serious.
[Congratulations.]

She replied.
Early in the morning.

Yvette woke up drowsily, but when she opened her eyes, there was a strange but familiar person next to her.
Lance slept next to her with his clothes on.
Although the clothes on the two people were in disarray, it was still considered completed.

It was the third day of their marriage, so it was not strange that they slept together.
What was strange was that they were not familiar with each other.
Yvette stared at him for a while before she slowly pieced together what happened last night.
The man who said he was going on a business trip suddenly appeared at the club.
She smoked, he kissed her, he gave up, and she took the initiative.
Then, he took her back home.
Then, they just slept peacefully all night. Yvette felt weird.
She had never met a man who could sit still at such a time.
Could it be that her charm was gone?
Facing a man who was too restrained, Yvette did not know what to do.
She suddenly felt a little angry.
She sat up, and the sudden action woke up the man next to her.
Lance rubbed his temples. His voice was low and husky.

“What time is it?”

Yvette gave him an odd look and glanced at the time. “9:00 am.”
Hearing her voice, Lance suddenly stiffened and looked at her for a moment.
Yvette smiled slightly coldly.
“Mr. Sheldon, who were you talking to just now?”
They had only been married for two days and never slept together before. She was not so far gone as to think that Lance was talking to her.
Who had he developed this habit with?
That ex-girlfriend who took \$500 million and left?
Lance’s brows were furrowed. Hearing that her voice was not quite right, he sat up and recovered his composure in an instant.
“You.”

Yvette’s expression was ugly as could be.
Fortunately, Lance’s back was turned to her, so he could not see her expression.
Otherwise, he would have thought that this woman was simply a master at changing faces.
Yvette did not say a word, rolled over, and got out of bed, acting like a scum who refused to acknowledge the other person once the deed was done.
Lance looked back. His hands that were on his knees tightened. He reached out to hold her wrist and explained for no reason.
“Do you think that I don’t know who I brought back? Ms. Quimbey, are you angry?”

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1490

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

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Yvette paused for a second and inexplicably calmed down.
She suddenly realized that she had overreacted.
They had just met. Moreover, with their kind of relationship, it seemed like there was no place to talk about jealousy.
Lance’s shirt was somewhat wrinkled, and there were lipstick marks on the collar.

It looked ambiguous and tender.

Noticing Yvette's line of sight, Lance looked down. His expression turned a little uncomfortable.

He tugged on his shirt and coughed. His voice was dry and hoarse.

"I'll go change."

Yvette's eyes flickered. "I also want to change, but I haven't brought my things over yet."

She looked around. Lance brought her to the new house they were about to move into.

Lance paused for a few seconds, got up, and took a shirt from his closet. It was a little too small for him, but it was probably a little wide for her.

As he hesitated on whether to give it to her, Yvette was already sitting on the bed, flinging her long and slender legs.

She waited for him to hand it over.

Looking back and seeing her smiling gaze, Lance was a little unsure of its meaning.

Yvette saw his uncertain look and smiled as she spoke.

"I didn't expect you to use this trick." Lance was stunned.

Yvette walked over and took the shirt he was holding. "Wait for me!"

She took the initiative and went to the bathroom to take a shower and change her clothes.

She told him to wait, and he really waited.

At that moment of bewilderment earlier, he suddenly understood what she meant the moment she came out.

On her body, the shirt was long enough to reach her thighs.

The erotic sight was boundless, but it was covered and seemed to attract his gaze.

Lance really wanted to pretend to be a gentleman and look away.

However, his self-control was completely paralyzed at this moment.

He could not do it.

Sure enough, men were all visual creatures. He suddenly felt like he was incredibly shallow. He used to think that he was different from those lecherous men and could control himself in any chaotic situation.

However, at that moment, Lance questioned himself.

Yvette stood in front of him and was very satisfied when she saw his reaction.

He looked persistent but not vulgar. It was like she saw through his heart.

She approached him and felt like she could hear his heartbeat.

The detached and unfamiliar relationship between the two suddenly disappeared.

She reached out, wrapped her arms around his waist, and embraced him. Her voice sounded husky and lazy in his ear.

"Why did you bring me here?"

It was not like he did not know where she lived. The man's body stiffened in an instant.

"You were drunk." Yvette blinked.

"And you didn't do anything?"

That question became somewhat suggestive. The man remained stiff. "You were drunk."

He used the same answer in response to different questions. It seemed to be a standard answer.

Yvette smiled. She buried her head on his chest and laughed.

Lance was so serious. Yvette really could not bear to bully him.

Just as she let go and wanted to take a step back to keep her distance, his arms tightly wrapped around her waist from behind in the next second, bringing her body close.

Yvette was stunned and looked up at him.
Lance lowered his head and kissed her lips with a domineering force that could not be denied,

invading her lips and teeth.

That bone -chilling sweetness made him instantly think of the dimness and intimacy last night.

He was even more reluctant to let go.

Yvette tried to push him away but was only given a moment to catch her breath.

She asked him.

"Lance, do you know what you're doing?"

Lance's eyes were deep. His calm voice was tainted with another emotion. It sounded raspy and low.

"I know. You've sobered up."

Then, he tore off the shirt that Yvette had just put on.