

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1641

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)
Chapter 1641 A Chance to Cultivate Feelings

Yvette nodded in agreement.

Nicole smiled. "So, it's normal that you don't know these things. No one asked you to learn, and they're things that the people below will finish handling before handing them over to you. If you know everything, what would you need them for?"

That was true.

Hearing Nicole's words, Yvette instantly felt better.

CCO

Nicole lowered her head. "There's no need to deliberately get on good terms with everyone. If a relationship is too good, it won't be conducive to work, and you'll have to take into account all kinds of favors. That's exhausting!" Yvette nodded heavily and looked at Nicole with fascination. "Lil N, just let me follow you. I feel like working for you is much more useful than following Lance."

Nicole laughed. "Sure. As long as Mr. Sheldon is okay with it, I'll welcome you with open arms."

Yvette sighed. "But my mom won't agree. She wants me and Lance to improve our relationship, so she won't give up these opportunities."

Nicole said, "That's good too. Mr. Sheldon has his own experience and methods. It'll be good enough if you just learn a few of them. Don't worry about interpersonal relations. In the workplace, the only interpersonal relations you have to worry about are the ones between you and customers. You don't have to care about anyone else."

If it were someone else, Nicole would never say that.

This could all be valuable experience for Yvette.

Too much concern for interpersonal relations between colleagues would only reduce the efficiency of their progress.

Nicole finished eating the mochi and picked up a crepe cake. She pursed her lips but still could not help but take a bite. She suddenly felt like this was truly a wonderful afternoon. Turning around, Nicole saw Yvette seriously taking notes on her phone.

Nicole looked at Yvette with a look of disappointment.

She looked so smart, but why was she so dumb when it came to proper business like this?

Yvette might as well put her attention on dessert.

Nicole squinted her eyes comfortably. "The coffee ran out. Is anyone going to refill it for me?"

Yvette immediately responded. "Right away!"

She reacted extremely quickly and got the freshly ground coffee. It was a completely different attitude from when she served her instant coffee just now!

Nicole was speechless.

Yvette's ingratiating look was really infuriating.

It was almost evening, and Yvette would get off work soon.

Nicole remembered the party that Yvette lied about when they were at the resort.

She reminded Yvette, "You haven't informed Ian and Julie yet!"

Yvette froze for a moment and hurriedly sent a message to the group.

[Ian Carter: I'm not going. Don't even think about my baby!

(Julie Nixon: You're insane. Who cares about a stupid rock?)

[Ian Carter: Isn't a certain someone already starting to say cynical remarks?]

(Julie Nixon: Go to hell!]

(Yvette Quimbey: Bring it along, or you'll be kicked out of this group!

[Ian Carter: Fine! I'll bring it along!]

His teeth itched in anger.

Nicole laughed as she watched. Seeing that it was almost time, she took her bag and followed Yvette out.

Yvette lowered her head at her phone and did not see what was in front of her.

Unexpectedly, Lance was standing right there. She let out a grunt when she bumped into him.

Yvette raised her brows. "Watch where you're going."

The people who were about to get off work shivered.

Their fear of Lance grew slightly.

Everyone was trembling with fear after seeing Iris being sent away for no reason.

They did not expect Yvette to dare to insult Lance too.

Yvette really had balls of steel.

Everyone was waiting to see how Lance would go crazy and teach Yvette a lesson, but he only smiled gently.

"Oops, I bumped into you by accident. Does it hurt?"

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1642

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)
Chapter 1642 Unspoken Rule

Yvette was speechless and rubbed the place where Lance bumped into her, then forgave Lance,

"It doesn't hurt."

Lance looked at Nicole behind her and smiled. "Shall I walk you down?"

Nicole said, "Of course, Mr. Sheldon."

She naturally knew that Lance was doing this for Yvette.

Yvette's attention was not focused on Lance at all.

Everyone broke out in cold sweat.

They watched as a world war disappeared.

It was like their expectations were dashed.

Someone spoke. "It's because Mr. Sheldon wants to chase Ms. Stanton. That's why he's so reserved and gentlemanly!"

Others echoed. "That's right!"

They did not understand the reason for Iris's departure. The HR department was very tight lipped and did not reveal a single word.

Iris had blocked all her colleagues too, so no one could contact her.

They suddenly realized that Iris, who was not competitive on the surface, actually had such a bad temper.

Iris seemed quite different from the one they knew from the office.

The three of them went downstairs. Yvette turned around and waved at Lance.

"You can go back to work overtime. Bye!"

Lance was stunned. He glanced at Nicole, then looked at Yvette helplessly.

"I'm not working overtime today!"

Yvette's mouth fell open in shock. "Why? You're not working overtime today?"

Lance could die from anger because of Yvette.

He took a deep breath, "Yeah, I want to relax."

Yvette nodded. "Then go home and relax."

Lance said, "Do I have to go home? Can't I go somewhere else?"

Yvette thought for a while. "Then do as you please. As long as you don't cross the lines of morality, you can do whatever you want."

Lance felt like he could suffocate to death from the breath he was holding in.

He looked deeply at Yvette, who thought that he was angry, and she quickly spoke.

"I'm just joking. Of course, I believe in your character..."

To the side, Nicole could not bear to listen anymore. She spoke with a smile. "Why don't you just bring Mr. Sheldon along with you? That way, you'll be able to keep an eye on him as well. It's killing two birds with one stone!" Lance's eyes lit up, but before he could look at Nicole gratefully, he heard Yvette's decisive refusal.

“No, he can’t go.”

“Why?”

Nicole and Lance asked at the same time.

Yvette spoke in a serious voice. “This is our private gathering. There are rules. We can’t just bring a family member.”

Lance’s mouth twitched. He wanted to say something but held it back.

Nicole looked at her in surprise. “Was there a rule like that?”

Yvette rolled her eyes and nodded naturally.

“There always has been. We just didn’t inform you. Well, now you know.”

Nicole said, “Oh..”

She was the last one to know about this.

Yvette took Nicole’s arm and dragged her toward the car.

“Let’s hurry up and go. Stop dallying or we won’t make it in time.”

Yvette seemed to be in a hurry.

Lance hesitated and took a few steps forward.

“Then I’ll send you there...”

Yvette said, “No need. Luca is both a driver and a bodyguard. What’s there to worry about?”

A second refusal.

Lance could not help but say, “If Luca can go, why can’t I?”

Yvette looked at him like he was an idiot.

‘I just said that he’s both a driver and a bodyguard, not a family member. You can’t go. If you really want to relax, just go back and clean up the house!’

Then, Yvette simply closed the door.

Luca floored the pedal, and they left.

Lance was speechless.

So, his way of relaxing was to be a cleaner?

Lance's chest heaved in anger.

This woman had a completely different face at work and after work.

When Yvette was at work, she was gentle, and her words were sweet like candy. She knew how to act coquettish and pitiful.

Why was it that when she left work, she became so unreasonable?

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1643

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)
Chapter 1643 A Foreign Expert?

Nicole covered her forehead and chuckled in the car. She told Clayton on WhatsApp about what had just happened.

(Clayton Sloan: Fortunately, they got married early.)

(Nicole Stanton: Otherwise?)

(Clayton Sloan: They might cancel the wedding.)

(Nicole Stanton: Hahahahaha...)

Yvette urged Luca to drive faster. Turning around, Yvette saw Nicole laughing while playing on her phone. She could not help but become speechless.

"You're with him every day. What else is there to talk about?"

Nicole said, "Tons!"

Yvette frowned. "You better keep in mind what I told you this morning!"

Nicole put away her smile and nodded.

"Don't worry, she won't find me."

Nicole's current whereabouts had basically been erased. Except for the bodyguard following her, no one could find out where she was.

They stopped at Tattle Bar.

Nicole frowned slightly.

“Why are we here?”

Yvette hurriedly pulled her out of the car. “Let’s go go go. I have a surprise for you!”

She could not hold back her excitement. The two of them ran in quickly, with Luca following closely behind.

For security reasons, they changed to a private room booked under someone else’s name, so no one knew about it.

This angle was pretty good, and the performance below could be seen clearly.

As the night got darker, the bar was getting noisy.

The deafening music was so loud that it could shatter a person’s heart.

When the two of them arrived, there was already a lot of wine on the table. Ian sat there with a box in his arms as he watched the lively scene below.

Julie was still on the way.

Yvette took one look at the box and pounced over, but Ian carefully guarded it.

“Watch it! This is a family heirloom!”

Yvette could not help but laugh. “Bullsh*t! Who do you think you’re fooling? I just want to see what they used to fool you with.”

Ian retorted, “No way. This was shipped from an ancient dynasty to Japan, and then from Japan to England. I paid a high price for this antique. I’ll offer it to my grandfather on his birthday!”

He spoke in an excited voice, and Yvette became more careful with her movements.

When she opened it, the dim room instantly lit up.

The three people were stunned.

“It’s a luminescent fluorite pearl? No, it’s a luminescent fluorite stone!”

Yvette could not help but speak.

Ian was immersed in joy. "I told you it was a treasure, right?"

Yvette was about to reach out to touch it when Ian stopped her. "Don't touch it! You didn't wash your hands."

Ian looked at Nicole, who was standing next to him without saying a word. "Look how sensible Lil N is."

Nicole pursed her lips. "I'm just afraid it's poisonous..."

She spoke weakly.

Yvette immediately jumped three feet away.

"What?"

Ian stood up in anger. "That's impossible. This is an expert-verified antique with a testing certificate."

Nicole was just about to say something when Julie pushed the door in from outside and smiled.

"An expert? A foreign expert?"

Ian was stunned before nodding.

Julie laughed a little helplessly. "How can foreign experts identify antiques from our region? Did you hit your head too hard, Carter?"

Ian's expression changed in an instant. He looked down at the treasure in his arms, and then at Julie.

His face was colorful and complicated. It was indescribable for a moment.

"I-Impossible!"

Ian spent a huge sum of money amounting to over \$100 million on this. It was worth more than a year of his allowance. If it was fake, his grandfather would break his legs.

Yvette's mouth twitched, and she sighed. "I almost believed in your bullsh*t."

Ian could not accept this shocking revelation.

"I... I'm going to find a local expert to appraise this!"

Then, Ian held the case and wanted to run out.

Nicole yanked him back, put the lid on, and sighed.

“Carter, it’s fine if you spend money to learn a lesson. Don’t take it too hard...”

Ian wanted to cry.

He pouted. “Nicole, please just don’t say anything else.”

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1644

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)
Chapter 1644 New Type of Swindlers

Ian felt even more upset.

It did not have any effect on comforting him.

Nicole nodded and patted his shoulder.

My dad knows a few experts. I’ll introduce some to you tomorrow?”

“I can’t wait any longer.”

Ian looked down. He did not have the patience to sit down at all because of Julie’s words,

Julie said, “Let him go. He won’t give up until he goes.”

Ian stumbled and ran away.

Yvette clapped her hands. “It’s over. We’re down one member before we even started. Forget it, just let him go!”

Julie sighed.

“I just heard from my friends abroad that there’s a new type of swindler abroad. They specialize in tricking those who have cultural sentiments and often forge antiques, paintings, and calligraphy to sell to Medianians overseas. Many people have already fallen victim.”

Nicole and Yvette fell silent for a moment.

So that’s how it is.

They could only hope that Ian was mentally strong enough to endure this.

The room was silent.

Suddenly, there was a loud cheer outside.

Yvette excitedly plopped down to check it out and quickly called them over.

“Here they come. Hurry up!”

Nicole and Julie also looked down.

The three of them instantly screamed in excitement. How could they not be excited?

The Lunatics were back together again.

This was truly a pleasant surprise!

The last time they met was last year.

The Lunatics performed without any regularity, and no one knew where they would appear.

Upstairs, the three ladies were like the countless fans below, waving their hands in surprise and screaming to express their enthusiasm.

Below, Phantom, Demon, and Monster were as calm and tasteful as ever.

A gentle pluck of the strings on their instruments could rile up the crowd.

Even top celebrities could not compare.

The band members looked up and glanced around. It seemed like they saw the three ladies as they waved in their direction and started to put on a show.

It was enthusiastic and lively. The crowd felt their blood surge in their veins. Their bodies burned up as if they had never been so alive before.

After the first song, Yvette handed over a few glasses of wine, and the three ladies downed it in one go.

Nicole still had not come out of her surprise and asked Yvette in a hoarse voice.

“How did you know they were coming back?”

Julie had the same question.

Yvette grinned. “I asked Phantom!”

She waved her phone.

The three of them laughed so much that they could not even straighten their backs.

Nicole laughed so hard that tears were about to well up. The last time she saw them was when she had just gotten divorced.

In the blink of an eye, a long, long time had passed.

The divorce seemed to be something that had happened in a previous life.

After laughing and shouting, the three ladies spread out on the sofa, exhausted.

Their ears were buzzing.

After a long time, someone's phone vibrated.

Nicole fumbled around for her phone.

Since the noise outside was too loud, she could not hear the ringing, but she could feel the vibration. Fortunately, she was sitting here.

Nicole saw the name on the screen. Her heart subconsciously trembled, and she hastily answered the call.

"Hello?"

The music below suddenly blared, and the voice speaking on the other side was completely inaudible.

Nicole could not hear what Clayton said. She was speechless and hung up the phone, then sent him a message.

(What's wrong?)

Clayton replied after a while. (Where are you?)

Nicole was honest. (Tattle Bar.)

After a long time, Clayton replied.

[I can't find my meds. Do you remember where they are?]

Nicole frowned and immediately snapped out of the bustling atmosphere.

She started to pack up. Julie and Yvette exchanged a look.

"You're leaving? It's not over yet though! The bar owner hired some new guys who are real hotties! They're coming over later..."

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

Boss Chapter 1645

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)
Chapter 1645 Little Gentlemen

Yvette called out to Nicole with a smile. This was the top priority tonight. The cor just an appetizer.

as

There would not be such a good opportunity on normal days.

Nicole paused slightly and shot Yvette a complicated look.

'Aren't you afraid that Mr. Sheldon will skin you alive when he finds out?'

Yvette avoided Nicole's gaze sheepishly. "We're just drinking. It's not like we're going to do anything else. Anyone would look twice when they see a fine specimen of the opposite sex. Besides, the bar owner is doing this out of kindness. What's wrong with that?"

Nicole rolled her eyes speechlessly.

Yvette's habits really could not be changed overnight, but Yvette had a sense of propriety in everything she did.

Although it was not nice to say it out loud, Yvette would never let herself suffer.

After all, she was still very satisfied with her marriage.

If it was ruined, it would be a waste of her expectations for Lance.

Yvette wrapped her arms around Julie. "Besides, you and Julie are here too."

Nicole shrugged helplessly.

"I'm going back. I'm worried about Clayton being at home alone."

Yvette looked at her in shock. "Nicole Stanton! You're becoming less and less like yourself. You're going back to take care of a grown *ss man?!"

Nicole shook her head. "I'm not taking care of him. He's the one taking care of me. He only became like this because of me..."

Although Nicole was a little intoxicated, her reasoning was still clear.

The liveliness here could not stop her heart from wanting to go back and see Clayton.

Yvette and Julie watched Nicole leave and exchanged a glance.

Julie tugged on Yvette's arm. "Tell them to come. I wanna check them out too."

Yvette poked Julie's cheek.

"Julie, you've changed too! You've become bad. Isn't Kai's face enough for you?"

Julie pouted. "What's wrong with just looking?"

Yvette laughed and slapped her thigh. "That's right! I'll have someone send them up here!"

It was as easy as making a phone call.

The bar owner was quite familiar with Yvette and knew that Yvette loved to have fun, so he always saved the good ones for her.

He did not know that Yvette was married, so he still followed the old rules.

It had been a long time since Yvette came, so the boss personally brought the people up.

"Ms. Quimbey, the few bottles of wine you kept here haven't been finished yet. Do you want them to be sent up together?"

Although Yvette already had a lot to drink, she did not come here purely to drink. She was here to drink in this lively atmosphere.

"Sure, bring it up. Let these gentlemen have a taste too!"

A bright smile bloomed on the owner's face. "Ms. Quimbey has always been generous. They'll be opening their eyes to a new world today."

Yvette waved her hand. "Alright, stop talking nonsense and don't bother us."

The owner was a tactful person and immediately did not bother them anymore. "Of course. Call me again if you need anything. Your drinks will be sent up later."

Julie leaned on the sofa with narrowed eyes. Her alcohol tolerance was the worst. Although she drank the least, she already felt like she could not go on any longer.

The alcohol went to her head, and her vision started to overlap.

Yvette sat there. The alcohol made it so she did not feel guilty, and she put Lance to the back of her head.

This was all normal social interaction in a place like this.

Yvette did not believe that Lance would not come to places like this to talk business.

At that thought, her inner courage grew a little.

“Come on. Feel free to order whatever you want. Sing if you want to sing and dance if you want to dance. Don’t mind us.”

Her words were very subtle. In fact, she wanted to see what the male escorts’ specialties were but did not want to ask directly. It was like a lecture from a class teacher.

They all learned about all kinds of tricky guests during their training, so this kind of request naturally did not seem excessive.

A thin and scholarly-looking man that had a refined smile said, “Then I’ll sing...”

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1646

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)
Chapter 1646 Pole Dance

Yvette nodded with a smile.

Her heart could not help but praise him. No wonder the owner strongly recommended this guy. His voice was heavenly!

Another male escort looked very ingratiating. “I know how to dance. Miss, shall I pole dance for you?”

“You know how to pole dance?”

Yvette was a little shocked. She had seen men pole dancing before because the rich ladies she used to socialize with had brought her to a strip club. The men there could simply do everything.

Pole dancing was naturally a cinch.

Yvette would remember that scene all her life. It was like opening the door to another world.

Several good-looking men tried their best to appeal to the rich woman in front of them, who looked at them in disdain.

That look was like a man looking down at an escort serving him drinks at a social party.

Disdain and disregard.

Yvette went back to tell her mother, but her mother just told her not to think too hard about it and just get used to it.

Yvette suddenly felt very satisfied, so her habit of calling for men on every occasion dropped slightly.

However, she remembered that the people dancing back then were lewd and disgusting.

It was ridiculous.

The innocent-looking and ingratiating guy in front of Yvette smiled and revealed his small canines.

He wanted to pole dance?

Yvette pretended to think about it. "Sure, go ahead!"

It did not matter if he did not dance well. It was fine as long as the dance was not too sensual. When the others saw this, they very sensibly knelt and sat beside Yvette and Julie, pouring wine for them and holding up fruit platters. They were very attentive.

The music outside was deafening as usual, but it became background music here.

Julie's eyes were bleary as she tried to identify the people in front of her, but it was useless.

A clear and beautiful voice slowly rang out. The song was very tacky, but compared to the noisy music outside, it was like a breath of fresh air. It made her want to reach out and grab it.

It was what the innocent-looking and refined boy sang just now.

He looked so youthful and pure, like sunshine. His voice was the same.

It was very desirable.

People like this were more sought after than those who worked in strip clubs.

Yvette could understand that the bar owner treated her well.

To the other side, the ingratiating boy twirled around the pole and suddenly jumped. His body leaped flexibly, then turned gracefully.

There was no coquettish posture at all. Instead, it looked more like an art performance, clean and thorough.

For a moment, Yvette felt like they were not in a bar but a university dance class instead.

Yvette turned to look at Julie, who also subconsciously looked at her.

The two people's moods subconsciously flipped up and down. They both understood their moods but suddenly felt down.

They did not look like good people at all now.

Seeing Yvette suddenly turn silent when she had been quite excited before, the men did not know what had happened.

They were careful because they could not understand Yvette and Julie's temperament.

The pole dancing man did not get a compliment even after a long time, so he carefully asked her when he was upside down.

"Miss, is it because I'm not dancing well?"

Yvette was stunned and smiled. "No, you're dancing very well."

As she spoke, someone outside knocked on the door and brought up the wine she had kept here. He also brought up a box of foreign beer.

"This is from the boss. Please enjoy yourself, Ms. Quimbey!"

Yvette raised her brows. "Thanks!"

Then, she called everyone over for a drink.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1647

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)
Chapter 1647 I'll Record It for You

The venue finally heated up.

Julie wanted to participate but had no strength, so she could only be a passive observer.

The man who was pole dancing spoke eloquently and pleasantly. There was no intent on seeking instant benefit from his words, so it was hard not to like him.

“Oh, Miss, I’m drunk. I have to go to the washroom...”

Yvette waved her hand, “Go on!”

Her face was flushed, and she looked like a fairy that could blend into the night by flapping her wings. .

The guy to the side who had been singing looked a lot more introverted and blushed very easily.

When the other male escort went out, he came over with a glass of wine. “Miss, how about a drink?”

Yvette still had a glass in her hand and was just about to raise her hand to bring his glass over, but he raised it and brought the glass to her lips.

Was he trying to feed her?

Yvette wanted to laugh. Seeing his unskilled look, Yvette knew that he was probably quite nervous.

He could not let anyone get the upper hand.

When the pole dancing guy opened the door to leave, Yvette took a sip from the glass. However, the moment after she swallowed, she suddenly froze.

Lights were flashing outside, but it was enough for Yvette to see the person standing there clearly.

For a moment, Yvette wanted to find a hole in the ground to bury herself in.

That was what she thought, so that was what she did.

That foolish decision might be due to the influence of alcohol.

Yvette immediately turned around and tried to lie down to hide under the couch.

However, the space was too small.

The space under the table was also too narrow.

What other places were there?

Yvette looked around with a flustered expression, trying to find a place to hide, while everyone looked at this scene in amazement.

A few seconds later.

Aman appeared in the doorway. The man stood there with a cold face. His eyes were gloomy.

When he saw the woman's panicked appearance, the fire that surged in his heart instantly dissipated.

If Yvette knew how to hide, that meant there was still hope for her.

The man stood there like he was watching a show.

"Stop hiding. Ms. Nixon is still here..."

There were only a few people who went out with Yvette.

Julie lay on the sofa and blinked her bleary eyes as she looked at the tall figure that appeared in front of her.

The man looked a little familiar. Julie patted the sofa beside her and slurred.

"Yvette, look at this new gentleman. Doesn't he look like Lance?"

In an instant, Yvette's body stiffened.

There was no way to hide.

She was exposed by Julie too.

Yvette closed her eyes. She turned around, looked at the door, and glanced around in confusion.

"W-Wha-? I'm drunk. I don't know anything..."

Right now, Yvette could only pretend to be drunk in an attempt to avoid this matter.

She would just find an excuse for this tomorrow.

However, Lance did not play along with her.

"You're drunk? Then I'll record it for your mother and ask her if you're really drunk..."

As he spoke, Lance simply raised his phone.

At the mention of her mother, Yvette instantly felt her hair stand on end.

If her mother knew that she still came to a nightclub despite being married, she would probably skin her alive!

Yvette went up in a few steps and pulled his arm down. She licked her lips and smiled.

"I'm not drunk! You don't need to show her. She's already asleep!"

Lance smelled the strong scent of alcohol on her body.

His smile faded, and his gaze darkened as he looked at her. His face was a little sullen.

"No wonder you didn't bring me out with you. Were you afraid that I'd disturb your fun?"

For some reason, there was a chill in his tone.

It inexplicably made Yvette feel guilty and scared.

Yvette pursed her lips. She tugged on his arm and lowered her eyes, speaking in a small voice.

"No, I already told you it's a private party. We can't bring family members!"

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1648

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)
Chapter 1648 This is My Husband

Lance chuckled, "So, besides you and Ms. Nixon, who's drunk, there's no third person. You call this a party? Where's Nicole? What about Mr. Carter?"

He wondered why Ian could join, but he could not, so he found a few friends to drink here too.

Lance wanted to make it seem like a chance encounter.

However, this was no chance encounter. It was just a shock.

Yvette gulped. "Nicole just left, and Ian left too because he had something to do..."

That was the truth.

Lance said, "That's quite a coincidence, huh? That's why you called these men over?"

Yvette lowered her head and did not speak.

She had an expression as if she had done something wrong and was meekly admitting it.

The few gentlemen sensed that the atmosphere was not right.

However, the person they came to serve was Yvette. They did not dare to leave without Yvette's word.

Some of them secretly looked at the man. His looks and aura were first-class, and that kind of arrogance that came from his bones was accumulated through experience.

Young and inexperienced male escorts like them would not be able to catch up to that in their lifetime.

The sweet-talking guy who went to the washroom earlier happened to come back and saw this scene.

"Oh, Miss, did you have too much to drink? Shall I get a room for you to rest?"

Yvette looked bitter, as if she was in pain.

Hearing those words, Lance instantly turned gloomy.

Yvette hurriedly waved her hand. "No need, no need..." If she got a room, it would be even more difficult to explain.

The young man said, "Who's this? I've never seen you before. Are you new?"

He looked from the side and did not get a good look at Lance. When he saw Lance's face, he suddenly gulped and changed his words.

"Or are you the lady's friend?"

People with that kind of aura were common here. He was either rich or noble. There was

absolutely no way this man was a male escort.

He looked on with trepidation, worried if his career had come to an end.

Before Yvette could speak, Lance looked over with a sharp gaze. "What do you think?"

The guy naturally did not dare to say what he thought.

He looked at Yvette with apprehension, like a little fawn.

“Miss...”

The way he called her was quite pitiful.

wa

However, Yvette was helpless now.

She had to protect herself.

Yvette pulled Lance’s arm and smiled. “What friend? This is my husband. Call him brother-in law!”

They were legally married after all.

The few young men were stunned before immediately standing up. They lined up and bowed, as if they had rehearsed this long ago, and shouted in unison.

“Brother-in-law!”

Lance’s face darkened for a moment before he clenched his teeth and smiled.

Wow.

The first time he heard Yvette admit that he was her husband was in a place like this. No one would believe it even if he told someone else. It was simply a joke.

The anger rushed to his head in an instant. Lance was so angry that he did not want to say a word, so he turned around to leave.

Yvette froze for a moment. She instantly sobered up.

She hurriedly chased after him. “Wait for me! Don’t misunderstand. I’m not fooling around with them. I didn’t do anything...”

Yvette had to make things clear. Otherwise, this would become a stain on their marriage.

She would never do anything that crossed the line.

Before Yvette could catch up to him, she remembered that Julie was still inside.

When she thought about the men inside, she became anxious.

Although they all looked innocent and pure, who knew what kind of people they truly were?

Thinking about it, Yvette called the bar owner and told him to dismiss the young men. Then, she called someone else to watch over Julie before someone came to pick her up.

Yvette did not beat around the bush and called Kai while running outside.

After a few words, Kai cursed. "Yvette, damn you!"

Kai thought, 'How dare she take Julie to that kind of place and get her drunk?!'

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1649

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)
Chapter 1649 Let Me Explain

Yvette did not have time to argue with Kai. She watched the person in front of her walk further and further away and could hardly catch up.

In her anxiousness, Yvette did not see the step in front of her and tripped. She instantly lost her balance and was flung to the ground, looking wretched.

Yvette cried out in pain.

There were many people around who came to drink. When they saw a beautiful woman fall face down on the ground without regard for her image, they all wanted to feast their eyes.

Yvette felt like this was the greatest humiliation of her life.

The last person who was humiliated at this entrance was Keith Ludwig when he ran out naked.

Now, it was her turn.

Her eyes stung, and she was just about to cry, but in the next second, a figure stood in front of her and threw an expensive suit on her body.

Yes, he threw it.

However, it also covered the parts of her that might have been exposed.

Yvette held back her tears and pitifully reached out. "Let me explain..."

The mighty Miss Quimbey was so humble, so how could Lance not show her any respect?

Lance held out his hand and helped her up.

Although his expression was still sullen, it was much better than before.

When she chased him out, the fire in his heart was already mostly extinguished.

Lance calmed down and thought about it. Why did he happen to be standing there? It was because someone was there waiting for him.

Lance did not want to tell Yvette about that person.

It was possible that even Yvette did not know about it. His arrival was a trap that others had planned long ago.

This person wanted to drive a wedge between them and separate them so that he could have the opportunity to take advantage of the situation.

Lance figured it out in a few seconds.

Among the friends that he called over for a drink, there might be someone else's friend too.

That was why there was such a perfect coincidence.

Lance's gaze was cloudy and uncertain as he looked at Yvette.

Yvette sniffled and touched her knee with one hand. There was a fiery pain, but she had no time to feel sorry for herself now.

"I swear! I never did anything to let you down. Those people were specially recommended by the bar owner to liven up the atmosphere. *We're* his regular customers, so we have a certain amount of respect for each other."

Yvette looked at Lance's expressionless face. It seemed like he was still angry.

She reached out and tugged on his arm.

"If you don't believe me, then go ask the bar owner! I'm not lying!"

Lance stared at her. His eyes were dark and deep. The fire in his chest instantly ignited again.

"If you're not lying, then why did you feel guilty when you saw *me*? You were pretty happy being fed wine by someone else. I ended up disturbing you, didn't I? You think that you didn't do anything that let me down. What's your bottom line? Sleeping with someone else?"

Yvette instantly froze. She blinked and looked at him with a blank gaze.

The strings in her head snapped in an instant, which left her with a blank mind. She did not know how to retort.

When Lance saw her like this, his anger instantly evolved into helplessness.

He sighed and looked at her with a dark gaze.

"I spoke too harshly. I'm sorry. Don't take it to heart."

Saying that, Lance gave her a deep look, turned around, and left. However, his pace had obviously slowed down.

This was not the first day he met Yvette. When he met her, she was not a gentle and meek young lady.

Lance knew that she loved to fool around. In the past, it had nothing to do with him, so he just smiled and brushed it off.

However, they are married now. Lance originally thought that they were in the process of getting closer to each other with the constant bonding these days.

However, it seemed he was wrong.

Yvette's obedience gave him the illusion that his marriage to her was enough to change her old habits.

Now, it seemed like it was not.

His expectations of this marriage were too high.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1650

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

Chapter 1650 Late Night Discussion

Lance shook his head in self-deprecation. For some reason, he felt somewhat lost. Yvette looked at his back motionlessly. His figure was tall and straight, but she inexplicably felt some heartache.

She was clearly in the wrong, but the person who apologized was Lance.

They had always gotten along very well in every aspect. Even in bed, there was a feeling like they should have met each other sooner.

However, her actions tonight seemed to break this harmony.

Lance was angry.

However, he did not push his luck or lecture her. He just said a few words and backed off to a reasonable position.

It seemed inconsequential, but she could feel that it would only drive them further and further apart

Seeing that he was about to get into the car, Yvette immediately ran over. (This novel will be daily updated at)

The headlights flashed as she stood in front of the car, and the brakes screeched suddenly.

The person inside turned pale. His head poked out of the window, looking stiff.

"Are you insane?!"

His tone was the angriest it had been tonight.

Yvette stood there, cowering for a moment. Then, she pursed her lips, walked over, opened the passenger door. She got in and put on her seat belt.

To the side, Lance frowned and looked at her in confusion.

Yvette raised her head. "Let's go home."

Lance opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but he held back.

He quietly looked away and focused on driving.

The entire journey was excessively silent

No one thought of using music to ease the awkwardness in the car.

Downstairs.

No one got out of the car.

Yvette was at fault. She cleared her throat and took a stand first.

"I went too far tonight. I already reflected on it. Since I'm married, no matter the reason (This novel will be daily updated at), I shouldn't go out to just indulge in drinking and pleasure, especially with other men."

Yvette did not hide anything.

She was in the wrong, but she did not really do anything that was against morality. As long as she did not lie, everything was still salvageable.

Lance paused and was silent for a long time before speaking.

“Did you do this too when you were with Sean?”

Even if it was an established relationship, they still did whatever they wanted.

The car was silent for a few seconds.

Yvette looked at him and was relieved when she realized that he did not mean to mention it deliberately.

“Mhmm. We’ll just find a few people to liven up the place when going out with friends. Don’t tell me you don’t call for escorts on the rare occasion that you come out to socialize?”

She retorted, and Lance was immediately stunned.

He instantly felt at a loss for words.

Lance attended much more events than her that were much more chaotic, but those were only for social niceties. He had never laid his hands on another woman. After all, he did not like vulgarity.

However, when he saw Yvette surrounded by so many men, it simply could not compare to the occasions that he went to.

Lance just could not stand it.

He was angry.

However, when Lance heard that she was like this even when she was with Sean, he suddenly did not feel that angry anymore.

It seemed like it was not because of him. (This novel will be daily updated at)At least, she did not do this because he was not a good husband.

Thinking that way, Lance was able to look at the problem from an objective point of view.

When Yvette saw that he was not saying anything, she knew that her retort was effective.

She smiled. “If you mind it, I won’t be like this in the future. I’ll restrain myself a little. After all, we’re already married. I just wanted to let loose tonight before the wedding. You caught me during my last time. There won’t be a reason for this moving forward.”

At those words, Lance raised his brows. His mood was inevitably a lot better.

He could naturally feel that Yvette was compromising.