

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1876

## Chapter 1876 Uncomfortable

Lance thought, 'Is Yvette still mad at me because I didn't pick her up last night?'

He laughed and wiped his mouth.

"Why are you so quiet today?"

Yvette lifted her eyes and took a bite of the sandwich.

"There's nothing to talk about."

Lance raised his eyebrows. He looked at her patiently and spoke.

"I was really busy last night. The Stantons helped me a lot back then, and we're cooperating on a major project soon, so I can't leave hastily. It's not like I was fooling around somewhere else. Nicole is your best friend, so you should know..." Yvette nodded and smiled. "I know."

Lance had a feeling that something was wrong. He squinted his eyes and really could not think of what it might be.

Yvette said, "I also had too much to drink last night and shouldn't have been so unreasonable to delay your schedule. Luckily, you didn't come. Otherwise, if you lost such a big project because of me, I wouldn't be able to afford it even if I sold myself."

Lance's face darkened slightly, and his smiling eyes disappeared. He wrinkled his brow.

"What exactly are you uncomfortable about?"

He could hear the sarcasm in Yvette's words.

It had nothing to do with the Stanton family or Nicole.

"Or you didn't think that I'd catch you red-handed when you lied to me to go for a drink?" Lance was wondering if Yvette was trying to put all the blame on him when it was her fault in the first place.

Yvette paused slightly. If Lance did not mention it, she would have forgotten about it.

However, what she did was nothing in comparison to him hiding his ex-girlfriend from her.

How could he still have the audacity to hold her accountable for drinking?

If she had not gone out drinking, would she have known that he had already arranged for that woman to work for him in his company?

Yvette sighed and inexplicably felt disappointed. However, she did not want to dwell on this matter. She smiled perfunctorily and said, "Fine, it's my fault, okay?"

Yvette's tone was coquettish as usual.

When Lance heard this, he relaxed.

He laughed and stroked her toes with his foot under the table.

His tone was gentle and doting as he said, "If you know it's your fault, why'd you shut me out last night?"

Yvette pursed her lips. "I drank too much..." Lance smiled meaningfully and warned her. "If you dare to do this again, just see how I'll clean you up!"

Yvette's unhappy mood inexplicably lifted.

This man was too good at flirting.

The two people exchanged a seductive look that was as natural as before.

The maids were already used to this.

Since Yvette was deliberately trying to seduce Lance, he naturally could not hold it in.

However, she stopped before things got too far. When the maid came out to clear the table, Yvette stopped moving her foot.

A moment later, Lance's phone rang.

Lance frowned, picked up the call, and said a few words seriously. He looked at the woman across the table that looked so soft and lazy. She was wearing a spaghetti-strap silk nightgown that made it seem like she was naked.

His eyes darkened as countless images of him undressing her flashed through his mind. Afterward, Lance hung up the phone.

Yvette wiped her hands and got up.

“Are they rushing you to the office? You should go then. I’ll go a little later.”

The man frowned slightly. “A little later?”

He looked at his watch. “We’re already late.” Yvette raised her eyebrows and laughed. “Can’t I have the privilege to be a little late as the vice president?”

Her smile was charming and seductive.

The man’s heart was moved, and he was helpless. He could not do anything about it when she was like this.

Yvette would not be late when there was something important, so he would just let her be. What’s more, she was not late for work every day. Lance was ready to go out since he was already fully dressed. He just needed to change his shoes. However, if he waited for Yvette, it would take some time.

Yvette knew that Lance would not waste his time waiting for her, so she asked him to leave first.

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## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1877

### Chapter 1877 Waiting for You

Yvette could not go back to sleep, so she went to get dressed and did her makeup.

Originally, she did not think that getting dressed was important, but since she had a love rival in the office, she did not want to be at a disadvantage in any aspect.

Yvette did not care whether Lance had left or not. She just went to the dressing room to change her clothes.

Usually, Yvette would wear a professional suit to work. Although they were all big-name brands and were suitable office attire, they lacked her own sense of style.

Yvette picked out a beautiful gold spaghetti strap dress from her closet full of clothes. It made her look sexy and flirtatious, gracefully outlining her beautiful figure. She was very satisfied with it.

She smiled and went to the bathroom to fix her makeup.

Yvette stood in front of the mirror and admired her beauty.

She picked up the lipstick on the side, but before she could smear it on her lips, the bathroom door suddenly opened.

Lance walked in and embraced her from behind. He had one hand around her slender waist, which pulled her tightly against his body, and his other hand was wandering to other parts of her body, teasing her.

Yvette was startled at first.

She was still a little shocked when she saw that it was Lance. However, she did not have the willpower to resist him. She just looked at her reflection in the mirror and carefully put on her lipstick, unmoved by his movements.

“Why haven’t you left yet?”

She asked casually.

“T was waiting for you.”

The man’s voice became distinctly deeper, and through the mirror, his eyes turned dark with lust. Of course, Yvette knew what he wanted to do, but she also knew that Lance was very disciplined.

He would not waste time with her at home while he had urgent things to deal with at the office since it would hinder him from making big bucks. Therefore, Lance would at most just caress her to get over his urge.

Yvette always liked to see him get horny because of her. That feeling gave her the excitement of being in control of the whole situation.

It meant that this man was subservient to her. Thus, her eyes remained calm as she looked at his lustful, dark gaze.

Yvette returned to her senses. She wrapped her arms around him, lifted one leg, and slowly wrapped it around his waist.

“You were waiting for me? But I won’t be ready for a while.”

The man’s throat bobbed. His face was taut. He looked like he was going through a lot to suppress his urge.

His intense gaze sized up the dress that Yvette was wearing, unabashedly expressing his inner thoughts.

“Why are you dressed like this? Where are you going later?”

His tone was a bit harsh as his hand wandered all over her body to take advantage of her as much as he could.

Yvette laughed and tilted her head with a smile. “ I’m going to the office, of course! Where else can I go?”

Somehow, their bodies were intertwined as they kissed each other passionately.

The man’s lips landed on her slender neck and made their way downward.

He lingered over her and did not want to let go. Seeing that the situation was about to get out of hand, Yvette suddenly pushed Lance away and regained her composure.

She tidied up her clothes, turned around, picked up the lipstick that she had not finished applying, and spoke.

“You’re really going to be late for work, Mr. Sheldon. Go out and wait for me for a while. I’ll be ready in a minute.”

Lance narrowed his eyes. His face was a bit sullen and cold, not just because he was interrupted halfway through his indulgence, but because she wanted to go to work dressed like this.

“You’re going to the office dressed like this?”

His voice was still a bit hoarse with displeasure. Yvette often dressed like this in nightclubs and bars, and those men’s lewd eyes lingered on her body.

That was why Lance explicitly stopped her from going to bars and wanted her to drink less. This woman was like a poison that could lure people into giving up everything just to get her.

Yvette did not dress up like this for a long time. He would not allow her to wear this, even if it was to the office.

Yvette blinked and looked back at him from the mirror.

“Can’t I? I’m the vice president, so I have the right to wear whatever I want!”