

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

Boss Chapter 1629

Chapter 1629 Hot French Kiss

Clayton nodded. Of course, he remembered. Not everyone could accept such ugliness. That was why Nicole was still thinking about it. Clayton patted her hand. "How about this? We can set up a foundation to help trafficked women and children around the world so that they'll be able to find a way back. What do you think?" Nicole's body stiffened slightly. She looked at him in shock. Her bright eyes instantly lit up. "Really? I want to help them, but I don't know how to. Although Caleb's dead, they're not necessarily rescued. This will be perfect!" Clayton slowly smiled. *Wow, what a kind-hearted girl. The rest of his words were held back. (This novel will be daily updated at)* Although this approach was probably a drop in the bucket and would be troublesome, at least this would make her happy, so it was worth it. Nicole leaned on Clayton's shoulder and smiled. "We can set up a voluntary organization that can provide clues to the professionals. Then, the professionals can handle it. They can give this information to the embassies and police of various countries. It'll definitely be useful." Clayton smiled. "Of course." Once the idea was there, then it was time to implement it. However, it was not that simple. Nicole planned to discuss it with Grant before making preparations. After all, Grant had much more experience than her. However, Nicole was visibly happy. They had eaten a lot on the food street, so they had little appetite for lunch. However, Yvette called. "Nikki Baby, my clothes are soiled. Can you please send me some clothes?" Nicole was stunned. She went a little further from Clayton before she replied, "You're at the office? Don't you have spare clothes?" Yvette sniffled. "No, I'm in a resort in the suburbs to participate in a reception for a project. I can no longer wear my clothes or my underwear. I can't really let others know either, and... Lance is still dealing with some business." At the mention of Lance, Yvette's tone became a little aggrieved. Nicole pursed her lips and did not probe further. "Okay, send me the address." "You're the best, Nikki Baby! I love you!" Yvette happily hung up the phone and sent her location to Nicole. Nicole turned around and sighed. "I'm going to run an errand for Yvette. Will you be able to go back by yourself?" Clayton smiled. "Sure, the driver is waiting outside. He can come in anytime. (This novel will be daily updated at)" Nicole lowered her head and kissed him on the forehead lightly. "Then be good and behave yourself!" Her tone was like coaxing a child. Clayton's heart trembled. He suddenly had a strange feeling and strongly wrapped his arms around her waist. He accurately kissed her lips and tongue, tasting her sweetness. The

surrounding students passing by were envious when they saw this scene. It was not until Nicole pushed Clayton to catch her breath that he let go of her. His eyes were still a little red. "Sorry, I can't help myself." Nicole blushed and glared at him angrily. "I'll settle the score with you when I get back!" Her voice was delicate and soft. Clayton looked at her warmly and raised his hands in surrender. "No problem!" Under his fiery gaze, Nicole hurriedly left. It was originally just a goodbye kiss. (This novel will be daily updated at)Who knew that he had turned it into a hot French kiss? Nicole did not even dare to look back at him. Luca drove while Nicole sat in the back. Fortunately, she had a few sets of branded outfits here that have not been worn, as well as underwear and accessories. Thus, Nicole went directly to send these to Yvette. However, hearing Yvette's tone, Nicole thought that this matter should not be so simple. Yvette Quimbey was not someone who would be aggrieved.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1630

Chapter 1630 Competent Female Assistant

When they arrived at the manor, they could easily get in even without an invitation based on Nicole's face. Luca was carrying the clothes in the back, looking just like he had just returned from a shopping spree with Nicole. After asking for the room number, Nicole was just about to go upstairs when she suddenly saw Lance and a group of people coming over. Nicole had to admit that Lance was glowing and spirited now that he was about to get married. He looked a lot better than the last time she met him. (This novel will be daily updated at) Everyone saw Nicole, so she could not hide even if she wanted to. "Ms. Stanton? What brings you here?" "Yes, Ms. Stanton, if you'd come earlier, you wouldn't have missed the barbecue lunch just now..."

"Ms. Stanton, let's go play golf together?"

..... Nicole smiled and politely declined. "I'm not here to do business today. I'm here to find my friend. Everyone, please enjoy yourselves. Let's get together again some other day..." Everyone smiled and nodded. Naturally, they did not force her. Only Lance frowned slightly. He vaguely knew that the friend Nicole was looking for was Yvette. But why didn't Yvette look for him? Why did Yvette ask for help from someone so far away? One Nicole shot a meaningful glance at Lance and did not say another word. She lifted her feet and went upstairs. Luca followed closely with the things in hand. Everyone dispersed one after another. Lance took a sip of wine and turned his head to see his assistant Iris smiling as she walked over to him. "Mr. Sheldon, you've had enough to drink. Do you want

to leave the venue early?" Lance sent Hans to prepare for the wedding, so Hans recommended a female assistant who did not stand out in the secretariat to come and replace him. Originally, Lance was quite skeptical, but after observing for a few days, Iris was very efficient. She was not ostentatious and high-profile and was able to handle the occasion with ease. She was surprisingly competent. Thus, the project's reception was arranged by her. Lance was satisfied with this. Other than that, Lance always felt that something was wrong. (This novel will be daily updated)

When Hans came back, he would still transfer her away. Lance stretched out his hand. "Where's my phone?" Iris was stunned. "Outside, in my bag." Lance wrinkled his eyebrows. "What if I miss an important call?" Iris hastily spoke. "That won't happen. I just looked at it three minutes ago. There are no important calls, just some calls from the office that aren't as important as this party." Even so, Lance still looked at her. His eyes were a bit cold. Iris felt that her answer was seamless, and she was confident that she could do a good job as Lance's assistant. It was a rare opportunity for Hans to leave. She could finally approach Lance, so how could she continue to hide her sharpness? However, Lance's gaze earlier clearly had some dissatisfaction. Iris thought she had misread it. When she wanted to look closer, Lance had already shifted his gaze away. Iris sighed in relief. Lance raised his hand and looked at his watch. "Where's Yvette?" Iris's face faintly stiffened, and she smiled. (This novel will be daily updated)

"Ms. Quimbey is not quite adapted to this kind of occasion. She couldn't take it after a few sips of wine, so she probably found a room to rest..." Although what Iris said was harmless, it still had a connotation of a complaint. In his position, Lance was not interested in knowing what they were thinking about, but it did not mean that he was unaware. This was why Lance had been reluctant to put a woman in his secretariat. No one in the company, except Hans, knew that Yvette was Lance's wife. Yvette becoming an assistant gave the others a sense of crisis.