

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1870

Yvette could hear the sound of a lighter over the phone. Lance seemed to be smoking

She paused for a while and felt that she could not remain calm when she chatted with Lance. According to her past experience, it was too easy to get herself in trouble.

"I'm with Nicole. Didn't I tell you earlier?"

Yvette wanted to end the call quickly, so she took the initiative to speak.

"Do you not trust me and want to check up on me?"

Lance stayed silent for a few seconds. He let out a light laugh that was somewhat cold.

"Nicole?"

"Yeah!"

Yvette answered boldly.

Lance took a deep breath to calm himself down, and Yvette suddenly had a bad feeling about this.

Before she could say anything, Lance said, "Wait a sec, I'll get Nicole to speak to you."

After saying that, Lance handed over his phone to the person next to him. "Excuse me, will you have a word with Yvette?"

Yvette froze for a moment, and her body stiffened.

She suddenly felt like she was done for.

In the next second, a familiar voice came through the phone.

"Yvette, it's me. Lance just came back to my house with Grant. I wanted to ask if you wanna come over."

Yvette closed her eyes. She suddenly felt like her future was bleak.

This was the first time her lie was so quickly exposed.

Yvette opened her mouth. "No... No need."

Lance took the phone over and let out a light laugh.

"Yvette, you should go back and think about how you wanna explain this matter?"

After saying that, he hung up the phone.

Nicole pursed her lips and hurriedly took her phone to send a message. [You lied?]

Yvette replied. [I didn't expect such a coincidence!]

Nicole typed. [Your husband seems super angry...]

Yvette typed back. [Yeah, I felt it...]

Nicole messaged Yvette. [You'd better plead guilty!]

Yvette replied. [Lemme have some fun before I die!]

Yvette took a deep breath and returned to the private room anyway.

Since she was already exposed, she should just enjoy herself.

Yvette went in quietly, so no one paid attention to her. They were all doing their own thing

Some people were playing poker, and

some others were singing horribly.

Yvette turned around and found a bunch of girls gossiping and drinking. They were the few girls from the front desk.

She silently sat in a corner and did not catch their eye, but she was ready to join in their conversation.

"Why is she here?"

"Who knows? How dare she come back? Ms. Quimbey doesn't know her identity, right?"

"I'm sure Ms. Quimbey isn't aware. Otherwise, how can that woman show up here?"

"Should we pretend that we don't know about it?"

Yvette was sitting there, anxious to know who they were talking about.

How did they know who they were talking about without mentioning that woman's name?

A younger woman sighed.

"Ms. Quimbey's so nice to us, so I feel really bad for hiding it from her..."

Yvette finally could not take it anymore. She stood up, walked over, and sat opposite them.

Everyone was shocked.

Yvette smiled and looked at the person who spoke.

"Then don't hide it from me. What are you guys talking about?"

Everyone looked at each other with some guilt.

They were wondering how much Yvette had heard and if they should tell her or not.

"Ms. Quimbey..."

Yvette sighed and took a sip of wine. "Actually, I know all about it, and I know your good intentions. I didn't expect her to show up here either..."

She would not go wrong for going along with their words.

Everyone was shocked for a moment.

Their expressions were a little strange.

"Ms. Quimbey, I didn't expect that you'd know about it..."

Yvette nodded her head calmly.

"Of course! That's why I know what you girls are saying. I don't blame you either. Who could've imagined this?"

A young girl sitting next to Yvette looked at her with encouragement.

"Although she's Mr. Sheldon's ex girlfriend, you're forever the boss lady in