

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1873

Yvette walked forward, like a superior who cared for her subordinates. She smiled at the two people and said, "Simon, you drank too much. Go home and rest well."

Simon muttered, "I can still drink, Ms. Quimbey. Let's have another drink!"

Yvette laughed. "Simon, we can drink again next time. You drank so much by yourself and didn't take good care of your girlfriend, huh?"

Even though Simon was drunk, he still blushed and looked at the woman next to him.

Just as he was about to say something, the woman suddenly let go of Simon and kept her distance from him. Her tone was cold as she said, "I'm not his girlfriend." Simon stumbled and almost fell to the ground.

When he finally managed to stand firmly on his own, he rubbed his head and did not know what he should say. Yvette narrowed her eyes and laughed out loud.

"If you're not his girlfriend, how can you attend this kind of party? Only family members can tag along. Miss, don't treat him like a fool or a backup. If you didn't lead him on, why would he bring you along?"

That woman's gaze was cold as hell as she glared at Yvette.

Yvette let out a light laugh and felt very satisfied.

She had a complete victory this round. Just as she turned around, her phone rang.

Lance must have arrived. Yvette looked at them with a smile and spoke.

"Then please send Simon home. My husband came to pick me up. He just loves me so much and can't bear to leave me for a moment!"

After saying that, she took out her phone and answered the call.

"Madam, I'm here waiting for you at the entrance."

It was the driver's voice.

Yvette's face instantly turned glum. Lance did not show up.

The driver's voice through the phone also reached that woman's ears. A mocking smile surfaced on the woman's gloomy face like she was watching Yvette making a fool of herself.

Yvette was about to explode. She kept it in all night, yet Lance was trying to add fuel to the fire.

The car stopped at the entrance, and the driver got out to wait for Yvette. Yvette did not stay any longer. She walked over and got into the car. The driver saw that Yvette was in a bad mood and did not dare to say anything. His expression changed slightly when he inadvertently glanced at the woman standing outside.

He looked like he saw an enemy. The driver was afraid that he would be recognized and almost crouched down to get into the car. After he got into the car, he realized that Yvette had probably met that woman earlier. He was hesitating whether to tell Lance about this.

Yvette, who was sitting at the back, squinted her eyes in silence and did not speak.

Suddenly, Yvette asked in an aggressive tone, "Where is Lance? Why didn't he come over?"

The driver glanced at Yvette from the rearview mirror and carefully replied, "Mr. Sheldon is at the Stanton Mansion for a social function and really couldn't excuse himself, so he asked me to come and pick you up."

Yvette snorted coldly. "I called him more than an hour ago, and the Stanton Mansion is only ten minutes away. Where were you during this time?"

If the driver was not late, Yvette would have left long ago.

Yvette could have left in style and made that woman feel envious and resentful. How great would that be?

The driver paused. "A client came over at the last minute, so Mr. Sheldon told me to send the client to the hotel before picking you up."

He could only tell the truth. Otherwise, he could not handle Yvette's wrath.

Yvette laughed in exasperation and thought, 'Is a client more important than me?!'

Her anger was reaching its peak. She thought, 'Lance keeps doing this to me. Does he really think that I have a good temper?'

The two of them got along very well since they got married. Although they were not deeply in love with each other, they were still attracted to each other. They slowly got to this point in their relationship and were considered a perfect couple.