

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1876

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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