

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1877

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!"