

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1411

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Old Master Carter paced around them twice and smiled.

"Good. Nicole, you have a good eye! Mr. Sloan is a talented man with outstanding abilities. Your father must be overjoyed, right?"

Nicole's lips twitched as she remained silent, letting this topic slide in jest.

If her father were to know, he might die of anger. Overjoyed?

Nicole did not dare to entertain the thought.

Old Master Carter was clearly interested in Clayton.

He pulled Clayton and chatted with him for a while before letting them leave.

Nicole did not want to socialize since she felt that it was too annoying. After a few people came to exchange pleasantries with her, she made excuses to run away.

Clayton was left there to helplessly take over everyone's greetings.

Yvette popped up from somewhere and went over with a grin.

"You left Mr. Sloan behind? I heard that everyone is very interested in him, but those who want to build connections with him can't find a way to."

Nicole pursed her lips. "Whatever. Let him deal with it. It'll be boring if I took him with me."

Yvette wanted to say something mocking but she suddenly remembered something and leaned into Nicole's side to say in a small voice.

"Do you know what I saw earlier?" Nicole shook her head.

Yvette mysteriously pulled her upstairs.

"Come on. I'll show you a scene you can't even imagine."

Nicole frowned.

What scene could she not imagine?

Nicole already saw enough wonderful scenes today.

She followed Yvette upstairs, where she was pulled to the railing on the second floor. Many seats around them were empty since everyone was more willing to socialize downstairs.

"Look!"

Yvette pointed to a relatively quiet direction below, where Nicole and Eric sat and talked face to face earlier.

Eric was still sitting there, drinking glass after glass of wine.

However, the person opposite him changed.

It was the woman that Riley brought who looked very similar to Nicole in figure and temperament — Ann.

Nicole was stunned and narrowed her eyes.

Ann sat there without saying anything and only calmly looked at Eric.

There seemed to be a strange atmosphere between them. Eric drank a lot of wine as he sat there without saying a word, and a cold chill that kept people away hung over him.

However, he had subconsciously already accepted Ann.

Ann stared at him with undisguised and ardent admiration in her gaze.

It was like a beast who found its prey.

Nicole's heart thumped as she suddenly understood something.

From the beginning, Nicole had a strange feeling when seeing Ann, not because she felt like Ann was very similar to her, but because Ann 's eyes when she looked at her were dark and cold.

That kind of chill was even colder than the tundra. Nicole narrowed her eyes, bewildered.

It turned out that Ann's target was not her but Eric!

Yvette leaned in. "Look. That woman must have come prepared. She even imitated your small movements. She imitated your sitting posture and even your gaze.

"No one will believe that it's a coincidence!"

Nicole smirked. "I don't believe that it's a coincidence either."

Now, Nicole seemed to faintly realize something. A thought flashed past.

Yvette said, "What is she planning? Is her background fake? Maybe she isn't an arms dealer? Is she a con woman?"

"We'll find out if we investigate. "

Nicole spoke faintly. She was not interested.

Since Ann's target was not her, Nicole could not be bothered to meddle.

Eric was an adult. If he was so easily fooled, she could only say that he needed to grow a brain.

Yvette raised her brows and nodded. Then, she took a photo of that direction and uploaded it.

In an instant, Nicole saw that woman suddenly raise her head in alertness. Her gaze turned to their direction and landed on Nicole's body.

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Nicole was sure that this woman's identity was most likely not fake.

If Ann did not have such a sensitive identity, she would not be so alert to the details.

Nicole did not shy away and met Ann 's gaze, then casually turned her head away.

Yvette pulled her to sit on the chair to the side and waited for the person on the phone to reply.

Nicole also sat calmly. Her fingers tapped on the chair as she thought about something.

No one below noticed them.

Between the guests and the glasses intertwining, the lively sound of music was almost suppressed.

Nicole could not help but glance over again. The woman's eyes had fallen on Eric's body again.

Eric was still drinking glass after glass of wine.

He did not speak and did not pay attention to people who came to talk to him.

Some women tried to come and say hello, but they subconsciously shrunk back because of Ann, who was sitting opposite him.

Soon after, Yvette was so surprised she almost fell off her stool.

"OMG! Nicole, that woman is really involved in arms dealing. Her brother is a famous leader in South Asia and is infamous in the underworld. How did she get here? And... She even imitated your appearance."

If her background was fake, Yvette would not be so shocked.

However, it happened to be real.

"Wait. She looks fine in the photo. Why does she have to imitate you? Oh, her real name isn't Ann. It's Angie!" 1

Yvette laughed and looked up at her.

"She even stole your name. I believe that her coming here must have something to do with you."

Yvette paused and smiled cunningly. "Wait here. I'll show you a good show."

Then, Yvette sent a message to someone and told Nicole to look below.

Not even a minute later, Rley ran over in a huff and stopped beside Eric's table.

His expression was extremely ugly. "Ann, why are you here?"

Ann casually tilted her head and looked at him. Her expression was unchanged and unconcerned.

"I'm sitting here for a while."

Rley looked at the aura surrounding Eric. He was a kind of existence that was unreachable.

He could not go up and beat Eric up, so he could only swallow his anger.

Rley reached out and was just about to pull Ann away.

"Come on, let's sit over there."

However, Ann flicked her wrist and broke free from his grip.

Her movements were fluid like water. A layman would not be able to see what she just did.

She was trained.

Nicole narrowed her eyes.

Rley looked at her in shock. "Ann..."

"I'll go wherever I want to. You can't stop me." "Ann, you're my girlfriend. Of course, you have to be with me. What are you doing here with a drunkard?"

Rley looked at Ann anxiously and was a little afraid of losing her.

Ann sneered. "Who's your girlfriend? I never agreed to it. You were the one who got that one-sided idea."

Rley's expression changed in an instant.

He opened his mouth. "You... We already did that, but you still..."

Ann threw a slap at his face. The ruthlessness in her gaze was unconcealed.

"Shut up. If you say anything else, I guarantee that your body will be found floating in the Indian Ocean!"

Rley was slapped until a mark emerged.

A trace of fear flashed in his eyes. Then, he endured it and turned to run away.

Ann watched coldly and sat back down just in time to see Eric stand up.

Although Eric drank so much wine, there was no hint of drunkenness in his eyes.

However, his dark eyes were slightly bloodshot and cold.

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Eric stood up, frowned, and turned to leave.

Ann suddenly took a step ahead of him and tried to support his arm.

However, he flung her away.

Ann refused to give up and went up again, but she was pushed away again.

It happened several times until Eric became annoyed. He turned his head to say something. Ann stood where she was, and her expression turned glum.

At the railing on the second floor. Nicole and Yvette watched the scene. Nicole did not say anything, as if she was deep in thought. Yvette could not hold back and blurted out the words in her heart. "Do they know each other? It looks like Eric didn't mistake her for you, but he's not familiar with her either. It looks like they know each other, at least."

Even after a long time, there was no answer. Yvette looked at Nicole. Nicole was speechless. "Do you think I could possibly know?" Yvette said, "That's true. Even Eric's marriage was hidden. How would he tell you that?"

Everyone knew that marriage was absurd. Nicole's heart only twinged for a moment before she recovered as if nothing happened. Even if someone mentioned it again, she would not feel as miserable and uncomfortable as she did in the beginning. At the doorway, Eric was about to get into his car but was stopped by Ann. "Let's get a room."

"Get lost." Eric pushed her away and got into the car. Ann tried to get into the car, but Mitchell stopped her from the side. He said something to her, and Ann's face turned blue as she glared furiously at Mitchell. Although Mitchell was intimidated, he could not disobey Eric's orders.

The car door was closed, and Ann was thrown behind. She did not care about the strange looks of others. When she saw Eric's car leave, she immediately pulled herself out of her worried look.

Yvette clicked her tongue twice. "So, she's a drama queen? It seems like Mr. Ferguson's love interest has appeared." Nicole was not in the mood to banter with her. Seeing that Clayton was about to collapse from being pestered by those people, she finally could not help but stand up and go downstairs.

She helped him relieve the situation. Nicole stood there and smiled. She walked over and pulled Clayton. "Gentlemen, let's talk next time. We're going to get something to eat." Clayton smiled helplessly. His originally gloomy face instantly turned clear. He let Nicole take him away and hugged her from behind when they were at an unoccupied place.

"Why did you only come now?" He complained in a small and slightly aggrieved voice. Clayton's delicate little temper combined with his calm and steady temperament was too cute.

Nicole could not hold back her laughter, and Clayton pinched her waist. "What are you laughing at?" Nicole immediately explained. "Nothing. I saw that you were happily talking to them, so I didn't want to disturb you!"

Clayton wrapped his arms around her waist and smiled at her. "Don't think I don't know that you just wanted to laugh at me. Which part of me looked happy?"

He was able to attend the banquet because the Carter family sent him an invitation. Secondly, he wanted to take this opportunity to show off his love and let certain

people who were thinking of Nicole give up completely.
However, what happened?
Did she think that he liked to socialize?
Nicole quickly hugged him back and smiled. "Are you not happy now?"

Clayton was speechless.
As the two of them were being lovey-dovey, a person suddenly ran from the side and disrupted them.
"Nicole..."
Nicole and Clayton turned around to look.
Ian stood there, covering his eyes.
"Sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you guys, but this is my grandfather's party. Can you guys hold back a little? You'll hurt my feelings!"
Clayton let out a low chuckle.
Nicole rolled her eyes at him. "Hurry up and talk."
Ian's face was ugly. "Yvette got into a fight with Sean and ran away. Do you want to go have a look? I can't leave this place..."

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Nicole's face sunk. "They fought?"
Ian nodded. "Neither was willing to compromise. Yvette hit him, and Sean yelled at her. Julie already drove out to chase Yvette."
Nicole let go of Clayton. Her tone turned cold. "Where's Sean?"
"He's still there..."
Before Ian could finish, Nicole had already run out. Clayton sighed helplessly and chased after Nicole.
In the banquet hall, the small commotion drew the attention of many people.
It was quite lively tonight.
Sean stood at the door. His expression was still glum. His eyes looked out into the darkness of the night, angry but very worried.
A teenage girl stood beside him, looking timid, and hesitantly spoke.
"Brother, did I say something wrong?"

Sean did not answer. Nicole already came out with a gust of cold wind.
Before leaving, she threw a complex glance at Sean. Nothing was said.
However, Sean opened his mouth to call out to her.
"Ms. Stanton, please, you have to find her. I'm very worried about her safety."
Nicole snorted coldly, said nothing, and got into the car in front of her.
Clayton was about to follow when Nicole locked the door.
His face changed, and his voice was low. "Nicole..." Nicole looked at Clayton through the window.
"Go home after the banquet is over. I'll call you after I find Yvette. Don't worry, it'll be fine. If you follow, Yvette will feel uncomfortable."
Clayton was worried about Nicole going by herself, but her last words put his mind at ease.

With that explanation, the frown on Clayton's brows smoothed out.
"Okay, be safe on the road."

Nicole was not trying to leave him behind. She just cared about what Yvette would think.

It was fine. He would not fight with her best friends.

The car roared away, and Clayton let out a sigh. When he turned around, Sean was still standing there with an unpleasant expression. The two of them made eye contact without saying anything.

Ian was clearly very dissatisfied with Sean but did not dare to say anything, so he simply ignored Sean and walked over.

"Mr. Sloan, let's go in and sit for a while."

Clayton wanted to leave directly, but since today was Old Master Carter's birthday and Nicole already left early, it would not be good if he were to leave too.

He nodded and followed Ian back in.

Ian said while walking, "It's really strange. Mr. Ferguson came and left without making a fuss. I had been worried all night..."

Clayton frowned. "Mr. Ferguson came?" Ian was shocked. "You didn't know?"

"I didn't see him..."

Clayton went to see Old Master Carter as soon as he came and was pestered by the people who came to socialize. Before he could even say a few words to Nicole, something happened to Yvette, and she ran off.

He did not have a chance to see Eric, so he thought that Eric did not come.

However, thinking about it, Eric actually attended the same event as them, yet nothing happened?

It really was a little strange.

Seeing this, Ian did not want to say anything more. If he said something wrong, Nicole would not let him off.

Clayton asked him seemingly unintentionally, "Did Mr. Ferguson meet Nicole?"

Ian was shocked and immediately replied, "I don't Clayton looked at him with a vague smile and noticed how guilty Ian looked.

"Really? It would be a shame if they didn't meet..."

Ian laughed dryly twice and found an excuse to run away.

Nicole called Yvette but could not get through, so she called Julie instead.

Julie picked up after a few rings. Her tone was anxious.

"I'm going after Yvette on Central Street. It looks like she's going back to her apartment, but she's driving too fast. I can barely catch up..."

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Nicole calmed down and subconsciously stepped on the gas pedal, picking up speed.

"Don't worry, I'll be right there. Just make sure she's safe."

Julie said a few words and quickly hung up. She could not be distracted.

Nicole hurriedly turned the corner and chose an alley to take a shortcut. In less than fifteen minutes, Nicole arrived downstairs at Yvette's house. It was the apartment where she now lived with Sean. Nicole looked upstairs. She should not be back yet. Looking down at the time, Nicole was just about to send a message to Clayton when two cars drove in one after another. It was a quiet and upscale neighborhood, and almost all of them were detached buildings. Thus, others did not notice what was going on here. Yvette soon got out of the car in a fury and was about to run in. Nicole hurriedly got out and stopped her. "Yvette! " Yvette froze and looked back at her. "Why are you here?" Nicole was helpless. It seemed like Yvette did not see her at all. Julie caught up from behind, panting. "I'm here too!" Yvette heard the movement and her eye instantly turned red, but she tried her best to hold back. She moved her lips but said nothing. Then, she used her fingerprints and opened the door. "Come in..." Nicole and Julie exchanged a glance before running in. Julie looked at Yvette carefully, wanting to say something but not knowing how to start. She gave Nicole a look, and Nicole pursed her lips. "Ms. Quimbey, why did you suddenly get angry? When I came out, Sean even told me to look after you. He was worried that something would happen to you..." At the mention of Sean's name, Yvette bristled, and her eyes went red. "Don't mention him to me. He's just a scumbag. I want to break up with him! I was really blind to be with him. Boo hoo hoo..." In the end, Yvette suddenly covered her face, squatted down, and cried. Nicole and Julie looked at her helplessly. Julie shook her head. "Didn't you just say you like him more and more by the day? You even deliberately called him over to greet us. Your mood changed too quickly!" "He's too good at acting. His heart is too big, so he can fit everything into it. I was really cheated by him!" Yvette choked up. She wiped her face and stood up. "Forget it. What's the point of saying so much? I'm gonna go pack my stuff..." Then, Yvette went to the bedroom and took out her suitcase. Nicole frowned. "Are you serious?"

Yvette responded and grunted angrily. "This place was originally bought by him. He said that it's for me, but I don't need a house from him." Yvette spoke sullenly while moving non-stop to pack her things. "Okay, but don't regret it. We'll help you pack up!" Julie rolled up her sleeves and started packing. They did not ask Yvette anything. Whether or not Yvette would regret it or not, they would not advise Yvette to bear with it. There was no need to put up with someone like Sean. They did not like him anyway. He was too reticent, so they could not see through him. If Yvette was with him, she would only be cheated by him. When Yvette's mother opposed her and Sean from being together, it was not without reason.

Yvette liked to play around, so she started this relationship frivolously and did not have much hope for it.
In the beginning, it could break off at any moment.

However, later on, Yvette fell deeper in love with Sean. When she learned that Sean had a family, they had their first disagreement and estrangement.
Yvette promptly cut off the relationship and did not let herself get trapped in a moral dilemma.
However, she had to admit that the feelings she developed for Sean could not be ignored.

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Then, Sean divorced and came back to chase Yvette again, creating many opportunities until they got back together.
Yvette knew that some of the things were deliberately planned by Sean. However, Yvette pretended not to know. She was willing to give Sean a chance, but she did not want to get married.
His past marriage seemed to be an unspeakable taboo to her.
Yvette did not get married, did not get involved with his family, and did not ask about his business and friends.
It was as if they were together merely for the sake of love.
Yvette originally thought that it was fine as long as they were happy.
Now, Yvette realized that there were things that would not stop existing just because she did not ask about them.
His presence was a permanent rift.

The three of them packed up. Almost all of Yvette's household items were taken away, including her cosmetics and bags. There was really nothing left.
Nicole looked at this. Was Yvette really going to break up with Sean?
Downstairs, in the car.
Nicole asked Yvette, "To your mother's place? Or another place you bought?"
Yvette said, "Why would I go to my mom? Just for her to scold me? I can't go to my other places as well since Sean knows about all of them. Let's go to your place!"
Nicole raised her brows and pointed at herself. "My place?"
Yvette nodded. "He won't dare to do anything if I'm with you. Let's go to your apartment now!"
Nicole was helpless. "Okay!"
Yvette sat down. "Don't worry, when I completely cut him off, I'll move back to my own place. I won't bother you for too long."
Nicole said, "Stay as long as you like. If you really want to cut him off, make sure to do it completely. If you don't want to cut him off and only want to be angry, then leave some leeway for him so that both sides don't look too bad."
Yvette gritted her teeth. "I'm serious. No one can try to rub sand in my eyes. Who does he think he is?"

Nicole looked at her. Yvette was still emotional now, so she did not continue to ask.

At Nicole's place, Julie helped them move in. There were two floors in Nicole's house, and it was simple and spacious, with a comfortable style. It did not lack any rooms.

Yvette chose a room she liked and went in, starting to unpack seriously.

Nicole and Julie exchanged a glance and watched her clean up.

After a while, they did not hear any movement inside and went over to take a look.

Yvette was squatting on the floor, crying silently as her shoulder shook. The emotions she held back for a night finally could not help but burst out at that moment.

They had never seen Yvette in so much pain before.

Nicole pursed her lips, and Julie walked over.

"Yvette, why don't you tell us what happened? Don't bottle it up. You're already going to break up anyway. Are you afraid of people finding out?"

Yvette cried for a while, stood up, and walked out in a dull manner.

"Is there any booze?"

Nicole opened the wine cabinet that was filled with all kinds of wine, Western and Eastern, red and white. Various world-famous wines were laid out there.

Julie was stunned and felt her eyes blur.

"Holy sh*t! I thought this wine cabinet was empty..."

Nicole smirked. "How could that be? My third brother said that a certain someone told him to drink in moderation, so he deliberately hid all his good wine in my place!"

Julie was speechless.

'Fine. Be that way, Kai Stanton!'

Without saying a word, Yvette took out a bottle of whiskey and drank it from the bottle.

This scene shocked Nicole as well.

When Yvette was done drinking, half the bottle was gone.

Only then did Yvette sit down on the carpet. Her eyes were red as she stared into the distance, out of focus.

Nicole said, "Can you tell us now? Do you want us to drink with you?"

Yvette's gaze shifted to her face and nodded.

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Julie went to find three cups, and the three ladies sat down on the carpet, each person holding a glass.

Yvette's tears could not stop flowing down her face. "Do you know who went this evening?"

Julie shook her head. "I didn't pay attention. Was it someone Sean knew?"

Nicole recalled, "Who was the girl beside Sean?" Yvette's tears flowed even harder.

She sniffled and wiped her face.

"She's his wife's younger sister. She grew up in their house. When I was toasting with Sean, she ran over and saw me. Do you know what she said?"

Yvette sneered with sullen hatred in her eyes. "A vixen?"

Yvette laughed. "It doesn't matter if she calls me a vixen. Before I could say anything, Sean told me not to bother with a child. What the f*ck? A seventeen-year-old is considered a child? If it were in the past, someone her age could already have a few kids of their own. Is their family retarded?"

Nicole felt uncomfortable.

Yvette did not stop and continued to speak.

"That's fine, but do you know what happened after I left? When I came back, I heard the two of them talking. Sean's wife is actually still staying in the Moore Residence. On the surface, she's still Mrs. Moore in name. It's as if they never divorced. What am I then? A mistress? A vixen? A third party?"

Yvette could not help but cry again as she spoke.

"Sean told that girl not to talk nonsense, especially to me. He was afraid that I would cause trouble if I found out!"

Yvette drained her glass of wine, swallowing the wine and tears.

"What trouble would I make? Am I that cheap? Did he think I'll drive her away? What kind of person did I become? I didn't do anything. Why do they have to roast me over the fire? Did I become a heinous person who destroys other people's families? Sean clearly said that he was divorced and came back to beg me to reconcile!"

Nicole and Julie grew silent as they listened. The goodwill they had toward Sean disappeared completely.

If they could endure Sean's existence in the past, after hearing about this, there was absolutely no room for tolerance anymore.

Sean was simply the worst among scumbags!

Yvette was so drunk that her image was completely gone.

"Then, I couldn't hold back and went up to them, but Sean was still forcing false arguments down my throat. I really couldn't hold back and slapped him. He should just die!"

Julie nodded in agreement. "A person like him should die far away from you!"

Nicole said, "It's no wonder you came back so angry. Yvette, you have to think clearly. This is already the second time a situation like this happened between you two because of his marriage. Don't repeat the same mistake. If you're determined, make a decision early and don't drag your feet."

The longer time passed, the more it consumed each other's courage and feelings. Even if she put up with the anger, it would become an indelible lump in the future. It was a lump that would always be there and cause pain just at the thought of it.

Julie echoed on the sidelines.

"Yes, Nicole is right. You have to make up your mind early. The sooner the better. We were never very optimistic about Sean in the first place. It was like we couldn't see through him no matter what. After all, he's not from our circle, so we don't know him well. Although his family's sphere of influence isn't small, his interests are too deeply involved with his wife's family. It's not something that can be broken easily. Sean hasn't gotten that much power yet, so he definitely can't separate from his wife's power!"

Nicole said, "It's his ex—wife!"

Yvette sneered. "Bull sh*t. It's his wife. Maybe that divorce certificate is fake!"

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Yvette grumbled and cursed for a long time, cursing Sean all the way to his ancestors without stopping.

Nicole's phone rang several times before she heard it.

She picked it up while slightly tipsy.

"Hello?"

"Are you drinking?"

Clayton instantly heard that something was wrong. There was something off with Nicole's tone.

She must be drinking. Nicole hummed.

Clayton's gentle voice was low and hoarse.

"Where are you drinking? Are you with Ms. Quimbey?"

Nicole said, "Yeah, we're at home. At my place!"

Clayton sighed in relief. His tone became gentler. "Don't drink too much. Shall I bring some food back for you?"

Just as Nicole was about to speak, Yvette snatched her phone away.

"I'm about to break up and can't stand to see other people being lovey-dovey.

Don't call other men!"

Then, Yvette hung up the phone.

Nicole drank, and her brain short-circuited. Her reaction was slow, and the screen turned black before she could react.

Forget it.

Since the call ended, she would just leave it.

Clayton heard it clearly and smiled helplessly. He was just about to go to a familiar private restaurant to bring some food back when he saw a woman standing at the door.

His smile faded, and his eyes darkened and cooled for a moment. Then, he walked over, intending to ignore her.

However, the woman walked over and held her hand out with a smile.

"Mr. Sloan, it's nice to meet you. My name is Ann."

Clayton looked at her and did not move. He spoke in a clear and cold voice.

"Ann is Nicole's name, not yours."

The woman's smile froze on her lips, and she withdrew her hand as if nothing happened.

"It's just a name. Who said that no one else can use it just because it's Nicole's?"

Clayton said, "You can use it, but don't try to act dumb."

'Don't take others for fools either.'

"Mr. Sloan, it seems like you have a little misunderstanding about it. Is it because that woman grabbed you just now and I didn't come out to clarify?"

The woman curled her lips as she shrugged, expressing helplessness.

"I really can't think of why that woman did that in that situation, but I was too embarrassed to come out and brush her off. After all, it looked like she was defending me, and it's my first time here, so I'm unfamiliar with the place."

Clayton's sunken cold eyes held a bit of impatience.

"That's a good excuse. Don't use it again next time."

Then, he walked away.

The woman froze for a moment before taking a few steps and calling out to him. "Mr. Sloan, aren't you curious as to why I'm here? Half the people here are talking about you because you're Nicole's boyfriend. The other half are talking about me because I look too much like her, right?"

As she spoke, she smirked and waited for Clayton to turn around.

Sure enough, Clayton turned back and narrowed his eyes at her.

Ann said, "It's because of Ms. Stanton that we became the center of the conversation. If we think about it, that's a kind of fate!"

Clayton said, "It's not fate. You have an ulterior motive."

He spoke each word bluntly, not wanting to have anything to do with her at all.

It was not that he did not notice what was odd about this woman, but that he did not want to pay attention.

If he did, it would mean he took the bait.

"Besides, you're not like Nicole at all. If you imitate her too deliberately, there will be a lot of flaws.

That's why everyone is saying that you look like Nicole, not vice versa."

Clayton's voice was deep and cold. He did not show Ann any respect at all.

Ann's face stiffened slightly. She smiled as if nothing happened.

"Mr. Sloan, what misunderstanding do you have about me? I heard that you're broad-minded and nice to people, so why are you so hostile to me?"

Clayton pondered for a few seconds before laughing. "Where did you hear that joke from?"

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Clayton sneered in his heart.

Those good words about him were because he could show a side of himself that he wanted others to see.

He did not say those words himself, so he would not admit it.

Ann's smile became completely strained. She looked at him with a cold gaze.

"Fine, then I'll get to the point. Mr. Sloan, why don't we make a deal?"

Clayton looked at her silently.

In Nicole's home.

Yvette drank cup after cup, cursing as she drank and venting out all her aggression and resentment.

When she drank until she vomited, Nicole and Julie helped her to the bathroom to wash up, then took her to the bed to rest.

The two of them also drank a lot, but at least they were still conscious.

Julie looked at the time. It was almost 10:00 pm.

"I have to go back."

Nicole held her forehead. "It's already so late. Just stay the night before leaving."

Julie shook her head. "I can't. I have a flight to Milan early tomorrow morning. I have a very important show."

Then, she walked to the table to get her phone. Turning it on, she realized that it

was the wrong one.

"This is Yvette's phone. Give it to her when she wakes up."

Nicole nodded.

Suddenly, Julie narrowed her eyes and looked at the empty screen.

She showed it to Nicole.

"One whole night, but that man really didn't even give Yvette a single call..."

Julie sighed. "Yvette's relationship is too rough. That man doesn't care as much about her as she thought, right?"

Nicole laughed.

"If he cared, it wouldn't be us chasing after her but him."

Julie felt that there was truth in those words. She hoped that Yvette would be able to get out of this fruitless relationship in time.

She took her bag and went to put on her coat.

Nicole made a phone call. "Wait a few minutes. I'll have the driver drop you off. You drank, so don't drive yourself."

Julie nodded and did not refuse.

After a while, the driver arrived, and Julie left.

Nicole propped herself up and poured Yvette a cup of water, placing it at the bedside table. She planned to go back and wash up before sleeping.

Just after she washed up, the doorbell rang.

Nicole thought about it and went over to open the door.

Sure enough, it was Clayton.

She narrowed her eyes, a little drunk. Her face was slightly flushed.

"Aren't your fingerprints registered? Why didn't you just come in?"

She had to come all the way to open the door for him!

Clayton laughed and pinched her soft cheeks. She was really bright and beautiful.

Even when drunk, Nicole was still so charming.

"Ms. Quimbey is probably still here, right? It won't be convenient if I just come in by myself."

Clayton was considerate and thoughtful. There really was no one more thoughtful than him.

Nicole smiled. Her eyes were foggy and misty.

She reached out and hugged him, nuzzling against his chest. "Is the party over?"

Clayton used a hand to hold her waist and the other hand to stroke her hair. His voice was low and raspy, full of affection and tenderness.

"Yes, I left when it was almost over."

Nicole laughed. "Fortunately, you stayed until the end. Otherwise, Old Master Carter would have called and complained to my father!"

Clayton smiled and murmured in her ear. "Then how are you going to thank me?"

He started to push his luck.

Nicole snorted and did not answer.

Clayton refused to give up and almost bit her ear to cajole her.

"Come upstairs with me?"

He had originally been joking on a whim, but when he saw her bewildered and beautiful face, he could not move his feet.

Her delicate waist was right in his arms. How could he remain indifferent?

Before Nicole could react, Clayton held her waist and took a step back. Then, he closed the door behind her, got on the elevator, and sealed her mouth with a kiss.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1420

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The series of movements were fluent, skillful, and crisp. Nicole had already arrived at Clayton 's door before she could react. She scratched her head and looked at him with misty eyes. "Clayton, you're back?" Clayton looked at her with a deep gaze and hummed. Sure enough, Nicole drank too much. Nicole once again threw herself into his arms and muttered. Clayton frowned. He did not hear her since her voice was too soft. He lifted her face and narrowed his eyes. "What did you say?" Nicole smiled, brilliant as the sun, and wrapped her hands around his waist. "I said that your waist is really thin. It's thinner than Ian's and Fabian's."

In an instant, the air seemed to freeze for a moment. Clayton's eyes were deep as he looked at her. "Is that so?" Nicole nodded firmly. "Yup! " She grinned and praised him. "This size is great. I like slim waists!" Clayton's face was dark and sunken. There seemed to be a huge storm brewing inside his eyes, a storm that was about to sweep everything away. He held her waist even tighter in his arms. His expression was taut and unpleasant, and even his usual warmth disappeared without a trace. Nicole felt uncomfortable. His hands were too forceful, so she wanted to get away, but Clayton did not budge at all. As soon as she moved, Clayton doubled his force. After entering the door, Clayton pressed her up against the door and stared at her with dark eyes. "Do you like my waist?" Nicole looked at him in confusion and nodded subconsciously, reaching out to hug his waist. She always liked his waist. Clayton's figure was perfectly proportioned, not like the kind of greasy macho man. His body was tall, lean, and strong, especially his waist, which was more perfect than models. Nicole enjoyed holding him every time. There was no trace of fat. However, Clayton suddenly blocked her hand and narrowed his eyes at her. "How do you know Ian ' s and Fabian ' s waist size? Did you hug them before?" There was a hint of danger. Even if Nicole was drunk, she still felt it. A white light flashed in her mind. She shook her head. "Nope! " Clayton sighed in relief. His gaze instantly became gentle. Then, she continued, "They were the ones who hugged me!" She was not the one who took the initiative. In an instant, Clayton's face turned cold again.

He squeezed her waist and held her in his arms. "That so?"

If he had known, he would not be so polite to Ian tonight.

As for Fabian...

Clayton suddenly remembered that he saw a scandal about Nicole and Fabian before.

It was from then on that the rumor spread that Nicole liked young idols.

However, the matter later died down.

Nicole was about to explain herself, but Clayton's shadow suddenly loomed over her, blocking the words she wanted to say...

Later, it seemed like Clayton was deliberately torturing her, and they tossed around until very late. No matter what Nicole said to plead for mercy, he remained unmoved.

In the end, Nicole was too tired to say a word, and he was finally willing to let her go.

In her last consciousness, she suddenly felt that Clayton was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

What gentleness? What modesty and tenderness? That was all false!

The next day, the sun warmly enveloped every inch of the room.

Nicole woke up.

Her body felt like it was falling apart. She was too tired to even lift her arms.

However, her body was fresh and clean, and there was no discomfort at all.

Looking down, Nicole noticed that all the sheets and quilts had been replaced with new ones.

It seemed like Clayton did a very good job with the aftermath.

She felt a breath stuck in her chest and felt around for her phone next to her, but it was switched off.

There was no doubt who the person who switched it off was.

Her chest felt suffocated.