

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1510

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Under the light.

Yvette was cold all over as she listened to the words and the sounds coming from inside. She wanted to run and escape.

However, she could not even take a step.

After an unknown amount of time, the door was opened from the inside.

Lance came out and gently touched the corner of his mouth.

When he saw her standing in the corner, not moving like a good girl, he instantly closed the door again.

Lance walked over. His eyes were calm and composed again.

"Why are you standing here? Aren't you cold? Come on, let's go home."

It seemed like a natural thing for him to take her hand.

She did not refuse either.

His hand was warm and wide, the only source of heat for her. She couldn't bear to let go.

The coldness that Sean had brought her just now seemed to melt away.

Look, it was fair. Her salvation came.

A new house meant that they would be together forever.

Whether it was the past or the future, it would be cut open. There would not be any secrets.

The house was warm.

Yvette tossed her bag to the side before sitting on the couch, a little upset.

She did not know how to open her mouth to explain.

Lance was helpless. He bent down to pick up her bag from the floor and put it on the cabinet to the side before speaking in a warm voice.

"Even if you're unhappy, don't take it out on luxury goods. Didn't you always feel that luxury goods make you happy?"

Yvette raised her brows. She had never told him that before. How did he know?

Lance smiled. "Everyone who knows you knows that Ms. Quimbey is the best at making herself happy."

Yvette pursed her lips. The curved corners of her mouth suddenly loosened.

"I didn't think that he would suddenly go in. Otherwise, I wouldn't want to see him. I'm not the kind to drag my feet when it comes to my exes."

Lance paused. "Mm, I know."

He touched her head. "It's my fault. I shouldn't have brought you there for dinner. You wouldn't have been unhappy otherwise."

Yvette's heart suddenly softened for a moment.

She looked up. Her eyes were still a little moist. She looked at his features right in front of her. He was calm, cool, and very handsome.

"Lance, when we got married, I promised to take responsibility for you. I'm not just playing around."

Lance paused. His gaze darkened, and his voice was hoarse.

"Mm, I know."

He walked over, cupped her face, and lowered his head to kiss her.

"Yvette, don't be upset because of other people's words. I don't believe in others. I only believe in you..."

Then, he did not wait for Yvette's reaction and simply carried her into the bedroom.

Half a month later.

Stanton Corporation.

Nicole looked at the invitation on the table and was a bit distracted.

Logan stood to the side. "President, do you need me to contact Europe in advance to prepare the gift?"

Nicole pursed her lips and nodded.

"Yvette's wedding is a happy event. Buy all the things she likes and send them over."

Logan really envied Yvette for being Nicole's friend!

"There's one more thing. The news about Mr. Eric Ferguson's engagement..."

Nicole raised her head. "What are you hesitating about?"

Logan took a deep breath.

"Mr. Ferguson is engaged, but... He didn't invite you. However, all the other companies and influential families already know about it. Should we pretend that we don't know, or...?"

Nicole hesitated for a few moments. She heard of Eric's engagement from Ian.

Last night, Ian let his mouth slip when they all went out for a drink.

Eric and Angie were getting engaged in a week. It was fast and perfunctory.

Those with a discerning eye would have been able to tell that it was just a show but did not dare to act as if it was perfunctory.

Everyone celebrated the news of Eric's engagement and congratulated him.

Stanton Corporation was involved in many of their interests. If they had a clear relationship, Eric should have sent them an invitation.

However, he did not.

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It was as if Eric deliberately left out Stanton Corporation and bypassed Nicole.

Nicole closed her notebook. "Don't worry about it. I'll discuss it with my brother."

Logan nodded and breathed a sigh of relief.

He guessed that Eric bypassed Nicole because he did not want his ex-wife to attend his engagement party.

However, an engagement?

Did Eric's obsession with Nicole disappear just like that?

Logan was a little unable to understand.

However, there were some things that he could not understand.

After taking care of things, Nicole went to Grant's office.

He was sitting upright, and in front of him was the trembling department head, not knowing what he did to upset Grant.

Nicole knocked on the door and went in.

Grant glanced at the department head and spoke in a thin and cool voice. "Get out. If this happens again, then just get lost."

"Yes."

Nicole sat opposite Grant. "Brother, have you heard about the news of Eric's engagement?"

Grant's brows twitched, and he nodded.

He looked at Nicole with some distress and frowned slightly. "Are you..."

Nicole saw through his thoughts and was incredibly speechless.

"What are you thinking? It's just that everyone knows about his engagement, but he didn't send us an invitation. If news of this gets out, the outside world will speculate that our relationship is in turmoil and it'll affect business matters, so I came to ask."

Grant's frown loosened. He smiled at her.

"Don't worry about that. He's probably reluctant to get married and doesn't want you to see him get married, so he didn't send an invitation. I'll send our congratulations in the name of the company. Don't worry about the rest."

Nicole breathed a sigh of relief and nodded.

"That's good."

Grant mused, "What about you?" "What about me?"

Grant smiled. "Don't think we all don't know. You and Clayton are basically attached at the hip. What, are you serious about him now?"

Nicole heard his tone and was slightly upset.

"Brother..."

Grant put his smile away and knocked on the desk.

"I advise you to go home and stay there for a few days. Dad isn't happy."

Nicole became serious. She knew that Grant was not just scaring her.

She thought about this period when she went out on dates and ate with Clayton.

It seemed like there were fewer opportunities to go back to the mansion.

Floyd was a protective person and would definitely not blame Nicole, but he would definitely blame the person who abducted her.

She immediately nodded. "I'll go back tonight."

There were many matters in the afternoon, and she was too busy. Nicole forgot to let Clayton know beforehand and only sent him a message in a hurry at the end of the day.

She did not have time to see if Clayton replied even after reaching the mansion. However, the butler was still happy to have someone prepare dinner as soon as she arrived home.

After entering the door, Nicole saw Clayton come down from upstairs before seeing Floyd.

Nicole was shocked for a moment. "Why are you here?"

Would Floyd become even more unhappy?

Clayton smiled helplessly. "I came to pick Michael up and was already here when I saw your text message. Didn't you see my reply?"

Nicole took her phone out of her bag. "I didn't have time to check."

As they were speaking, Floyd came out of the kitchen and spoke in a gloomy tone.

"Where did this young lady come from? Why is she here at my house?"

Nicole's scalp tingled. She ran over without another word.

"It's me, Daddy!"

Floyd grunted heavily. "You finally remember how to come home?"

Nicole pouted. "Should I leave?" "Get out then!"

"No way! You caught such a big fish. We have to make it into fish soup..."

Seeing this cheeky look on Nicole, Floyd felt his anger subside no matter how intense it was before.

Floyd washed his hands and went out. He saw Clayton sitting very comfortably on the sofa playing with Michael's Legos.
He grunted and did not want to see him either.

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Clayton silently withdrew his hand, stood up, and walked over.
"Chairman Stanton, Michael has stayed here for a long time. I'm sorry to disturb you."

Floyd had a problem with Clayton, but he loved Lil Michael from the bottom of his heart.

He rolled his eyes. "No need for that. I did it for that poor child."

Poor child?

Clayton did not understand how this adjective could be used to describe Michael. However, he did not argue.

Nicole walked over leisurely and stood behind Floyd, placing her hands on his shoulders to massage him.

"You've worked hard, Dad, but we've contacted Lil Michael's school. He'll go back and board there again after a few days. It's still an international school after all, so its standard is trustworthy."

She gave him a heads up so he would let Michael leave when the time came.

Floyd frowned.

"It's just that stupid school that charges several hundred thousand a year and watched as children fight each other. It's not as good as compulsory education back then where things were done properly. Those aren't any worse than this one!"

Clayton paused. "Yes, Uncle Floyd, you're right, but there's no suitable school that'll accept Michael's syllabus right now. Besides, he's still so young. It's easy for problems to crop up if he doesn't get special care."

Hearing Clayton's explanation, Floyd finally eased up.

Floyd was not qualified to take care of Lil Michael's academic affairs.

Clayton was the guardian.

However, it just broke Floyd's heart to see Lil Michael being so tired at such a young age.

After talking for a while, Lil Michael woke up from his nap upstairs.

When he saw Nicole, he was so excited that he ran over and hugged her, refusing to let go.

"Pretty Lady, Uncle Floyd and I missed you so much, right?"

Floyd scoffed, unable to get angry with Lil Michael at all.

"Who missed her?"

"Uncle Floyd said that he'll let me marry you when I grow up!"

Clayton narrowed his eyes and glanced at his son dangerously. He took Michael from the collar and yanked him back.

"Let's go. I'll check your homework." "Pretty Lady, save me..."

The father and son pair disappeared upstairs, and Nicole laughed. Floyd rolled his eyes at her. "Don't be too happy yet." Nicole blinked. "What's wrong?" "I like that boy, but not his father. Don't think I can't see how he's eyeing you." Nicole laughed and gently squeezed his shoulders.

"Dad, that's because I'm too likable!" Floyd chuckled. "Cheeky monkey!" The two of them chatted and went out to the garden. Under the setting sun, Floyd stood there and hesitated for a long time before speaking. "Do you know about Eric's engagement?" Nicole nodded. "I originally thought that there was still hope between you. I wanted you two to get back together but was afraid that you'll suffer even more. Have you really let go of him?" Floyd fixed his eyes on his daughter. Nicole smiled. "Dad, if I hadn't let go, I wouldn't have divorced him." Floyd paused for a few seconds before smiling self-deprecatingly. "That's true. You're just like your mother, never dragging your feet." "It's also good that he can start over." Nicole said and paused before she added, "But it seems like he's not serious."

Floyd turned to the side. "You could tell too?" Nicole nodded. "Although Ferguson Corporation was very tight-lipped about it, our people still managed to find something out from the investigation. Eric's fiancée, Angie, is the daughter of an arms dealer in East Asia. They're very powerful. Ferguson Corporation is completely clean without the slightest stain on the surface. How would they deliberately let themselves get involved in firearms? Wouldn't that be intentionally giving people dirt on them?"

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In Mediania, the least extensive field was probably firearms. It was too much trouble that could not be messed with. No matter how stupid Eric was, he would not drag Ferguson Corporation into the mud. Furthermore, he did not lack money or power. Why was he marrying Angie? It was either because of true love or because he was forced to. Between the two scenarios, the latter was more convincing. Floyd paused and pondered for a moment. "I heard that you and Eric have an awkward relationship. Keep your distance for now and don't invite trouble to yourself." Nicole nodded. That was also why she respected Angie from a distance away. After dinner, Clayton took Lil Michael back.

Nicole stayed at the mansion, and Floyd went to bed after a while. After one night of tossing and turning, Nicole had a bad feeling, but she could not say what was wrong. The consequence of her insomnia was that she got up late. She was even late for work. Nicole drove to the office before she had time to eat. Yvette tried to get a chance to host a bachelor party before her wedding. The party was only in the name of charity. She did not want to publicize her married status yet. Nicole thought that it was just a small party, but it was unexpectedly quite large. At least more than half of the high society ladies in the circle came, and most of the other half were people Yvette disliked. Clayton had something to handle and came a little late, but Yvette did not care much about that. Nicole ate some snacks and sat on the side. There were many people gathered there. On occasions like these, she was always the focus. She could not hide.

"Ms. Stanton, can you pass on some experience? My family says that I'm lazy and can't help out in the company. What can I do?"

"Ms. Stanton, I recently opened a new design studio. Do you want to check it out?"

"Ms. Stanton, there's a big show in Europe in a few days. Do you want to go?"

Nicole smiled and dealt with them as they came. It was much easier than dealing with those businessmen in the industry.

After all, none of them really wanted anything from her. Maintaining a harmonious superficial relationship was the biggest role for these young ladies. Clayton walked over in an expensive and neat suit. His pace was firm, and his modest and reserved appearance instantly attracted the attention of many people.

He nodded slightly as his hand gently landed on Nicole's shoulder. The meaning of it naturally spoke for itself.

"Sorry for the disturbance. I was late."

The last words were said to Nicole.

Nicole's eyes lit up as she laughed. "You're not late. It hasn't officially started yet..."

"Mr. Sloan, I heard that you've moved your business to Mediana and that you're planning to invest in some areas. My father has been wanting to talk to you..."

A young lady who was a good talker did not let go of this opportunity to make friends with Clayton and hastily opened her mouth to stop him.

Just as she was about to introduce herself, Clayton smiled and nodded.

"Alright, I'll definitely have a good talk when we get the chance later."

Then, he looked down at Nicole and spoke in a much softer tone.

"Didn't you tell me to bring a gift for Ms. Quimbey? Do you want to go through it first?"

Nicole nodded. "Of course, let's go..."

She simply put down the wine glass, stood up, waved to everyone, and walked away with Clayton.

The group of ladies in the back were envious.

"Every time Nicole shows up, we'll be reduced to supporting characters. When will this young lady become an old maiden?"

"Look at how she's being pampered. She's a princess and also a president. What are we being compared to?"

"The point is that she has a great life. First, Eric loves her to death, and now, she also has Clayton's undying devotion. How can we get her luck?"

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When Clayton and Nicole took out the gift, Yvette's eyes went wide with joy. She held the small gift box and wanted to jump up and kiss Nicole.

"OMG! I dreamed of getting this when I was eighteen. Nicole, it's true that I have to rely on my best friends to achieve my dreams! What's the use of relying on myself?"

Yvette wanted to stomp her feet in excitement. Her eyes shone as she stared at the huge pink diamond in the box.

Unlike the one in Nicole's safe, this one was from Chile and was also a treasured item of the royal family. It took a lot of time and contacts to get it.

However, Nicole was relieved to see Yvette so happy.

"This is a personal gift. My father and brothers also prepared a lot of wedding gifts for you, so don't hold back! Our beloved Ms. Quimbey's wedding must be grand!"

Yvette was all smiles and went over to hug her. "Nikki baby, let me marry you!"

Beside them, Clayton coughed helplessly and broke her excited mood.

"Ms. Quimbey, please watch yourself..."

Sure enough, the person who knew Yvette the most was still her best friend.

Nicole patted her shoulder and disgustedly pried her off.

"You have to thank Clayton more. If not for him, I would've fooled you with other pink diamonds. It's thanks to him that we got this one."

Yvette looked at Clayton and sized him up with a smile.

"That's also because of you. Otherwise, why would Mr. Sloan put so much thought into it?"

Clayton said, "That's true."

The three looked at each other and laughed. Yvette put the things away and sighed.

"In the future, I'm just a salaryman, so I can't just squander money anymore. I have to take advantage of this wedding to save more money!"

Nicole knew about Yvette and Lance's affairs and did not ask any more questions.

The lights flashed, and there was a feeling of indulging in luxury.

Yvette dragged Nicole to the side and quietly leaned in.

"Did you know? Don't be surprised later. Eric's fiancée is also coming."

Nicole's lips pulled. She really was a little surprised.

To be honest, this circle was only suitable for young ladies who indulged in luxury. The daughter of an arms dealer like Angie did not fit in.

Yvette muttered, "I didn't invite her, but she pulled a lot of strings from asking many people. I heard that she wanted to get into this circle to help Eric. She's really obsessed."

Nicole raised her brows. "Don't talk about her. Is there anything interesting in the charity auction in a few minutes?"

Yvette said, "It's all cosmetic stuff and nothing good. It's just to fill up the numbers. Everyone will only buy it out of respect. I don't want to be a spendthrift, but I took out one of my mother's necklaces to support the scene."

Nicole smiled. After a while, the scene heated up.

Ever since Clayton moved his business to Mediania, countless people have wanted to cooperate with him.

The Wall Street capital behind him was beyond the reach of many people.

Furthermore, Sloan Corporation was already in his hands.

Clayton was clearly a mighty figure on this kind of occasion, but Clayton did not want to socialize here. He either stood beside Nicole to talk or sat alone in his seat, letting people have a good impression of him.

The auction started.

At first, the bidding was respectable. Whether it was luxury items or collectibles, it was not outrageous.

Everyone thought that at the end of the day, someone would come forward to push up the price, buying the whole lot in essence.

It was very hard not to attract everyone's attention.

By the end, except for that buyer, the others had basically stopped raising their bids and were even more curious about the person.

"Alright, let's thank this kind lady for sending warmth to the children in the mountains. She's the fiancée of the President of Ferguson Corporation, Ms. Angie!"

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Everyone was in an uproar, especially when they heard the words Ferguson Corporation.

Some people looked at Angie in the direction the host pointed to.

Others turned their eyes to Nicole.

Nicole was really speechless and could only sit there calmly and pretend to be surprised.

What a group of dramatists!

Next to Nicole, Clayton gently held her hand and spoke in a low and mellow voice.

"Don't buy anything. I'll take you to the mall later?"

Nicole's mood instantly became better. "That's tiring. Just send it straight home."

Clayton said, "Sounds good."

However, their deliberate ignorance did not mean that a certain person would also pretend as if they had no relationship.

Angie finally gave up the path of imitating Nicole. She wore a dark suit belonging to her own style and looked cool. Like this, she appeared bolder, pleasing to the

eye, and recognizable.

The result of her throwing money away to buy out the place also attracted many ladies to follow suit.

Furthermore, with her identity as Eric's fiancée, there were plenty of people around who wanted to ask her about it.

No one investigated why Eric himself did not come. He was not the kind of person to attend this kind of occasion.

Angie stood there beside Eric's assistant, Mitchell. Mitchell kept silent and acted as a bodyguard.

Angie's eyes overflowed with smugness and pride as she looked at the people around her.

"You all aren't familiar with me, but we'll get to know each other soon. I'll be coming here often after marrying Eric, so there are plenty of opportunities to meet."

"Ms. Angie, what kind of business are you in? You and Mr. Ferguson look like a perfect match! You're made for each other!"

To the side, Mitchell was silent without any reaction.

Originally, everyone speculated about Angie's mysterious identity. There were many doubts about their engagement. They could not find out Angie's background, so they were unable to start.

However, since Eric's assistant was here today, it meant he was standing up for her, right?

Thus, they were relieved and joined in the fun with confidence.

Angie smiled. "My family is in the firearms business and is planning to expand the market here. I surveyed Mediana. There are very few arms dealers with deep roots like my family. I'm going to build an R&D center here and expand it across the country. If you need weapons, just come to me and I'll give you a special discount!"

The ladies paled and looked at each other, momentarily speechless.

It seemed there was no possibility to cooperate with her business.

A special discount? What was the point?

Angie wanted to get a foothold here, but she could not just rely on Eric. She had to rely on herself too.

Selling weapons was her calling, so she easily found her way.

Who would not want something secure?

Angie did not mind everyone's shocked faces, but she saw two familiar acquaintances.

She walked over with a smile. "Mr. Sloan, we must cooperate if there's a chance. Weren't you always looking for a direction of investment?"

To the side, Nicole naturally heard Angie's bold words. She wondered whether this woman was actually stupid or just simple-minded.

Clayton's lips twitched, and his expression was calm.

"Sorry. Selling weapons isn't within the scope of my investment."

Angie ruffled her hair regretfully. "Very well then. What a pity."

Then, she looked at Nicole. "What about you, Ms. Stanton? Are you interested?"

Nicole smiled. "No." Angie said, "Boring."

She turned the topic back to Nicole. "I really hope you'll attend my wedding with Eric, but Eric has his own concerns and might feel a little awkward, so I hope you won't mind!"

Nicole smiled, not reacting much to this. "Of course not. I can understand."