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The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1837

Chapter 1837 Let Her Work Overtime Yvette touched her hair and suddenly realized something. "I forgot! Why amlat your house? I'll leave now!" With that, she grabbed her phone and headed out. The person on the phone spoke in a suppressed tone. "Yvette, hurry back to your room and go to sleep!" Yvette froze in place when she heard that. She looked around dumbfounded as she tried to recognize whose house she was in. Clayton picked Nicole up with one hand. "Ms. Quimbey, you should go in and rest. I'll take Nicole with me." Luckily, they were drinking at home. They would have been in trouble if they were outside. Yvette froze. "Oh, okay. Go back home then. Goodbye!" A voice once again came through the phone that Yvette was holding. "Yvette, hurry back to bed! If you drink so much again next time, watch how I'll clean you up!" Lance was ruthless and talkative. He was helpless over the video call. The maid sent Clayton out and said, "Mr. Sloan, have someone make Ms. Stanton some hangover tea before she sleeps. Otherwise, she'll get a headache the next day. They didn't drink much. They just mixed a lot of liquor. That's why they have such a reaction..." Clayton thanked her and carried Nicole away. The maid went back in and saw Yvette reaching for the wine in the liquor cabinet again. She was so frightened that she hurriedly went over to stop Yvette. "Madam, you can't drink anymore!" Yvette's phone was thrown onto the sofa at some point. The man on the video call was going crazy. "Mrs. Sally, please bring her to the bedroom. If she doesn't obey, lock the door and leave her there alone." The maid promised Lance but did not dare to yank Yvette. Yvette grew up pampered. Her skin was so delicate that the slightest touch could leave marks. Even if Lance said this, he would feel heartbroken if he sees it later. The maid took a wine bottle while she carefully coaxed Yvette to go to the bedroom. "Madam, let's go to the bedroom to drink. I'll clean up

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this place." Yvette followed the bottle in a daze. "Okay! Where's Nicole? Where did she go?" "Ms. Stanton went home. Her husband came to pick her up just now." The maid sighed as she spoke. Yvette had answered the call herself! The good thing was that the bottle of wine in the maid's hand was already empty. Yvette merely hugged the bottle and did not let go of it. She then lay on the bed and burped, then fell asleep in a daze. Mrs. Sally wiped Yvette's face with a warm wet towel and covered Yvette with a quilt before she carefully went out. Yvette's video call was still not disconnected yet. Lance's voice rang out. "She's asleep?" Mrs. Sally went over. "Yes. Madam is still very well-behaved when she's drunk. She just fell asleep." Lance laughed lightly and thought, 'How is that well-behaved?' After he laughed, Lance instructed Mrs. Sally. "Make her some hangover tea. Otherwise, she'll get a stomachache. I'll be back in a couple of days. Please keep an eye on her and don't let her drink for the next few days." Mrs. Sally responded while her heart was pounding. She thought, 'How could I even control Madam?' Lance also thought of this afterward. As soon as he hung up, he called the office. "Is there nothing much to do in the office lately?" For convenience, Lance picked one of his own people, Zane, to be Yvette's assistant. Zane was a good-looking person who was good at sweet-talking, so Yvette had no problems with this assistant. Zane immediately replied, "Mr. Sheldon, I'm so busy that I didn't get to go home last night. Didn't you want CF Corporation's proposal urgently?" Lance paused. "I see that your boss, Ms. Quimbey, is very idle. If you're so busy, get Ms. Quimbey to help you. Otherwise, I won't approve your overtime allowance." Zane said, "Mr. Sheldon, you mean... You want Ms. Quimbey to work overtime?"