

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1461

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

Read Chapter 1461 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Mrs. Quimbey's words were like a hammer that hit Yvette's chest heavily.

The pain was suffocating.

Indeed.

Even if Yvette did not want to believe it before, she fully expected this now.

Sean who was in love with her would not say the kind of hurtful words last night, but after their passion faded, he would.

If the Moore family was involved in Mrs. Quimbey's company, then Yvette would probably not get anything.

Sean could step on his ex-wife to climb up the social ladder, so he could also do the same to Yvette.

Love was just a momentary flutter of emotions. After the flutter passed, what else could she expect?

Yvette suddenly felt cold all over.

She was trembling and numb.

In the past, Yvette treated her mother like she was an enemy because her mother was a workaholic and looked down on all of Yvette's hobbies.

However, the path she chose for Yvette seemed to be the best one to take. "You don't have to worry about the matter between you and Sean being brought up as criticism. Aunt Fiona is aware of that."

Mrs. Quimbey simply told Yvette everything so that Yvette would not have any worries going forward.

"We've been young before and know the consequences of being reckless. Aunt Fiona is genuinely fond of you. You don't need to care about what other people in the circle say about you. You just need to sit firmly in your place in the Sheldon family."

Yvette paused and raised her eyes to look at her mother.

"Mom, Lance also has someone he likes, but she was driven away by Aunt Fiona..."

Mrs. Quimbey snorted lightly. Her words were extremely disdainful.

"I know. That woman was only playing tricks to cling to Lance. She was lucky to meet Lance."

Originally, Fiona just wanted to test her. If she could withstand that \$500 million temptation, she might have already married Lance. At that time, you and Lance canceled the engagement, so we thought that it was over between you two. Aunt Fiona was just about to let it be, but that woman did not hold back and took the \$500 million. She's really shallow... Wait, how do you know about this?"

Yvette pursed her lips. "Lance told me."

Mrs. Quimbey's face tightened. "What else did he say? Aunt Fiona said that Lance doesn't care about her. Don't take this to heart. In the future, don't deliberately bring this up in front of Lance. You two just need to look ahead."

Yvette paused and looked out the window. The traffic was moving fast.

She and Lance went through so much just to be tied together again.

Yvette dared not tell anyone. Somehow, she just felt guilty.

In the end, Yvette just could not resist sending a text message to Nicole.  
[I'm married.]

Nicole quickly replied. [Did someone steal your phone? Do they want money? I'll report this to the police!]

Yvette typed. [Just kidding.] Nicole replied. [Haha...]

Nicole put down her phone, curled the corners of her lips, and clinked glasses with the person across the table.

Clayton saw Nicole's cheerful mood and did not know what happened.

"What's the good news?"

Nicole said, "Ms. Yvette said that she got married. I'll never believe this kinda joke!"

Clayton paused and blinked thoughtfully.

"That's not necessarily true. A marriage on impulse might be possible."

"With whom? Sean Moore? You're kidding, right? Yvette will never make the same mistake three times. There's absolutely no way she'll marry Sean!"

Clayton laughed and did not say anything.

If it was Sean, perhaps it was impossible, but what if it was someone else?

The couple talked and laughed as they had a pleasant dinner.

Neither of them noticed that not far away in a corner, a man's gloomy gaze was staring at them for a long time.

The expressionless man looked crushed, which was rare.

The man across the table also saw this scene and felt a little awkward.

"Ferg, do you want to go over and say hello?"

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Keith rubbed his hands. He really did not want to meet Nicole here.

However, he was bound to meet the person that he did not want to see.

Nicole and Clayton's interaction revealed an intimacy that could not be hidden.

The general public was shocked to see it, let alone Eric.

This was like a knife to his heart.

Eric sat there, immersed in the darkness. His breathing was tense as he

desperately tried to stifle his emotions.

Keith sensed Eric's mood and reminded him in a whisper, "Let's go to the other side for a drink?"

The private section of this club had a restaurant, lounge, and bar.

It was impossible for Eric to leave because of his pride.

Thus, it was enough to change their seat to somewhere that they could not see Nicole and Clayton so that they would not feel so bothered.

Before they could change their seats, Nicole and Clayton stood up and were ready to leave.

Keith was relieved.

As soon as they left, Eric's stern face could no longer be concealed. He looked extremely glum.

"How could she like him? Am I inferior to him?" Keith said, "Ferg, to each his own. Just forget it."

The sound of the glass shattering made Eric look a little crazy.

"Forget it? I should just let it go?!"

Eric sneered. His eyes were sinister and sullen. "It's impossible to just forget it."

With that, Eric stood up. His mind was dizzy. Keith hurriedly supported him.

"Ferg, you drank too quickly just now, so you feel a little tipsy. I'll get a room for you to rest?"

Eric broke away from Keith's hand and walked out with a sullen face.

Keith was worried that something might happen if Eric left like that, so Keith got someone to get the room ready.

However, when Keith turned around and went out, Eric had disappeared.

Keith touched his head and thought, 'Maybe he went home?'

Eric's mind was uncontrollably muddled and dizzy. His body was also weak.

He felt that something was wrong, but he did not know what it was.

Suddenly, a waiter slipped a note to Eric.

"Mr. Ferguson, a Ms. Stanton asked me to give this to you."

Ms. Stanton. Who else could it be but Nicole?

Eric did not even have the basic ability to distinguish between right and wrong, so he followed the room number on the note and got on the elevator.

His chest felt suffocated and numb with pain.

The name, "Nicole Stanton", was like poison in his bones. It could not be cut off and was very painful.

Eric was not a good person. He was profit-oriented, cold-blooded, and fickle-minded.

He had countless ways to make Clayton disappear from this world, but every time he wanted to do it, Nicole's eyes flashed in his mind.

Nicole already hated him enough. He did not want to become her enemy.

Breaking this superficial balance because of Clayton was not worth it.

However, Eric was getting impatient from waiting.

If he had to hear the news of the happy couple every day, he felt that he would go crazy.

The elevator arrived.

Eric rubbed his temples and walked out.

Looking at the room number, Eric felt a bout of vertigo. The numbers overlapped as he had double vision.

Before he could knock on the door, the door opened from inside.

"Eric, you're here?"

Eric narrowed his eyes. The stiffness on his face instantly softened. "Nicole?"

The woman smiled, went over to take his hand, and led him into the room.  
"You've been drinking? Since you're in the mood,

why don't we have another drink?"

The next day.

Countless reporters waited at the entrance of this club and surrounded that long street.

This was the mystery person's big reveal. They did not know who was being exposed, but they would certainly not regret it.

Everyone wanted to grab the first-hand news.

Overnight, all the major media reporters gathered there.

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1463

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Early morning.

Eric woke up. His head was dizzy and heavy, so much so that he could not lift it up. It was rare how drunk he was last night. He did not drink much, but that kind of drunkenness surged.

It was really shocking that he could not hang on even with his alcohol tolerance. The next second, a tan arm climbed up and pulled his arm. A tired and hoarse voice with a bit of post- sex coquettishness rang out. "Eric, why don't you sleep a little longer?"

Eric's face instantly changed. His cold eyes looked to the side.

The woman was lying there with disheveled clothes. Her eyes were closed, and the makeup on her side profile still looked like a certain someone in his heart. However, now that he was awake, Eric knew that it was not Nicole. This woman was the arms dealer, Angie.

Needless to say, Eric knew what happened with the way she looked at this moment.

Without any mercy or hesitation, Eric reached out and clasped her neck with his slender fingers. His voice was hoarse to a frightening degree like his throat was ground with sandpaper.

"You set this trap, didn't you?"

His hand tightened as a dangerous thought flashed through his mind.

He wanted to kill her.

No one could hold him accountable.

Now, that would explain why Eric had been dizzy last night after a little bit of wine. It was her!

Angie woke up in a flash. Her hands struggled ineffectively to break free of his grasp, but she could not.

Her face slowly turned blue and purple. Even breathing became difficult. This continued for a long time, and it felt like she was really going to die.

However, suddenly there was a continuous knock at the door.

During Eric's daze, Angie jerked her head away, broke free of Eric's grasp, and sat up to breathe heavily.

It had only been half a minute, but Angie felt as if she had walked through hell. If she was Nicole, would he still treat her like that?

Eric's gloomy gaze swept to her face. The darkness on his face was extremely frightening.

"Angie, you'll pay the price for this."

Even though Angie's body was bruised and battered, and her clothes were in disarray, his eyes

were so cold that there was not a trace of warmth.

Eric did not care.

Angie had tears in her eyes. Her physical reaction made her look less powerful than the man.

She gasped for air, but she smiled triumphantly. It looked extraordinarily piercing to Eric.

"There's no man I can't get, Eric, and you're no exception."

"You think that I'll compromise?"

"Won't you? Eric, your father's health is worsening since the conditions at my place aren't as comfortable as your villa. We have limited medical facilities..."

Eric's eyes were cold and dark. He was as calm as the sea before a storm and was so terrifying that it made people panic.

The knock at the door continued for a long time. Eric calmly got up and got dressed meticulously. He did not rush to open the door.

Instead, he approached the woman on the bed with a dark chill in his eyes. He grabbed her hair and yanked it back without mercy. "Who do you think that you're threatening? If he loses a finger, you won't be able to walk out here alive."

Eric clenched his teeth. He had such a dense coldness around him.

Angie did not know what to say. A flash of surprise crossed her eyes, but it passed quickly.

She had seen the helpless Eric and the influential Eric who could make things happen.

However, she had never seen the man in front of her.

Although Angie was afraid, she was also more interested in him.

She had a provocative smile on her face. "Even if I die, I want to die with you."

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1464

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Angie was used to seeing wars and people getting killed. When she was abroad, it was not uncommon to encounter terrorists, so she was not afraid of Eric's threat.

She just touched his pet peeve, so he was merely throwing a little tantrum.

Angie could understand.

When she came to her senses, she reached out and yanked Eric's collar in her direction.

Her face was also very defiant.

She said in a hoarse and quiet voice, "Eric, I'm not joking with you. Do you want to talk to him on the phone?"

Looking at Eric's cold face, Angie reached out and took her phone from the side.

She then dialed a number. An unfamiliar male voice spoke.

"Miss, what's the order?"

"Is he still alive?"

"Yes."

Angie looked at Eric and hooked her lips. "Let him answer the call."

In the next second, a trembling, fearful voice came from the phone.

"Help! Eric, it's me, Dad. Help me! I'm Charles Ferguson! No matter how much money they want, don't bargain with them. Hurry up and let me out! I'm sick again, and there's a war going on here..."

Charles Ferguson's voice was extremely wretched and devoid of its usual steadiness.

Eric narrowed his sharp eyes.

The point of this call was that Charles Ferguson was not in Mediania.

The next second, Angie hung up the phone.

The two of them looked at each other. Angie's meaningful smile deepened.

Angie let go of Eric, curled her lips into a cold smile, and slowly pushed Eric away to put on her clothes.

"Mr. Ferguson, from now on, the relationship between us is up to me."

Angie was most adept at getting the upper hand, whether it be by coercion or sophistry.

The knock on the door was rushed and persistent.

Eric walked over and opened the door. His face was gloomy and frightening.

The people at the door were instantly shocked for a moment.

It was as if they did not expect the person who came out from the room to be the President of Ferguson Corporation, Eric Ferguson.

Eric took in the shocked gazes of the reporters one by one.

However, he was not in the mood to lose his temper. He knew that this was Angie's trap.

Eric did not expect Angie to be smarter than he imagined.

Making a move on Eric and getting these reporters were not something that could be completed in a day or two.

Angie came prepared.

Hah!

Eric walked out with a cold face. At that moment, a ballsy tabloid reporter came forward and asked.

"Mr. Ferguson, may I ask why you're here?"

With that, everyone waited in silent anticipation for an answer. They were very cautious.

The air was filled with a chill that came from Eric.

The tabloid reporter gulped. Getting Eric's gossip was more explosive than any of those showbiz gossips.

Once this bold idea surfaced, the reporter lost his sanity.

He put the microphone and camera forward to block Eric's path.

The reporter was really risking his life.

When Eric heard this question, he paused for two seconds.

He then lifted his eyes and stared at the tabloid reporter. His tone was vicious.

"Do I need to report to you where I'm going?"

The tabloid reporter was scared. Just as he was just about to speak, Eric kicked the camera that was blocking his way.

His eyes were gloomy and indifferent, with bitter anger that turned people away from him. He did not care what the consequences of offending the reporter would be.

Everyone was so frightened that they could not help but step back. They were all afraid that their cameras would get implicated since the equipment was expensive. It was like their lives. Eric's eyes coldly swept over the people in front of him. His thin lips parted slightly.  
"Get out, all of you!"

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

## Boss Chapter 1465

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Just when everyone was at a standstill, another person came out from the room where Eric came out from in the next second. It was a woman.

A woman who looked like Nicole. Her eyes looked a little lazy from a hangover. This woman that came out of Eric's room gave off an unspeakably ambiguous atmosphere. These reporters suddenly understood this mysterious person's big reveal. Was there anything more exciting than this scene? Eric Ferguson has another new love! Was it true love, or a substitute? This discussion would definitely set off huge waves on the internet! The woman leaned against the door and was not surprised by the scene in front of her. She looked very satisfied. She looked at Eric and said in an intimate tone, "Eric, why are you so fierce? They're just doing their job..." Angie looked at the damaged equipment on the ground and smiled. "Don't worry, I'll pay for the damaged items." Everyone looked at her in shock. They were shocked by her appearance, but upon closer look, her features were not too similar to Nicole's. It was just the first glance that gave off an illusion of similarity. This was probably the make-up technique that was commonly used by understudies in film and television shoots. However, no one thought in that direction. After the silence, Angie flipped her hair and walked over to hold Eric's arm. "It's getting late. Shall we go?" Angie looked at Eric with a smile. The reporters naturally would not let go of this intimate image. However, the aura of these two people looked a little off. The fact that they came out of the same room was enough to show the unusual relationship between them. Eric's attitude was cold and indifferent. They were like fire and water. Even if their actions were intimate, they did not feel like a couple. The next second, Angie took his arm, but Eric violently shook off her hand. Eric looked extremely disgusted like he had touched garbage. After that, Eric left with big strides. His eyes were trained straight ahead. Angie smiled and followed him.

In less than five minutes, this news became the number one trending topic. "Eric Ferguson's new love: is it true love or a substitute?" This title was magnified, and countless past events about Eric and Nicole were dug up.

Everyone looked back and recalled that it had been less than two years since their divorce.

The impression that Eric left on the public in these two years was the harm he did to Nicole, his determination to dominate in the business world, and the prosperity of Ferguson Corporation.

They also lamented on how Eric tried to get Nicole back but failed miserably. Now, another woman became the topic of discussion.

Nicole was naturally caught up in it.

Everyone was desperately trying to dig up Angie's background. After all, if Eric liked her even as a stand-in, it was worth it.

[She's just a substitute, right? What a pity! Poor Mr. Ferguson. I fully support Nicole and Clayton!]

[Reply to the above: Are you human?]

[From a certain angle, she looks like Goddess Nicole, but upon closer look, her features are completely different. It's probably her makeup. This woman is really good at catering to Eric Ferguson's liking.]

[She looks more like a fake. She's not pretty at all. Leave our Nicole alone so that she can be her perfect self!]

[I've always shipped Nicole and Eric, but it looks like they both have their new love. By the way, who is this woman?]

[What's this substitute's background?]

[The whole world found out after a one-night stand. Poor Mr. Ferguson! Is he caught in a badger game?]

The online public opinion was abuzz. Everyone was probing Angie's background. Some said that she was an ordinary woman, while others said that she was a high-society lady in the circle.

However, no one came out to verify Angie's identity.

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1466

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Ferguson Corporation.

Angie sat in Eric's office and smiled at the various comments on the internet. It was entertaining.

Eric had been looking glum since he returned. He was even more unhappy after the meeting.

He sat on the chair and saw that Angie was still around, then he sternly swept a glance to Mitchell.

Mitchell shivered.

"Mr. Ferguson, we're controlling the online public opinion, but for the time being, I'm afraid..."

Eric looked at it. The more he looked, the angrier he became.

"Do you still need me to teach you how to do it?"

Mitchell shook his head. "I informed the public relations department. This trending topic will be withdrawn immediately."

Eric had a stern face as he looked at Angie, who was sitting there.

Angie sensed his gaze and smiled leisurely. "It's too late to withdraw it. I'm sure Nicole has already seen it. It can't be concealed anyway."

As soon as she said this, the chill in the office seemed to be more intense.

Angie was deliberately provoking Eric and did not care whether Eric would get angry. "It's useless to withdraw it, Eric. You'd better get your company to come out and explain that I'm your fiancée and that we're in a legitimate relationship, so spending a night together is reasonable. Otherwise, our one-night stand will become a stain on you..."

According to the trend of the discussion online, everyone was certain that they were in an intimate relationship.

If Angie's origins were unknown or if money transactions were involved, then this gossip would turn into a scandal.

At that time, this stain on Ferguson Corporation would never be erased.

Eric stared at her with a sunken cold gaze. Mitchell, who was on the side, coughed. "Mr. Ferguson, what she said makes sense..."

This was also the result of the PR department's discussion in the quickest possible time.

Although they were experienced in dealing with such unexpected events, there was no substantial evidence, so they could explain it however they wanted.

Now, the reporters stopped Eric and that woman at the door of the hotel room, so everyone knew the truth. How could they possibly bury their heads in the sand? To resolve this PR crisis, Eric must admit that they were dating and that this woman's identity was legitimate.

Otherwise, it was inevitable that people would associate it with the power and sex trade.

However, once the identity of this woman was confirmed, it was equivalent to admitting that Eric had a change of heart.

The relationship between Eric and Nicole would completely cease to exist.

The internet would store everything that happened, so Eric did not want to do that.

Eric's face was stern, and his eyes had a thick fog that could not fade away.

His tone was extremely cold as he gritted his teeth. "I don't need it."

Mitchell paused.

Angie was uncompromising. She raised her eyes and smiled provocatively. "I need it, Eric. I must see this statement within an hour. Otherwise, you'll receive one of your father's limbs from the other side of the Pacific Ocean."

As soon as Angie said that, the air in the office froze completely.

Even Mitchell's face unconsciously paled.

Angie blatantly threatened Eric without even the slightest hint of euphemism.

Moreover, it was such a gory way to threaten Eric.

Angie took her phone and smiled. "If you don't believe me, you can try."

An arms dealer who came out of the war was sadistic and bloodthirsty in nature.

Just because Angie had created a false identity to come to this peaceful country did not mean that she loved peace.

Angie hooked her lips, stood up, lifted her feet, and walked toward the door.

Mitchell looked at Eric. His voice was trembling slightly.

"Mr. Ferguson, it's more important to keep your father alive first. Let's talk about the rest later!"

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1467

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Trying to get Eric to compromise was not a simple matter. Eric had not bowed his head to anyone else except for Nicole. However, Angie wanted to press Eric's head down. She might be courageous or just suicidal.

Eric was silent for a few seconds without making a sound. His sharp gaze had a bloodthirsty coldness. "Do as she says."

Mitchell let out a sigh of relief. "Yes, sir."

He went out to order the PR department to do as requested and watched as Angie returned with some snacks that she just bought.

Mitchell froze for a moment.

He could tell that she bought them from a store downstairs.

Mitchell met Angie face to face and could not avoid her even if he wanted to. Angie looked at him and smiled devilishly.

"Mitchell, has Mr. Ferguson compromised?"

Mitchell was flabbergasted and nodded. "Mr. Ferguson decided to prioritize the big picture."

He gave his boss a good excuse.

Angie smiled. "He's not invulnerable, is he?"

Mitchell lowered his head, not daring to answer the question.

After all, Angie was indeed the first person who could force Eric to compromise.

Angie did not care about Mitchell's reaction and smiled as she surveyed the office.

"I'm going to look around. After all, being his fiancée is just the first step. I'll be married to him soon, so I'll be here a lot from now on."

Mitchell's face stiffened, and his heart was incomparably shocked. 'This woman really dared to dream! Marry Eric?'

On the surface, Mitchell looked unfazed, but he was secretly worrying for Eric. It looked like Eric had a tricky problem coming his way.

"Mitchell, is there nothing you want to ask me? It looks like you're curious about me, and so are the others, but they didn't have the chance to ask..."

Mitchell paused and raised his eyes to look at her.

"Ms. Angie, do you really not mind being a substitute?"

Mitchell wanted to ask a lot of questions, but only this question came to his mouth.

Since Angie appeared, she had been deliberately imitating Nicole.

Last night, although Mitchell did not know what happened, Mitchell knew that Eric had great self-control. Ordinary women were not attractive to Eric, and Eric was not the kind of person who would misbehave after drinking.

Eric would only jump into the fire if Angie somehow made it about Nicole.

Time and time again, it was all about Nicole.

They were both women, and women were notoriously infamous for their intense jealousy.

Did Angie really not mind?

Angie looked at Mitchell and curled her lips into a smile. The corners of her eyes were curved slightly upward, with a deliberately suppressed chill and slyness. "I don't mind. I always like a win-win situation where both parties are willing. He'll think of Ms. Stanton when he looks at me, and I'll get to be with him. Isn't that a win-win situation?" Angie said it as a matter of course without a hint of delay. Her logic was really not quite the same as ordinary people's. Mitchell smiled. "I have no more questions. Goodbye, Ms. Angie." Angie suddenly called out to him. Her voice was a little cold. "Mitchell, how many family members do you have?"

Somehow, Mitchell suddenly felt that this question gave him the creeps. It was especially so since this question came from the mouth of an arms dealer. Mitchell inexplicably felt a burst of chill. He took a few seconds to catch his breath before speaking solemnly.

"Please spare me! I didn't mean to pry!" After saying that, Mitchell immediately turned around and left. If he stayed one more second, he suspected that Angie might pull out a gun from her waist at any time and shoot him. It really felt like he was walking on the edge of a knife. Angie sneered. She had never seen such a cowardly person before.

Half an hour later. Stanton Corporation. Nicole sat in the office and had been watching entertainment gossip all morning. She unapologetically looked at Eric and Angie's news.

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1468

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Eric and Angie's news had been left to brew before the latest clarification. Ferguson Corporation introduced and quelled the scandal in a few short sentences. "Mr. Eric Ferguson and Ms. Angie are engaged. This matter has to do with Mr. Ferguson's privacy, so please do not spread rumors. We will maintain the right to pursue this otherwise." That was all. Angie had been in the spotlight on the trending topics for a while and was inevitably compared with Nicole. However, Ferguson Corporation's statement showed that Angie and Eric were engaged and acknowledged their relationship in a proper way. This already showed that Angie was not a woman of ordinary status. On the contrary, Angie was worthy of Eric to a certain extent. Thus, people included her in the ranks of the elite circle.

However, the people in the circle frantically implied that there was no such person among the high- society ladies.

At one time, Angie's mystery could be linked to some rich man's family background.

However, no one really knew about her.

The public opinion on the internet from this explosive news gradually calmed down.

Some people who had been supporting Eric and Nicole as a couple withdrew with some regret, while others were doubting Angie's possibility of being a stand-in.

No one was optimistic about this relationship.

Nicole watched for a long time. Her eyebrows were locked. From time to time, she would take a small sip of coffee.

Logan knocked on the door, but Nicole did not even hear it.

Logan coughed when he saw the web page Nicole was looking at. He paused and asked, "President, you're not sad, right?"

Nicole rolled her eyes. "Which eye of yours sees that I'm sad?"

Logan's words were intentionally looking for trouble.

Logan said, "In the past, I didn't notice that you're so interested in gossip..."

Nicole paused, looked for a few seconds, then closed the page.

She knocked on the desk with one hand. "How's Ferguson Corporation's stock price?"

Logan was flabbergasted. The sudden question overwhelmed him.

It turned out that Nicole was looking at the gossip because what she really cared about was stocks.

He was too superficial.

Logan immediately replied with a straight face. "It fluctuated quite strongly three hours ago, but now, it has gradually leveled off and risen again. It's still down 0.5 percent from before the incident."

Nicole nodded.

"If Ferguson Corporation didn't issue a statement, I'm afraid it'd be more than 0.5 percent."

Logan was confused for a moment. "Do you mean... This statement is fake?"

Nicole raised her eyebrows. "I didn't say that."

However, forcing Eric to issue this statement meant that this woman was really not simple.

It seemed that when Angie appeared at the Carter family's banquet, she was not targeting Nicole, but Eric.

Nicole did not know what to say.

This fiasco was a big deal. They were trapped by reporters at the entrance of the hotel, so this trap was certainly vulgar and deep.

Needless to think, Eric must be going crazy by now.

Who would have thought that Eric would compromise?

This meant that Angie must have something over Eric.

At this point, Nicole did not want to continue to think about it.

Whether it was true or not, this had nothing to do with Nicole anymore.

It was also not Nicole's place to butt in. As they were talking, Nicole's phone rang.

The phone was placed next to the table. Logan inadvertently swept a glance and felt his eyebrows twitch.

Speak of the devil!

The caller ID showed that it was Eric Ferguson.

Nicole hesitated to pick it up. Logan seemed to feel that he was not needed, so he found an excuse and ran out.

The incoming calls in the office kept ringing as if they were deliberately going against Nicole's wishes.  
If Nicole did not answer, it would keep ringing.

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1469

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Read Chapter 1469 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Nicole hesitated. Eric calling her at this time was definitely not for business matters.  
However, there was nothing to talk about between them regarding private matters.  
Nicole was suddenly a little annoyed. She held the phone and hesitated.  
With a slip of the hand, the call was connected. Her heart skipped a beat as she felt guilty.  
However, she soon regained her composure and thought, 'So what if I answer his call?'  
"Nicole..."  
Eric's voice was low and raspy. It was unbelievably heavy.  
Nicole was silent for a few seconds before she spoke. "Mr. Ferguson, what do you want?"  
Eric took a deep breath. His voice was deep, tired, and helpless. "I'm sorry."  
This "sorry" did not sound like an apology for what he did in the past.

Rather, it felt like it was for today.  
Nicole pursed her lips. "The past is long gone. I just saw the news online and should say congratulations, right?"  
This kind of reaction was the most normal, right?  
Eric was silent for a full minute. Over the phone, Nicole could feel Eric's depressed mood.  
However, she could not do anything about it. At that moment, Nicole clutched the phone. "If there's nothing, I'm hanging up..."  
"Nicole..." Eric laughed lightly and continued, "You really know how to hurt me."  
Eric did not feel that hopeless for the whole incident, but that "congratulations" from Nicole was extremely hurtful.  
It was painfully suffocating.  
Nicole stiffened for a moment. She did not know what to say, and she could not say anything else.  
Eric finally calmed down. "Forget it. It's good to hear your voice."  
Nicole paused, then hung up the phone.

She was afraid that if she continued to listen to him, Eric would say something awkward.  
After Nicole put down the phone, she looked at the latest report sent by the various departments. Her phone then chimed.  
It was a message.  
After reading it, someone knocked on the door and came in.  
Nicole thought it was Logan, so she did not even raise her head.  
"Logan, help me to iron my coat. I'm going out later."

The other party did not make a sound but still went to the door to get Nicole's coat. He then went to the side table to prepare to iron it. Nicole even wondered why Logan was suddenly so quiet. When Nicole looked up, she saw that Clayton was laying out Nicole's coat on the ironing board, preparing to iron it. Nicole was stunned and stood up in a hurry. "It's you?" She walked over. "Put it away. Let Logan do it later." The corners of Clayton's lips held a warm smile as he glanced at her somewhat helplessly. "No wonder Michael said that Logan is all-powerful. Not only does he have to help you with the company's affairs, but he also does small things like ironing your clothes?" Nicole shrugged helplessly. "Logan is omnipotent!" Clayton smiled and moved gently and carefully. "Then spare him this time. I'll iron your clothes." "Mr. Sloan, your skills are really becoming more comprehensive." "How can I take care of you if I'm not comprehensive?" Nicole smiled and suddenly realized something. "What are you doing here?" Clayton asked, "Can't I come over if there's nothing?" "Of course, you can, but it's rather sudden..." Nicole frowned and muttered, "I just didn't arrange my schedule..." Clayton raised his eyes. The smile at the corners of his lips never diminished. "To be honest, I was afraid that the online public opinion would affect your mood, so I purposely rushed over to see you. Are you okay?" Nicole gave him a speechless look. "It has nothing to do with me, so why would my mood be affected?" Clayton said, "It's good that it didn't. I booked a restaurant at noon. Shall we have lunch together?" Nicole smiled shyly. "I have a facial appointment with Yvette, so I can't have lunch with you at noon."

## The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1470

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Clayton paused for a second. "Alright then. I'll send you there?" Nicole nodded and urged him. "Focus on ironing my clothes!" Clayton was speechless. No doubt, he was just a tool.

Yvette had not yet reacted to her identity after receiving her marriage license. Fiona had already prepared their new house. Her speed was unbelievable. Early in the morning, Yvette was watching the online gossip with great interest when her phone rang. It was Lance. Lance called her for the first time since they got married. Since their identities were different, they naturally could not be as casual as before. Yvette carefully picked up the call.

"Hello?"

Lance paused. "Are you home?"

Yvette subconsciously answered, "What is it?" Lance was silent for a few seconds.

"Our new house is ready. Should I take you there to have a look?"

There was a full ten seconds of silence over the phone.

Only then did Yvette react. Her mood of reading gossip was completely gone.

Lance sighed. "Are you not up yet? I'll wait for you downstairs. There's no need to rush. Take your time. I have all day."

After saying that, he hung up the phone because he knew that Yvette must feel even more awkward than he did.

Yvette froze for a second and hurriedly ran to the balcony to look down.

Sure enough, Lance's car was parked there. Lance was also inside.

Yvette panicked. She was lazing in bed until midmorning, and her new husband was waiting for her at the door.

She used the fastest time to wash up and get dressed. She put on some makeup and mentally prepared herself.

Somehow, she could not stay calm.

Lance and Yvette did not even have an emotional foundation and only had one meal together before they went to get their marriage license. No one would believe them if they said it out loud.

Yvette did not know how to get along with Lance.

Lance had a whole day, which meant that after looking at the house, Yvette had to eat alone with him, and after the meal, they had to spend time alone and do things that couples should do.

Yvette did not dare to imagine it.

She trembled and found Nicole's number. She was afraid that calling Nicole would reveal her nervousness, so she simply sent a message.

By the time Yvette came downstairs, she was the polished young lady again with just a hint of awkwardness on her face.

Lance got out of the car and opened the door for her like a gentleman, without the slightest impatience on his face.

He looked at her and gently handed over the breakfast he had prepared.

"You haven't eaten yet, right? Have a little first..."

Yvette took it with both hands. "Thank you... Uh... I slept a little late last night because I was up late reading some project documents, so I couldn't get up in the morning..."

She stumbled to explain why she slept until mid-morning.

Yvette still valued her image after all.

Lance looked at her and suddenly smiled. A warm look surfaced on his face.

"Well, our Ms. Quimbey's dedication to her job is certainly commendable."

When Lance said that, Yvette suddenly closed her mouth.

She could not pretend anymore.

Who was she to act as a hard worker in front of Lance, who was a known workaholic?

Lance felt his heart tingle when he saw Yvette bowing her head in embarrassment. He was just teasing her, but she was so shy.

The air was silent for a moment.

He started the car. In less than fifteen minutes, they arrived at their new house.

It was a luxury villa in the city center. People who could afford this area generally would not ask for the price of things.

Yvette had an impression of this plot of land. When it was first completed, it was not even for sale to the public and was already booked out before it was

announced.

It was the best in terms of environment and security.

Lance got out of the car and took her inside. When the door opened, Lance took her wrist.

“Wait a minute.”