

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2181

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Saying Goodbye to Yvette The old master talked to Yvette for a long time.

He had been living recklessly and dangerously for his whole life.

In the end, he gave up everything and turned himself in because of his daughter.

The police officer saw that it was almost time and went over to remind him that they had to leave.

The old master stood up with his trembling body and looked at the haggard Mrs. Quimbey.

His eyes were filled with remorse and guilt, and he blamed himself endlessly.

“I’m sorry.

I promised that I wouldn’t meet her and recognize her, let alone disturb your lives.

But this still happened...

I’m really sorry.” He looked at her with sad eyes and restrained feelings.

However, he did not dare to reveal his emotions.

That was because he was afraid of seeing Mrs.

Quimbey’s disgust and hatred.

Mrs. Quimbey did not respond.

The old master closed his eyes and left with the police.

Lance stood there and looked at Yvette's portrait deeply.

He was cold, dismal, and silent.

Mrs. Quimbey took a deep breath.

"Lance, you should go back.

You're a good husband to Yvette, and I'm sure she was grateful to you.

You should live a good life in the future." Mrs.

Quimbey did not know what else she could say, so she turned around and left.

She looked at Nicole and Julie, nodded, and left in silence.

Nicole saw Lance standing in the drizzle and felt sorry for him.

She thought about what she took from the flight attendant and stepped forward.

"This is what Yvette wrote on her flight back to Atlanta.

The flight attendant found out about Yvette's incident and didn't throw it away.

You can keep it..." Lance paused and reached out to take it.

Nicole took one last look at Yvette's grave before she turned around and left.

They needed their own space.

Before long, Nicole heard Lance sobbing loudly behind her.

That incomparable sadness, accompanied by the drizzle, was unforgettable.

This was the end of Yvette's story.

It took them a long time to get over Yvette's death.

They did not really feel that Yvette was dead.

She was just living in another place.

Yvette's parcel to Nicole was stuck at customs for nearly a month.

When Nicole received it, she felt sad and miserable.

Nicole opened the package with red eyes and saw the small gifts inside.

She was so despondent that she could not speak.

There was a small note inside that read, "I hope that Lil Chatty grows up healthily and happily!" Nicole held back her tears and

put the things away.

Clayton went over to hug Nicole and patted her on the back.

"I know you're grieving, but you still have to look forward.

We shouldn't give these things to Lance, lest he gets more depressed." Nicole nodded.

"I know.

He moved his company from Atlanta back to Central Mediana, which is equivalent to giving up on all his hard work, so I won't rub salt into his wounds." Clayton smiled, stroked her hair, and sighed.

Nicole hugged him and cried for a while.

She fell asleep from crying too much, so Clayton took her back to the bedroom.

Chatty came in and tried to climb up to the bed with her short legs.

However, she was not tall enough.

After trying for a long time, she only managed to hang half of her body on the bed.

When Clayton heard the movement, he got up and looked at Chatty helplessly.

He stretched out his hand and made a hush gesture.

Chatty opened her eyes wide and nodded solemnly.

Then, she continued to climb on the bed.

Clayton was speechless.

Soon, Chatty found out that something was wrong.

Fischer pulled her legs from behind and wanted to climb up too.

Chatty was annoyed and kicked him to the ground.

Fischer pouted his lips.

Seeing that the two kids were about to get into a fight, Clayton walked over in a few steps and walked out of the room holding

one kid in each hand.

Clayton had a serious expression on his face as he looked at Chatty.

“Didn't I tell you that Mommy is in a bad mood these days? You're not allowed to disturb her!” Chatty pouted and said

aggrievedly, “But I want to kiss Mommy!” Fischer also said eagerly, “I want to kiss Mommy too!” Clayton frowned.

Under his cold gaze, Fischer changed his words and said, “I want to kiss Godmother!” Clayton softened his gaze.

“You can't kiss her because you've grown up.” Fischer, who was not yet four years old, was speechless.

He wanted to throw a tantrum, but Clayton was exuding such a strong and intimidating vibe.

Thus, Fischer only looked at Clayton aggrievedly.

Fischer stretched out his arms to hug Chatty for comfort and finally kissed her little cheek.

Chatty did not know what happened and looked at Fischer with a smile.

Clayton's face turned dark as he thought, ‘I didn't allow him to kiss my wife, so he kissed my daughter?! This little brat! I'll beat

him up!’ A few days later, Nicole resumed her normal schedule and commuted to and from work.

Clayton sent her to the office.

If Nicole had no other business engagements, she would call Clayton to pick her up.

Logan thought that this routine would not last long because to outsiders, this was a driver's job.

However, they underestimated Clayton's passion for being Nicole's driver.

Clayton would come and pick Nicole up, rain or shine. He also liked to use different cars to pick her up.

Every car he drove would attract everyone's attention because they were all ridiculously expensive.

Nicole did not care much about the price of the car since this was Clayton's hobby.

Thus, she would not persuade him to pretend to be poor.

That was because he did not stop her when she bought diamonds.

It was drizzling outside.

It was gloomy lately.

Logan knocked on the door and came in.

"President, Euan Churchill from Astrolabe Enterprises invited you for a spa treatment this afternoon.

Do you want to go...?" Nicole raised her eyebrows.

She had a good impression of Astrolabe Enterprises' new president, Euan Churchill.

They did not play golf or go for drinks.

Instead, he liked to drag her for spa treatments and massages when he was free.

Later when Clayton found out, he felt a sense of crisis and followed them out a few times, but he never joined them again.

That was because Clayton found out that Euan Churchill liked men, especially him! This knowledge made Clayton feel uncomfortable that he could not stop thinking about it. Nicole did not care.

Euan was clean, polite, and well-spoken, so what did it matter who he liked? She agreed without hesitation.

Logan smiled and sighed.

“At least my self-esteem won’t be battered today.”

Nicole frowned.

“Huh?” Logan knew that she was just asking casually, so he explained with a smile, “That’s because every time Mr. Sloan comes

to pick you up, he drives a different luxury car to catch your attention.

But whenever I see those cars, my self-esteem gets hurt because I’m just a corporate slave...” Nicole smiled and raised her eyebrows.

Her eyes were bright and vivid.

“Then you guys have to work harder so that I can continue to buy more luxury cars!” Logan was speechless and felt attacked.

Nicole sent a message to Clayton and told him about her appointment.

Clayton wanted to follow, but when he heard that it was with Euan, he did not even want to show his face. Nicole smiled and said nothing.

In the afternoon, Logan and a female assistant sent her there.

Naturally, the female assistant stayed back with Nicole. Coincidentally, Euan also had a female assistant with him.

A place where women gathered was more relaxing. Nicole also liked to talk business during her leisure time.

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