

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

## Chapter 1881

### Chapter 1881 Afraid That She'll Misunderstand

The assistant scratched his head and looked around the conference room.

"Mr. Sheldon was just in here, but he just disappeared in a blink of an eye. He's not in his office either since I just came from there."

The assistant somehow felt that Yvette's smile was not a real smile, so he dared not joke with her. Yvette's heart sank completely.

Her eyes turned gloomy.

The assistant said, "Ms. Quimbey, why don't you go back to your office and wait. I'll give Mr. Sheldon a call."

Yvette refused.

"No need. You can go about your work. I'll just contact him myself."

The assistant saw no fluctuations in her expression. She did not look like she was angry. He nodded before he turned around and went about his business.

Yvette paused. She had a bad premonition.

Lance was not in the conference room or his office, so where would he be?

Her hands that were carrying the coffee were unconsciously sweating.

Yvette pretended as if nothing was wrong and wandered around.

Everyone was used to seeing Yvette's casual look, so they were not concerned about it.

When she walked to the stairway in a more remote corner, she seemed to hear a deliberately lowered voice coming from inside.

Her heart trembled. She then lightened her footsteps and went closer.

The stairway was surrounded by miscellaneous items.

Yvette stood there and leaned toward the door. Finally, she heard a voice inside.

Sure enough, it was Lance's ex-girlfriend, Whitney Locke.

"I know that you have no choice but to agree to that marriage alliance. I really didn't mean to take your mother's money. Your mother was the one who tricked me by saying that she'd agree to our marriage if I went abroad for two years of further studies. But as soon as I left, you got married. What's this all about?"

Whitney cried with sorrow.

Yvette heard every word loud and clear.

Her body turned stiff and cold.

She did not know how to describe what she felt at that moment.

Was it betrayal, or disappointment?

It seemed that it was neither, but it also seemed to be both.

Yvette was hoping that this was just a one-man show by Lance's ex-girlfriend, Whitney.

She hoped that Lance was not there.

As a result, a deep and familiar voice that was breathing sensuously in her ear just this morning came through.

At this moment, it felt so strangely distant.

Lance said, "It doesn't matter anymore since it's already irrevocable. You should leave once you finish this project."

Whitney's crying voice was trembling.

"Why? Why can't you let me stay by your side? I'm supposed to be your wife, not that uneducated trash of a woman! She has such a bad reputation. She used to be someone's mistress who destroyed other people's families. She even ran away with that man. How can you be with such a woman?!" In an instant, Yvette felt like someone poured a bucket of cold water all over her body. The piercing chill instantly overwhelmed her.

She could not even move a muscle, and her ears were buzzing.

Yvette experienced and suffered that horrible past, and she paid the price for it.

However, now that she heard someone else recounting her unpleasant past to her husband, she suddenly felt a bone-piercing cold, and she was humiliated to the core.

Yvette thought, 'Am I so unbearable? Trash?' Lance's tone was calm as he said, "It's already a well-known fact that she's my wife, and I know everything about her, so I don't need others to remind me about it. I accept her past no matter what it was, and I certainly don't appreciate others belittling her."

"Do you like her that much? You were also this protective of me back then! Everyone said that I wasn't good enough for you, but you still stood firmly by my side. Didn't you also love me back then?"

Whitney could not hold back. She tried to use the past to awaken his love for her.

Lance was silent for a moment before he spoke in a low voice.

"I don't want to talk about the past, and you shouldn't mention our relationship in front of my wife. I'm afraid that she'll misunderstand."

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## Chapter 1882

### **Chapter 1882 I Don't Love Her**

Yvette overheard their conversation to this point and did not want to hear any more.

She did not know what was the point of eavesdropping.

Up to now, how could Lance still decide to hide it from her?

The entire company already knew about this matter, but she was the only one kept in the dark. If Yvette had not known about it in advance, would she have acted like a fool and gone to make friends with her new colleague?

Yvette stood there. For the first time, she felt that she was so pathetic.

Lance knew everything about her, but he did not want to share his secrets with her.

After one short year of marriage, Yvette thought that the two of them were compatible enough to grow old together.

But now, it seemed like it was a little too far-fetched for their relationship to last so long.

That stairway door separated both their worlds. Yvette did not understand this side of Lance at all. Whitney questioned Lance like she was his legitimate girlfriend.

"Misunderstand? You're afraid that she'll misunderstand? What about me? I didn't spend a single penny of the money your mother gave me. Will you come back to me if I return the money to her?"

Lance remained silent.

Whitney cried even harder.

"I really wish that we can go back to the old days. I just want to improve myself so that I'll be worthy enough to stand by your side. But how can you not give me some time?"

After a long time, Lance said softly and feebly, " I'm sorry."

Lance just wanted to apologize to Whitney. However, outside the door, Yvette took this apology as his regret for their marriage.

Yvette thought, 'Right... He regretted it. Why else would he apologize if he didn't regret it? Our marriage is legitimate, so why should he feel guilty about it?'

For the first time, Yvette felt very powerless.

She clenched and unclenched her fists.

Yvette finally accepted the fact that she was not the only woman in his heart.

She turned around and headed out the door, looking like she just lost her soul.

Yvette initially wanted to slap this cheating couple and teach them a lesson, but when it really came down to it, she could not bring herself to do such a thing.

Nothing good came out of every relationship that she was serious about.

The first time, Yvette was tricked into going all out and ended up hurting another woman unknowingly.

This time, it seemed to be the same.

No. This time, someone else came to hurt her. Perhaps, this was retribution!

There was a trash can next to Yvette.

The coffee in her hand had long turned cold, and Yvette was disgusted by the sweet smell.

Yvette lifted her hand and threw the two cups of coffee on top of the trash can so that they could be conveniently taken away by the janitor.

She walked out with a pale face and did not go back to the office to wait for Lance.

Instead, she walked in the direction of the elevator.

The assistant saw this and froze for a moment. "Ms. Quimbey, you're not waiting for Mr. Sheldon?"

Yvette did not say anything and left with downcast eyes.

She looked so listless.

The usually bright and flamboyant Ms. Quimbey looked like a dog in mourning.

At the entrance of the stairway.

Whitney thought that she could move Lance with what she said.

Based on what she knew of Lance, although Lance was tough on business matters, he was very tolerant of his woman.

It was impossible for him not to be soft-hearted. As long as Lance agreed for her to stay by his side, then it was only a matter of time before she could have him all to herself.

"It's only a marriage alliance. I know that you don't love her, so why don't you give yourself a chance? Lance, I won't mind as long as I can stay by your side. I don't need a status!"

Lance's eyes darkened, and his face was cold and harsh as he looked up at her.

He was shocked at her suggestion.

"Whitney, I'm sorry for what my mother did to you, but it doesn't mean that I regretted my marriage. My wife is a very simple person, and I hope that you won't disturb her life. Also, don't even think about staying by my side."

Lance turned around to leave. He felt a coldness from his hand that was on the door handle.

He suddenly turned his head slightly and said after a pause, "Also, who said that I don't love her?"

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## Chapter 1883

Chapter 1883 He's Blind

Lance walked away after he finished speaking. Whitney stared at his back in shock. Her face was extremely glum.

"Who said that I don't love her?"

Whitney thought, 'This means that Lance loves Yvette! He actually loves her?!'

Even back then when they were at their most intimate, Lance never said that he loved Whitney. She thought that he was incapable of love, much less willing to express it.

However, he just admitted to her that he loved another person.

Lance walked out of the stairway. When he passed the trash can, he paused in his footsteps.

His expression changed slightly when he saw what was on top of the trash can.

He did not remember seeing these two cups of coffee on top of the trash can when he walked in. Did someone come by?

Lance wrinkled his brow. He picked up the two cups of coffee with a cold face and went to his workstation.

"Whose are these?"

Lance asked the right person.

His assistant smiled, and his eyes lit up.

"Mr. Sheldon, aren't these the coffee that Ms. Quimbey brought you?"

Lance's expression changed dramatically. "Yvette? She just came over?"

A sense of panic suddenly arose in his heart.

It was like a gust of wind that could not be grasped.

The assistant nodded naturally.

"Yeah, she was looking for you everywhere just now, but for some reason, she suddenly left."

The assistant paused for a while. He frowned as he continued, "Oh, right. Ms. Quimbey didn't look very happy when she left. I don't know who made her angry."

Lance's face turned glum. He left the coffee and walked in the direction of the elevator.

"Mr. Sheldon, you have a golfing appointment later..."

Before the assistant finished speaking, the elevator had already descended.

The assistant touched his head and was very puzzled.

"Mr. Sheldon and Ms. Quimbey are acting so weirdly."

Another colleague coughed.

"Mr. Sheldon just went to the stairway with his ex-girlfriend. I'm guessing that Ms. Quimbey bumped into them doing who-knows-what..." Just as the colleague said this, a woman came out from the direction of the stairway.



The woman's eyes were slightly red and watery. She had a lazy charm about her. Her clothes were disheveled, and her breathing was still a bit labored.

Everyone instantly froze.

The air became stagnant.

Whitney also did not speak. She just hugged her body and pressed the elevator button, looking very lonely and aggrieved.

This scene was indescribable.

It was difficult for others to not let their imagination run wild.

Once Whitney got on the elevator, everyone immediately looked at one another.

In an instant, they let out a lamenting sigh.

"F\*ck!"

"Is Mr. Sheldon blind?!"

"Ms. Quimbey is gorgeous! Which part of her isn't better than that slutty and bitchy woman?!"

"Shh— She might really end up to be the winner..." Acolleague spoke cautiously.

"How is that possible?"

"Men just can't help themselves and want to fool around."

"Well, who else, besides Ms. Quimbey, have you seen together with Mr. Sheldon? He's also a typical man, so it's normal for him to be fascinated by other women. There are so many bosses just like that, wanting to keep their legal wives while having affairs with other women."

"But Mr. Sheldon and Ms. Quimbey have always had a very good relationship! They show off their love every day!"

“No matter how good their relationship is, can it compare to the ex-girlfriend? An ex-girlfriend is truly the most annoying existence in the world! Heh!”

Everyone instantly fell silent.

Lance was very anxious.

He really did not expect Yvette to bump into them so coincidentally.

Initially, Lance did not want Yvette to know because she would certainly be upset and make a fuss. After all, her character was quite erratic. However, Lance actually thought that it would be better if she would make a fuss.

At that moment, Yvette did not make a scene and only left quietly.

This was even more worrying than making a fuss. Lance tugged on his tie. His eyebrows were locked. He went downstairs, but Yvette was long gone. Thus, he called her.

As a result, she had already turned off her phone...

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## Chapter 1884

### **Chapter 1884 Divorce or Separation**

Lance was feeling anxious and complicated inside. He called home, but the maid was the one who answered the call.

“Is Madam home?”

The maid said, “No, didn’t Madam go to the office to look for you?”

She was just wondering about it.

Lance said, "Let me know when she's home."

"Yes, sir."

Lance let out a deep breath after hanging up the phone.

Yvette overheard his conversation with Whitney earlier.

'Would she overthink things?' Lance thought. Whitney's words earlier were very harsh. However, since Lance just found out about his mother's ploy to get rid of Whitney, he felt indebted to her and just let her keep venting her grievances.

Thus, he did not retort.

Who knew that it would be such a coincidence? Lance looked at Yvette's phone number and fell into deep thought. 'We were just being intimate this morning. Yet now, our relationship is about to be over so soon? I don't want it to end, and I can't let this end...'

He no longer had the mood to go back to work. Thus, he drove next to the sidewalk to look for Yvette, heading toward their home.

Yvette walked alone on the sidewalk. After a while, she somehow wandered to the entrance of a bar.

Tattle Bar.

Yvette had not been there for a long time.

She pushed the door in.

The bar was not yet open.

The manager went over to take a look. "Ms. Quimbey, why are you here now?"

Even if they were not open, the manager did not dare to kick customers like Yvette out.

"You haven't visited us for a long time. The wine that you kept with us last time is still here. You can sit at your old place, and I'll get someone to sing a nice song for you."

The manager was trying to suck up to her.

After all, they did not know what they have done for the great Ms. Quimbey to stop patronizing them. Without her, the business was not great. Yvette pursed her lips and sat on the bar. "Sure! Get someone to sing. I don't want a private room. Right here will do."

The manager was ecstatic.

He immediately called the resident singer to come over.

"Ms. Quimbey, what would you like to hear?"

"Whatever."

"What would you like to drink?"

"Whatever."

Yvette bowed her head, and she was in a sullen mood.

She wanted to indulge herself, but would that be enough to get back at Lance?

Yvette did not know what to do with herself in the future.

How should she face it?

Should she pretend not to know?

Or should she maintain a superficial love just like the other rich wives, and turn a blind eye to her husband's affairs?

Yvette's feelings came and went so quickly.

They probably disappeared when Lance apologized to Whitney.

That kind of bitterness that spread from her heart was a horrible and hopeless feeling.

Yvette wallowed in her sorrow and was unable to extricate herself.

The bar manager saw that Yvette was not in a good mood, so he dared not upsell to her at this moment.

He found a bottle of reasonably-priced wine that Yvette usually liked to drink and poured her a full glass.

The music started to play.

Yvette was not in the mood to enjoy the music. Why did all the lyrics sound like the word, "break up"?

She instantly felt more depressed.

Her phone was turned off without any movement. Yvette turned on her phone wanting to find someone to talk to.

As a result, she only saw the missed calls from Lance.

It was annoying as hell.

Yvette was just about to call Nicole when Lance's call came through again.

Was there no end to it?

Yvette calmly rejected the call, took a sip of wine, and called Nicole.

Nicole picked up, but she sounded busy.

"Ms. Quimbey, I asked you to lunch just now, but you ran off to find your husband. Why are you looking for me now?"

Yvette paused. She felt miserable.

"Nicole, can I ask you a question?"

Nicole paused. She could tell from Yvette's voice that something was wrong.

"What is it?"

"Which do you think will be better for me? Divorce or separation?"

Yvette's voice was hoarse as she tried to stay conscious and keep herself from crying.

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## Chapter 1885

### **Chapter 1885 There's No Misunderstanding**

There were too many aspects involved in a divorce. Thus, Yvette proposing a divorce was an earth-shattering revelation.

If the whole world knew that Yvette had lost to Lance's ex-girlfriend, how could she still maintain her reputation as the great Ms. Quimbey?

A separation would be the same as giving up Lance, but not the identity of Mrs. Sheldon

Yvette would just be like countless rich wives; either willingly keeping up a harmonious act and tolerating such a nasty thing, or squandering money on their sugar babies.

It did not matter.

Of course, Yvette would also have no right to meddle in her husband's private

to meddle in her husband's private affairs anymore.

Yvette could not decide if it was better to cut off their relationship once and for all or to keep an out-of-sight, out-of-mind attitude.

Divorce or separation?

Nicole was probably shocked by Yvette's sudden question

She was silent for a few seconds before she asked Yvette tentatively, "Yvette, are you joking? What happened?"

Yvette took a deep breath.

"I'm not kidding. I'm being serious. For the first time, I feel like it's degrading to be deeply in love with someone. It was like this with Sean back then, and it's still the same now that I'm married. Why can't I be more casual in relationships? That's the kind of person I was supposed to be!"

Those men dragged her into the whirlpool of love, yet they told her not to take it too seriously.

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Every relationship taught her something, but she just never learned her lesson.

Realizing the importance of the matter, Nicole softly persuaded her.

"Is there some kind of misunderstanding?"

Yvette suddenly lost control and burst into tears.

"Lance got his ex-girlfriend to work in the company, and everyone knew about it, but he kept it from me. I even overheard the two of them talking about how he regretted our marriage. What other misunderstanding can there be?"

Everyone in the bar was stunned when they heard this.

The bar manager stood there for a while,

XOS

not knowing what to do

He could only pretend not to hear anything and continue to serve Ms. Quimbey with all the finest things.

Previously, he heard that Ms. Quimbey got married and had a good relationship with her husband

He did not think that no couple in the ultra-rich circle could escape the fate of being superficially harmonious.

What a pity!

Nicole did not speak for a long time and listened to Yvette's uncontrolled cries. Her first reaction was that this was impossible.

However, Yvette was so certain about this. She even said that she heard it herself. Thus, Nicole did not know what was the truth

Lance did not look like that kind of

person, but no one could guarantee that. After all, it was always difficult to understand someone's true nature.

So many couples in affluent families had extramarital affairs because they knew that they only got married for benefits.

Those who married because of love were few and far between.

However, everyone thought that Lance and Yvette were different.

After they got married, their feelings for each other deepened day by day, just as everyone thought they would.

Now, Yvette suddenly and hysterically said that Lance cheated on her, which startled Nicole.



Yvette was still crying. The last time Nicole saw Yvette like this was the time Yvette found out that Sean lied to her.

Nicole slowly exhaled. She was still calm.

“Yvette, where are you?”

Yvette’s voice was hoarse. “I’m fine. I just want to be alone. But I want to ask your opinion on how I should deal with this.”

Nicole was silent for a few seconds before she answered.

“If you can tolerate it, just get a separation. If you can’t, then get a divorce. I’ll get you the best divorce lawyer to fight for your best interests.”

Yvette laughed out loud. She was crying and laughing at the same time.

“That’s more like it! I can’t leave without getting anything! I wanna take his property and spend all his money!”

After Yvette finished her sentence, she hung up the phone. Her heart ached even more.

Nicole stared at her phone, lost in thought.