

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 1896

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Took the Wrong Meds

The assistant smiled calmly. "Mr. Collins, I haven't been notified of that arrangement. If there are any personnel changes, the human resource staff will contact you."

Mr. Collins's face was pale, and he left looking defeated.

The assistant looked away dully and thought, ' Luckily, I've been on Yvette's side!'

Lance pulled Yvette back into the office. Yvette's struggle was futile, so she became a little impatient.

Once they were inside, she broke away and rubbed her wrist with one hand.

Yvette thought, 'My poor wrist! It was crushed twice today!'

She looked at Lance with dissatisfaction. "What are you doing? Did you take the wrong meds today?"

Lance stood there with his fists slightly clenched. He was referring to the business trip to Cali. Yvette's expression was dull as she raised an eyebrow.

"This is a company issue, so it should be discussed in the office. Why should I discuss it with you first? It wasn't too late to let you know just now."

There was nothing wrong with what she said, but Lance was upset.

He felt that something was about to emerge from his chest.

“Are you still angry because of Whitney’s appearance? I’ve already made it clear to her...”
Yvette interrupted him with a blank face.

“Lance, I’m not someone who can’t distinguish between work and personal matters. Your situation with her has nothing to do with me. I’m only going to Cali after careful consideration, so don’t mix it up.”

Lance’s face was glum. “Do you know how dangerous it is there? You’ll be gone for six months. Will you be able to stand it?”

He was not worried that the mission would fail. Rather, there were too many hidden dangers there. The main cause for those chaotic accounts was the lack of enforced rules there.

However, if it involved personal gain, who knew what kind of crazy things those people would be capable of?

Lance could not let Yvette bear the risk.

Yvette saw that Lance was really angry, so her face softened slightly.

She smiled, walked over, pulled his arm, and said in a softer voice, “I know. I’ll be careful. Just think of it as me going over to gain experience. Haven’t you been hoping that I can grow as soon as possible? Isn’t Cali the best opportunity for this?” Lance’s face was solemn, and his eyes were cold.

“No, I won’t let you go.”

“I’ve already decided.”

Yvette was firm in her stance.

“If I don’t approve of it, you can’t go.” Lance gritted his teeth.

Yvette looked at him. “Then I’ll resign.”

They were once again at an impasse.

It seemed like they had returned to their cold war state like last night.

Yvette turned around and left Lance's office.

The people outside were still a little confused. It was clear that the third party, Whitney, was no longer a threat, so why were they quarreling again?

Yvette sat in her office and calmed down.

Not long after, someone knocked on her door and came in.

The assistant brought over a cup of her favorite rose tea. "Ms. Quimbey, are you still angry?"

Yvette smiled. "What, haven't you seen enough of this morning's drama?"

She had always gotten along with everyone and did not put on airs.

Thus, she could joke with anyone about anything. The assistant was not afraid of Yvette. She was such an easy-going boss compared to Lance.

That was because saying a couple of sweet words was enough to cheer her up.

"Ms. Quimbey, we're all on your side! We don't believe that Mr. Sheldon is that kind of person either. Sigh... You're just too perfect, Ms. Quimbey. That's why those women are always jealous of you!"

Yvette could not help but laugh.

"Alright, stop discussing the past and don't spread this out, lest it impacts our company's stock prices."

The assistant paused and immediately looked at Yvette with admiration.

"Ms. Quimbey, you always think about the big picture! Most people won't even think of this! I'll give the order now."

Yvette was not angry and was even in the mood to joke with him, which meant that she did not have a fall out with Lance.

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In the end, How can people who have broken up be interested in the company's stock?

Yvette looked at the door silently, her smile restrained.

She considered it and called her mom to inform her.

Mrs. Quimbey paused for a minute before inquiring: "Are you sure you're going?"

Yvette replied, "If I don't go, I'll never be able to hold on, and I'll never be under your and the Sheldon family's wings to live a lifetime?"

Mrs. Quimbey sighed, most likely after much thought.

"You are free to go, but you must be aware of the danger. I want you to grow up, but I don't want you to have an accident, do you understand?"

Yvette responded with a sour look in her eyes.

"I know, Mother, but Lance hasn't let go. I'm curious if you could say hello to Aunt Fiona. Lance's life will be much easier if she agrees."

"All right, let me tell you." Mrs. Quimbey said after a brief pause.

After a few seconds, she repeated, "I heard something bad happened to you. Lance's ex went in search of him?"

You didn't suffer, did you?"

Yvette burst out laughing.

"Obviously not. Others may be concerned about the future of my relationship with Lance. Why do you enquire?"

Mrs. Quimbey scoffed, "I can't stand by and watch you get bullied. Despite the fact that it was said to be a marriage, I am also. I have chosen carefully for you. Lance is a nice guy, so he agreed to marry you.

But if he bullies you, I will not stand by and do nothing.

If you have complaints, don't put up with it. If you really can't get along, the divorced mother will back you up."

Yvette initially smiled. Later, her tears became uncontrollable.

Over the phone.

She cried silently because she couldn't imagine Mrs. Quimbey's expression when she said these words.

Mrs. Quimbey has always complained to her that she despises iron and steel, and she is the helpless daughter.

She's always causing trouble outside, and Mrs. Quimbey runs the company by herself and wipes her *ss.

Mrs. Quimbey expected her marriage to Lance to be the most fulfilling time of her life.

As a result, her first reaction when confronted with something is to endure it before considering the best way to defend herself.

Despite the fact that she knew the end was near, she decided to persevere.

In terms of marriage, Yvette has already given up her entire life, and all she can say is that she is unlucky. Because she knew in her heart that Mrs. Quimbey would not agree to a divorce.

She suddenly felt that all the grievances she had swallowed had reasons to spill out now that she had heard her words. She was free of the shackles and shackles in an instant, and she no longer had any scruples.

She is the Quimbey family's eldest lady, arrogant and fearless.

Both parties are silent.

Mrs. Quimbey didn't have to say anything; she simply sighed. "Marriage and falling in love are two distinct things. You're still too young, you're always motivated, and feelings are just icing on the cake. I have no relationship with your deceased father's money that you lavishly spend on weekdays. You must mature responsibly on your own. so that you are not bullied" This was something she frequently said.

Yvette, on the other hand, listened this time. She remained silent, wiped her tears away, and said: "I got it, Mom."

Mrs. Quimbey responded, but she had something else to say. Someone knocked on the door and entered as if they were a visitor. She was always on the go.

Yvette didn't pull her to talk and smiled as she hung up the phone.

Lance and Whitney were successful in teaching her a lesson.

Whitney's appearance was not pure, she realised.

However, She believed that she could be replaced in Mrs. Sheldon's position.

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Because she was in the stairwell and Lance did not stand up to speak for her. After all, she didn't believe it was worthwhile.

What good is her self-pity?

What is the point of caring what other people think?

She has loved someone generously, and even if there is no happy ending, her love is still strong. She took her feelings too seriously for the first half of her life.

Sean came first, then Lance.

Lance had done nothing wrong and was completely innocent.

But she had a revelation.

A new marriage with his sweetheart is a wonderful memory. But she can't stay there forever.

She is incompetent in her own right, and she will always be Mrs. Sheldon. When Lance gives her face, others will only refer to her as "President Quimbey."

She didn't seem to be upset about anything.

Those awkward things don't matter once you figure it out.

She took a deep breath and began gathering materials for her trip to Cali.

Lance didn't let go; in fact, he saw a lot of people this morning and intended to find someone to replace Yvette.

Have a meal.

Yvette had originally intended to eat at the staff canteen.

As a result, the assistant came in and knocked on the door, saying, "Mr. Sheldon ordered the dishes in the private kitchen for you to eat."

Yvette took a breather and nodded.

"Oh, I see."

She extended her hand, and she wanted to talk as well. In addition to falling in love, two people cannot be angry all of the time.

Love can't last forever.

Yvette's IQ increased after she felt she had no brain for love! She rapped on the door and walked right in.

Lance sat on the sofa, opened the insulated food boxes one at a time, looked at her, paused, and finally said, "Did you wash your hands?"

Yvette raised her eyebrows, turned around, and went to bathroom.

"I can't have you there, but you can."

Lance laughed lightly: "If you like it here, we can switch offices."

Yvette came out after washing her hands and seeing that he wasn't joking. She couldn't stand it any longer.

"You're the general manager, I'm the vice president; how can I exceed your expectations?"

Lance gave her a glance and handed her chopsticks.

“Get up and eat.”

Yvette was quite hungry. She didn't hesitate to sit down and eat when she saw the delicious food.

Lance did nothing but observe her eating.

She was used to talking and laughing, but in the last two days, she had revealed another side of herself to him.

When she laughs, she distances herself from indifference, she quietly distances herself from him, and she looks at him indifferently.

Lance went up and down like a roller coaster in just a few days, and he was so tired that he lost half his life.

Yvette ate for a while before realising he hadn't done anything.

“Why aren't you eating?”

Lance twitched his lips and looked her in the eyes:

“You eat, I don't want to.”

Yvette swallowed, sipped her water, set her chopsticks down, and looked at him:

“Do you have anything to say to me?”

Lance expression indicated that he had something to say. He looked at her with heavy eyes and didn't show any of his previous emotions. He couldn't figure out what he was thinking right now.

“I've already arranged for someone to accompany me to Cali.”

Yvette's face became frozen.

Lance rested his arms on his legs and looked her in the eyes without squinting:

"I'm still working on a municipal construction project that you can use for practise."

Yvette lowered her gaze, clearly unhappy.

As if casually, she hooked her lower lip: "Municipal construction is a shambles; it's like giving me money for nothing; can you give me some hand training?"

Her distinct voice has a somewhat lazy tone, casual but with a hint of disdain.

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Lance's eyes clearly sank. He was surprised by Yvette's reaction.

Lance was dissatisfied. He would be overjoyed if it was before. But there was no joy in his face. He was devastated.

"Are you still blaming me, Yvette?"

"Which thing are you referring to?" Yvette asked, lifting her eyelids.

Lance had done a lot of things that made her unhappy invisibly.

The two have never experienced such a chasm in their marriage.

Lance pursed his lips and looked at her, his gaze fixed on the expression on her face: "This is all about Whitney."

"It's all over, isn't it?" Yvette said indifferently.

Lance furrowed his brow: "You are free to express your dissatisfaction."

Yvette said, "I knew this person existed before I got married, she couldn't be a threat to me, I'm not unhappy."

And I, too, have an ex, so you don't have to explain it too many times."

Lance's heart tensed as she mentioned his ex.

Whitney's existence was more profound than her predecessor's.

I'm afraid Sean wouldn't be able to deal with it calmly if he turned back to her.

As a result, Yvette's reaction was unexpected.

There was no argument, no fuss, and no hanging.

What else is he unhappy about?

But there was an audible sigh in his chest.

It will not dissipate.

"It has something to do with going to Cali." As I previously stated, you are unsuitable. It is too dangerous for you to handle." Lance's tone was low, and he had patiently persuaded her.

Yvette sat there, slightly frowning: "What makes you think that? You already judged my failure before I went?"

"What if something were to happen to you?" Lance's voice was a little tense.

"I'll be careful, and it's not like I don't have bodyguards and assistants by my side." Yvette said.

"What you believe is overly simplistic. Bodyguards and assistants cannot solve this problem. You have the ability to do anything crazy."

Unconsciously, his fists clenched.

Yvette gave a nod: "I'm mentally prepared, and I'm not going down without a fight."

Lance, this is my first time taking a job seriously. Not on your or my mother's shoulders, but on my own. Let's be honest.

Lance took a deep breath and his brow furrowed slightly: "Yvette, practise your hands here; isn't it bad to go shopping and spend money when you're bored?"

Do you enjoy this way of life? Why do you have to put yourself in danger? "What are your plans?"

Yvette raised her head and smiled slowly at him.

She sighed and said, "You don't need to control me like that because I'm your wife and your subordinate, not your daughter."

Of course, I enjoyed those days when I was high on money, but I was always uneasy, so I decided to stand up and try it myself. Lance remained silent, his gaze fixed on her face.

For quite some time, Nobody took the initiative.

"What if I still disagree?" Lance asked, lowering his head.

How can he feel at ease leaving her in such a dangerous situation?

"Then I will resign." Yvette said.

Lance fixed his dark eyes on her: "Are you sure you're serious?"

"I'm not kidding; it's like going back to work at Quimbey's family business but my mother will not control me with her hands and feet, and she will undoubtedly support what I want to do."

She requires the opportunity to mature on her own.

Lance remained silent and did not speak again. He was nearly helpless in the face of Yvette, unable to do anything.

Yvette became obstinate, and no one could help her...

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Yvette had already prepared a gift after agreeing to go to Fiona's house.

When Lance went back, let the driver pick him up.

He and Yvette sat in the back, and neither of them said anything for a long time.

The driver is still a little uneasy.

Yvette used to always chatter and talk nonstop. Despite her casual listening, Lance always answered questions and responded to every sentence. Everyone had grown accustomed to it.

So quiet suddenly.

Strangely unsettling.

They didn't say anything, nor did the driver.

And so on to the residence of Fiona.

The area is not large for a single-family villa, but there are gardens in front and back, and the scenery is spectacular.

Lance purchased the villa here as soon as the land was developed.

The nanny smiled and approached the door:

“You have arrived. Madam has been extremely busy.”

Lance nodded and motioned Yvette inside.

When Fiona saw Yvette’s friendly face, her smile transformed into a flower, which she liked very much. She hugged and hugged before reluctantly letting go: “Why are you so thin, my darling?”

She grumbled as she looked at Lance.

“I don’t speak because I’m afraid of being beaten.” Lance shrugged.

It’s impossible to say she’s not thin, let alone thin.

It’s best if you keep your mouth shut.

Yvette smiled as she entered, her arms around her shoulders:

“I’m fine, Mom; do you like the silk scarf and perfume I gave you?”

She specifically chose it based on Fiona’s preferences.

Really.

When Fiona took it out, her eyes shone brightly.

“It’s the first time I’ve ever received such a thoughtful gift. It’s definitely smoking on my ancestor’s grave!”

Yvette couldn’t stop laughing at her exaggerated appearance.

Lance: “...”

Yvette laughed as well, and the two of them resumed their previous intimate relationship the moment they entered the door.

Aunty came out, smiling, after carrying it from the inside: "There is another soup on the way; it will be ready soon; please wait."

Fiona drew Yvette to a seat. "So, a few days ago, I went shopping and saw a few If the bag is appropriate for you, I will purchase it and wait for you to arrive."

"If you had said earlier, I would definitely come every day, so don't feel bad about it." Yvette said.

"What am I sorry about? Everything is fine with me. I'm willing to hand it over to you."

"I called your mother, she is still in a meeting, she doesn't have this kind of good luck, I'll make an appointment with her next time." Fiona smiled.

Yvette gave a nod. Her trip today was not intended to be a typical family gathering.

Fiona has to say something.

Lance rolled up his sleeves, washed his hands, and assisted Fiona in serving the food.

It appears to be a significant difference.

Yvette gave it a quick glance before turning away.

When Fiona saw this, her heart froze for a moment, but her face quickly returned to normal, and she smiled as she moved on to other topics.

Everyone sits at the table until the meal is ready.

The three of them clink their glasses and take a sip of wine.

Yvette talked and laughed with Fiona as if nothing had happened, while Lance remained silent.

Fiona looked at the two before putting down her chopsticks solemnly.

“Actually, I invited you to come here today because I have something to tell you.”

Yvette and Lance exchanged glances before putting down their chopsticks.

Lance gave a puzzled look: “What’s the matter, Mom?”

Fiona looked him in the eyes, pursed her lips, and said calmly:

“On Whitney.”

Lance’s face stiffened, and he opened his mouth to say What, but because Yvette was also present, he didn’t.

Yvette was stunned for a moment before smiling and saying, “Isn’t she an ex-girlfriend? Is it worth such a solemn start?”