

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 1876

Chapter 1876 Uncomfortable

Lance thought, 'Is Yvette still mad at me because I didn't pick her up last night?'

He laughed and wiped his mouth.

"Why are you so quiet today?"

Yvette lifted her eyes and took a bite of the sandwich.

"There's nothing to talk about."

Lance raised his eyebrows. He looked at her patiently and spoke.

"I was really busy last night. The Stantons helped me a lot back then, and we're cooperating on a major project soon, so I can't leave hastily. It's not like I was fooling around somewhere else. Nicole is your best friend, so you should know..." Yvette nodded and smiled. "I know."

Lance had a feeling that something was wrong. He squinted his eyes and really could not think of what it might be.

Yvette said, "I also had too much to drink last night and shouldn't have been so unreasonable to delay your schedule. Luckily, you didn't come. Otherwise, if you lost such a big project because of me, I wouldn't be able to afford it even if I sold myself."

Lance's face darkened slightly, and his smiling eyes disappeared. He wrinkled his brow.

"What exactly are you uncomfortable about?"

He could hear the sarcasm in Yvette's words.

It had nothing to do with the Stanton family or Nicole.

"Or you didn't think that I'd catch you red-handed when you lied to me to go for a drink?" Lance was wondering if Yvette was trying to put all the blame on him when it was her fault in the first place.

Yvette paused slightly. If Lance did not mention it, she would have forgotten about it.

However, what she did was nothing in comparison to him hiding his ex-girlfriend from her.

How could he still have the audacity to hold her accountable for drinking?

If she had not gone out drinking, would she have known that he had already arranged for that woman to work for him in his company?

Yvette sighed and inexplicably felt disappointed. However, she did not want to dwell on this matter.

She smiled perfunctorily and said, "Fine, it's my fault, okay?"

Yvette's tone was coquettish as usual.

When Lance heard this, he relaxed.

He laughed and stroked her toes with his foot under the table.

His tone was gentle and doting as he said, "If you know it's your fault, why'd you shut me out last night?"

Yvette pursed her lips. "I drank too much..." Lance smiled meaningfully and warned her. "If you dare to do this again, just see how I'll clean you up!"

Yvette's unhappy mood inexplicably lifted.

This man was too good at flirting.

The two people exchanged a seductive look that was as natural as before.

The maids were already used to this.

Since Yvette was deliberately trying to seduce Lance, he naturally could not hold it in.

However, she stopped before things got too far. When the maid came out to clear the table, Yvette stopped moving her foot.

A moment later, Lance's phone rang.

Lance frowned, picked up the call, and said a few words seriously. He looked at the woman across the table that looked so soft and lazy. She was wearing a spaghetti-strap silk nightgown that made it seem like she was naked.

His eyes darkened as countless images of him undressing her flashed through his mind. Afterward, Lance hung up the phone.

Yvette wiped her hands and got up.

"Are they rushing you to the office? You should go then. I'll go a little later."

The man frowned slightly. "A little later?"

He looked at his watch. "We're already late." Yvette raised her eyebrows and laughed. "Can't I have the privilege to be a little late as the vice president?"

Her smile was charming and seductive.

The man's heart was moved, and he was helpless. He could not do anything about it when she was like this.

Yvette would not be late when there was something important, so he would just let her be. What's more, she was not late for work every day. Lance was ready to go out since he was already fully dressed. He just needed to change his shoes. However, if he waited for Yvette, it would take some time.

Yvette knew that Lance would not waste his time waiting for her, so she asked him to leave first.

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Chapter 1877

Chapter 1877 Waiting for You

Yvette could not go back to sleep, so she went to get dressed and did her makeup.

Originally, she did not think that getting dressed was important, but since she had a love rival in the office, she did not want to be at a disadvantage in any aspect.

Yvette did not care whether Lance had left or not. She just went to the dressing room to change her clothes.

Usually, Yvette would wear a professional suit to work. Although they were all big-name brands and were suitable office attire, they lacked her own sense of style.

Yvette picked out a beautiful gold spaghetti strap dress from her closet full of clothes. It made her look sexy and flirtatious, gracefully outlining her beautiful figure. She was very satisfied with it.

She smiled and went to the bathroom to fix her makeup.

Yvette stood in front of the mirror and admired her beauty.

She picked up the lipstick on the side, but before she could smear it on her lips, the bathroom door suddenly opened.

Lance walked in and embraced her from behind. He had one hand around her slender waist, which pulled her tightly against his body, and his other hand was wandering to other parts of her body, teasing her.

Yvette was startled at first.

She was still a little shocked when she saw that it was Lance. However, she did not have the willpower to resist him. She just looked at her reflection in the mirror and carefully put on her lipstick, unmoved by his movements.

“Why haven’t you left yet?”

She asked casually.

“T was waiting for you.”

The man’s voice became distinctly deeper, and through the mirror, his eyes turned dark with lust.

Of course, Yvette knew what he wanted to do, but she also knew that Lance was very disciplined.

He would not waste time with her at home while he had urgent things to deal with at the office since it would hinder him from making big bucks. Therefore, Lance would at most just caress her to get over his urge.

Yvette always liked to see him get horny because of her. That feeling gave her the excitement of being in control of the whole situation.

It meant that this man was subservient to her. Thus, her eyes remained calm as she looked at his lustful, dark gaze.

Yvette returned to her senses. She wrapped her arms around him, lifted one leg, and slowly wrapped it around his waist.

“You were waiting for me? But I won’t be ready for a while.”

The man’s throat bobbed. His face was taut. He looked like he was going through a lot to suppress his urge.

His intense gaze sized up the dress that Yvette was wearing, unabashedly expressing his inner thoughts.

“Why are you dressed like this? Where are you going later?”

His tone was a bit harsh as his hand wandered all over her body to take advantage of her as much as he could.

Yvette laughed and tilted her head with a smile. “I’m going to the office, of course! Where else can I go?”

Somehow, their bodies were intertwined as they kissed each other passionately.

The man’s lips landed on her slender neck and made their way downward.

He lingered over her and did not want to let go. Seeing that the situation was about to get out of hand, Yvette suddenly pushed Lance away and regained her composure.

She tidied up her clothes, turned around, picked up the lipstick that she had not finished applying, and spoke.

“You’re really going to be late for work, Mr. Sheldon. Go out and wait for me for a while. I’ll be ready in a minute.”

Lance narrowed his eyes. His face was a bit sullen and cold, not just because he was interrupted halfway through his indulgence, but because she wanted to go to work dressed like this.

“You’re going to the office dressed like this?”

His voice was still a bit hoarse with displeasure. Yvette often dressed like this in nightclubs and bars, and those men’s lewd eyes lingered on her body.

That was why Lance explicitly stopped her from going to bars and wanted her to drink less. This woman was like a poison that could lure people into giving up everything just to get her.

Yvette did not dress up like this for a long time. He would not allow her to wear this, even if it was to the office.

Yvette blinked and looked back at him from the mirror.

“Can’t I? I’m the vice president, so I have the right to wear whatever I want!”

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Chapter 1878

Chapter 1878 You Did This on Purpose

The man took a deep breath and was probably exasperated by her attitude.

He looked so stubborn.

Yvette carefully applied her lipstick, but she was not very satisfied with a small part of what she just applied. Thus, she hesitantly thought about whether she should wipe it off and reapply it.

The man behind her went forward again. He suppressed his breathing, and his voice was low and harsh as he said, “No, even if you’re the vice president. I think you’re just asking for it.”

Yvette wrinkled her eyebrows. Just as she was about to speak, the man began to unbuckle his belt.

Her face turned pale, and she had a bad feeling in her heart.

“Lance, it’s time for you to go to the office!” However, before she could escape, Lance already confined her in his embrace. He held her arms and lowered his head to kiss her.

Yvette could not dodge. Lance grabbed her by one hand, while his other hand started to roam around her body.

He continued where he left off. However, it was different from before. He did not just want a taste of her.

Lance wanted to go all the way.

Yvette was happy to see him lose control over herself, but she was no longer in control.

He suddenly turned her around, and his body was pressed behind her. His actions were uncontrollably rough.

Yvette completely lost the initiative when Lance penetrated her.

The beautiful dress was also ruined and gloriously abandoned before it could see the light of day. Lance ripped the dress into shreds, which hung sadly over Yvette's body.

Yvette was heartbroken.

However, her brain could not function at this moment as her body moved up and down with Lance's movements.

Yvette thought, 'Did this bastard save all his strength from yesterday for this moment?'

She unconsciously indulged in this pleasure. Lance's dark eyes stared at her. He did not spare any energy, but his face was still cold and reserved as if he was not the one in the act.

The phone outside rang repeatedly, but Lance did not even care.

When Yvette heard his deep panting next to her ear, she felt half of her body going numb.

She was tired, but it was very enjoyable.

Before the two were immersed in their act, Yvette did not forget to complain to him.

"Mrs. Sally is still here. She'll come over if she hears us!"

The man laughed. His voice was like a vortex that could suck her in.

"She won't..."

By the end of it, Yvette could not feel a thing. Lance carried her upstairs to the bedroom. She lay on the bed like a puddle of water, unable to even lift her fingers.

What about Lance?

Lance had been wearing his clothes throughout, and he looked very clean. Not even a strand of his hair was messed up. He simply cleaned up and came out again. When he saw such an indomitable Yvette, he laughed, went over, and kissed her forehead.

“You can’t get up?”

His laugh was playful.

Lance loved to see her get defeated.

Yvette grunted and looked away, not wanting to pay attention to him.

Lance covered her with the quilt and warned her in a deep voice.

“You don’t have to go to work today. Take a good rest at home. But don’t go out, especially not dressed like that just now.”

His tone was admonishing as he gritted his teeth. If she went out dressed like that, he would really go crazy.

Yvette was frustrated. Her eyes were watery, glistening, and seductive.

She was not aware of it and thought that glaring at him could express her anger.

Lance’s heart was moved. He lowered his head to kiss her, but she immediately turned away and did not let him have his way.

Lance was not mad. Instead, he was extraordinarily forgiving probably because his body was already satisfied.

He reached out and pinched her nose, and his voice was tinged with a bit of guilt.

"I'm going to be late, so I can't help you to take a bath. You should rest for a while before getting up to wash up."

This was the first time Lance lost control and became so ungentlemanly, so he felt even more guilty about it.

Yvette was upset as she looked at him with watery eyes.

"You did this on purpose, right?"

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Chapter 1879

Chapter 1879 Came to Check Up on Him

Lance laughed and did not answer Yvette's question. He withdrew his longing gaze, turned around, and left.

Yvette looked at his back and closed her eyes.

She could not bear to recall that thrilling and steamy scene earlier.

Her face was slightly flushed. The warmth all over her body gradually receded before she calmed down.

Yvette thought, 'What about his ex-girlfriend? She's nothing to me!'

She was exhausted, so she rested for a while. It was almost noon before she had the strength to get up.

When she saw the marks all over her body, she secretly cursed the man before going to the bathroom to clean up after herself.

Yvette walked out of the bathroom feeling clean and refreshed. The gold dress she wore earlier was thrown in the trash because it was already shredded and no longer wearable.

She suspected that Lance had deliberately torn her dress, but there was no evidence.

Hmph!

Yvette was tempted to pick out another sexy dress, but it would not be able to cover the marks on her body.

Thus, she had no choice but to pick out a suit that she usually wore. She looked neat, sharp, bright, and lively.

Even like this, she was a hundredfold prettier than Lance's ex-girlfriend.

Yvette did not know why Lance's tastes were so horrible before. That woman's figure and looks were mediocre with nothing special about her. After consoling herself, Yvette turned around and walked out the door.

When she saw the box that was casually thrown to the side, Yvette paused. She recalled that when Lance went in raw and came a lot during their first round.

He only wore a condom for the second round after she protested.

'It can't be that coincidental, right?' Yvette thought.

She was not thinking about getting pregnant at this moment, especially not after his ex-girlfriend showed up.

Yvette calculated the days of her menstruation cycle. Since she was not ovulating at this time, she should be safe.

She breathed a sigh of relief and went downstairs slowly.

The maid prepared lunch for Yvette and smiled as usual.

“Madam, come and have a bite. Before Mr. Sheldon left, he said that you need to get some rest.”

Yvette could not help but blush. Her gaze flickered, but she still smiled calmly. “No, thanks. I’ll just go to the office.”

She drove there by herself, and when she passed by a cafe, she went in and bought two cups of coffee. ‘Consider it a reward for his hard work earlier. After all, I enjoyed it!’ Yvette thought.

She did not notice that there was a smile plastered on her face the entire time.

Nicole called to ask Yvette out, but Yvette decisively refused, which made Nicole speechless.

Once Yvette arrived at the office, the receptionist waved at her happily.

“Ms. Quimbey, you’re here!” Yvette smiled. “Yeah. I love your lip color today!”

The receptionist shyly covered her mouth. “Thanks!”

However, the surprise on her face could not be described.

The receptionist thought, ‘Even my boyfriend didn’t notice that I changed my lipstick’s color. Ms. Quimbey really has a good eye!’ Yvette went straight to the elevator. She was very friendly and used the common staff elevator. Midway, the elevator stopped.

‘Heh... What a coincidence! The person I least wanted to see is now right in front of me.’ Yvette thought.

The woman also did not expect to see Yvette. She followed behind the department head and meekly looked down, pretending that she did not recognize Yvette.

The department head smiled and greeted Yvette very cordially.

“Ms. Quimbey, I heard Mr. Sheldon say that you’re not feeling well. Why are you here?”

Yvette laughed and shook the two cups of coffee she was holding.

“Even if I’m not here for work, I can come to check up on him!”

The department head laughed like he heard something funny.

“You still can’t trust him? He can’t stand any woman around him besides you. Not even a single female mosquito can hover around him!”

The department head had a good relationship with Yvette, so their conversation was not so restrained.

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Chapter 1880

Chapter 1880 Give Him a Chance

Yvette glanced at the woman behind the department head, so he hurriedly opened his mouth to introduce her.

“I forgot to introduce her. She’s our new employee, Whitney Locke, who just came back from abroad. She’s a rare talent that used to work for LG. Whitney, this is our company’s vice president who is also Mr. Sheldon’s wife.”

It turned out that Lance’s ex-girlfriend’s name was Whitney Locke.

Whitney smiled politely and nodded without saying a word.

It felt like Whitney could not let go of her arrogance, as if bowing her head was a humiliation.

Yvette just thought that it was funny. She retracted her gaze and said in a dull voice, “Foreign companies have much better benefits than our company. Ms. Locke, why are you interested in our company?”

Whitney Locke did not want to talk to Yvette, but she was afraid that the department head would notice something odd about her.

“There are more opportunities in Mediania, and it’s also less competitive.”

The department head always felt that Whitney Locke’s resume was excellent. Thus, he agreed to all her conditions when she was first recruited to retain this talent.

Yvette laughed. “Is that so? As far as I know, those returning from the big foreign companies abroad aren’t necessarily talented. It might be because they were dismissed. Director Collins, you ought to keep your eyes open!”

Just in time, the elevator arrived after Yvette finished speaking.

Yvette sashayed out of the elevator with a sense of superiority.

The two remaining people were a little embarrassed.

Seeing Whitney’s gloomy face, the department head hurriedly comforted her.

“Don’t worry. Ms. Quimbey just has a sharp tongue. She’s a bit blunt, but she means no harm. I recruited you because I acknowledge your efforts. Once you prove yourself, she’ll definitely change her mind about you!”

Director Collins wiped his sweat and wondered why Yvette suddenly said those strange words.

He was so confused.

Whitney smiled. She stared at Yvette’s arrogant back and could not help but turn a little grim. Yvette felt extremely satisfied. She did not inform Lance of her arrival. When she saw Lance’s closed office door, she just pushed the door open. However, there was no one inside.

The assistant, who followed in behind Yvette, rubbed his temples.

"Ms. Quimbey, Mr. Sheldon is still in a meeting." Yvette said, "Oh..."

She sighed and said, "Okay, I'll go back to my office and wait for him. Tell me when he's done with the meeting, but don't tell him that I'm here."

The assistant nodded understandingly. "Understood! You want to surprise him, right?" However, the assistant did not understand why the bosses still needed to surprise each other when they saw each other every day.

No one could guess Yvette's mind.

Yvette turned around proudly and left with the two cups of coffee.

She walked to her office. Before she closed the door, she saw Director Collins taking Whitney Locke to the conference room.

Her face sank slightly.

Yvette closed the door and took a deep breath.

She tried to keep herself calm and cool as a cucumber.

She thought, 'I can't allow myself to be affected by such people.'

A moment later she said to herself, 'If he fired that woman right away, I could pretend that this never happened. If not... I'll let them know that I'm not to be trifled with!'

Yvette just sat in her office and waited.

A minute passed, and her heart that was calm started to feel anxious.

She looked at the time.

Forty minutes passed.

Yvette thought, 'Heh... Would it be too abrupt if I brought the coffee into the conference room?'

She thought about it and did that.

Thus, Yvette walked out of her office with the two cups of coffee and went straight in the direction of the conference room.

However, when she pushed the door open, the conference room was empty. No one was there. The assistant nearby saw this and hurriedly ran over.

“Ms. Quimbey, the meeting just ended. I haven’t had time to go over and tell you.”

Since the water stains on the table still had not been cleaned, Yvette knew that the assistant was not lying.

Yvette smiled. “Where’s Mr. Sheldon?”