

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 1871

Chapter 1871 Deliberately Came to Nauseate You

Yvette was stunned.

Another person also nodded and spoke.

“That’s right. What’s an ex-girlfriend anyway? She clearly wants to get back together with Mr. Sheldon.

Otherwise, why would she pick our company out of so many companies out there? It’s obvious that she doesn’t have any good intentions!”

“Yeah! She definitely has an ulterior motive. Recently, she’s been making friends everywhere in the company and inquiring about your affairs, but I didn’t reveal anything!”

“Tell me about it! We’re always on your side, Ms. Quimbey. How can that woman compare to you? You can crush her to death in a second!”

“Ms. Quimbey, don’t worry. Since she joined our company, Mr. Sheldon hasn’t spoken to her privately. I’m keeping an eye on them for you!”

Yvette just felt like someone punched her in the face.

She was dumbfounded for a moment. Through their conversation, Yvette figured out that Lance’s ex-girlfriend joined Sheldon Corporation, yet she was completely kept in the dark about it.

Moreover, Lance’s ex-girlfriend is currently in this private room. Yvette subconsciously scanned the surroundings. She recognized most of the people who came over.

However, her eyes suddenly stopped at one spot.

Aman and a woman sat in the singing area. The woman smiled and did not speak, as if she did not fit in here. However, the man was very attentive, offering her the fruit platter.

That man, Simon Lane, was an ordinary employee who joined the company not long ago. Everyone liked him because of his sweet talk, so they would also invite him to all sorts of parties.

This time was no exception, so Yvette did not think much of it.

However, that woman beside Simon was somewhat familiar.

At first, Yvette took her as Simon's girlfriend.

Now, it seemed more like Simon trying to suck up to that woman. At that moment, the woman seemed to sense something and turned her head; just in time to lock eyes with Yvette.

At that second, Yvette could confirm that this woman was Lance's ex-girlfriend, the one who took the money and left. Heh...

Yvette thought, 'She came back wanting to pick up where she left off, huh?'

In the next second, Yvette indifferently averted her gaze. The receptionist next to Yvette lowered her head and advised her.

"Ms. Quimbey, this woman isn't easy to deal with. Back then, before you met Mr. Sheldon, she went in and out of the office as she pleased and closed a lot of deals using Mr. Sheldon's name. Mr. Sheldon repeatedly warned her not to, but it was useless."

Yvette was no longer in the mood for drinking and wanted to make a scene, but she stopped herself.

If Yvette made a scene now, it would seem like she really cared about that woman's existence.

'Who is she, anyway?' Yvette thought as she picked up the glass of whiskey on the side and took a sip.

Yvette smiled meaningfully and said, “Oh? I don’t know much. I just heard a little about it. Why would my husband talk about his ex-girlfriend in front of me anyway?”

Another colleague said, “Right, but as Sun Tzu said, if you know your enemy and know yourself, you need not fear the results of a hundred battles. It’s better to be prepared!”

The receptionist said, “It’s actually nothing. She’s just a clown that can’t compare to Ms. Quimbey at all, so how long will she be able to stir things up?”

Another colleague disagreed. “Well, we still can’t let her stir up too much of a fuss since she clearly has nothing to lose. If she succeeds, she’ll be the next Mrs. Sheldon. Even if she fails, she still managed to nauseate Ms. Quimbey! Ms. Quimbey, even though I think that you’re very capable, I’m still worried for you!”

Everyone discussed this topic with interest. In the end, they looked at Yvette with sympathy.

Although Yvette had a high status as Lance’s wife and the vice president of Sheldon Corporation, it was quite a pity that she was in such a revolting situation.

Everything was not as shiny and perfect as it seemed on the surface. Her colleagues no longer concealed their expressions since Yvette was already aware of this.

Yvette was speechless and thought, ‘ Can they stop looking at me with such an expression?! I’m so much richer than them!’

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Chapter 1872

Chapter 1872 Come and Pick Me Up

Everyone, except for Yvette and Lance’s ex-girlfriend, was in a good mood.

Yvette could not sit still anymore. She took out her phone and sent a text message to Lance.

[Pick me up.]

It was only three words and not a single more.

Yvette just wanted to show off her and Lance's happy life together to that woman.

As a result, Lance replied in the next second. [I'm still in a discussion, so I'll get the driver to pick you up.]

Yvette was so angry that the veins on her forehead bulged out. She immediately typed back.

[No, I want you to come in person!] This made her seem a little unreasonable.

In the past whenever Yvette made a fuss, Lance would just play along if he was free. If he was busy, he would reason with Yvette, and she would listen.

However, this time, Yvette did not care and was being somewhat unreasonable.

Lance put away his phone and continued to talk to Grant.

Nicole and Aida were making dessert, and Clayton was playing with the two kids on the carpet.

It was a cozy atmosphere.

At that moment, Nicole's phone beeped, but she did not hear it. Aida reminded her. "You got a message." Nicole froze for a moment and went over to take a look.

She laughed.

"It's Yvette. I think she's had too much to drink!"

Yvette messaged Nicole. [Is Lance still there?]

Nicole replied. [Yeah, you should come over too! Mr. Anderson hired a new chef. He's really good!]

If it were any other day, Yvette would have gladly gone over, but this time, she didn't.

Yvette replied. [I won't go over. Help me tell Lance that I won't leave until he comes to pick me up.]

Nicole chuckled. (Okay.]

Although Yvette had a temper, she was usually not so unreasonable. Nicole walked over and said with a smile, "Mr. Sheldon, do you want to go and pick Yvette up? She said that she won't leave until you go..."

Grant wrinkled his eyebrows slightly. "That temper..."

He shook his head. Since Lance was around, Grant did not make it so obvious.

Yvette has always been like this.

Lance rubbed his temples and laughed. "Don't worry. I've asked someone to pick her up. She's just making a fuss because she's drunk and feeling guilty."

Nicole raised her eyebrows and thought, 'Anyway, I already conveyed Yvette's message. Yvette making a fuss, huh? Looks like Lance knows her very well now!'

She turned around and went back to Aida.

Aida smiled. "It seems that Ms. Quimbey and Mr. Sheldon are much closer than what outsiders might think."

Nicole smiled and raised her eyebrows.

"Yvette has a good personality and gets along with anyone. She really likes Lance. Otherwise, she wouldn't quarrel with him."

Aida nodded in agreement.

In the club's private room.

Everyone saw that Yvette did not have any emotional fluctuations. She was joking with them as before and did not seem affected at all.

They secretly thought that Yvette was stronger than they imagined.

When the party was over, Yvette generously called a taxi for everyone. They all said their goodbyes at the entrance of the club.

The cold wind blew, sobering them up further.

Yvette wrapped her jacket tighter and looked at her phone. There was nothing.

There were still a few people, who had too much to drink, lagging behind. Yvette put away her phone and looked back.

Lance's ex-girlfriend was supporting that bootlicker, Simon, as they walked outside. Simon was drunk, so he was staggering while he walked. However, his eyes were filled with admiration when he looked at Lance's ex-girlfriend.

However, Lance's ex-girlfriend was expressionless. Besides supporting Simon, she did not show another hint of concern.

Simon was clearly into her, but his feelings were unrequited.

Lance's ex-girlfriend saw Yvette. The two women looked at each other for a moment. They probably knew all about each other, but both of them pretended to be unaware.

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Chapter 1873

Chapter 1873 Deeply Affectionate

Yvette walked forward, like a superior who cared for her subordinates. She smiled at the two people and said, "Simon, you drank too much. Go home and rest well."

Simon muttered, "I can still drink, Ms. Quimbey. Let's have another drink!"

Yvette laughed. "Simon, we can drink again next time. You drank so much by yourself and didn't take good care of your girlfriend, huh?"

Even though Simon was drunk, he still blushed and looked at the woman next to him.

Just as he was about to say something, the woman suddenly let go of Simon and kept her distance from him. Her tone was cold as she said, "I'm not his girlfriend." Simon stumbled and almost fell to the ground.

When he finally managed to stand firmly on his own, he rubbed his head and did not know what he should say. Yvette narrowed her eyes and laughed out loud.

"If you're not his girlfriend, how can you attend this kind of party? Only family members can tag along. Miss, don't treat him like a fool or a backup. If you didn't lead him on, why would he bring you along?"

That woman's gaze was cold as hell as she glared at Yvette.

Yvette let out a light laugh and felt very satisfied.

She had a complete victory this round. Just as she turned around, her phone rang.

Lance must have arrived. Yvette looked at them with a smile and spoke.

“Then please send Simon home. My husband came to pick me up. He just loves me so much and can’t bear to leave me for a moment!”

After saying that, she took out her phone and answered the call.

“Madam, I’m here waiting for you at the entrance.”

It was the driver’s voice.

Yvette’s face instantly turned glum. Lance did not show up.

The driver’s voice through the phone also reached that woman’s ears. A mocking smile surfaced on the woman’s gloomy face like she was watching Yvette making a fool of herself.

Yvette was about to explode. She kept it in all night, yet Lance was trying to add fuel to the fire.

The car stopped at the entrance, and the driver got out to wait for Yvette. Yvette did not stay any longer. She walked over and got into the car. The driver saw that Yvette was in a bad mood and did not dare to say anything. His expression changed slightly when he inadvertently glanced at the woman standing outside.

He looked like he saw an enemy. The driver was afraid that he would be recognized and almost crouched down to get into the car. After he got into the car, he realized that Yvette had probably met that woman earlier. He was hesitating whether to tell Lance about this.

Yvette, who was sitting at the back, squinted her eyes in silence and did not speak.

Suddenly, Yvette asked in an aggressive tone, “Where is Lance?”

“Why didn’t he come over?”

The driver glanced at Yvette from the rearview mirror and carefully replied,

“Mr. Sheldon is at the Stanton Mansion for a social function and really couldn’t excuse himself, so he asked me to come and pick you up.”

Yvette snorted coldly. "I called him more than an hour ago, and the Stanton Mansion is only ten minutes away. Where were you during this time?"

If the driver was not late, Yvette would have left long ago.

Yvette could have left in style and made that woman feel envious and resentful. How great would that be?

The driver paused. "A client came over at the last minute, so Mr. Sheldon told me to send the client to the hotel before picking you up."

He could only tell the truth. Otherwise, he could not handle Yvette's wrath.

Yvette laughed in exasperation and thought, 'Is a client more important than me?!'

Her anger was reaching its peak. She thought, 'Lance keeps doing this to me. Does he really think that I have

a good temper?'

The two of them got along very well since they got married. Although they were not deeply in love with each other, they were still attracted to each other. They slowly got to this point in their relationship and were considered a perfect couple.

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Chapter 1874

Chapter 1874 Ruminations

However, their relationship was so sweet that Yvette had overlooked the underlying problems. Lance was attentive, considerate, and tolerant toward Yvette. He pampered her, so much so that Yvette was sure that he liked her.

After all, Yvette had a lot of dating experience and knew how to read men.

Therefore, Yvette would not allow others to ruin her marriage. Even more so, she would not allow herself to lose to an ex-girlfriend.

The driver was stunned, and the car was silent for a few seconds.

Only then did the driver ask, "Madam, should we go to the Stanton Mansion?"

Lance's exact words were, "Bring her to the Stanton Mansion. If she drank too much, then just send her home."

However, the driver could not tell whether Yvette had too much to drink or not at this moment. After Yvette heard this, she sneered.

"No, I want to go home!"

The driver immediately said yes without another word and drove in the direction of Yvette's and Lance's house.

Lance waited for a long time at the Stanton Mansion, but Yvette still did not show up. He only found out that Yvette had gone home after the driver called to inform him.

Yvette did not send Lance any more messages. Lance was eating, and he immediately lost his appetite.

Nicole noticed that Lance was absent-minded, so she smiled and said, "Yvette must've had a little too much to drink. Mr. Sheldon, don't get mad at her. Otherwise, you'll just die from anger."

Lance laughed. "I'll bring her over next time. My apologies for leaving beforehand."

Since they were done talking business, Grant and the rest did not keep Lance and sent him out. After Lance left, Grant laughed and shook his head.

"I'm surprised that Lance can tolerate Yvette's temper."

Nicole was upset that her brother badmouthed her bestie. She snorted coldly and said, "Yvette has a good temper! She's gentle and knows how to be considerate. Lance is lucky to marry her!" Grant touched his nose, smiled, and did not say anything.

He clearly did not agree with Nicole.

Clayton chimed in. "Nicole's right."

Grant was speechless.

It was already late when Lance got home.

He thought that Yvette was just drunk and afraid to see him, which was why she did not go to Stanton Mansion.

After all, Lance did not allow her to go out drinking for a long time ever since that time she got drunk.

This time, she just wanted to have fun.

The house was dark with no lights on.

Even the maid was not around.

Lance turned on the lights and was not used to seeing the house so empty.

He loosened his tie and went to the kitchen,

which was also clean without any trace of cooking. Lance wrinkled his eyebrows with discomfort from having too much to drink.

He thought, 'Yvette's probably drunk. I don't feel good either. Where's the maid? Who'll make the hangover tea?'

Lance immediately called the maid.

"Where's everyone?"

The maid hurriedly spoke. "Madam let me off work as soon as she got home. Do you need me to go over again, sir?"

Lance's expression was glum. "Never mind."

After that, he hung up the phone.

Lance lifted his feet and walked upstairs. The house has never been so quiet before.

This quietness made him feel insecure for some reason.

He snickered and thought, 'Why would I need security?'

Lance walked to the bedroom door.

There was no sound inside.

He twisted the doorknob, but it did not budge.

His body stiffened slightly.

Lance wrinkled his eyebrows, and his face darkened as he thought, 'She actually shut me out?'

This never happened before.

He knocked on the door, but there was no movement inside.

Lance thought that perhaps Yvette was too drunk and accidentally locked the door, so he simply gave up, turned around, and went to the guest bedroom.

Inside the room, Yvette sat on the bed and looked out the window, motionless.

She did not know when she started to be dependent on Lance.

When she heard his footsteps fading away, she felt like her heart had suddenly collapsed. This kind of dependence made her feel uncomfortable.

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Chapter 1875

Chapter 1875 Stop Fooling Around

Yvette could barely remember what it felt like when she was with Sean Moore.

She only remembered that she was worrying, struggling, and hating herself every day back then.

Her days with Lance were so comfortable that she forgot everything, thinking that it could go on forever.

However, the arrival of that woman gave her a wake-up call.

Lance knew Yvette's past like the back of his hand, while she only had a general understanding of his past.

It was unfair, too unfair.

Yvette did not want to know about Lance's past with his ex-girlfriend. She did not want to know how they got along and was not interested in understanding the bits and pieces of their time together.

However, she could not control her mind from thinking about those torturous speculations. Yvette thought, 'Was Lance nicer to that woman?

Was he more out of control in bed when he was with her? Did he pamper her more? I thought that I managed to tame Lance, and that I was his one and only. But maybe, that's just how he is? If I can have such a rich dating history, why can't he?'

She could not stop her mind from spiraling out of control once she had this doubt. It was really too torturous.

Yvette tossed and turned around in bed and only fell asleep in the latter part of the night. It was a light sleep that did not make her feel rested.

In her dream, she watched as Lance and another woman stood there and smiled at her.

When she approached them, she saw the woman's face.

Lance smiled and said to Yvette, "My true love came back to me. Let's get a divorce. I want to be with her forever!"

In an instant, Yvette jolted awake. Her heart trembled violently. The sunlight poured in through the window, bringing some warmth to the bright morning.

Yvette soothed her chest and took a long time to calm down.

Heh...

After sobering up, Yvette stopped all those ruminations.

However, she inexplicably felt a sense of crisis. Yvette and Lance were already married, and it was not just because of their own will.

The interests that both of them brought to their marriage would not allow either of them to act recklessly.

Yvette stretched her back and smiled. She thought, 'It looks like I've spent too much time alone with Lance that I became so enamored with him.'

She went out in her pajamas and smelled the aroma of food.

Yvette walked over and saw that the table was already packed with her favorite breakfast dishes. At that moment, she did not care if she would be late for work and sat down to prepare her meal. The opposite seat was empty. Perhaps Lance had already gone to the office.

Yvette did not want to think about Lance. She just took a sip of soup.

The maid came over with a smile and served up some fruit.

"Madam, I've made some hangover tea. Would you like some?"

Yvette paused. "Sure."

Anyway, her stomach felt a little uncomfortable. The maid brought over a cup of hangover tea.

Yvette smiled and said, "Thank you."

"I heard that Mr. Sheldon had too much to drink last night, so I put aside another cup for him."

Yvette was slightly stunned. Her tone was a bit cold as she said, "There's no need for that. He won't drink it."

The maid froze.

A deep and muffled laugh sounded behind her, along with a lazy and drowsy voice, "Who said that I won't drink it?"

The maid laughed, thinking that the couple were just joking. She still brought over the hangover tea and went about her work.

Yvette's body stiffened slightly. Although she hated to admit it, Lance was really too attractive in his suit and with his lazy eyes early in the morning.

She laughed and said, "I thought that you went to the office, so I told the maid not to leave you any." Lance smiled and sized her up.

He did not expose her thoughts and only sat down opposite her.

The two of them ate quietly, but Lance looked up at Yvette from time to time.

It was rare that Yvette did not make a fuss while eating today. She did not even say a word.