

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1880

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)  
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 Mediana, 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

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[1 Comment](#) / [The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)  
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."

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

## Boss Chapter 1882

[/ The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)  
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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