

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1886

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Chapter 1886 Found the Person

The bar's staff accidentally overheard Yvette's private affairs. Thus, they were more careful in serving her.

The bar manager tried every way to make Yvette happy, but Yvette just kept on drinking.

Her phone rang over and over again with calls from different numbers, but she did not answer it. Sheldon Residence.

Lance used countless numbers to call Yvette, but she did not answer.

His patience was wearing out.

He looked very worried.

Finally, he called Nicole, who also rejected his call resolutely.

Needless to say, Yvette must have called Nicole beforehand. Otherwise, Nicole would not have refused so decisively.

Lance hesitated if he should call Clayton to ask for his help. However, he was afraid that too many people knowing about this matter would make it a farce instead.

The maid, Mrs. Sally, stood by the side. She did not know what was going on, so she was apprehensive and lost.

Lance was preoccupied, so he told Mrs. Sally to go about her own work.

Mrs. Sally wondered if this had to do with Yvette, so she quietly told Lance's mother, Fiona, about it. She was originally sent over by Fiona to take care of the young couple.

Although Fiona said that there was no need to report to her about the young couple's affairs and that the young couple needed privacy, the matter at hand seemed to be quite serious.

Thus, Mrs. Sally subconsciously thought of discussing it with Fiona.

Lance waited at home until the evening, but Yvette still did not come home.

He was extremely anxious, so he could only go out to look for her.

His first reaction was to go to the Stanton Mansion.

However, Nicole's attitude was cold. She just asked the butler to relay her message — "Ms. Quimbey is not here."

After Lance left, he wandered around town. He had no other way but to call Mrs. Quimbey to ask whether Yvette was with her.

Mrs. Quimbey was very sharp and immediately realized that something happened between the young couple.

"Did you two get into a disagreement?"

Lance rubbed his forehead, not knowing how to explain.

He did not even get the chance to quarrel with Yvette and would have been relieved if Yvette had come back home to make a fuss.

However, she just disappeared like she had evaporated into thin air.

"No..."

Lance casually brushed it off as he did not want the elders to know too much about their issues. As Lance watched the sky darken gradually, his heart became even heavier.

Just then, Mrs. Sally, who was at home, called him.

"Sir, your wife is back."

Lance breathed a sigh of relief. His gloomy face finally eased up slightly. "Got it."

He hung up the phone and drove to their home. The disorientation in his heart also dissipated slightly.

However, he still had a sullen expression.

Lance thought, 'She disappeared for so long without answering the phone or telling anyone? Doesn't she know that I'll be worried?'

However, Lance's anger subsided when he thought about what happened this afternoon. Yvette must have overheard his conversation with Whitney and misunderstood them, so she left without a word.

It would be fine once he explained it clearly.

Lance quickly drove back home and pushed the door open.

He unintentionally smelled an unmistakable stench of alcohol.

Lance frowned slightly as the maid came out of the kitchen. "Sir, you're back."

He loosened his collar while he walked inside. "Where's my wife?"

"Madam is in her room. She was drunk when she came back, and now she's asleep. I'm making her some hangover tea."

Lance nodded and walked toward the bedroom. He suddenly thought of something and paused in his footsteps.

"If she's drunk, who sent her back?"

The maid replied, "That person said that he's the owner of the bar. He sent her back personally." Lance's face darkened a little.

The owner of the bar knew where Yvette lived? This made him very upset.

However, he quickly recovered his composure and pushed the door open.

Yvette was wrapped in the quilt, sleeping soundly. Her clothes were strewn about, and one of her shoes was thrown on the bed.

She was really drunk.

Lance shook his head, walked over, and picked up the clothes.

"You may leave. Let me know when the hangover tea is done."

The maid nodded. "Yes, sir."

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Chapter 1887 I Can Explain

Lance went over and sat next to Yvette. He reached out and touched her face, which was warm and delicate like a baby's skin. At this time, her cheeks were flushed from intoxication. Yvette's sleeping face looked so harmless and ignorant.

When Lance saw her, all the anger he had pent up subsided.

Lance had never before imagined that he would be so attached to a woman.

He used to think that marriage was just business. Feelings were optional, and all they needed was mutual respect.

Back then, Lance never hoped that he would fall in love with his wife.

However, Yvette's appearance disrupted his plans. Yvette was like an uncontrollable variable running amok in his life, but she was indispensable.

She warmed up his originally strict and dull life, and he was completely immersed in that warmth. Lance thought, 'I was so close to losing Yvette... It's great that she's back.'

He looked at her for a long time in silence without moving a muscle.

When the maid came over with the hangover tea, she was relieved to see this scene.

It seemed that Lance was still very attached to Yvette.

The maid thought, 'I can tell Fiona that she doesn't have to worry so much now.'

Lance took over the hangover tea and gently woke Yvette up. However, Yvette was dead asleep and did not wake up even when he called her name softly.

Thus, he had no choice but to put the hangover tea aside.

He then walked over to prop her up. Yvette was in a daze. When her sleep was interrupted, she was hot-tempered and slapped Lance on the face. Lance's face darkened for a moment. He sighed, grabbed her hand, and gently patted her face.

"Wake up. Drink the hangover tea before you sleep. Open your mouth..."

Lance rolled up his sleeves, revealing his strong and lean arms. He did not care whether the stench of alcohol coming from Yvette would stick to his body.

Yvette was annoyed by the noise and lifted her eyelids in a daze. She then closed her mouth tightly like she was not going to cooperate.

Lance patted her face, brought the hangover tea to her mouth, and coaxed her.

"Just take a few sips. Haven't you always loved Mrs. Sally's hangover tea? Open your mouth..." Yvette looked at him for a few seconds in a daze, but it was unclear whether she was awake.

Lance looked at her with a soft gaze and touched her forehead.

"Good girl. I'll let you sleep after you drink this." Yvette closed her eyes. In the next second, she pushed his hand away and got out of bed.

The hangover tea spilled on the bed and the floor. Lance's face stiffened. "Where are you going?" Yvette did not answer. Instead, she ran to the bathroom and vomited.

Although Lance did not hear an answer, he was relieved.

He asked Mrs. Sally to clean up the room and bring over another cup of hangover tea.

Yvette did not come out of the bathroom so quickly. She felt much better after throwing up and became sober.

When Lance wanted to go into the bathroom to help her, Yvette suddenly closed the door from the inside and locked it.

Lance was shut out the door, but he did not get annoyed.

The atmosphere that night was not exactly relaxed nor solemn. However, it was very weird. Even Mrs. Sally felt the change. She did not say a word and only bowed her head to do her work. Lance knocked on the door and loosened his collar.

“Do you need help? Do you want me to go in and help you?”

There was no sound inside except for the tap running. Yvette was probably filling the bathtub again.

Lance paused. “It’s not good to take a bath when you’re drunk. Just simply wash up.”

However, there was still no response.

The silence was unbearable.

Lance finally noticed that something was wrong. He inexplicably felt uneasy.

After a long time, Lance spoke in a deep and hoarse voice.

“I know that you went to the office today and overheard my conversation with Whitney. I can explain.”

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Chapter 1888 I Don't Want to Hear It

No other sounds were coming from the bathroom except for the sound of running water. Lance felt like he was talking to himself since there was no response. He felt helpless.

This was the first time he had to deal with Yvette like this. He initially thought that they could easily get over this matter, but now, it seemed that it was not so simple.

The sound of water finally stopped. Yvette went into the tub.

Without needing to think, Lance knew that it would take at least two hours for Yvette to come out of the bathroom. That was because of her complex routine, which included a massage and skincare.

In the past, Yvette would invite Lance to join her, and they would get intimate. Lance would occasionally cooperate, but he really could not control himself whenever it came to Yvette.

Occasionally, he would also punish her for fooling around because she delayed his video conference many times.

Now, Yvette locked the door behind her and shut him outside, which made him feel so helpless. Yvette was done in exactly two hours. When the bathroom door finally opened, Lance breathed a sigh of relief.

He was sitting on the edge of the bed when he looked up at her. He picked up a towel from the side and walked over, ready to dry her hair. Yvette's face was flushed from the steam. She was not as drunk as she was earlier. When she walked out and saw Lance, she was slightly stunned. However, she quickly regained her composure. "You're still awake?" Her tone was dull.

Lance looked at her for a few seconds, let out a faint "mm", and wrapped her hair in the towel intending to dry it, just as how he did many times before.

Yvette did not refuse. Her body only stiffened slightly for a moment. She then relaxed and sat down to start preparing her skincare products. Lance did not miss the slight change in her actions.

He thought, 'She's still bothered by it, but the good thing is that she didn't reject my proximity»
Lance relaxed slightly and sighed.

"Yvette, I know that you're very angry today because you found out about Whitney working in our company, right?"

Yvette lowered her head to apply the serum, gently patting it on her face without slowing down at all.

She did not even raise her head and let out a light laugh.

"Who's Whitney?"

Lance paused for a moment. His dark eyes looked at her through the mirror, and he pursed his lips.

When Yvette meticulously finished the steps of her skincare routine, her hair was already half dry.

She lifted her eyelids and looked at Lance. The corners of her mouth curled up.

“Tell me, who’s Whitney?”

Yvette was eager to see how many facades Lance had behind this mask.

She hated that he was walking on eggshells around her because it only made her feel that he was guilty. Since he had placed his ex-girlfriend right under his nose in such a dignified manner, did it mean that there was no need to cover up anymore?

Lance said, “My ex-girlfriend.”

“Oh.”

Yvette was not surprised by this answer. The two of them already knew what was going on. Yvette was such a smart person. Now, she was just playing dumb.

Lance, who was always clever, did not know what Yvette was up to. He was stunned. The room was quiet, with only the sound of Yvette patting the lotion on her body. Lance took a deep breath and explained with a gentle voice.

“I didn’t know that she came back and joined our company. She suddenly ran over and told me that my mother set her up to leave the country back then. I didn’t know about all this...”

Yvette raised her eyes and looked at him calmly. It was way too calm. Lance suddenly had a bad feeling that made his chest hurt. Yvette smiled faintly and tilted her head to look at him.

“So, you’re trying to tell me how innocent and miserable you and your ex-girlfriend are that your mother broke you two love-birds up? That’s why you want to make it up to her? Or, do you want to rekindle your old relationship? In the meantime, you want my understanding, right?”

Lance looked at Yvette in silence.

For a moment, his face was glum. Lance did think of making it up to Whitney, but not so much that he had to give up his own marriage. Yvette’s flippant attitude was clearly showing her disdain toward him, Whitney, and their marriage.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1889

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Chapter 1889 I Don't Believe You

After a long time, Lance's throat bobbed, and his eyes darkened.

"I don't mean that. I just want to explain what's going on. What you heard during the day..." Yvette laughed softly. Her eyebrows arched, and her smile was very light.

"Are you trying to say that what I heard wasn't real? That I misunderstood you? That you don't know of her existence at all? Did you want to say that you only met her today?"

Lance was stunned, and his face tightened slightly.

Obviously, what Yvette guessed was right.

If Lance really said all that, she would probably die laughing.

This explanation was very weak.

Lance opened his mouth. "Whether you believe it or not..."

"I don't believe you."

Yvette's smile faded as she looked at him expressionlessly.

"I don't believe a word you say."

The two of them were completely at an impasse. Why should Yvette believe Lance?

Was it not Whitney's intention to attend the party just to get Yvette's attention?

Did Lance not hide Whitney's existence from Yvette and let her join his company because he wanted to rekindle his old relationship?

Even though Yvette was a bit slow to realize, she was not stupid.

Lance looked at Yvette with unblinking eyes. At this time, her bright and delicate face was extremely cold.

He did not want to make things worse and did not want to make this even bigger of a deal.

There was clearly nothing going on between him and Whitney.

He laughed lightly with some suppressed emotion. "So? You don't even want to listen to my explanation now and just jump to conclusions!" Yvette stared at Lance with bewilderment and absurdity in her eyes.

"Theard it clearly enough during the day, so] can't tell if what you say is true or not."

Lance was stunned and his eyes instantly turned dull.

He rubbed his temples.

"I'll make her leave, so you don't need to worry about it."

Yvette gently curled her lips. Her voice was cold and detached.

"You don't need to force yourself. I won't mind even if she stays."

Lance froze slightly as if he had misheard.

"What did you say?"

Yvette laughed indifferently and casually. "If you both aren't afraid to be embarrassed, I'm not afraid either."

She finally finished applying the hand cream. Then, she went around to the other side of the bed, lifted the quilt, lay down, and closed her eyes. The room was silent.

Lance looked at her with shock.

Yvette did not open her eyes, and her voice was indifferent as she said, "If you don't want to sleep here, then sleep outside. Please turn off the lights when you leave."

She did not even bother to put up an act.

Those words she heard during the day were like a slap to her face. Although they came from Whitney's mouth, did Lance ever refute her on behalf of Yvette?

He did not.

That was because he also thought the same.

Was it not?

This relationship came too suddenly. They were so immersed in bliss that they neglected the vulnerable foundation between them.

A few minutes later, the room was dark.

The man walked out and quietly closed the door. When the maid saw him walk out, she was holding a cup of hangover tea.

"Sir, is that Madam..."

Lance rubbed his temples.

"She's asleep. No need."

The maid nodded and turned to go back into the kitchen.

Lance stood quietly on the balcony as the wind blew in, rattling the collar of his shirt.

He took out his phone and called the human resources department.

"Fire Whitney Locke tomorrow."

"Why, Mr. Sheldon? Whitney is a talent that we poached from abroad. She just joined the company one »

"Enough!"

Lance rarely spoke so coldly and bluntly to shut someone up.

The night wind blew and permeated with a chill. Lance had a hunch that Yvette's indifference tonight was not a joke, and he would not test his wife's patience because of Whitney Locke.

His phone suddenly rang.

When he looked down, he saw that it was a call from his mother, Fiona.

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Chapter 1890 Change Your Last Name to Locke

Fiona said, "Bring Yvette home for dinner tomorrow."

Lance's mind was a mess.

"I'm busy."

His tone was harsh, and Fiona could hear it.

She sneered.

"What, did that woman make up some nonsense, which made you think that I'm the devil who broke you up?"

Lance pursed his lips. "Mom..."

"Don't call me mom! If you don't come back tomorrow with Yvette, just change your last name to Locke!"

That was Whitney's last name.

Fiona then hung up the phone ruthlessly.

She became suspicious because of Mrs. Sally's phone call, which made her investigate the company.

There were rumors going around the company about Lance and Whitney having an affair in the stairway that day.

Fiona did not believe that Lance would have an extramarital affair and do such a shameless thing. The only possibility was that Whitney deliberately made a show of it to others so that people would misunderstand their relationship. Fiona had seen such tactics long ago.

Fiona was the only one who could explain what happened back then.

Initially, Fiona thought that Lance and Yvette only had a small disagreement. Who knew that Whitney Locke suddenly appeared? That woman certainly could not be underestimated.

Lance hung up the phone and felt a headache for a moment.

He did not go to the guest room and only lay on the living room sofa without a hint of sleepiness. When the day dawned, he only took a nap for a while.

However, he was soon woken up.

The maid got up early in the morning to make breakfast.

Not long after, Yvette also woke up and washed up.

Lance went to the dressing room to get changed. When he walked out, he also saw Yvette walking out of the bedroom.

He paused in his footsteps.

Yvette smiled. "Good morning."

Lance saw her nonchalant attitude and felt inexplicably irritated.

Yvette turned around and went to the table to eat breakfast. She even praised Mrs. Sally's delicious seafood soup, which made Mrs. Sally smile brightly.

When it was almost time for work, Lance looked at his watch and said, "Let's head to the office." He was talking to Yvette.

Yvette took a tissue and wiped her hands before she stood up and turned around to get her bag. The two of them got into the car in silence and did not speak the entire journey.

The feeling of being so close yet so distant made them feel powerless.

The car finally parked in the underground garage. Yvette pushed the door open to get out of the car, but it did not budge.

She looked back at Lance with slightly cold eyes. Lance loosened his collar, and his throat moved.

"Do you plan to treat me like this forever?"

This indifference and detachment made them feel like strangers.

They clearly should not be like this since they used to be so close.

Lance looked at Yvette's expression.

Yvette pursed her lips and laughed. Her tone was a little erratic and bewildered.

"We might not even be together forever," she said.

She did not sound like she was joking.

Lance instantly froze. His face darkened.

He stared at her and knew what she meant by that, which made his heart collapse in an instant. A certain place seemed to disappear without warning.

Lance suddenly grabbed Yvette's wrist. "What did you say?! What do you mean by that?"

Yvette struggled, but when she could not break free, she just gave up.

She laughed.

"Nothing, I'm just saying it casually."

She looked indifferent as if she did not take what she just said to heart at all.

Lance's heart trembled for a moment. When he noticed that her wrist was red from his grasp, he slowly loosened his grip, but he did not let go of her.

He gently rubbed her wrist as he spoke in the gentlest tone possible.

"I've already told them to fire her, so she won't show up in the office again today or in the future. I don't care whether it's a misunderstanding that she went abroad. I'm already married to you, so I have a responsibility to you and our marriage. I'll never betray you."