

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1884

Chapter 1884 Divorce or Separation

Lance was feeling anxious and complicated inside. He called home, but the maid was the one who answered the call.

"Is Madam home?"

The maid said, "No, didn't Madam go to the office to look for you?"

She was just wondering about it.

Lance said, "Let me know when she's home."

"Yes, sir."

Lance let out a deep breath after hanging up the phone.

Yvette overheard his conversation with Whitney earlier.

'Would she overthink things?' Lance thought. Whitney's words earlier were very harsh. However, since Lance just found out about his mother's ploy to get rid of Whitney, he felt indebted to her and just let her keep venting her grievances.

Thus, he did not retort.

Who knew that it would be such a coincidence? Lance looked at Yvette's phone number and fell into deep thought. 'We were just being intimate this morning. Yet now, our relationship is about to be over so soon? I don't want it to end, and I can't let this end...'

He no longer had the mood to go back to work. Thus, he drove next to the sidewalk to look for Yvette, heading toward their home.

Yvette walked alone on the sidewalk. After a while, she somehow wandered to the entrance of a bar.

Tattle Bar.

Yvette had not been there for a long time.
She pushed the door in.

The bar was not yet open.

The manager went over to take a look. "Ms. Quimbey, why are you here now?"

Even if they were not open, the manager did not dare to kick customers like Yvette out.

"You haven't visited us for a long time. The wine that you kept with us last time is still here. You can sit at your old place, and I'll get someone to sing a nice song for you."

The manager was trying to suck up to her.

After all, they did not know what they have done for the great Ms. Quimbey to stop patronizing them. Without her, the business was not great. Yvette pursed her lips and sat on the bar. "Sure! Get someone to sing. I don't want a private room. Right here will do."

The manager was ecstatic.

He immediately called the resident singer to come over.

"Ms. Quimbey, what would you like to hear?"
"Whatever."

"What would you like to drink?"

"Whatever."

Yvette bowed her head, and she was in a sullen mood.

She wanted to indulge herself, but would that be enough to get back at Lance?

Yvette did not know what to do with herself in the future.

How should she face it?

Should she pretend not to know?

Or should she maintain a superficial love just like the other rich wives, and turn a blind eye to her husband's affairs?

Yvette's feelings came and went so quickly.

They probably disappeared when Lance apologized to Whitney.

That kind of bitterness that spread from her heart was a horrible and hopeless feeling.

Yvette wallowed in her sorrow and was unable to extricate herself.

The bar manager saw that Yvette was not in a good mood, so he dared not upsell to her at this moment.

He found a bottle of reasonably-priced wine that Yvette usually liked to drink and poured her a full glass.

The music started to play.

Yvette was not in the mood to enjoy the music. Why did all the lyrics sound like the word, "break up"?

She instantly felt more depressed.

Her phone was turned off without any movement. Yvette turned on her phone wanting to find someone to talk to.

As a result, she only saw the missed calls from Lance.

It was annoying as hell.

Yvette was just about to call Nicole when Lance's call came through again.

Was there no end to it?

Yvette calmly rejected the call, took a sip of wine, and called Nicole.

Nicole picked up, but she sounded busy.

"Ms. Quimbey, I asked you to lunch just now, but you ran off to find your husband. Why are you looking for me now?"

Yvette paused. She felt miserable.

"Nicole, can I ask you a question?"

Nicole paused. She could tell from Yvette's voice that something was wrong.

“What is it?”

“Which do you think will be better for me? Divorce or separation?”

Yvette’s voice was hoarse as she tried to stay conscious and keep herself from crying.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1885

Chapter 1885 There’s No Misunderstanding

There were too many aspects involved in a divorce. Thus, Yvette proposing a divorce was an earth-shattering revelation.

If the whole world knew that Yvette had lost to Lance’s ex-girlfriend, how could she still maintain her reputation as the great Ms. Quimbey?

A separation would be the same as giving up Lance, but not the identity of Mrs. Sheldon

Yvette would just be like countless rich wives; either willingly keeping up a harmonious act and tolerating such a nasty thing, or squandering money on their sugar babies.

It did not matter.

Of course, Yvette would also have no right to meddle in her husband’s private

to meddle in her husband’s private affairs anymore.

Yvette could not decide if it was better to cut off their relationship once and for all or to keep an out-of-sight, out-of-mind attitude.

Divorce or separation?

Nicole was probably shocked by Yvette’s sudden question

She was silent for a few seconds before she asked Yvette tentatively, “Yvette, are you joking? What happened?”

Yvette took a deep breath.

“I’m not kidding. I’m being serious. For the first time, I feel like it’s degrading to be deeply in love with someone. It was like this with Sean back then, and it’s still the same now that I’m married. Why can’t I be more casual in relationships? That’s the kind of person I was supposed to be!”

Those men dragged her into the whirlpool of love, yet they told her not to take it too seriously.

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Every relationship taught her something, but she just never learned her lesson.

Realizing the importance of the matter, Nicole softly persuaded her.

“Is there some kind of misunderstanding?”

Yvette suddenly lost control and burst into tears.

“Lance got his ex-girlfriend to work in the company, and everyone knew about it, but he kept it from me. I even overheard the two of them talking about how he regretted our marriage. What other misunderstanding can there be?”

Everyone in the bar was stunned when they heard this.

The bar manager stood there for a while,

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not knowing what to do

He could only pretend not to hear anything and continue to serve Ms. Quimbey with all the finest things.

Previously, he heard that Ms. Quimbey got married and had a good relationship with her husband

He did not think that no couple in the ultra-rich circle could escape the fate of being superficially harmonious.

What a pity!

Nicole did not speak for a long time and listened to Yvette's uncontrolled cries. Her first reaction was that this was impossible.

However, Yvette was so certain about this. She even said that she heard it herself. Thus, Nicole did not know what was the truth

Lance did not look like that kind of

person, but no one could guarantee that. After all, it was always difficult to understand someone's true nature.

So many couples in affluent families had extramarital affairs because they knew that they only got married for benefits.

Those who married because of love were few and far between.

However, everyone thought that Lance and Yvette were different.

After they got married, their feelings for each other deepened day by day, just as everyone thought they would.

Now, Yvette suddenly and hysterically said that Lance cheated on her, which startled Nicole.

Yvette was still crying. The last time Nicole saw Yvette like this was the time Yvette found out that Sean lied to her.

Nicole slowly exhaled. She was still calm.

"Yvette, where are you?"

Yvette's voice was hoarse. "I'm fine. I just want to be alone. But I want to ask your opinion on how I should deal with this."

Nicole was silent for a few seconds before she answered.

"If you can tolerate it, just get a separation. If you can't, then get a divorce. I'll get you the best divorce lawyer to fight for your best interests."

Yvette laughed out loud. She was crying and laughing at the same time.

"That's more like it! I can't leave without getting anything! I wanna take his property and spend all his money!"

After Yvette finished her sentence, she hung up the phone. Her heart ached even more.

Nicole stared at her phone, lost in thought.