

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1884

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.