

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

Boss Chapter 1491

[/ Love Coming from the Least Expected, The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss](#)

Read Chapter 1491 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Lance did not touch Yvette when she was drunk. That was the most basic trait that he had as a gentleman.

Especially since Yvette was his wife that he recently married, he wanted to leave a good impression on her.

However, now that Yvette was sober, there was no reason for him to let go of the new Mrs. Sheldon.

Yvette had never seen Lance lose control like he did at this moment.

Lance wanted to continue even after they did it once, but his phone kept ringing as if it would never

stop. He suddenly felt so conflicted and irritated by it.

Yvette was also very annoyed. It was enough to do it once. She did not want to continue.

However, Lance's appetite only seemed to grow. He became greedy, so she had to work hard to keep up with him.

She pushed him away. Her voice was hoarse and dry. She no longer had the energy she used to tease him earlier.

"Go answer the phone."

Lance's hand was still holding her waist. The feeling of her body in his hand was so good that he could not bear to let go.

However, he knew that they could no longer continue.

He climbed off her with an ashen face and picked up the phone. His attitude was extremely cold with aloof indifference.

"Alright."

Lance hung up the phone, looked back, and saw Yvette lying on the bed sleeping with her eyes closed. Her cheeks were ruddy, and the quilt covering below her shoulder concealed the erotic sight.

The sunlight enveloped her shoulders, and her fair and delicate skin looked translucent and lustrous, like a piece of beautiful jade, pure, white, and flawless. When he tasted her, it was the first time he lost control over a woman's body. It completely hooked out the inferiority he felt as a man. He finally understood that he was just like any common man.

His heart struggled for a long time before he slowly walked over and sat on his knees next to her. He stroked the hair beside her ear and tucked it behind her ear. Then, he dropped a kiss behind her ear and spoke in a low voice.

"Yvette, the trip that was planned yesterday can't be delayed any longer. I have to leave and won't be back until three days later."

Yvette was so tired that she could not even lift her arms. When she heard his words, she just wanted him to hurry up and leave.

She did not answer. Lance took a deep breath. He also knew that it was not very polite to leave like this after they had just slept together.

However, that project was very important, and the itinerary had been planned half a month in advance. If he did not go, there would be huge losses for the Sheldon family.

After thinking about it, he lowered his head and kissed her again as he restrained

himself. He got up and went to the bathroom to wash up. When he was ready to leave, Yvette still did not open her eyes, looking like she could sleep until the end of the time.

He stood helplessly beside her and looked at her. After pulling the covers up for her, he turned around and left in satisfaction.

The moment he left.

Yvette, who was still quite tired, suddenly lost her sleepiness.

After a short rest, she got up. She suddenly felt that her marriage with Lance did not seem that bad.

Maybe it was a blessing in disguise.

Unable to resist, Yvette sent a message to Nicole. [I slept with him.]

Nicole replied. [Congratulations!] Yvette's eyes lit up because of that word.

Congratulations.

Congratulations on her marriage. Congratulations on finding a good man.

Although Lance left at this time, Yvette did not feel uncomfortable at all.

She dawdled until it was almost noon when she suddenly heard the doorbell ring.

Who would come at this time?

Yvette went over to open the door. It was a man she had not seen much before, dressed in a refined and scholarly suit.

"Hello, Ms. Quimbey. I'm Mr. Sheldon's assistant, Hans. These are the clothes Mr. Sheldon asked me to prepare for you."

He handed over what he was holding. Yvette took them and looked at them. It was all brand new, and the clothes were also her size.

How thoughtful.

Yvette smiled. "Thank you."

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Hans smiled politely. "Mr. Sheldon said that you'll need to move these days and told me to stay and help. This is my phone number. You can contact me anytime if you need anything."

He handed over his business card. Yvette accepted it and nodded.

"Okay, I'll contact you."

Lance arranged everything and even left his assistant behind. He was quite considerate.

Hans nodded. "Then I won't bother you. Goodbye, Ms. Quimbey."

Yvette closed the door, changed her clothes, and went back to her apartment to pack her things.

She was not that worried about moving.

Hans was extremely efficient. With one phone call, everything was arranged in less than a morning. He even called for a professional housekeeper to go up and sort out her clothes after moving in.

A few days later.

Nicole attended a bidding meeting. There was a project that Yvette's company had always wanted, so she called Yvette over.

Yvette looked vibrant and ruddy. Nicole smiled, and the two went in together. There were not that many people at the meeting, but there were more than a few people too.

Most of them came with a purpose.

Nicole's purpose was clear, while Yvette came here on behalf of the company because she had her eye on a piece of land.

When the bidding started, there were unexpectedly a lot of people bidding for it. The bidding went up to \$7 million before a rivalry gradually formed between the two parties.

It was getting closer and closer to Yvette's base price, so she did not hesitate. However, it seemed like the other party really wanted the land as well.

\$8 million.

This price was already very high.

Yvette subconsciously looked at the other row,

wanting to see who was competing with her.

Unexpectedly, the other party also turned to look at her.

When the two looked at each other, there was suddenly some inexplicable silence.

Yvette jerked her head back. Her breathing was a little unsteady.

Nicole looked at her in surprise. "What's wrong? Who's the other party?"

"Sean's ex-wife," Yvette said, and then questioned, "Why is she here?"

Nicole paused and lowered her voice to speak. "I recently heard some rumors. Sean started to divest interests with his ex-wife's family, which offended many people and led to a lose-lose situation. Both their families have a symbiotic relationship. His ex-wife's family has connections but no ability. Sean has the ability, but no connections. So once they separate from each other, it's bound to be a no-win situation. His ex-wife also had to personally come out and socialize. However, the effect is minimal. After all, without strength, no one will rely on friendships to pick up business dealings."

After Nicole finished speaking, Yvette did not speak for a long time.

However, her hands subconsciously clenched her skirt.

Sean started to divest interests with his ex-wife? Sean really gave that up?

Nicole pursed her lips. "Yvette, don't overthink it. Business is more important."

She was worried that Yvette would get involved with Sean again out of impulse. That would not end well.

A pale smile appeared on Yvette's face, pulling at the corners of her mouth.

"Don't worry, I won't flatter myself and think that he did that for me. Although Sean stepped on his ex-wife's resources to get to the top, he denies it when others say that about him. Separating their interests is something that he would do sooner or later, but... It was a little sooner than I thought. He started before he found another good family."

Nicole said, "Don't overthink it. Sean's ability will let him turn the tide sooner or later. He won't be struggling beneath someone all the time. If it was for you, then he should've completely cut them off during the divorce, not now."

Yvette smiled. She had to admit that Nicole was right.

In the end, the land was taken at \$9 million, but Yvette was not much happier.

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While Nicole was exchanging pleasantries with others, Yvette handed a secret agreement to Sean's ex-wife.

In the car, Sean's ex-wife hurriedly caught up before they could even start the car. She threw the agreement in her hand back at Yvette. Her face was tinged with resentment and anger. "What are you doing? Humiliating me?"

Yvette looked at the transfer agreement that she had just signed, flipped through it a few times, and smiled.

"You think too much. Don't you want this project very much?"

"I admit that I lost, but I won't give you the chance to humiliate me."

Yvette pursed her lips. On the document, it was written that it was transferred to Sean's ex-wife for a bid price of \$6 million.

Yvette got it for \$9 million and sold it for \$6 million.

Yvette did something that only a fool would do.

She chuckled softly. "It's not like I have too much money to spend. Even if I put in more to this land, the profit will also be limited.

"However, the cost is relatively low. You want this project because you can't get anything better, right?"

The woman stood there. Her body stiffened slightly, but there was no expression on her face.

Even so, she could not wag her tail and beg in front of Yvette.

Their relationship should be like fire and water, right?

Yvette looked at her. There was no mockery in her smile, and her tone was solemn.

"Didn't you always feel like I destroyed your marriage? You always felt like I wronged you, right?"

"Consider it a little apology from me. Please... Accept it in peace."

The woman's eyes instantly reddened. Her chest heaved as she strongly held back her grievances and anger.

She did not expect the great Ms. Quimbey, who did not care about anyone, to actually yield and give in.

She did not do anything wrong, and there was no reaction when she accused Yvette.

"Do you think I'll forgive you?"

The smile on Yvette's face was faint. "I don't need your forgiveness, because I've never felt like I was wrong since the beginning. However, you're not wrong either, so I don't hate you. Whether I'm with him or apart, it was all within the scope of morality besides me being unknowingly forced into being a mistress in the beginning. Even so, you should go after him for that instead. Forget it. No matter what I say to you, you still hate me, right?"

Yvette chuckled and gave her a sideways glance.

"He threw you and the resources behind you so heartlessly. Is it because he wants his ego? No. It's because the resources behind you can no longer satisfy him. If you want to stand up, this is your final chance. So, just take it. After all... An accidental injury is still an injury."

Then, Yvette put on her shades, handed over the document, and wound up the car window.

At the last moment, Yvette whispered, "I'm sorry." Yvette asked herself if she had let anyone down in her relationship with Sean.

She was cheated and lied to by Sean.

However, what she should not have done the most was get back together with him after his divorce.

It would seem like it was because of unwillingness; an unwillingness for sincere feelings to meet a precarious end.

Yvette did not know that doing that would hurt a lot of people and put herself in the middle of a whirlwind of public opinion.

Looking back today, Yvette felt sober, as if she had been hit by a rod.

Yvette was innocent, but was Sean's ex-wife not innocent as well?

Sean's ex-wife watched the car drive off, and the tears that had been welling in her eyes suddenly gushed out.

The assistant behind her ran over and was at a loss for words.

"Don't cry, Miss. Even without this opportunity, we won't leave the company.

There must be another way. Sean won't just stand by and leave you to fend for yourself!"

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When Sean's ex-wife cried enough, she laughed, stood up, and handed the agreement to the assistant.

"How could that be? We have a chance. We don't have to declare bankruptcy."

The assistant looked at the transfer agreement and was ecstatic.

"It's a lot lower than the price we expected. We're really saved!"

Sean's ex-wife nodded.

She knew that she should not have taken it. Taking it meant that she could no longer blame Yvette for being a homewrecker.

She would not be able to stand on moral high ground and criticize Yvette's character.

However, she also knew. What did Yvette do wrong?

If it were a starlet or an ordinary girl, she would not have been able to hold back even before the divorce. That was the standard for a mistress and a third party.

That high and mighty Ms. Quimbey had always been among the top in the circle. How could she be reduced to being someone else's mistress?

She knew very well that Yvette was duped.

However, she could not help it. The first time Sean proposed a divorce to her, she had someone secretly investigate Yvette.

Yvette really did not know and was kept in the dark.

However, she also knew that Sean was not playing around. She could no longer cover her ears and sit back and do nothing.

Thus, she went to Yvette's door to show her face. She made Yvette feel ashamed

and back out of the awkward situation.

In the end, what happened?

Yvette really did leave, but Sean's determination to divorce her became even stronger.

She still remembered what he said to her when he sat in front of her with extremely cold eyes.

"You shouldn't have hurt her. She doesn't know anything."

Who was hurting who?

Was this her fault?

It was true that she demanded this marriage, but Sean agreed to it too. They exchanged interests, and there were no emotional disputes.

It seemed like she should turn a blind eye to his countless affairs without any moral burden.

However, she could not bear it. Anyone else would be fine, but Yvette's family background was much stronger than what she could give.

Once Sean got serious, he was bound to abandon her and the resources behind her.

At that time, she would have nothing left. Unexpectedly, they still ended up getting divorced.

She just could not hold back and slapped Yvette. Sean insisted on divorcing, and even found a lawyer to fight the lawsuit.

He was very straightforward and gave her all the property she was owed. He was not considered to have bullied her.

He also promised to continue to support her family, which made opposition from her family quell. They did not have any problems with it anymore.

Under pressure from all sides, she signed her name.

However, she did not intend to move out of the Moore family residence.

Fortunately, Sean's mother had always been on her side. Sean did not say anything either, but from then on, he never went back to live there.

She always knew that Sean was a refined egoist and a hyena that gobbled up meat on sight. He would not let go of any resources easily.

Unexpectedly, in front of Yvette, he put on a different mask. It seemed like all his best sides were given to Yvette.

Even when Yvette messed up his cooperation with Eric Ferguson, he never really gave up on her.

If she thought that he was doing it for resources, maybe she might have felt better.

However, gradually, she realized that he was not.

His main network resources were still given by her. Yvette did not provide him with any help there.

However, he was still willing to be with Yvette.

Somewhere along the line, he started to divest interests with her. This news made her panic.

What did he say?

"You can't keep sucking my blood. I won't just keep standing by and let you take advantage of me either."

He was breaking his word, but she was in no position to even accuse him.

They already divorced, so what else could she threaten him with?

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Sean was a selfish, cold-blooded, and emotionless person. When he completely broke off connections with his ex-wife and her connections, he began to struggle by himself. He also watched them struggle. Thus, she had no choice but to show up personally and support the company since Sean took away the company's elites and did not leave many useful people behind. If not for the project on this plot of land, Sean's ex-wife would have to declare bankruptcy in less than a month. Everyone said that Sean was still her husband, so he would not leave her to fend for herself. However, she knew that he would! Leaving someone to fend for themselves was his personality. He had always been like that. However, she blamed his fickleness on how he wanted to marry Yvette.

Unexpectedly, they separated. When she found out that Sean and Yvette had broken up, she did not feel any joy at all. It was because with Sean's capabilities now, he would not turn back and beg to get back together with her. She was merely an ex-wife that had no value. They had no children or feelings for each other. They had nothing. However, when she stood here under the sun and Yvette gave the document to her, she suddenly felt like crying. Even Yvette had more of a conscience than Sean. She had hated the wrong person. When Nicole came out and saw this scene, she immediately sighed. Nicole got into another car and called Yvette. "Have you really decided? That project doesn't look like it gives much profit, but to you guys, it's a long-term project. Your mom will nag your ears off." Yvette's tone was indifferent. "Just let her be. In any case, she can't sleep unless she scolds me every day." Nicole paused. "Well, don't have a mental burden about this. I think that you're much better than Sean. Did you know? As far as I know, Sean had secretly begun to buy out his ex-wife's company. Now that you stirred things up, he probably has no chance anymore." Yvette snorted coldly. "That man is really ruthless, huh?" "Exactly. Luckily, you managed to cut him off in time. No one can guarantee that you won't be his second ex-wife." Yvette gripped the phone and did not speak, but her heart seemed to be heavily struck. She chuckled. That was true. After all, when he insulted her back then, he said everything that could be said. Her phone suddenly vibrated as a call came in. Yvette glanced at it and smiled.

"I'll talk to you later. My husband is calling me." Then, she simply hung up on Nicole.
It took a long time before Nicole reacted and realized that Yvette's husband was Lance.

Nicole laughed. How unbelievable!
Yvette picked up the call. "Mr. Sheldon? It's been two days since you disappeared, and you finally remembered to call me? I thought you ran away after sleeping with me..."
Lance listened to her series of accusations and was silent for a moment. He was still a little guilty about leaving after sleeping with her. However, he did not expect her to say it so easily and frankly. It made his embarrassment decrease a little.
He paused, and his low voice came over the phone. "I'm sorry. I've been busy the past two days..."
Yvette smiled. "Aren't you on a three-day business trip? Are you coming back tomorrow?"
Lance paused for a second. "I'm coming back today."
Yvette was shocked. "Today?"
"Yeah, so... Can you pick me up at the airport?" Lance bit the bullet and put forward this request. Yvette fell silent.

The airport was in the opposite direction.
However, thinking about it, if she went back now, she would have been scolded half to death by her mother. In that case, it would be better to take Lance back with her. Once her mother is happy, maybe she won't be as mad anymore!
However, Lance seemed to take this silence as Yvette's reluctance.
He thought about it and said, "My assistant has some last-minute matters to attend to, and the driver also took leave..."

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"Okay, no problem. Wait there. I'll come over right now."
"Yvette interrupted Lance and easily agreed to go pick him up.
Lance happily hung up and waved at his companions.
"You guys go first. My wife is coming." His companions said, "You have a wife?"
Another person said, "Stop lying. Since when do you have a wife?"
"Mr. Sheldon, you don't have to do this, alright? There are plenty of people who want to pick you up. Are you making up this excuse because you were unable to woo a lady?"
"Mr. Sheldon, why don't you just carpool with us?"

Lance's expression darkened slowly as he looked at his colleagues. Although he usually did not put on airs, he really could not help but want to get angry when they said that about him.

He scoffed softly and immediately found a seat nearby.
"This is ridiculous. Can't I have a wife? Why would I lie?"
Lance was a high and mighty president. Did he need to lie?
His surrounding companions clearly did not believe him.
Lance gnashed his teeth. "You all can stay and wait here with me. See if my wife shows up or not. I'll make her admit it herself!"
Everyone laughed.
As if to prove that Lance was spouting bullsh*t,
they really sat down and waited for his wife to come.
They were executives who had a good relationship with Lance, so they did not put on airs when talking and laughing with him.
Furthermore, although Lance had good conditions and many women wanted to throw themselves at him, not many women were really willing to do so because Lance rejected most women.
Therefore, there was a joke circulating in the company that instead of targeting Lance, it was better to target the executives instead.
The relatively attractive people sat in a row and waited for Lance's wife.
They absolutely did not believe that Lance had a wife.
Especially when they heard that his ex-girlfriend ran away with \$500 million, they all felt like Lance was a woman repeller.

Fifteen minutes, half an hour, and eventually, one hour passed.
Lance could not reach Yvette on the phone at all. His expression became slightly sunken and unpleasant.
To the side, someone finally could not help but laugh.
"Mr. Sheldon, did your wife get lost?"
"Oh, it's already been more than an hour. She should have reached even if she lives far away, right?"
"Mr. Sheldon, stop forcing yourself. There's nothing wrong with being single. Why should you lie?"

"Forget it, maybe something was delayed? We'll accompany Mr. Sheldon and wait!"

Lance did not say a word, but his expression as he sat there was extremely glum. However, he had no intention of leaving. Two hours passed.
Some people were already getting impatient and stood up with a smile.
"Mr. Sheldon, you can continue to wait here. My wife is urging me to go home for dinner."
"I can't wait any longer either. Take care, Mr. Sheldon!"
"Mr. Sheldon, are you really not coming back with us? We promise we won't make fun of you!"
"Even if you had a wife, two hours would be enough to make a couple of trips back and forth, right?"

Lance's eyes glanced at them coldly, and his voice was low.
"I'm not leaving. I'll wait for my wife!"

Everyone shrugged, not wanting to waste time anymore.
After saying goodbye to Lance, they left while whistling.
Lance was so angry that he could not speak. What happened to his wife?
Another hour later, Yvette finally called. He did not even feel like answering.

However, when he thought that he could not wait three hours in vain and that she came all the way to fetch him, he very reluctantly picked up her call.

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"Mr. Sheldon, are you still there? I encountered a little trouble earlier and went to the hospital. Sorry!

Lance's expression instantly became anxious.

"A little trouble? What happened? Are you alright?"

Yvette hesitated for a few seconds before slowly speaking.

"I accidentally hit someone else's car. It's nothing serious."

Lance grew anxious. How could it be nothing serious if she went to the hospital?

"Are you still at the hospital? I'll go over there right now. Have matters been settled? Should I go there?"

Yvette did not expect Lance to be so concerned about her and was suddenly a little ashamed.

"It's fine. The police said I just have to compensate him."

Lance paused and heard something from her words. "You hit someone else? You're not the one who got injured?"

"It wasn't me. I suspect that he's a scammer. I'm really furious!"

Lance's heart instantly calmed down, and he sighed in relief.

"Alright, send me your address."

Yvette said, "Okay. Where are you now? Tell me you're not still waiting for me at the airport, right?"

He did not want to answer such a stupid question, so he simply hung up the phone.

Yvette clicked her tongue. Men were really temperamental.

She sent him her location and stopped caring about it. She sat in the hospital chair and waited.

In any case, it was good if Lance came. It was much better than if her mother had come. At least, he would not scold her like her mother would.

In less than twenty minutes, Lance came over, dragging a suitcase and looking travel-worn.

Yvette instantly realized that he came straight from the airport.

Had he waited more than three hours for her? Yvette instantly felt extremely guilty.

Lance surveyed her up and down. When he saw that she was not hurt, he moved his gaze to the skinny and small man sitting across from her.

The man had a cast on his foot, which looked very serious.

Lance narrowed his eyes and asked Yvette, "You did this?"

Yvette's lips twitched. "It has something to do with me, but I don't admit it. He's clearly a scammer who just staged an accident. I just don't have evidence..."

"Hey, lady, which eye of yours saw that I staged it? The doctor already said that

my bone is broken.

Broken!"

The skinny man argued, unreconciled. However, the man appraised Lance, who was a wealthy and respectable person.

Lance pursed his lips. "Forget it. How are we solving this?"

The man spoke first.

"The police want her to pay for the medical bills, but what about my lost wages and mental anguish? I'm warning you, I won't let the matter drop just like this. If I get any aftereffects, I'll become a cripple in the future!"

Yvette rolled her eyes in anger.

"You're already a cripple! You crashed into my car after you broke your bone! I watched you limp into my path!"

The man smiled. "Do you have proof?" Yvette grew even angrier.

Goddammit.

Lance paused and patted Yvette's back. "What about the dashcam footage?"

Yvette gritted her teeth. "It broke. I haven't repaired it yet."

Well, so that's how it is.

Otherwise, with Yvette's temper, it would not drag on this long.

What an injustice!

Lance nodded. "What about the surrounding surveillance footage? Did the police see it?"

Yvette gnashed her teeth again. "It broke. It hasn't been repaired yet!"

She was really unlucky!

Lance was also momentarily speechless.

Yvette was only furious to this extent because she could not voice out her bitterness under such unfavorable conditions in every aspect!

The skinny man smiled smugly.

"Since you can't get evidence, it can't be helped. I'm not trying to extort you.

Look at the car you drive. It costs at least \$1 million. How about this? I just want \$100,000. It's not that much as compensation, right?"

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Yvette laughed in anger. "I didn't do it. Why should I pay compensation?"

Did she look like a fool?

"Then there's no choice. I'll just live in your house and have you serve me when I piss and shit..."

The skinny man smiled wickedly.

In an instant, Lance's eyes suddenly darkened. His eyes were filled with coldness when he looked at the man.

Yvette was so angry that she wanted to beat him up, but Lance held her shoulders in a death grip.

"Yvette..."

He called her and patted her shoulder. His voice was lowered.

"Don't worry, I'll handle this for you. You go out and wait first."

Yvette was reluctant and looked at him questioningly.
"Don't brush it away with money. I didn't do anything wrong."

Lance nodded. "Don't worry."

Under his repeated assurances, Yvette reluctantly left.

The skinny man looked at the man in front of him and smiled enviously.

"You have to spend a lot of money to take care of a woman like her, right? It's nice to be rich. What kind of woman can't you find?"

Lance raised his eyes, his expression austere. "I'll give you two choices."

His voice suddenly went cold.

The skinny man withdrew his gaze and shivered in his heart.

"What?"

"One, I'll break your leg for real and give you \$100,000. Two, you apologize to her and f*ck off."

In Lance's choices, there was no extra compensation nor any intention to settle the situation with money.

The skinny man looked at him suspiciously. "Do you think that's possible?"

Lance nodded. "I think it's possible. I can find your home through any channel. Your parents, your colleagues, your relatives, and your friends. There's bound to be someone who knows exactly how your leg was broken. By then, I'll sue you. Do you know how many years you'll need to spend in jail for fraud? Three years at least and seven years at most."

There was no warmth in his voice. He simply stated the consequences of this matter calmly.

The man's expression gradually changed. He went from calm to fearful.

Lance looked down at him from high above, his eyes full of coldness.

"As you know, it's too easy for people like us to buy conditions and tamper with the situation. It's just a hundred thousand. I can afford it even if both your legs are broken."

The skinny man quivered, his eyes becoming fearful and avoidant.

The man in front of his eyes exuded a chilliness that seemed to come from the bones, making his hair stand on end.

He pursed his lips, so scared that he could hardly stand.

"I... I..."

Lance pursed his lips and looked at the time. "So, do you want money or your legs?"

"My legs, my legs!"

The man made his decision anxiously, afraid that Lance would change his mind if he took too long.

How could money be more important than his life? He still knew how to differentiate between them.

He was just a habitual criminal who extorted money. He accidentally broke his bone and wanted someone to pay for his medical bills.

It was a luxury car, and a beautiful young woman was driving it, so he crashed into it without hesitation.

Who knew that she would be someone who could not be offended?

He learned another rule. The richer someone was, the less they could be blackmailed.

Sean looked in the direction of the entrance.

"Go. Talk nicely and don't scare her. If you dare to speak rudely, you won't even

have a choice.”
“Of course, of course...”

The skinny man shivered and ran out.
When Yvette saw him come out, she was so angry that she wanted to scold him. However, the skinny man suddenly ran over and bowed.
“I’m sorry. I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean to hit your car. It was all my fault. I was wrong. I shouldn’t have extorted you. I’m really sorry...”
Yvette was confused by this scene.

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Yvette looked blankly at Lance, who came out behind her.
Lance walked over calmly. “Get lost.” “Of course. Thank you, sir. Take care.”
The skinny man ran away without saying anything, dashing away without caring about his broken leg anymore.
Yvette looked at Lance. “Take care, sir?” Lance smiled. “It’s settled.”
Yvette sized him up suspiciously. “You didn’t pay him, did you?” Lance shook his head. “Nope.” “Then how did he...”
“I patiently explained the law to him, and he admitted his mistake. His attitude was quite good. He even forgot about the medical expenses.”
Yvette clicked her tongue. “Who cares about that little medical fee? If he hadn’t extorted me, I would’ve given him the hundred thousand anyway. But since he seriously accused me, I don’t want to give him a single penny!”
Lance saw that she was very angry. He went over to squeeze her shoulders and smiled.
“That’s right, don’t waste your money on a person like that.”
Yvette cursed a few more times before her anger quelled and her attention was diverted.
Lance pulled his suitcase with one hand and held her shoulder with the other, looking very natural.
He acted so familiarly, but Yvette still felt a little uncomfortable.
Maybe it was the unfamiliar feeling that came from not seeing each other for a few days.
She coughed and deliberately found something to talk about.
“Why did you come back early?”
Lance pursed his lips, his gaze flickering. “Things went better than expected, so I came back.”
Of course, he would not say that it was because he wanted to see her so badly that he squeezed everyone’s schedule to reduce the three-day trip to two. It was just so that he could come back early to see her.

For the first time, Lance had the feeling of wanting to come home quickly.
This woman was like a drug.
Yvette nodded and did not continue to speak.
However, Lance finally realized something in hindsight.

She delayed going to the airport to pick him up for three hours just because she did not want to give the hundred thousand dollars.

The moment this thought emerged, Lance's mood became complicated.

Was he not as important as \$100,000?

Yvette's phone rang. She picked it up smoothly, and her mother's furious voice came through.

"Get your *ss back here right now!" Yvette was speechless.

She looked at Lance carefully and smiled. "Shall we go together, hubby?"

It went as expected.

With Lance around, Yvette's mother scolded her with less intensity and left some dignity for her.

However, she still scolded Yvette angrily in the office.

"Why don't you just give the company away to others? You can offer me up as well while you're at it!"

Yvette lowered her head and muttered, "Who would dare to take you?"

Her mother became even angrier.

Lance was overwhelmed as he spoke a few words of advice to clear things up.

Yvette generously used \$9 million to buy the land at the auction and sold it to someone else for \$6 million.

An act like this was no different from giving away money.

Indeed, it was no wonder that Mrs. Quimbey was angry.

Lance smiled. "Mrs. Quimbey, things have already happened, so there's no point no matter how angry you get. Why not give her a chance to make up for her mistakes?"

If Mrs. Quimbey did not care about Lance, she would have wanted to slap Yvette in the face.

"Make up for her mistakes? Didn't you see how I dared to give her the project?"

Lance paused. "I happen to have a new energy project in my hands. Why don't I give it to her? I'll take good care of her."

Mrs. Quimbey paused. "You mean..."

"It'll be a good opportunity for me to work on a project with her, lest she gets into trouble if she's too idle."

Lance's tone had a hint of intimacy and indulgence.

Mrs. Quimbey could clearly see it. She could tell that something must have happened between Lance and Yvette judging by their attitude.

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However, this was a project that they were willing to facilitate from the beginning.

"A project is a project. She has caused me so much trouble since she was a child, and every time I want to see how much she has grown, she would drag me down instead. How about this? I'll just leave her to you. Forget about the project. When she's a bit more capable, let her come back to take over the company."

Mrs. Quimbey had her own plans.

Although Lance's offer for the new energy project was a gold mine, if she really accepted it, it would be hard for Yvette to conduct herself in the future.

Yvette had such a flamboyant temper. Mrs. Quimbey would be heartbroken if Yvette had to suffer even a little grievance.

Lance understood Mrs. Quimbey's meaning and did not force it. He glanced at the guilty Yvette and nodded.

"Sure, then let her work with me for the time being."

Yvette subconsciously raised her head, a little shocked.

She did not expect to actually end up working for Lance.

He was really bold!

After leaving Mrs. Quimbey's office, Yvette sighed in relief, as if she had just fought a battle.

It was still a loss.

Lance smiled. "Were you that scared?" "Weren't you?"

Lance hesitated for a few seconds before speaking truthfully. "I really was a little afraid just now."

However, he did not show it.

Yvette tossed the bag in her hand and looked back at him.

"I'm hungry. Buy me lunch, Mr. Sheldon?" A smile surfaced in Lance's eyes. "Sure."

He chose a very romantic western restaurant. Yvette watched the waiter shaved white truffles on her pasta and was a little dazed.

Lance suddenly asked.

"Who did you sell that project for \$6 million to?"

Yvette faintly froze.

She instantly thought of the messy relationship between her, Sean, and Sean's ex-wife.

Yvette did not know how to explain it to her new husband, who was sitting in front of her.

She looked torn.

Lance looked at her and waited extremely patiently for her answer.

It was impossible to hide it from him, since he would find out from other means.

In that case, she might as well tell him herself.

She pursed her lips. "My ex-boyfriend's ex-wife."

The waiter, who was listening on the side, froze. The white truffle fell and rolled on the floor.

Lance looked in displeasure. His cold gaze swept over, and the waiter quickly bowed to apologize.

"Leave."

Lance's voice was extremely cold. "Yes, sir. I'm very sorry."

Yvette only looked at Lance when there was no one else around.

"Are you angry?"

Judging by how he lost his temper at the waiter earlier, of course, he was angry.

Why was he angry?

Was it because of the waiter or was it because of her?

Lance raised his head faintly. The moment the two of them looked at each other, the warm color in his eyes surfaced.

"I'm not angry, but this isn't like something you would do."

Yvette's lips twitched. She raised her brows and shrugged.

"You heard about me too, right? Do you think I let her down?"

Lance shook his head slightly. "You're not that kind of person."

Yvette's body stiffened for a second. However, it was just a second, and she regained her composure.

Her lips curled. For some reason, those long- hidden grievances in her heart were swept away because of his words.

Look, even someone who was not familiar with her knew that she was not that kind of person.

In that case, what qualifications did those bystanders have to call her a mistress? When she thought about it now, it was ridiculous that she once fell into self-doubt and pain because of these accusations.

Yvette lowered her head for a second and sighed indifferently.

“ It’s not because of guilt. It’s because I pity her.”

She pitied Sean ’ s ex-wife for meeting the wrong person. She also pitied herself for the days she squandered willfully.