

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress

Boss Chapter 1448

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As a result, after a few seconds, Mrs. Quimbey only stared at her daughter quietly with a sunken face and did not make a sound.

Yvette could not stand the silence and said, "Just go ahead and scold me if you want to! I'm ready for it!"

She felt uncomfortable if her mother did not scold her.

Mrs. Quimbey stared at her daughter who was spoiled and capricious. Yvette had been in all kinds of trouble, but no matter how much she was disciplined, she just could not learn to control her temper.

"I remember that you said those bold words here in this office three months ago, telling me that you must be with that man even if you never get married or get a title... "

Mrs. Quimbey's tone was sullen and cold. She watched as Yvette's expression stiffened and crumbled a little.

She felt a little heartbroken.

After all, Yvette was her daughter.

"Mom, can you not mention this?"

Yvette looked at her mother. Her face was expressionless when she spoke, but her eyes unconsciously reddened.

Mrs. Quimbey looked at the glass of water that Yvette had placed on the table.

"That man came to me a few times, but I sent him away. I only learned about what happened between you two later. Do you think the problem doesn't exist if you don't ask about it? Do you think that you can bury your head in the sand forever?"

Yvette's eyes were red as she looked at her mother. Mrs. Quimbey looked at Yvette and sighed.

"I believe in your sincerity, and I believe in his sincerity, but the weight of it isn't the same at all. You gave up everything to be with him, but what about him? Did he give up anything? He just allowed his ex-wife's sister to insult you and even told you not to care about it. How much do you think he values you?"

A few sentences made Yvette's heart collapse.

Yvette no longer wanted to hear more of it and restrained her voice.

"Mom, you can scold me all you want, but I don't regret that I've loved him. In the future... There's no future between us. I promise..."

Before Yvette could finish her sentence, Mrs. Quimbey interrupted her words. "I don't need your assurance, Yvette. You're still young and will encounter many things in life. Just like how you gave up everything to show me that you wanted to be with him three months ago, impulsiveness won't solve any problems. I'm sure that you've thought things through these few days. You should just break it off and change your attitude. Cut your losses in time. Feelings are the most worthless thing in this world."

Mrs. Quimbey was a bit disappointed, and Yvette heard it clearly.

If her mother had said this to her three months ago, Yvette would have retorted that Mrs. Quimbey was a robot that was cold and heartless, but now, Yvette suddenly felt like it was reasonable.

It was true that one could only remember it best when they suffered a loss themselves.

Yvette bowed her head for a moment as warm tears flowed out of her eyes. She brushed it off with her hand as if nothing had happened and answered.

"I know, Mommy."

Mrs. Quimbey looked at her daughter for a few seconds and paused. Her eyes were downcast as she picked up the cup of warm water and drank it all.

She stood up and said, "I have to go to the subsidiary for an inspection. Work here and come socialize with me in the evening."

Yvette nodded her head. "Okay, Mommy!"

She had instantly reverted to her playful and relaxed tone.

It was as if the heaviness a moment ago did not exist.

Mrs. Quimbey left the office. Yvette stood quietly for a few seconds before she left the place with light footsteps and went back to her office.

Evening.

Mrs. Quimbey sent an address to Yvette. It was an extremely famous restaurant that turned away ordinary people with its style and class.

It looked like this dinner was very important to Mrs. Quimbey.

Yvette drove there. When she got inside, there was no one else in the restaurant except one table of people. Mrs. Quimbey was among them.

Yvette's mother was sitting on the opposite side. When she saw Yvette coming in, she waved.

Yvette smiled and walked over.

When she got closer, she saw that another man and woman were sitting across from her mother.

Yvette had never seen that woman who looked to be over 40 years old before.

That woman was extremely well-maintained and had a noble air around her.

Yvette recognized the man.

It was none other than Lance Sheldon.

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Yvette froze for a moment and was a little shocked.

Seeing Yvette approaching, the middle-aged woman smiled fondly, stood up, and took Yvette's hand.

"This must be Yvette, right? She's so pretty and looks exactly like you back then!"

The woman took Yvette's hand affectionately and sized Yvette up. Her eyes were filled with fondness.

Yvette was dumbfounded. Lance, who looked mature and steady at the side, stood up with a rather helpless look.

"Mom, don't scare Ms. Quimbey..."

After Lance reminded his mother, the woman hurriedly let go of Yvette's hand and apologized. "Sorry, did I scare you?"

Yvette hurriedly waved her hands. "No, no. Hello, Auntie."

Hearing Lance's words, Yvette knew that this woman was his mother.

Yvette had not heard of her before, let alone seen her.

Back when Mrs. Quimbey matchmade Lance and Yvette, Yvette had never met Lance's family.

Yvette thought Lance did not want to continue the marriage and was only superficially agreeing to it.

However, she never understood why Lance would do that. The Sheldon family was very influential and dominant in Central Mediana especially after Nicole took down Harrison Corporation.

Almost all women would pursue this kind of man with an ultimate purpose, so why would Lance be so obedient to get engaged with Yvette?

All the initiative was in Yvette's hands.

Now, seeing this scene, Yvette also felt very strange.

Mrs. Quimbey then stood up and smiled as she spoke.

"Yvette, this is my classmate and best friend, your Aunt Fiona. We grew up together. I mentioned her to you before. Lance needs no introduction. He's Fiona's son."

Yvette nodded with a sudden realization. "Hello, Auntie! I've heard a lot about you!" No wonder!

Mrs. Quimbey usually did not have any friends. Her life was filled with only work and social engagements.

However, Yvette knew that her mother had a best friend who would call from time to time, but Yvette had never seen Fiona because Mrs. Quimbey was too busy. Their schedules were always staggered.

Thinking of this, it seemed as if Yvette had found the source of why Lance was so compliant with this marriage.

"Quick, have a seat..."

Fiona greeted Yvette as she smiled and sized her up.

"The last time I saw you must have been more than ten years ago. I don't think you'll have any memory of it. I just left the country to convalesce and was gone for more than ten years. Otherwise, I would've been able to watch you grow up..."

Mrs. Quimbey smiled with a rare trace of tranquility on her face.

"Yeah, you have to stay strong and get well soon!" Fiona smiled. "I'll try!"

Yvette sat next to her mother. As soon as she looked up, she could see Lance's helpless smile.

She seemed to understand the purpose of this meal.

Although she felt slightly uncomfortable, due to all the trouble she caused, Yvette dared not say anything and cooperated with her mother's quips. The atmosphere soon became lively.

Lance did not speak much and only added a remark occasionally. He was almost always taking care of the three ladies' plates.

Mrs. Quimbey gave him a satisfied look and said to Fiona, "Lance is so capable at such a young age. My daughter's nothing like him. She's pampered and grew up in a privileged position. All she does is create trouble and spend money. The good thing is that she has a good eye for making friends. Ian Carter and the Stanton kids are all willing to help her, which is why she's had such smooth sailing so far. Otherwise, with her brains, our family fortune would've been long gone! It'll be her blessing if she can find a boyfriend as good as Lance."

Yvette was a little shocked at her mother's straightforwardness.

This topic and purpose were way too obvious!

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Lance was also a little stunned.

When their eyes met, Yvette's face blushed as she felt somewhat embarrassed.

She then attempted to give her mother a look to stop her from talking.

It was so embarrassing that Yvette wanted to find a crack in the ground to burrow into.

Yvette had not officially broken up with Sean Moore yet.

Moreover, it would be even more embarrassing if Yvette was rejected on such an occasion.

Yvette's mother simply ignored Yvette's hints.

Across the table, Fiona smiled and patted Lance, who was next to her.

"If you like him, then take him! He doesn't have a girlfriend anyway, and I was worried that he wouldn't be able to find a girlfriend with his character. Let's just let them be together!"

Mrs. Quimbey raised her glass, and Fiona could not wait to clink glasses with her.

"Then it's a deal! Yvette will be my daughter-in-law!"

Mrs. Quimbey said, "No problem!"

The other two people were wide-eyed as they stared at each other.

They could not interject a word in their mother's conversation later on.

Thus, Yvette simply found an excuse to get a breather.

She stood on the balcony and looked down. Her mood finally calmed down a little.

The sound of heavy footsteps came behind Yvette. She thought that it was the waiter.

Then, a jacket with a cold and fresh fragrance was draped over her body.

Yvette faintly froze and looked back.

Lance smiled faintly and pointed to the two old besties behind them.

"They're afraid that you'll catch a cold..."

Fiona excitedly shared their children's affectionate move with Yvette's mother. It simply met their expectations.

They were both excited as if they were watching a Korean drama. It was overly sweet, but they still wanted to continue watching.

Yvette paused, smiled, and nodded slightly in their mothers' direction to thank them, then raised her eyes to look at Lance.

"Mr. Sheldon, this is the first time you've experienced this, right?"

Lance laughed helplessly. "I'm okay. Before coming, my mother gave me a reminder not to put on airs and be nice to girls."

He moved his arms that felt a little stiff.

"I hope my performance wasn't too bad. I tried my best."

Yvette could not help but tilt her head up and laugh. Somehow, she just felt like laughing when she saw Lance being tortured like this.

When she tilted her head up, the bright stars reflected in her eyes like meteors.

She was playful and frank. Paired with her gleeful laughter, it was hard not to pay attention to her.

Lance froze for a few seconds, but he quickly shifted his gaze and looked at the lights below. His heart was in a mess.

Yvette's laughter lingered in his ears and penetrated his heart, which made his heart tremble.

Lance tried his best to act as if nothing had happened.

Yvette came up to him and patted his shoulder.

"Mr. Sheldon, you'll slowly get used to it after a few times."

Lance raised his eyebrows. Yvette hastily added, "There will be many such occasions in the future.

Aunt Fiona looks like she's seriously considering taking your marriage into her own hands. It won't be so awkward in the future when you go out on another blind date."

Lance shook his head as he let out a low chuckle. He rubbed his temples and said, "My mom usually doesn't bring me out on blind dates. Since Auntie Quimbey is her best friend, she made an exception."

Yvette shook her head in disbelief. "No way! With your conditions, why would you still need a blind date?"

In fact, Yvette wanted to ask why Lance, with such conditions, would obediently listen to his family's arrangements and go on a blind date.

Lance did not seem to have any temper at all.

In terms of social status, Yvette was not the first choice, nor was she the best choice.

However, Lance was patient enough to show up and accompany them for a meal. It was unbelievable.

Lance laughed and lowered his head to look at Yvette. His voice was gentle.

"To be honest, my mother is very picky when it comes to picking her daughter-in-law. Ordinary girls can't get past her and get scared away."

Yvette was shocked. She thought that Fiona had a good temper.

Lance's smile faded. His voice was a little low.

"My girlfriend... Oh, it should be my ex-girlfriend... I always thought that we were quite suitable. Back when you proposed to break the marriage alliance, I thought that I could be with her, but as a result..."

Lance shrugged his shoulders to express his helplessness, but there was not much loss or sadness in his eyes.