

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1501

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Read Chapter 1501 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

Lance looked at Yvette darkly with an indiscernible emotion in his eyes. Yvette was only silent for a few seconds before she recovered her natural smile. "It's just like when you used 500 million to get rid of your ex-girlfriend. Similarly, I'm using the money to buy peace of mind for myself. Is that fine?" It was not like they got together because of their deep feelings for each other. At this stage, they were still gradually getting to know each other. If Lance really cared about her past, why did he still want to start a relationship with her? At those words, Lance smiled. "Of course. You did the right thing." A while later, the waiter served the food. Yvette looked at the food and left the displeasure behind. Lance very sweetly served her the food. It was as if the two of them never brought up the topic from earlier. After the meal.

Yvette felt a little tired. She stood at the entrance and stretched her back, watching as Lance drove the car over. "Get in." Yvette paused and blinked before getting in. "Are we going to the office?" Lance looked at her with an uncomprehending expression. Where else would they go? It was still office hours. They had been wandering outside for a long time. Although Lance had been dealing with various things on his phone, some urgent matters had been pushed to the back. He had to go back to the office. Yvette pouted and looked disinterested. "I'm not going. I'm going back to rest and then for a spa treatment this afternoon. I don't really want to face boring work matters now." Lance pursed his lips. In that instant, he suddenly understood the kind of teeth-gnashing love Mrs. Quimbey had for Yvette.

Yvette forgot her lesson as soon as she turned around. She was the embodiment of a pampered princess. Lance patiently opened the car door, took her arm, opened the passenger door, and then pushed her in. Yvette was still puzzled. "Are you sending me home? You don't need to do that. It'll take too much of your time. I'll just go back by myself..." When Lance put on her seat belt for her, Yvette saw his brows furrow. She immediately had a bad feeling. His tone was sullen and dark. "Ms. Quimbey, I just said all those words in front of my mother-in-law earlier. You don't want me to be called over for a lecture in just a few days, right?" Yvette blinked. Her heart suddenly trembled slightly when she heard the name "mother-in-law".

Lance seemed to be very comfortable with his identity. However, she still understood what he meant and asked nervously. "What does that mean? You actually want me to work with you?" Lance straightened up and gave her a side-glance, a little playfulness at the corner of his mouth. "Can't you?" Yvette said, "Of course not. My mom was just saying that. I can't leave her side. I'm now the main pillar of the company. They can't go a day without me!" Lance's lips twitched and looked at her to say, "It's no wonder your mother is so anxious. The company is in a precarious state, so all the more reason to let you learn more!" Yvette was so angry she felt like she could die of anger. "I can't refuse no matter what?" Lance nodded. "That's right. Although you have some ability, you've never dealt with big projects. I have a few projects that you can use as practice. This is a good opportunity." Yvette naturally knew that this was a good opportunity. However, she also knew that she did not have that much capability. Part of the reason she got to where she was today was because of her friends' support, and the other half was by relying on her sharpness. She was also lucky to have become the great Ms. Quimbey. Otherwise, she pursed her lips. "Then don't regret it. Don't become hostile if I end up losing one of your big projects." A small smile surfaced on the corner of Lance's lips. "Don't worry. If you lose it, it's also an ability."

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1502

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The car was silent for a while. Yvette felt that there was a hint of doting in Lance's words. How long have they known each other? It must be an illusion! At the office. The Sheldon family's company headquarters was not here, but because of their strength and reputation, they were at the extremely expensive commercial street, which was not to be underestimated. However, compared to their headquarters, there was still a gap. Lance took Yvette over to the elevator. It was the afternoon working hours, so there were more people, and it was more crowded. He was about to go in when he saw Yvette standing behind him with a shocked look. He frowned and pulled her into the elevator by the arm.

Then, a dozen other people came in. The elevator was quickly filled. Yvette could not help but squeeze into the corner, feeling extremely uncomfortable. Lance silently walked over. When he was squeezed by the body of the fat man in

front of him, he secretly cursed that he had really chosen the wrong place. However, this commercial building did not have an exclusive president's elevator, and he did not mind such trivial things.

It was his pleasure to ride the elevator with the staff, and not many people recognized him.

After finally reaching the floor, the employees left sporadically.

Only Yvette and Lance were left in the elevator. Yvette finally breathed a sigh of relief quietly.

She was really afraid that her high-fashion sheepskin boots would be stepped on.

Lance looked at her with a deep gaze. "Are you not used to it?"

Although the Sheldon family could not be compared to the Quimbey family, they were still famous here.

In particular, part of the equity shares that Yvette's mother owned had come from state-affiliated enterprises. It was also the reason why the Quimbey family background had been so strong for so long.

This mighty Ms. Quimbey grew up in luxury since she was a child. Even when she wanted to go down the elevator, someone would help her press the button.

Her terrified look earlier seemed like she was about to die of fright!

Yvette looked up, froze for a moment, fixed the messy hair around her ears, and smiled.

"No, I just didn't expect so many people."

Yvette's heart fell gently, thinking that the Sheldon family should not lack the money to build an exclusive elevator.

However, Lance enjoyed it.

Was this some kind of strange hobby?

Lance looked at her fake appearance and suddenly felt very amused.

The depression in his heart suddenly disappeared. "If you don't like so many people riding in the elevator, you can stagger your work hours with theirs in the future."

After a pause, he added.

"I won't punish you for being late."

Yvette raised her eyes and looked at him curiously. "But aren't you very used to it?"

It was like no one knew who you were earlier..."

It was clearly his own company and employees, but everyone was doing their own thing in the elevator just now.

No one noticed them at all. Lance smiled.

"I'm not some kind of celebrity, and they're only here for work. Why do they have to know me?"

Yvette paused, unable to find a reason to refute his words for a moment.

When the elevator arrived, Lance subconsciously placed his hand on her waist and gently pushed her forward.

Yvette went along with the force and stepped out of the elevator to see Lance's assistant, Hans, standing outside.

When he saw Lance, he was just about to open his mouth when he saw Yvette at his side. He smiled and nodded.

"Mr. Sheldon, Mrs. Sheldon."

Lance nodded and walked out with Yvette.

Yvette seemed to be a little unused to being called "Mrs. Sheldon". Her face inexplicably turned red for a moment.

Hans happened to be looking for Lance for something, so he turned back and followed Lance.

The employees they passed by were doing their work with their heads down, not even noticing that Lance had brought a woman to his office.

Yvette silently took that to heart.

She did not want to be the center of conversation in Lance's company.

The feeling of being gossiped about was too terrible. However, it seemed like there was no such trouble here.

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Yvette walked behind Lance, and Hans invited her in.

At a glance, the inside had a clean gray tone that was very similar to Lance's style — dull, reticent, and predictable.

The furnishings inside were not very luxurious but were clean and tidy and did not look cheap at all.

Lance took off his jacket and threw it to the side. Hans picked up the jacket and hung it up while giving his report.

"Mr. Sheldon, the director from the medical department visited in the morning and waited until the afternoon."

Lance seemed to have known and nodded. "Has he eaten?"

Hans smiled. "Yes. The Vice President and I accompanied him."

Lance nodded.

"Their hospital wants to monopolize large -scale medical equipment and make a fortune. We can't agree to it so quickly. Delay it for now."

Hans nodded and agreed.

Then, Hans looked at Yvette, who was sitting on the sofa casually. He pursed his lips and wanted to say something.

Lance paused and cleared his throat.

"That's Yvette. You know her too. From now on, she'll temporarily work here."

Hans's eyes widened in shock. It was unbelievable.

Yvette turned over and revealed a perfect smile, nodding gently at Hans.

"Please give me your guidance."

Hans did not dare to believe it. How would he dare to guide Mrs. Sheldon?

When Lance saw her smile at Hans, his gaze darkened slightly, and his tone subconsciously turned a little cold.

"Hans, let the HR department come over later to do the entry formalities. She starts work today."

This time, Yvette was no longer able to smile. "Does it have to be that formal?"

Lance looked at her with a pleasant expression.

"Of course. How else will we be able to explain it to my mother-in-law?"

Mrs. Quimbey was not a person who was easily fooled.

Yvette was speechless for a moment, but she felt like something was not quite right.

It seemed like something was amiss. Hans also felt the same way.

"Mrs. Sheldon's job title is..."

He asked tentatively. It was not his place to make his own arrangements.

Was it the vice president? Or director?

Or something else?

Lance paused. "My assistant."

Hans and Yvette froze at the same time. Lance added, "The same as you."

Hans made sure he did not mishear his boss.
Yvette stood up stiffly and looked at him, confused.

“Didn’t you say there was a big project? Wasn’t it supposed to be practice? Do you want me to serve you coffee and tea?”

She, the high and mighty Ms. Quimbey, was working as an assistant for someone else?

She wondered if Lance had taken the wrong medication.

Lance looked at her and did not seem to be joking.

“Han’s position will be most in touch with core confidential projects. It’s much more important than those directors who have to transmit orders from top to bottom. Leaving aside things like serving coffee and tea, do you think an ordinary person would be able to reach his level?”

Yvette looked at Hans in astonishment, and then at Lance.

Oh, Lance really wasn’t joking.

She also understood that the President’s personal assistant was equivalent to a vice president.

Even her mother’s assistant held 6% of Quimbey Corporation’s shares. His level of importance spoke for itself.

Furthermore, to be able to be around Lance, Hans’ sexcellence in all aspects must be unmatched. Hans smiled dryly, not knowing what to say.

He could not persuade Mrs. Sheldon that his position was really great.

“President, you’re too polite. It’s all because of your promotion...”

Yvette pursed his lips. “Alright, then I’ll have to trouble you, Hans.”

It was good to be an assistant. She would be able to quit anytime she wanted since there would be no burden.

Lance nodded in satisfaction. His eyes when he looked at Yvette grew slightly warmer.

“In that case, let Yvette take over Hans’s job. Hans, you can take over the project department for now.”

For a moment, everyone froze.

Hans said, “Am... Am I being promoted?” Yvette thought to herself, ‘Can I quit now?’

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Hans did not expect the surprise to come so quickly.

Although he was considered a senior executive in the company, he was different from the senior executives who sounded good on the surface. The core of his authority lay in what Lance gave and was not something he should have had.

Hans joining the project department meant that Lance was giving the project to him. He would have a spot among board members and would no longer be just an assistant in everyone’s eyes.

“Yes, Mr. Sheldon. I’ll definitely live up to your expectations and work diligently in my new position...”

Yvette did not hear what Hans said next. She could not listen to anything anymore.

She felt like she might as well stay at her mother's side. At least, after scolding her, her mother was already used to cleaning up after her mess. However, Lance clearly did not seem to let her come over just to give her a gilded position.

He looked at Yvette's expression and waved his hand, letting Hans prepare for the handover.

When Hans left the office, Lance walked over. He looked down at her.

"Why are you unhappy?"

Yvette blinked. "Are you happy?"

Lance smiled, a trace of warmth and dampness in his eyes.

"Yes, I'm quite happy because you'll be working with me soon."

Yvette pouted. "Will you still be this happy if our positions were switched?"

Lance looked back at his desk, pondered, and smiled.

"So, you want to sit in my position?"

Yvette looked away. He had clearly misinterpreted her meaning.

She originally thought that even if she did not become the vice president, she would at least be a supervisor or something similar.

What the hell? An assistant?

The difference was too large!

Lance said, "That's not impossible. When you mature, I'll give you this seat, okay?"

Yvette rolled her eyes. "Who cares?"

Lance smiled, not minding her little temper at all. Instead, he found it somewhat delicate and cute.

Yvette, who had always been proud and cold, could still lose her temper like this. She was simply a little angel.

He saw her heavy mood and explained patiently.

"You also know that Sheldon Corporation just expanded our business here. The two giants, Ferguson Corporation and Stanton Corporation basically occupy half of the business world each. It's not easy for other parties to come over and expand here."

Yvette looked at him and pursed her lips.

"So? I remember that your family's power in Central Mediana isn't small. Why did you have to come here?"

Lance smiled.

"We can't keep traveling the old path. Although Sheldon Corporation was freed from Harrison Corporation's power with the help of Stanton Corporation, that doesn't mean that it'll always be smooth sailing. Sheldon Corporation needs to transform. We can't keep going in circles in Central. Atlanta is the most rapidly developing city in Mediana. Even if it's tough, we still have to come here."

That was why, even if his position here was not as good as in Central, he still had to live under someone else's gaze.

Yvette blinked and felt her heart faintly move.

She did not know why he was suddenly telling her so much.

It seemed to be confidential information since it was related to the future of the company. It would be too easy to leak it.

"Oh, but does that have anything to do with me being your assistant?"

She still had to correct the topic that had gone on a tangent.

Lance smiled at her.

"It does. Hans' capabilities alone are enough for him to take charge of the project department.

There's no one else but him. I can't be without a competent person around me, so Ms. Quimbey,

could I bother you for a while and ask you to be my assistant?"

'Could I bother you?'

Yvette's heart was suddenly flooded with warmth. It was sweet and sour yet had an indescribable taste.

She suddenly was not angry or uncomfortable anymore.

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Seeing Lance lower his stance so much and being so candid with her, Yvette reluctantly forgave him.

"Fine, but that's that and this is this. My salary and treatment can't be worse!"

Yvette pursed her lips. She could not work for free! Lance nodded seriously.

"You're right. Hans's basic annual salary is about S 3 million, and the other bonuses added together would bring it up to about Ss million. Your value can't be less than his. I'll give you Slo million, and other bonuses can be negotiated. How does that sound?"

Yvette looked at him in shock, as if she was looking at an idiot.

Han's annual salary was the same as hers?

The annual salary that her mother offered her was less than three million!

Yvette did not lack pocket money, and her salary was indeed just a drop in the bucket.

If not for her mother's black card, how would Yvette be able to squander so much money?

An annual salary of Slo million. Yvette felt like this was the pinnacle of the assistant world.

Yvette would be willing to work as an assistant for the rest of her life with this salary.

She tried to suppress her inner joy and nodded calmly on the surface.

"Alright. I'm doing this only because we're husband and wife."

Otherwise, she would not lower herself just for money.

Lance nodded with a smile and did not seem to see through the little thoughts in her heart.

Yvette smiled and quickly entered her role.

"In that case, our relationship shouldn't be made public for the time being. It won't be good if other people find out about us."

Lance's smile froze. "What wouldn't be good?"

"They'll think that I came to the top through the back door!"

Lance looked at her. 'Didn't you?'

"Okay, I'll listen to you, but it can't be hidden for long. The wedding is set for next month. It's already been booked."

Yvette pursed her lips. "Then just don't deliberately mention it."

"Alright."

It was as if her agreeing was already a huge show of respect for him.

Any other requirements could be met.
Yvette crossed her arms and looked at him with a smile.
"But Mr. Sheldon, aren't you afraid that I'll blurt out what you told me just now? You want to gain a foothold here, but Nicole is a good friend of mine."
Lance smiled. "Feel free. Any secret that can be told isn't a secret."
Even if Yvette said it, there would be no risk.
Everyone knew the monstrous power of Stanton Corporation and Ferguson Corporation.
If not for the awkward relationship between the two, if they joined hands, companies like them would have a very hard time trying to survive in the cracks.
Yvette paused. Lance straightened up, looking professional and boss-like.

"Go over and handle the handover with Hans later.
He has quite a few projects in his hands; one of them about medical equipment. You have to focus on taking over."
Yvette nodded and went out in a daze.
Lance looked at her back and a smile subconsciously emerged in his eyes.
So well behaved!
The handover of Yvette and Hans's work took almost the whole afternoon and evening.
She really did not expect Hans's work to be so complicated and vast. This was only the work related to Atlanta.
Hans was too amazing as an assistant.
The employees were notified on the internal system about Yvette's appointment in the afternoon.
Yvette also signed the contract without having any time to regret it. At that moment, she suddenly felt like she had gone from being a small boss to a corporate slave.
Hans moved out of his office, and Yvette went in. When he left, he spoke hesitantly.

"Mrs. Sheldon, no... Ms. Quimbey, it might be a bit uncomfortable since you just took over, and you can always come and ask me if you don't understand anything. But it's always more convenient to just ask Mr. Sheldon."

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Hans still did not understand why Mr. Sheldon let this delicate young lady take his place.
He did not even look at the resumes of the many outstanding talents on his desk. However, thinking about it, it made sense. It was a good chance to cultivate feelings.
Lance really could look at the big picture!
Yvette's mind was busy and confused for a long time.
The other employees did not have any unexpected opinions about the sudden change in the assistant. They all just focused on their own work.
It was just a change in manpower.

Therefore, they did not take the initiative to come up and inquire about what was going on, nor did they speculate about Yvette's origins. Things that were to be reported to Hans were reported to Yvette instead. Yvette's mind was in a mess as she took note of everything. In the blink of an eye, her notebook flew off somewhere.

The people coming and going finally died down. It was already dark by the time Yvette raised her eyes.

She glanced at the time. It was 8:00 pm. Yvette was excited and suddenly stood up. She was never the type to work overtime!

Just as she was about to push the door open and leave, she saw Lance planning to come in.

As soon as the two of them looked at each other, Yvette felt aggrieved.

So million was not enough. It had to be at least 50 million!

Lance smiled and walked over. "You're not used to it since you just started, right? Are you hungry? I'll take you out for some food."

Yvette pushed him away and walked forward with her bag.

"I don't care. I'm getting off work." Lance nodded and walked behind her. Yvette glanced at him and spoke softly.

"Don't follow me, or other people will see us." Lance frowned. "There's no one around. Who will see us?"

Yvette was stunned and looked around. Sure enough, besides the bright lights and the empty office building, it seemed like the both of them were the only ones left.

"How?"

Lance smiled. "It's the company rules. To avoid burnout, they only have to finish the day's work and can get off work on time. They need to apply separately if they want to work overtime."

Yvette blinked. She had never seen such a benevolent capitalist.

Ordinary capitalists usually wanted people to work overtime as late as possible. Now, they even had to take the initiative to apply for working overtime?

Lance went over to press the elevator. Yvette went in and saw that something was off opposite her.

There seemed to be more building materials.

It was clearly not here when she came earlier. Yvette was confused. "Are you renovating the place?"

Although the building was not new, in this place, where every inch of land was extremely valuable, the price was already astronomical. If he wanted to renovate, he would definitely have to pay for it himself.

This amount was not small.

Lance smiled. "No. I'm installing an elevator."

As he spoke, the elevator door in front of them slowly closed.

However, Lance's words were like a feather brushing the tip of her heart, itchy and soft. It was an indescribable feeling.

"Why are you suddenly installing an elevator?"

Lance looked at her for a few seconds and pondered for a while before he smiled and spoke.

“Why do you think?”

Yvette did not want to admit it, but she felt her heart suddenly tremble a little.

She was touched because of an elevator...

No one spoke up again for the rest of the time.

Their relationship was delicate. They were husband and wife, but they were also strangers.

They did not know each other well, but they were intertwined with each other. They had a deep attraction to each other, but they were both restraining themselves from taking steps closer.

In just ten seconds or so, the elevator doors finally opened.

The cold breeze from outside poured in, breaking the silent atmosphere.

Yvette pursed her lips. “Actually, it’s also fine to take the elevator with others. There’s no need to go to such lengths, right?”

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The two walked out side by side. Lance paused when he heard her words.

He nodded slightly.

“Yes, I don’t like it. Don’t be stressed about it and don’t think much about it. After all, I’m still a president. I’m afraid my staff will crush me to death if I commute to and from work with them!”

Yvette’s head was buried very low. She felt like Lance was dissing her!

Forget it. He could do whatever he wanted since he had money.

Lance took her out to get something to eat. He met an acquaintance when paying the bill and went over to greet him.

Yvette was not interested, so she sat in the room and talked to Nicole on the phone.

Nicole asked, “Let’s go shopping tomorrow?”

Yvette said, “No, I’m busy. I have to work.”

Nicole said, "Did you take the wrong meds?"

Yvette said, "Nope. It's a long story."

Nicole asked, "Do you lack money?"

In everyone's eyes, Yvette only got serious about her work when Quimbey Corporation was in trouble or something big happened.

Yvette felt a little ashamed.

"Not for the time being, but I changed my job. I'm Lance's assistant now."

It took a long time before Nicole replied. "Oh—" The sound was meaningful.

Yvette's face turned red.

She did not notice that the room door was being pushed open and thought that Lance had returned.

She hung up the call and stood up, planning to leave.

"Done already?"

The other party did not move.

She paused and looked up, then saw Sean Moore.

He looked much more sinister and gloomier. His features looked even colder and darker, and his eyes were bloodshot as he stared at her fiercely.

The emotions in his eyes were extremely complicated.

He just happened to see Lance when he was paying the bill and could not help but think of this woman.

Sean asked for Lance's room number and tried his luck.

As a result, he hit the jackpot.

Yvette could now casually go in and out of public places with Lance.

The thought of her going out with another person in the future made Sean feel like his heart was being stabbed with a knife.

Yvette looked at him and the smile on her face faded.

It completely disappeared.

She had a wary look on her face.

"Why are you here? I didn't invite you in."

Sean approached her. "Since when were we so distant?"

Yvette said, "We have nothing to do with each other now. It's better to keep a distance."

Sean's heart sank, and he took a step forward. "Nothing to do with each other? Are you serious?"

His voice trembled slightly.

It was as if those willful days of unbridled bravado which had warmed him for a whole year had disappeared.

The dark and heavy sky pressed down on him, blocking all his light.

"Do you think I'm acting?"

Yvette smiled. Even breaking up was acting? She had her own standing. When dating others,

Yvette would never mention "break up" unless it came down to it.

Sean lowered his tone and suppressed all his emotions.

He held back and looked at her.

"Yvette, stop messing around. Isn't it enough that I apologized to you?"

The first time he met her, it was in a room in that bar. She was someone who loved to fool around, and someone who could afford to play around.

Sean admitted that he was attracted to this woman at first sight.

She was there with Nicole, and Nicole looked at him with scrutiny and wariness.

Only Yvette smiled at him when she saw him. She was like a beam of light that illuminated the sullen coldness of that room.

Immediately after, they had countless encounters and got closer step by step. He

had to admit that he did have ulterior motives. However, he could not control himself. He also just wanted to play around, but when his marital status was revealed, he was afraid. Thus, he ran back and asked for a divorce without hesitation.

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Boss Chapter 1508

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It was also the first time that Sean wanted to have an official and fair relationship with Yvette.

However, she got angry and left.

Sean knew he was at fault. No matter what she did, he backed off step by step and never gave up.

Yvette loved him, and he knew it.

If it was the shackles of morality that imprisoned this love, then he would throw away those shackles.

He got a divorce and went on to pursue her openly. It did not take much effort or time for her to agree.

He thought that the two of them were destined to be together in this life.

However, when he saw her laughing and joking with another man, he suddenly felt like she was like a gust of wind. She was leaving.

Yvette looked at him calmly. Her eyes were devoid of any ripples. He was not reflected in her eyes.

Sean felt like there was an empty piece in his heart.

"Are you still blaming me? I know that you blame me for you giving up that piece of land. Did that woman take the initiative to find you?"

Sean did not even know what he was talking about.

He knew that his ex-wife's family had fallen into decline. Without his help, no one would be able to support them.

He did it on purpose. He watched and tried to swallow them up, but he did not have the opportunity.

They said that it was Yvette who took the land and transferred it to his ex-wife at a low price.

He did not understand at first. Yvette hated his ex-wife, right?

However, after a moment, he suddenly understood. It was because Yvette had let go of him and his ex-wife, so she was willing to lend a helping hand. She didn't care at all.

That thought terrified and frustrated him. Yvette frowned at him.

"Sean, stop feeling moved. You also know that we don't have deep feelings for each other. What's left now apart from the attraction we had for each other in the beginning? If it continued, the best outcome would be me becoming your second ex-wife."

Sean's eyebrows furrowed. His expression was subtle and unreconciled.

"Impossible. You know how much I love you..." "But I don't love you anymore..."

Yvette looked at him and spoke frankly.

"That's why I dared to be so frank when I faced your ex-wife. I feel sorry that she met you."

After saying that, she no longer wanted to stay in this silent and depressing room anymore. She took her bag and walked out. However, her wrist was tightly pulled back. The intimidating darkness of Sean 's body caused a sudden chill. "Let go of me. What are you doing?" Yvette's voice pricked Sean. Sean naturally did not listen to her and dragged her towards him. "Yvette, of course, you won't become my second ex-wife. How could you leave me at the drop of a hat? What do you take me for? A joke?" "I don't care—"

Yvette struggled in disgust, but Sean did not intend to let her go just like that. Right in the middle of the stalemate, a strong force kicked Sean's back like a huge gust of wind, making him crash into the table behind her. It was abrupt chaos. Yvette froze in shock for a moment. She saw Lance standing in the doorway. His gaze was cold, and his aura was powerful. His movements were stern and sharp. His face was hard as iron as she walked over and pulled Yvette behind him. Lance stared at Sean as Sean straightened up. His eyes were blazing with anger. "It's very rude to lay a hand on a lady." It sounded like a lecture, but his tone clearly revealed a dense chill. Sean had long been displeased with Lance. "This is between me and her. It's none of your business!" Lance stood there without a change in expression. "Oh, it is my business." The air in the room turned cold in an instant.

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss Chapter 1509

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Read Chapter 1509 of The Divorced Billionaire Heiress-By I Wanna Eat Meat

The confrontation between the two men was like a silent clash of swords with edges sharp enough to slice through the dense air. Sean and Lance's auras were on par with each other. Both of them stared at each other without the slightest intention of conceding. Behind them, Yvette could not handle the stalemate anymore. She tugged at the corner of Lance's shirt and whispered. "Let's go. Don't waste time here." Lance took her hand. His expression seemed to carry pleasure and indulgence. "Okay, let's go." It seemed like he was doing it out of respect for her. "Lance Sheldon—" Sean 's voice rang grimly in his ears. "Do you think that woman is serious? How could she be sincere? She was the same when she was with me..."

Yvette paled as she stood there. She felt dizzy, as if she had just been hit in the head. Was Sean trying to drive a wedge between her and Lance? Sean's darkness had never been used on her, but she had seen quite a lot during this period. Now, he was turning completely hostile. It was really ridiculous.

What happened to the deep feelings they had for each other back then? Yvette stood there, turned around, and was just about to retort when Lance suddenly stopped her shoulders. He pushed her out and closed the door while still standing inside.

Lance shut her outside.

He turned around with an inexplicable chill enveloping his body and stood there straight.

Lance's eyes were dark and cold. His pupils looked like ice as he looked at Sean. "Have you said enough?"

Sean stood there and smiled playfully. "You're serious? You're serious about her?"

Sean admitted that he was despicable, but if it could make Lance stay away from Yvette, he could say whatever he needed to.

He had never been a magnanimous person.

Lance looked at him through the light. His thin lips parted.

"Sean, she's a woman you had feelings for. You should know that some words shouldn't be said. Won't she be sad to hear them?"

Sean choked fiercely.

His eyes were scarlet as he raised his head and looked at Lance. His face was taut and ugly.

Lance said, "In my opinion, when she was with you, she used all her heart. She loved you back then, but she doesn't love you anymore. Since that's a fact, why won't you accept it?"

Sean could not hold back. "What do you know? Who are you to meddle in my affairs with her?"

He was sick of other men standing in Yvette's shoes and lecturing him about their relationship.

"Sean, if you're a man, then be straightforward. You're trying to ruin her just because you can't obtain her. Do you want her to hate you for life? "

Lance's tone carried an intimidating chill.

"If you're really unreconciled, go back and blame yourself for not keeping her. Don't use her."

Sean's gaze was cloudy for a few moments. He looked somewhat irritated and unreconciled.

Every one of Lance's words seemed to be humiliating him.

Sean stepped forward and raised his fist. "Then get the hell away— "

Lance sidestepped as he felt a strong wind from Sean's fist. Sean missed, but the next second, Lance suddenly grabbed his hand from behind. He twisted Sean's arm, yanked it back, and suddenly smashed it into the corner of the table.

Sean suffered two blows and was naturally unwilling to just let it go.

He charged over, swinging his fist hard, but Lance did not just stand there either. None of them relented.

Yvette stood outside and tightened the clothes on her body. It took a long time before her pale face regained its color.

After Sean said those words earlier, she almost forgot why she was standing here. He was the person she loved most in the past and gave up everything to be together with. How could he hurt her so much?