

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Chapter 1901

Chapter 1901

Fiona noticed that she had been unresponsive, believing that this was a minor issue like drizzle.

But, judging by their relationship, it is clearly not the same as it once was, and it has become significantly rusted.

Yvette's eyes on Lance, in particular, were not as bright as they used to be.

She understands what this means best because she has come before.

"True, but she reappears, and her intentions are not pure. Even if she is nothing, you must exercise caution. It is difficult for you to come together. I don't want you to be uncomfortable because of this person."

Lance said: "Mom..."

Fiona winked at him, motioning him not to interrupt her. "I disagreed with you when you were with her, not because your family background was unworthy. To be honest, our family wasn't much better at the time, and we were all in danger, so there was nothing to complain about. However, this woman made use of your network resources. To achieve your goals, you sold the projects you worked so hard to obtain multiple times. Why do you think the bidding failed one after the other to begin with?"

Lance's face turned ugly and his entire body tensed and surprised.

Fiona snorted bitterly: "Not only that, but after I found out, Yvette stepped up her efforts to sever the bond between our Sheldon Corporation and the old partner."

Why did Christopher Lawrence, who had a great relationship with your father, be in your heart? Have you considered how, when things became difficult, you abruptly turned against the water?"

Yvette sat there, not entirely serious at first. As a result, she felt as if she had stumbled upon a great secret.

Fiona stood up and reached into the wine cabinet for a long-prepared kraft paper bag. She took the package and handed it to Lance.

Yvette could just make out what was above her. Her expression changed immediately.

Whitney is pictured walking arm in arm with an elderly man.

That old man was Lance's dad's friend, Christopher Lawrence.

Not only that, but Fiona took other items and placed them in front of him.

Lance's face was even uglier.

"These projects, which you previously lost, are now in the hands of the Harrison Corporation. You remember when the Harrison Corporation annihilated our Sheldon Corporation, right?"

Whitney is a Harrison Corporation special employee. You blew it. Every project, she can earn a lot of money, as evidenced by her signature, and Whitney's income, which can be matched one by one."

Lance felt out of breath when Fiona looked at him. His face was ashen and stiff, despite the fact that he was feeling smooth.

Not because of his ex-betrayal, girlfriend's but because of everything else.

Lance don't know anything.

Whitney in his impression was obedient, gentle, and sensible, and he ignored her existence many times in a low-key manner.

So, even if Lance broke up with her because he didn't love her, he felt obligated to her and postponed his youth. He didn't even notice that one layer of skin was ripped apart and the other layer was bloody!

He didn't know how much he paid to get the Sheldon Corporation back on its feet during those tense days.

Almost the entire person lives in the company, and his mind is filled with projects and businesses.

Now tell him he had a chance to succeed but was betrayed by those around him?

The enormous waves in his mind are extremely difficult for him to accept!

Fiona's words didn't stop there, and she continued: "You're probably wondering why I didn't tell you because I only got these materials after she left and the Harrison Corporation collapsed. I didn't tell you that I didn't want to be around these dirty people. Dirty things affect you, but it appears that I was mistaken."

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Fiona sighed and looked solemnly at Yvette:

"Her return must have caused you significant harm, and my mother wishes to apologise to you.

When she left, it was her who took the initiative to ask me for money and claiming that she was going abroad for further study, but I refused. But she accepted the money on the condition that she end her relationship with Lance.

I expected her not to return, but I didn't expect her to look down on her. You're having a good time, so you returned on purpose to block.

She obviously succeeded, didn't she?"

Yvette's face froze slightly, her lips pursed, and her hands clenched involuntarily.

I'm at a loss for words.

Fiona had already noticed something was wrong between them.

Lance slowed down for a long time, his voice was dry and hoarse, and he gritted his teeth with unwillingness in his bones: "You should've told me sooner."

Fiona looked at him, her eyes turning red: "You have the opportunity to turn a defeat into a victory if it weren't for the Harrison Corporation offending Nicole, but who could have predicted such a coincidence? I admit that your talent is adequate, but you were overwhelmed at the time. Mom is terrified because I heard you stood on the roof every day."

Lance's face was tense, and his entire body was stiff.

Yvette looked at Lance with a sidelong glance. She suddenly felt sorry for him after hearing all of this.

Lance may now be said to have what he desires, but what was it in the past?

It did not knock him down in such a difficult situation.

Yvette had always known he had a strong will.

Lance did, however, stand on the rooftop on occasion. Frustration, responsibility, and burden must have initially overwhelmed him.

Countless times, do you want to jump from there?

The atmosphere is somewhat oppressive. Fiona remained silent for a moment before speaking: "I told you this not to incite retaliation, but to warn you that that woman is not as

innocent as you believe. Perhaps in the eyes of others, I am a person who dislikes the poor and loves the rich, and who requires money to do so. The mother of humans. But I hope you'll be able to live a normal and happy life. Don't let an unworthy woman affect your feelings in any way."

Lance remained silent for a long time.

Yvette sat motionless in her seat.

In this light, Whitney is not worth it, not worth being a threat among them.

The strangeness between them was inexplicable, and she couldn't even locate a reliable node.

Lance's abilities are unrivalled, so marrying him should be a wise decision.

But a few days ago, she was overcome with regret.

I regret marrying so sloppily.

After leaving Fiona's house, Lance's face wasn't so bad but he didn't say anything. Perhaps he was having difficulty digesting the news as well.

Yvette looked out the car window, coming and going, her heart not wavering.

The next day,

In the meeting room.

Lance examined the application report in front of Yvette, his face blue, and his eyes cold and puzzled: "Are you still going?"

Yvette nodded quietly. She had already greeted others privately, and there were almost no competitors in her situation.

She will undoubtedly get the spot as long as Lance is not selfish.

The meeting room was quiet silent and solemn, and almost no one dared to speak.

This issue has been deadlocked for a long time; Lance and Yvette have suddenly formed their own opinions, and no matter which side they take, it is not a wise decision.

Lance rubbed his brows, his face solemn and cold.

“First, let’s end the meeting.”

He got to his feet and looked at her: “You accompany me to the office.”

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Yvette did not refuse. The point at which the two are now at odds is not Whitney, but whether or not she can go.

But Lance always seems to like to shake things up.

In office.

Lance sat on the sofa and made a negotiating gesture to the other side.

“Sit down and have a conversation.”

Yvette sat down.

At first, Lance didn’t say anything.

The assistant noticed the chill between the two, possibly due to gossip, and came in to deliver coffee without fear of death.

Lance, who had been previously calm, suddenly turned scarlet at the corners of his eyes and scolded coldly,

“Get the hell out!”

The assistant was so terrified that he hurriedly left.

Yvette smiled as she looked at Lance, who rarely lost his cool.

Lance gave her a cold stare: “What exactly are you laughing about?”

“Did you want to scold me right now?” Yvette asked.

Lance frowned, but Yvette did not allow him to speak.

“I want to go for no other reason than that. I’d like to try it myself and see how far I can get without your help.”

Lance remained silent for a moment before looking up at her: “You are free to leave. Other places, other projects, you have options, is that a joke, Cali?”

Do you realise how dangerous it is?”

Lance felt sick because Yvette pursed her lips and raised her crooked brows at him.

The words became stuck in his throat. He rubbed his brow and inhaled deeply: “Do you still blame me? If I had known she was that type of person, I would never have allowed her to appear in front of our eyes. I truly...”

Seeing Lance’s helpless and painful appearance, Yvette moved forwards and gently hugged him.

Lance was stunned for a moment before reaching out and hugging her even tighter.

"Yvette, if you blame me, you can beat and scold me; if I do something wrong, you can tell me directly, okay?" His voice was strained and helpless. As if he was terrified of losing Yvette.

It's not that he can't notice a difference in her in just two days.

It left him befuddled, scared, and panicked...But he had no idea what to do. He'd never felt like this before.

Yvette softly patted his shoulder and said, "Actually, you did nothing wrong, which is unfortunate. When I first heard your conversation in the stairwell, I was furious."

Lance came to a halt and slowly let go "Have you heard? You left before you were done?"

Yvette gave a nod.

True enough.

I'm afraid she wouldn't be so angry if she actually finished listening.

But who is to blame? Is it fair to blame him for being too nice? Is it because Whitney places traps all over the place?

Lance recalled that, prior to his final statement, the conversation between him and Whitney appeared to be Whitney discussing Yvette's bad.

He didn't think much about it at the time, but he returned unexpectedly, and kept accusing Fiona, and he was really in a mess, and wanted to compensate her to send her away.

Now that I think about it, Yvette could have been listening in on Whitney's conversation with him outside, listening to how Whitney denigrated himself.

However, as a husband, Lance did not interrupt and correct in time, and he did not confront Yvette right away.

Outside, Yvette should be more dissatisfied with herself, right?

Can I still expect her to listen to the entire conversation while waiting for him to defend her at that point?

Thinking about this caused his chest to dry up and a wave of remorse to wash over him.

Yvette laughed softly, her voice light and soft: "But it doesn't matter; she's right; my past doesn't need to be mentioned, but to this day, I don't feel like a sinner."

Lance pursed his lips and spoke dryly: "I didn't care about your past."

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"I know you're not that kind of person, but that doesn't mean others aren't." Yvette touched her hair, which had a different texture than her own, but she used the same one. It's the same shampoo brand, so even the scent appeals to her.

For a brief moment, her heart softened.

"I can't hide behind you all the time. When people mention me in the future, I won't be able to accomplish anything. Is it my ability to find a good man to marry?"

"I'm fortunate, but I also deserve it." Yvette has finished speaking. Lance looked at her face and stretched out his hand to draw a detailed description of it.

"Don't you think so, Lance?"

Lance fixed his gaze on her.

It was unusual for Yvette to be so gentle and calm, as if she had transformed herself overnight.

Lance was tempted to decline. But he knew there was nothing he could do.

Yvette had to leave. Her eyes were unshakeable in their determination. Nobody could put a stop to it.

When the dust settled, Lance was less concerned about profits and losses. "Did you really decide?"

Yvette gave a nod.

Lance shut his eyes "I'm only going to give you three months. If you can't solve it in three months, you must return, even if you don't want to."

Lance was giving in, Yvette blinked.

She immediately smiled, lowered her head, and kissed his lips passionately.

"Okay."

Will she not have the final say if she is unable to return?

Yvette returned immediately and began preparing to hand over the work at hand.

There is still time to prepare.

She wasn't in a rush, but she was also full of expectations.

Although Lance verbally promised, he did not follow through, and the appointment letter was delayed.

He smiled and asked Yvette to return home to await the news, suggesting that she get together with her friends before going to Cali to relax and eat.

Yvette had no reservations about him. But after a while, She got the feeling that something wasn't quite right.

Stanton Corporation.

Nicole had just returned from socialising outside when she noticed Yvette sitting bored in her office.

“What are you doing here if you’re not going to see my daughter? Make sure she doesn’t recognise you when you return!”

“She’s so young and can’t remember people, so don’t lie to me!” Yvette pursed her lips.

Nicole smiled, and she appeared to be in good health.

Although it is not as relaxing as it is at home after work, once she gets started with things in the company, she feels at ease.

It’s even more fun than playing with talking kids at home.

In particular, Clayton was thoughtful and not giving her a chance to be angry.

Logan came in to deliver the materials and was greeted by Yvette: “What would you like to drink, Ms. Quimbey?”

“Whatever.”

Yvette waved her hand and moved closer, eager to speak with Nicole.

When Logan saw this, he didn’t seem to mind; he put down his belongings and left.

Nicole: “Didn’t you say you’d go to Cali? When are you going to leave?”

Yvette appeared distressed: “That’s what I’m referring to. I’m prepared, but Lance has been dragging his feet. Of course, I understand he’s concerned about my safety, but continuing to do this isn’t an option. Over there, I’ve already turned in my work. My hotel reservation has also been made. Lance wants to drag me out until I’m bored!”

Nicole raised an eyebrow; Lance’s approach was brilliant and very impressive! “I don’t recommend going there. It’s too dangerous there, and I’ve heard the situation is tumultuous. The shopping mall is decorated in black and white. Stanton Corporation’s operations were withdrawn from the Cali market a few years ago.”

