

Chapter 11 He Hands Over the Divorce Agreement

Lance ignored him, picked up his wine glass, and finished the wine.

Marvin picked up the wine bottle and filled Lance's glass. "**Think** carefully. Don't regret it as I do."

Lance's long and beautiful eyes turned deep. His beautiful fingers held the wine glass and he drank it up in

one swallow.

Marvin smiled, "When you get drunk, where do you want me to send you to?"

"Your place."

Lance picked up his glass and drank it. He could not be soft-hearted anymore.

After resting, Yvette calmed down and returned to her post on time.

Since Lance's intentions were so clear, she would let it go.

It was enough to be humble for one time.

She would not give **up on** herself.

She was not alone. She had a baby and Phoebe. No matter what would happen, she would face it bravely.

She was busy at work on Monday.

After Yvette was done with her work, she took half an hour before she got off work and began to hand the

president's living habits to Lucas Wilson, the assistant of her team.

Lucas was stunned when he heard it.

These things were usually arranged by Yvette. Why would she suddenly give them to Lucas?

He was just an intern assistant!

Just as Lucas almost couldn't hold back and wanted to ask, the phone rang.

Lance was asking for her..

Yvette took out an envelope from the drawer, got up, and went to the office.

Yvette opened the door. The manager of the sales department was reporting. Yvette stood quietly at the side

and waited.

After the manager left, Lance looked up at her and said, "Come here."

After Yvette walked over, the man took out the document from the drawer and pushed the document to her

with his slender fingers.

"Take a look and see if there is anything you are not satisfied with."

Yvette looked up. There were two big words written on the cover of the document. It was a divorce agreement. Even though she was prepared, she could not help but feel tears welling up in her eyes.

He was going to cut all the ties with her.

"Sit down and take a look," he said.

Yvette obediently sat down. She lowered her head and quickly flipped through the documents. Then, she blinked hard to dry the tears in her eyes.

Lance was very generous. He would give her two mansions and a check for 8 million dollars.

In order to divorce her as soon as possible, Lance showed his sincerity.

Seeing that she was so focused, Lance was suddenly upset. He reached out to unbutton two

buttons and revealed his delicate collarbone. He subconsciously explained, “Yazmin is not well. She can’t wait for too long...”

“I understand,” Yvette interrupted him and raised her head. Her eyes were clean and pure.

“But I cannot sign this agreement.”

For some reason, when Lance heard her say this, his suffocated chest suddenly felt a little better.

His posture relaxed a lot. His clean and beautiful fingers pressed on the table and tapped lightly. “Are you dissatisfied?”

Yvette adjusted her mood and forced a smile on her face. I agree to the divorce, but I don’t need

compensation.”

Then, she handed over the divorce agreement that had been signed. There were not too many terms.

In fact, the divorce agreement was simple.

Lance would get nothing after the divorce.

She did this not because she was lofty, but because she regarded this marriage as very important and did

not want it to become a deal.

Moreover, she was treated well in the company. She **had** a mortgaged house and had enough savings to pay

for her grandmother’s treatment.

Lance had just suppressed his irritation, but for some reason, he felt a burst of panic in his heart.

“Are you sure?”

His eyes were deep and cold, and he said through gritted teeth.

Yvette felt that he was a little unhappy, but she didn't have the right to worry about that.

She **said** gently, "Mr. Wolseley, we still got forty minutes to get divorced today. It's not too late for us to go over now."

Lance was lost for words.

Lance frowned so hard.

Was she so urgent to get divorced?

He glanced at the woman in front of him. She was still lying in his arms the night before last, but now her face was so distant as if she was a stranger who had nothing to do with him.

His eyes were cold. "I've made an appointment with Mr. Smith later!"

"Mr. Wolseley, are you sure? Your appointment with Mr. Smith is tomorrow night."

Yvette even opened the iPad, looked through Lance's schedule, and handed it to Lance for him to take a look.

Lance was awkward. He gritted his teeth and said, "Yes, but he called me today!"

"Alright."

"If there is nothing else, get out!"

Lance was somewhat upset and did not want to see her.

Looking at Lance's disgusted expression, Yvette couldn't help but feel distressed.

Fortunately, it wouldn't be long before he wouldn't see her again.

She got up and handed an envelope to Lance. Her voice was very soft, "Mr. Wolseley, this is my resignation."

letter.”

“Yvette, who was the one who asked for this job? Now, you want to quit! Do you think this is your home?”

Lance’s handsome eyes were filled with anger as he questioned her. Without waiting for her reply, he waved

his hand and said, “Get out.”

Obviously, he did *not* want to see her.

Yvette did not say anything and obediently went out.

Behind him, a crisp sound came from the office, like something shattering.

She did not know what eccentricities Lance had. Who would want his ex-wife to be his assistant?

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The next day, Lance suddenly got busy.

The Investigation of the foreign branch company that had been delayed was suddenly brought forward, and it took him four days. He returned on Friday.

Yvette suffered for a few days and finally had the chance to go to his office in the afternoon.

After entering, just as he was about to speak, Frankie came in and said he had something important to report.

Yvette had to turn around and wanted to go out, but Lance stopped her.

She had no choice but to stop and wait quietly at the side.

They hadn’t seen each other for a few days. Yvette had been absent, but Lance did not seem to have changed

at all and was still stunning.

He wore a white shirt and a black tie. His shirt was buttoned, and his black pants looked perfect on him. He

looked restrained.

When Yvette was sizing him up, he suddenly looked up.

Feeling a burning gaze fall on her, Yvette hurriedly moved her eyes away from him, lowered her head, and

looked down.

The room was very quiet, and there was only Frankie's voice.

Frankie didn't understand why Lance suddenly asked him to report a failed project.

Frankie wasn't prepared for anything.

He could only act."

He said a bunch of vague words, but the key was that Lance did not find out and listened very seriously.

What was going on?

The torturous report was finally over. Frankie quickly left.

Lance threw the report on the table and said in a cold voice, "What's the matter?"

Yvette looked at the time. Although it was very rushed, it was not too late.

She asked respectfully, "Mr. Wolseley, are you free to go to City Hall now?"

Lance's eyebrows twitched. He felt that he should leave her there and not let her speak.

"I'm busy."

When he finished speaking, he got up and picked up his suit from the seat, preparing to leave.

When Lance passed by, he suddenly leaned over. His handsome face was cold, giving her invisible pressure.

He stared into her eyes and said in a cold voice, “Do you want a divorce that much?”

