

NEVER MISTAKE A QUEEN FOR A LAPDOG

Yes-man 10

Chapter 10

After all, she had poured her heart and soul into this project.

Now Seth was just handing it over to someone else as if it were nothing. Even as an outsider, he found it hard to watch.

But Noreen's reaction was surprisingly calm.

Seth personally introducing Bianca to the new partners—it was clear he was determined to look out for her.

He was genuinely considerate.

In a way Noreen had never experienced before.

So she spoke with quiet composure. "I'll organize the project files and hand everything over to Mr. Lowell as soon as possible."

"Thank you, Ms. Gilmore," Bianca replied, her tone perfectly polite.

Noreen gave a slight nod, picked up her bag, and turned to Victor. "Mr. Chase, you can discuss the details directly with Mr. Lowell. I'll excuse myself now."

Victor wanted to stop her, but he had no grounds to do so.

In the end, all he could do was quietly take Noreen's side. "Well, this is an internal company decision. As an outsider, I have no objections. It doesn't matter who I negotiate with—the project is the same. But Mr. Harcourt knows how I do business: I like to build friendships over a drink. I remember Ms.

Gilmore once impressed me by downing nine shots at a dinner party. I wonder how Mr. Lowell holds his liquor?”

“Maybe not as well as Ms. Gilmore, but I’ll do my best to keep up,” Bianca replied with a confident smile, lifting her glass.

Before she could take a sip, Seth smoothly took the glass from her hand. “She’s not feeling well. I’ll drink this for her.”

Without waiting for Victor’s response, Seth downed the drink himself.

Victor knew Seth was allergic to alcohol. At every business dinner, it was always

Noreen who drank in his place.

They’d known each other for years, and this was the first time Victor had seen Seth step in to shield someone else.

So what did all those times Noreen took his drinks mean?

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Outside the meeting room, Noreen was wondering the same thing.

Later that night, Noreen got home, took her medicine, and had just settled into bed when Claire called.

She checked in on Noreen, asking if she’d been getting enough rest, if she was taking care of her health, and if she’d been following the doctor’s orders—especially the one about staying away from alcohol.

Noreen’s answers were evasive at best.

Claire could tell she was lying. “So you drank again, didn’t you?”

“It’s just business. I didn’t really have a choice.”

Claire exploded on the other end. “Are you trying to kill yourself? Did you forget you nearly died from alcohol poisoning? And Seth—what the hell was he thinking, letting you go out drinking again?”

“It won’t happen anymore,” Noreen promised.

Claire didn’t buy it for a second. “You said that before!”

“This time I mean it.”

“How much do you mean it?”

Noreen hesitated, then asked, “Do you know any good lawyers? The kind who could take on Aurelion Group’s legal team?”

Claire’s heart skipped a beat. “What are you planning to do?”

“I’m thinking of breaking my contract with Aurelion Group. But you know how tough their legal department is, and my contract is airtight and really unfavorable for me. Most lawyers wouldn’t dare touch it.”

That’s when Claire realized Noreen wasn’t joking. She couldn’t help but blurt out, “Are you really Noreen?”

“Last time I checked,” Noreen deadpanned.

Claire burst out laughing. “This is a day worth celebrating! My hopelessly—in–love best friend is finally waking up!” She was genuinely happy for Noreen.

If she didn’t know Noreen needed her rest, Claire would have dragged her out for an all–night talk.

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“Leave the lawyer to me. I’ll find you someone with real teeth.”

Before hanging up, Claire made sure to reassure her.

After talking things through, Noreen felt lighter. Sleep was just beginning to pull her

under when Seth called.

She answered, her voice steady.

“Yes, Mr. Harcourt?”

“I need you to bring me my allergy meds,” Seth said, as matter-of-fact as ever.

“Of course, Mr. Harcourt,” Noreen replied.

After their call, she turned off her phone and finally let herself drift into peaceful sleep.

As for Seth playing the hero, stepping in to shield Bianca from a drink despite his own allergies... What did that have to do with her anymore?

11:5