

# THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS

## Chapter 2114

Hope and Despair

The man on the floor was limp and looked like he was dying.

Lance's nose was bruised, and his face was swollen. He also had multiple wounds on his body. His injuries were just appalling! Yvette's whole body began to tremble from the chill.

She was flustered and miserable as she kept calling his name.

However, she did not get a response.

For the first time in her life, Yvette felt like her body and soul were separated.

When she saw Lance in pain, she just wished that she could die with Lance.

That kind of pain was like her body was ripped apart. It was something she could never imagine before tonight.

Yvette's world crumbled overnight.

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Seeing Yvette's depressed look, Sean's subordinates obviously felt a little guilty.

Although Sean looked unhappy, he did not look worried or scared.

Sean glanced at his subordinates as if he was saying, "You guys attacked him while I was in the room?"

His subordinates shook their heads quickly and quickly shirked off the responsibility.

"I didn't touch him! He's just too fragile. We only kicked him twice, but he looked like that. He's still alive though. Boss, should we get rid of him?"

They were familiar with such things.

All of them were used to doing things like that and did not value human life.

Sean looked at Yvette, who instantly turned pale when she heard their conversation.

Yvette hugged Lance's head tightly and looked at them with unconcealed hatred in her eyes.

Sean did not hesitate. He looked at the time and went straight to pull Yvette up.

"Let's go. There are still 15 minutes until the New Year. Let's not waste time here."

Yvette stumbled and almost fell because she was dragged by Sean. Her shoulders were also completely exposed.

Sean's subordinates consciously looked away when they saw this.

However, some were brave and blatantly ogled at this unfortunate but beautiful woman with a lewd smile.

Sean's eyes suddenly darkened, and he threw the coat he was holding over Yvette's shoulders.

"Put this on and follow me."

Yvette's husband was dying, so how could she compromise? She threw away Sean's coat.

A faint smirk surfaced on her pale face, and her eyes were filled with sorrow.

"Get lost! I don't want you! Take my money and get out of my house! Sean Moore, you'll get your retribution one day. If you're so great, why don't you kill me? Even if I die, I'll become a ghost and haunt you for life!"

Yvette no longer compromised, and her eyes were full of hatred. She hated Sean so much for recklessly breaking into her home and for hurting her and her husband. He disrupted her perfect life! Sean stared at her quietly for a few seconds. His eyes were dark, deep, and bottomless.

He did not say much and only glanced at the man closest to Yvette before he lifted his foot and left.

Sean's subordinates understood what Sean wanted and went forward to pull Yvette's arms behind her back and tied her hands up.

They did not care whether she was in pain.

Another person took a few steps forward, picked her up over his shoulders, and walked out. They did this so smoothly as if they had done it many times before.

Yvette screamed in horror, but her voice only echoed in the air, and no one responded to her.

No one came to rescue her in this closed-off neighborhood.

Any security system did not seem to work against real criminals.

"Sean, you murderer! I won't let you get away with it!"

Aman looked at her, sneered, and slapped her skin that was exposed. He said contemptuously, "Shut up! Our boss isn't afraid of anything. He won't mistreat you if you make him happy. If you struggle again, I'll make you run around naked!"

Yvette shuddered at his words.

Sean, who was in front, also heard it and paused in his footsteps. He turned to his side and looked at the man with his dark and cold eyes.

The man immediately shut his mouth in fear.

The car was parked not far away.

Yvette looked at the lights that were gradually getting farther away. Her vision started to blur as tears welled up in her eyes.

Just like her life, she could no longer go back again.

Yvette did not know if Lance was alive or dead, but she suddenly felt like laughing at her absurdity in the past.

She was the Great Miss Quimbey who was an influential figure in the circle of high-society ladies.

Although she did not have many accomplishments in life, she had a great starting point, married Lance, and had a lavish lifestyle.

However, at this moment, Yvette could feel that her good days were coming to an end.

Sean was like an abyss that desperately sucked her in, leaving her no chance to come out again.

Yvette fell on top of Sean because Sean's subordinate threw Yvette into the car.

Those subordinates sized Yvette up with a lecherous gaze as they thought to themselves, 'Sean might give her to us after he's done playing with her..'

After all, those subordinates had never slept with a high-society lady before.

Although Yvette's chest was exposed, she no longer had any sense of shame. She was trapped in the dark and had no mood to think about anything else at all. She just zoned out as she sat there numbly.

Not long after the car drove away, Yvette suddenly saw an oncoming car. It was a very familiar yellow car.

Yvette was stunned when she noticed it was Lance's mother, Fiona.

Fiona called them before, saying that she would not countdown to the New Year with them, but she suddenly came over.

Yvette seemed to have seen a lifeboat and was about to lean on the car window to call for help when a hand tightly covered her mouth from behind in the next second, preventing her from making any sound.

Her facial features were distorted. She wanted to knock on the window with every opportunity she had.

This was her last chance.

However, in the next second, Sean's deep and stern voice rang in her ears like a voice from hell.

"If you dare to make a sound, I will kill her too. Yvette, don't provoke me."

He was capable of doing what he said he would do.

When Yvette heard this, her soul seemed to have left her body. She immediately calmed down. She bit her lip tightly and dared not make a sound, seemingly afraid that the slightest bit of noise would bring danger to Fiona.

Fiona was a gentle and kind person who loved her so much and did not mind all her shortcomings.

Yvette could not hurt her mother-in-law.

With tears in her eyes, she watched as Fiona's car passed by her side.

Perhaps Fiona would arrive in time to save Lance! Yvette was in extreme pain.

On this New Year's Eve, she seemed to have opened the door to hell.

Sean, who had been silent beside her, finally said, "Yvette, I won't touch them as long as you behave."

In the dark, Yvette heard Sean's threat.

She quelled her trembling body and said, "What gives you the right to do this to me, Sean?"

Sean chuckled.

His voice was deep, and he dragged his tone.

"What gives me the right? That's because you don't know what happened to me during this time. Yvette, I haven't seen you for over a year, but you never cared about me, huh?"

His hand was on hers. His smile grew wider and more miserable when he felt her trembling hands.

They did not speak again along the way.

The car windows were covered with a black curtain, which made it : impossible to see the outside.

The inside of the car could not be seen from the outside either.

When it was the new year, fireworks lit up the sky.

Most people cheered and wished each other a Happy New Year. The stars twinkled, and the moon shone from up high. There was not a single cloud in the sky.

The rise and fall of the fireworks made this such a beautiful scene.

At this very moment, Sean clenched Yvette's hand tightly and : gently kissed her lips.

Yvette did not know if he was sincere or sarcastic when he said, "

"Happy New Year.

## THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS

### Chapter 2115

#### No One Dares to Save You

Yvette was grieving and passed out at some point. She was worried about all the unknown and could only be a doll that Sean kept in a glasshouse for people to watch.

When Yvette woke up again, she was in a completely unfamiliar room.

Everything from last night rushed into her mind. Her face was pale as she sat up abruptly.

The unfamiliar environment made her feel more insecure. She wanted to get out of bed, but she suddenly tripped over something.

When she looked down, she saw a white nylon rope tied to her ankles.

Yvette's heart kept sinking into an abyss. While she panicked, her feet were soaked in blood. That feeling and dead silence made her feel unsettled.

Nothing she could reach could become a weapon that she could use to threaten others. There was not even a vase in the room.

Yvette suddenly snapped and shrieked.

Finally, someone came over and pushed the door open. Sean was wearing a black shirt and trousers. His face was still cold as usual.

"You woke up? I'll bring you breakfast in a while."

"What are you trying to do? Didn't you get the money? I have more money besides the cash in the safe. I'll give it all to you if you let me go. Please just let me go!"

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Yvette's voice was hoarse. Her throat was still sore and did not recover overnight.

She did not forget the looks that Sean's subordinates had when they saw the gold and jewelry in her safe.

Thus, she thought that they came for money. However, Sean just stood there, unmoved by her proposition. He sneered.

There seemed to be a bit of indifference and mockery in his eyes.

"Money? Yvette, I don't want money. I want you."

The room seemed to be dead silent from despair.

"Why? Do you hate me so much?"

Yvette looked at him in disbelief. She did not expect that breaking up with someone would have such a serious consequence.

Sean looked at her for a few seconds, then walked forward slowly. He exuded such a strong and intimidating vibe.

Sean pinched her chin with no warmth or pity in his eyes.

"I do, especially when I see how well you've been living. I hate you even more. You probably don't know, huh? After we broke up, I deliberately approached you, but you drove me away and ignored me like I'm a piece of garbage. Yvette, how could you treat me like this?! We're the same people who don't care what the world thinks of us. I live in fear every day, but what about you? You were just enjoying life with Lance!"

Yvette's eyes widened as she held back her tears. She asked, "So, you want to take revenge on me, right? Just kill me or hit me then! Why did you beat him up?! Why?!"

Yvette did not want anything to happen to Lance even if it meant she would be beaten half to death. That was because this was all her fault.

Everything happened because of her.

What did Lance do wrong? Since they got married, Lance loved her and took care of her. He did not neglect her in the slightest.

Yvette felt that she must be living such a good life because of all the accumulated good karma in her previous life.

The moment Yvette thought about Lance getting beaten up for her sake, she felt suffocated and miserable.

Sean stared at her and sneered.

"How can I bear to hit you? Yvette, I know you. Hitting you won't make me feel better either. I want you to fall in love with me again so that you can feel what it's like to have your love unrequited. Only then will I consider letting you go!"

Yvette's heart trembled as she looked at his dark eyes in disbelief.

After Sean finished speaking, he let out an evil laugh, took a step back, and wanted to leave the room, but Yvette suddenly said, "That's impossible! Someone will find out what you did, and you'll be arrested. I've already made a rescue call last night, so someone will come to save me soon!"

Sean paused and laughed sarcastically. He was mocking her naivety.

"Ms. Quimbey, you're so well protected by the people around you that you think the world is just black and white. You're so naive. Me getting arrested? If the law could punish me, I would've died several times over. Will I still be

standing here right now? Yvette, give up on that thought. No one will save you."

Yvette felt a chill in her heart from his words.

An eerie coldness rose from the soles of her feet. She was truly terrified.

Sean did not care for the law, and he wanted to drag her into hell.

Yvette did not understand why Sean became like this.

Back then, no matter how cornered he was, he would not have challenged the boundaries of the law so openly.

The current Sean was simply lawless! Sean's eyes were filled with an indecipherable gloom that was as dangerous as the deep sea. He flung his hand away fiercely.

Yvette fell to the floor.

The rope on her feet cut her skin.

However, that pain was nothing at all.

Yvette looked up at Sean with tears in her eyes.

Sean was like a demon in the dark. He did not care that she was crying. He patted her face to humiliate her by treating her like a pet.

"You're a smart girl, so you should understand that you can only survive if you're obedient. Lance wasn't capable enough to protect you, so just let him die. Don't feel bad. He's just a man. What's a man to you anyway?"

Yvette always toyed around with men.

If she liked someone, she could go all out to get him. She had yet to feel powerless in a relationship, right? There was a trace of satisfaction in Sean's eyes.

Seeing her helpless expression, Sean felt inexplicably happy.

However, his heart was empty after the happiness died off. He felt a little uncomfortable and unreconciled.

Sean walked out the door without hesitation and went downstairs.

Several of the subordinates downstairs were sitting and chatting.

When they saw Sean coming down, they stood up.

"Boss, is that woman awake?"

They chatted downstairs and found out more about that woman. She was nothing more than a home wrecker who made their boss get a divorce.

After their boss got divorced, she dumped him to marry another richer and more powerful man.

They all agreed to teach such a woman a lesson. If it were not for her family background making it hard to approach her, they would have kidnapped her long ago.

They would not have waited so long! Sean nodded.

"You guys did a good job. Nothing is going on in the Sheldon residence, right?"

A lewd and thin man chuckled and replied, "Of course not! Lance Sheldon was sent to the hospital, but he's still being resuscitated.

The police thought Ms. Quimbey quarreled with Lance and fought with him when things got heated.

Ms. Quimbey called for backup to beat Lance to death and escaped."

Everyone looked at each other and smiled meaningfully.

The corners of Sean's mouth also twitched. His eyes looked more sinister than the others.

Seeing that Sean was in a good mood, the thin man rubbed his hands together and asked, "Boss, how does this woman feel? Is she good in bed?"

This question was very suggestive.

## THE DIVORCED BILLIONAIRE HEIRESS BOSS

### Chapter 2116

Lifesaver

In an instant, Sean's expression darkened. He raised his head and stared at the man grimly.

The person next to him saw that Sean was upset and immediately went to hug the thin man's shoulders and jokingly scolded him, "You're so full of yourself, huh? This woman is different from the ones in the club that you can screw with anytime you want. The boss brought her back for himself, so don't think about her."

The thin man also saw that something was wrong and smiled sheepishly as he stepped back.

"I was just saying...She came from a wealthy family and was brought up in luxury. I was just curious because I had never touched a woman like her before. Don't worry, Boss! Without your word, I won't touch even a hair on her!"

The gloom in Sean's eyes gradually faded. He was indifferent as he mocked him.

"Useless! So what if she's from a rich family? Women are all the same once the lights are off, aren't they? I'll take you all to Gold Digger's tonight. You guys can get all the girls you want no matter their price!"

The thin man's eyes lit up. He no longer looked so apprehensive.

"Thanks, Boss!"

The others also cheered and looked forward to that night.

Sean looked at the message on his phone and paused.

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"I need to go out. Get someone to watch her."

The fat man on the side suggested, "Should I get Melissa to come? She's obedient and sensible. Maybe she can persuade Ms. Quimbey to accept this place."

Sean's face was taut. He threw his car keys over and did not object.

"Inform her and go pick her up. I'm going out."

"Yes, Boss!"

The fat man followed Sean out, while the thin man secretly wanted to go upstairs to take another look at the woman. The person next to him pulled the thin man out.

"Can't you see that the boss is upset? How dare you think about his woman?"

"The thin man smiled innocently, "I just wanna look at her. Did you secretly feel her up when you carried her last night?"

"P\*ck off!"

The place was quiet as if it was isolated from the world.

Yvette walked around the room in a trance. She went everywhere that she could reach with the rope binding her. She did not find anything sharp, not even the corners of the table, not to mention a mobile phone.

Suddenly, Yvette heard a car gradually driving away. She felt energized in an instant. She was still wearing the same clothes she wore last night that exposed a large area of her skin.

The cold air hit her, and Yvette had goose bumps all over her body. She did not have time to think about it and started to untie the rope on her feet.

However, the rope was tied with a special method. No matter how hard she tried, she could not untie it. Her body was trembling from nervousness. Her beautiful and delicate fingernails were all broken, and blood oozed out.

However, she seemed not to feel the pain as she continued to tug at the rope desperately.

Why? Why did no one come to rescue her? Yvette did not know how Lance was doing and could not calm down for a moment. She finally realized what being anxious meant.

If something happened to Lance...

Yvette dared not think deeper into it.

What should she do in the future? Yvette was in a hurry and broke several fingernails, but the rope showed no sign of loosening. Her vision suddenly blurred with tears. She could not hold on anymore. She hunched over on the floor, looking so thin and frail.

Her shoulders began to tremble violently.

She had never experienced this before.

The toughest time she had was when she was accused of being a home wrecker.

She had always been the Great Ms. Quimbey that got whatever she wanted.

Even if she failed, she would still have countless opportunities to succeed. Her life had always been surrounded by happiness and luxury, and she had an innate sense of superiority.

She never expected to fall to such a low point in life.

The violent blow brought her back to reality.

Sean hated her so much that he did not care about killing Lance.

Why was Sean so unscrupulous? Yvette was confused, but she tried to calm herself down.

She whimpered helplessly as she prayed that Nicole, who received her call for help last night, could find a way to save her.

Suddenly, she vaguely heard the sound of a car engine.

Yvette got up and looked at the window. It was still the same car.

Sean came back again.

Yvette felt her heart turning cold and sinking, but the next second, she saw that the person who pushed open the door and got out of the car was not Sean.

It was a lady in her twenties.

The girl seemed to be aware of Yvette's gaze and looked up.

Yvette frowned slightly and thought the girl looked familiar. She seemed to have seen her somewhere before.

Suddenly, Yvette had an epiphany.

Right! It was Tattle Bar! Yvette and Nicole used to frequent that bar.

If Yvette remembered correctly, this girl was one of the staff who sold drinks.

The reason why Yvette had an impression of her was that Nicole bought alcohol from her several times because she felt bad that this girl had to work so hard for tuition fees.

Her name was Melissa.

Melissa disappeared in a blink of an eye.

Yvette stood there in a daze and heard footsteps gradually approaching.

When Yvette looked back, Melissa pushed open the door and came in.

Melissa had some baby fat on her tender face.

She looked at Yvette with a smile.

"Ms. Quimbey, I was hired by Mr. Moore to take care of you. You can let me know if you need anything."

Yvette stared at her and opened her mouth. The hope in her heart rekindled.

"Do you know me?" Melissa nodded.

Yvette gritted her teeth.

"Then can you let me out of here? Or can you help to call the police, or notify my family?"

She looked at Melissa expectantly.

In her impression, Melissa could endure people bullying her for the sake of some commission.

"When I leave this place, I'll be sure to reward you handsomely. You can ask for whatever you want!"

Melissa looked at Yvette with a somewhat apologetic look on her face. She could not fulfill any of the conditions Yvette mentioned.

Melissa shook her head and stood there, looking very obedient and honest.

"Ms. Quimbey, I can't help you with this. Mr. Moore won't let you leave. If I let you go, he...He'll punish me."

Yvette frowned.

"I'll get the police to arrest him. He broke into my house, hurt my husband, raped me, and locked me up here. All of this is more than enough to put him in jail!"

Melissa's face paled a bit. Yvette did not know why Melissa had such a big reaction to her words.

However, there was an indecipherable light in Melissa's eyes that Yvette could not understand.

Yvette was desperate. She finally saw someone she knew and took Melissa as a lifesaver.

Melissa lowered her head and remained silent. She did not know what to say, so she kept silent.

However, in the next second, a voice came in from outside.

Yvette shuddered violently. The man's voice was deep and cold, with a hint of danger.

"Really? So, this is what you think? You want me to go to jail? Ms. Quimbey, was I being too polite to you by locking you here? Or should I get a few men in here to relieve your boredom?"

Sean appeared at the door and stared at Yvette coldly.