

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2171

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Chapter 2171 Beginning of the Plan

Tate's expression froze slightly.

"But this isn't good for us. We occupied this place not long ago, and we haven't taken down the partners completely. If the old master makes a move, wouldn't we be in a passive position?"

Sean's expression was gloomy as he narrowed his dangerous and sharp eyes.

Tate looked eager, which was rare.

"Boss, we must prepare in advance. Otherwise, our chances of winning won't be high once they attack. Unless..."

"Unless what?"

"Unless we can make a deal with Snakehead. He's the boss here, and Southeast Asia's biggest drug lord. If we can cooperate with him, we don't have to worry about the old master's threats."

Yvette listened to Tate's words and felt her heart pounding. She vaguely realized something and subconsciously looked at Tate.

Tate's face was dark, as if he was just being thoughtful for Sean. Sean also trusted Tate.

The room was silent, so much so that Yvette could not even hear their breathing.

Sean pondered for a full minute before he said, "I talked to Snakehead today. He's a shrewd man who's tight-lipped and has cooperated with the old master for a long time. He will only give up on the old master's business if we can give him more benefits."

Tate was silent.

"We need to make a loss first so that we can express our sincerity."

Sean closed his eyes and let out a sigh of relief.

When he opened his eyes again, they were dark and indecipherable.

"That's the only way. You should send someone to contact them and determine the time and place. I'll do the transaction in person."

Tate frowned with disapproval.

"You're going in person? That's too dangerous. Let me..."

Sean raised his hand to interrupt him.

"This time, I must go in person. Don't worry. We're not in Mediana, so no one's watching us. I just need to establish this channel with him, then it'll be more convenient for you guys to go in the future."

Tate nodded solemnly.

"I'll go with you."

"Okay." Sean nodded and looked at the sky outside the window.

"Is Mr. Cash's body still around?"

Tate replied, "Yes. He was shot in the head by Tres's woman and died miserably, but he asked for it."

Sean chuckled lightly. His expression relaxed a bit.

"Burn his body and send his ashes to the old master.

Tell them that Tres's woman shot him because he suddenly barged in and

killed Tres. I've already avenged Mr. Cash by getting rid of that woman."

Tate's eyes flickered in the dark.

"The old master won't believe it."

Sean smiled and looked at him a little helplessly.

"Don't be so straightforward. Didn't Farley teach you to be tactful? This is just a reason. It's up to him to believe it or not. If he's

testing me, I want to test him too."

Tate nodded, glanced at Yvette, and stood up.

"Then I'll go and get ready first. Boss, you should rest early."

Sean nodded, then Tate nodded at Yvette politely.

After he left, Sean held Yvette's hand, which seemed warm.

"Did you understand what we said?" He teased her.

Yvette lowered her eyes, blinked, and said with a bit of anger, "I'm not stupid, so I understood what you said.

You and the old

master are just testing and trying to kill each other, right?"

Sean was taken aback for a moment and grinned.

"Yvette, you look dumb, but you're actually quite smart."

Sean and Tate did not mention a word about wanting to kill the old master, but Yvette guessed it anyway.

Yvette snorted lightly and did not bother to take the tray downstairs.

She put them on the table not far away and went to the bathroom to wash up.

From a distance, Sean could hear Yvette's voice saying,

"Sean, have you ever thought that you would one day be like Tres and

die tragically?"

Was this the kind of life that he wanted? Sean did not answer and silently looked at her with complicated and thoughtful eyes.

Yvette did not hear an answer, but she did not care and closed the door to take a shower. She was in shock all day because what happened earlier was frightening enough that her heart was pounding.

Sean was injured, so she was not worried that he would do anything to her.

On the contrary, she calmed down and tried to relax.

After washing up, she went out in her pajamas.

Sean had not slept yet.

After the injection, his hands were still wrapped in gauze.

At this time, he looked at Yvette, who came out of the bathroom, with such tender and soft eyes. He picked up the towel on the

side, asked her to sit next to him, and wiped her hair.

Yvette's slightly stiff body gradually relaxed.

She looked out of the dark window.

The man behind her was very gentle as he rubbed her hair.

Even if the movement triggered his own wound, the pain was insignificant to him.

In the end when her hair was almost dry, she was too sleepy to keep her eyes open while she sat on the bed.

The day's intense events frightened and exhausted her.

It also put her under too much mental pressure.

Sean smiled and gently kissed her hair.

"Yvette, blow your hair dry before going to bed."

Yvette muttered something and lay down without moving.

Sean was helpless.

Since he could not get out of bed, he could only watch her fall asleep.

While Yvette was half asleep, Sean hugged her waist tightly and brought her close to his slightly cold body. His deep and hoarse voice lingered in her ears like it was a dream.

"Yvette, are you worried about me?"

Before Yvette went to wash up, she asked him if he was afraid of dying suddenly like Tres. He did not speak because he was scared.

Why would he not be afraid? Ever since he started doing this business, he had been afraid all the time. However, this kind of fear became a habit that seemed thrilling to him.

Knowing that he would not live a good life, Sean still wanted to keep Yvette by his side.

He just lived day by day.

Sean murmured in a low voice, "I won't die. I'll surely live a long life."

Yvette had a long and deep sleep.

When she woke up, Sean was no longer by her side. She could vaguely hear someone talking outside.

Yvette frowned and got up from the bed to wash up and get dressed.

Soon, the chef, Farley, came over and asked her to go downstairs for breakfast.

Yvette went downstairs calmly and saw everyone sitting downstairs.

They watched as Yvette came down the stairs and nodded politely.

Yvette also nodded in response.

When Sean saw her, his gaze turned gentle for a moment.

"You're awake? Do you want to eat something?"

Yvette frowned and looked at him.

"Why did you come down here? Your wound hasn't healed yet, so you shouldn't move around." Sean smiled.

"It's okay. It's already much better."

Someone next to Sean said meaningfully, "The boss came downstairs because he was afraid that we'll disturb your sleep when

we talk. He doesn't want to disturb you or let you go hungry. Tsk tsk...What a lovesick guy! Tres and his woman aren't around

anymore, but the boss and Ms. Quimbey are just as lovey dovey..."

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