

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2155

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Chapter 2155 End of a Beautiful Dream

The private room was not very dim and was bright enough.

The people sitting on the sofa with their backs to Yvette suddenly turned back to look at her.

Everyone was unfamiliar with Yvette.

She also noticed that the women in the room were well-dressed properly and did not look like they worked in the club.

Yvette immediately felt relieved and walked over with a smile.

The man sitting in the main seat on the sofa was thin with sunken cheeks.

He looked very imposing, and his eagle-like eyes looked fierce.

At this moment, the man looked at Yvette with gloomy eyes.

Yvette shook off the discomfort in her heart and smiled naturally.

She nodded to the man sitting in the main seat on the sofa and said, "Mr. Lineman, I'm Lance Sheldon's wife. It's a pleasure to

meet you"

"Chandler Lineman" looked at Yvette with a meaningful smile.

"Ms. Quimbey, I'm not Chandler Lineman. You've got the wrong person."

After he finished speaking, everyone around him chuckled softly and looked at each other.

The smile on Yvette's face stiffened as she looked at him, puzzled.

The man pointed behind the divider, where there was a faint sound of someone shuffling some cards, but no one spoke.

"Chandler is inside. Ms. Quimbey, if you want to see Mr. Lineman, you can go in there." The man smiled at her creepily.

At this time, Yvette suddenly had a bad feeling.

However, she could not pinpoint it. She had already ruled out so many possible factors, and she would not be so unlucky, right?

These people outside were dressed neatly as they sat and talked.

However, Yvette suddenly realized something.

Although they dress like business people, Yvette did not recognize any of them! This did not make sense.

Chandler Lineman was a sought-after business partner in the industry who would rather reject cooperation with Sheldon

Corporation.

This indicated that the other party was better than Sheldon Corporation.

However, if the other party was better than Sheldon Corporation, Yvette would have heard of that person in Atlanta before.

Yet, these people were total strangers.

For a moment, a bad intuition surged in her heart.

Even so, Yvette looked calm as if nothing had happened.

Yvette did not look at the divider. She lowered her eyes and laughed lightly, trying her best to be natural and calm.

"Actually, I'm not that curious either. Since cooperation isn't possible, I think I should leave. Goodbye. We can talk about it next time if there's a chance."

Yvette turned around and walked toward the door.

The person sitting in the main seat chuckled softly and said in a low voice, "Ms. Quimbey, you're giving up so soon? Don't you want to see the people inside?"

Yvette paused slightly before she continued to move forward without hesitation.

Just as her left hand touched the doorknob, she suddenly heard a low and familiar sneer coming from behind the divider.

"Yvette, you insisted on coming to see me, but you wanted to leave before you met me. How boring!" She suddenly felt a tingle rise from the soles of her feet, as if she was bitten by a poisonous snake. Slowly, the venom spread to her spine and her scalp, numbing her. Yvette's body stiffened, and her face paled. The panic in her eyes flashed by. That suffocating fear was even worse than before, which made Yvette feel more repulsed by him. It was really Sean! Yvette indulged in more than a week of peaceful life that she almost forgot there was such a ticking time bomb by her side. Now, Sean finally appeared. Her heart quivered. Since the last time Sean gave her to the old master, Yvette had given up the idea of being able to influence his thoughts. She was stupid, but not naive. Sean had stepped over corpses to be where he was today, so how could he ruin his life just because of her? He would only get rid of her before she became an obstruction. Yvette knew that Sean would not let her go so easily. Her beautiful dream came to an end. At this time, her feet seemed to be stuck to the ground. It was so heavy that she could not lift her foot.

Behind her was infinite darkness, and the light in front of her gradually dimmed.

Yvette did not know when this would all end. Her teardrops fell on the ground. Her back was facing the crowd, and she did not dare to make a sound.

Sean approached her from behind like a ghost. No one behind them spoke. He rested his hand lightly on her shoulders, but it felt like a thousand pounds to Yvette.

In an instant, she stopped tearing up.

Sean seemed to have felt Yvette's emotional changes, so he walked over and gently wiped away her tears.

However, his gentle move felt a bit cold.

"Yvette, I've given you enough time. You can come back now."

Sean's voice was deep. He never liked women crying in front of him because it made him irritable.

However, Yvette was different.

When she cried, it would easily affect his emotions.

This should not happen to him at this moment.

How could someone who strived to be a big drug lord have weaknesses? However, when he saw her cry

because of fear,

resentment, and sadness, he could not suppress the emotion in his heart.

He thought, 'Is she so reluctant?' But it was too late for regrets. From the moment Sean kidnapped her on New Year's Eve, he

was determined not to give up on her.

Yvette stood there, motionless.

Sean stared at her for a few seconds with a complex gaze and smiled. He took her hand and led her back into the room.

The person sitting on the main seat of the sofa chuckled lightly.

"Boss, your woman looks so reluctant. She also called herself Mrs. Sheldon just now. Are you a home wrecker?"

Sean sneered and glanced at him nonchalantly.

"Shut up."

Everyone laughed as if it was just a joke.

Only Yvette felt frozen like she was thrown into a pool of ice.

Everything was going according to Sean's expectations from the moment Yvette entered this nightclub.

Yvette actually put herself on a silver platter and jumped into his trap! She blamed herself for being stupid again.

Why was she so easily deceived? Sean patted Yvette on the shoulder and took her to the other side of the divider.

There was indeed a poker table inside.

Tate and two strangers were sitting there.

Tate nodded politely to her, while the other two men had a lukewarm attitude toward her.

Yvette only came to her senses when Sean pressed her down to the seat.

Suddenly, she stood up and looked at Sean coldly.

"Did you forget that you gave me to the old master? It's only been a week, which is less than a month. Who gave you the right to keep me here?!"

Yvette was shivering slightly, but she did not show her fear.

Anyway, she was already in such a situation, so she still needed to maintain her dignity.

Did Sean think that he could deny what he had done?

Tate and the other two men on the side felt a tension between them, so

they stood up and silently retreated behind the divider.

The smile on the corner of Sean's mouth slowly turned cold and disappeared.

His eyes gradually became dark and deep as if a storm was brewing in them.

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