

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2136

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Chapter 2136 Do You Like It?

Sean's expression was obviously tense for a moment. However, Yvette did not look strange or suspicious. It was as if she was just asking a casual question. His face relaxed, and his eyes became gentle again.

"Aside from you, no other woman will live here. Maybe the window was left open, and it was too windy last night..."

Sean changed the topic after a while.

Yvette just smiled silently.

Last night was very calm, so where did the wind come from? "Boss, is this Ms. Quimbey?"

Farley came out of the kitchen and asked excitedly.

Yvette nodded with a smile. She was happy that the nasty and thin Lex was no longer around.

Farley looked like a simple and honest man.

However, Yvette would not easily believe anyone near Sean again.

Sean was in a good mood. He squeezed Yvette's hand and said, "This is Farley, a famous chef. You can tell him what you want to

eat in the future, and he'll make it for you."

Farley smiled happily when he was praised by Sean. "Boss, you're too kind. Ms. Quimbey, you can tell me if you want to eat anything. If I don't know how to make it, I'll learn!"

Compared to the annoying Lex, Farley certainly looked more pleasing to the eye.

Although Yvette was still imprisoned, she was happy that someone like Farley was around.

Yvette smiled with satisfaction.

Sean took Yvette out, and Tate followed.

Tate was still their driver.

Sean opened the car door for Yvette, who went in the car.

In the car, Sean reached out and held her hand.

"Let's go shopping. You can try on some clothes."

Yvette looked sideways at him in surprise. She thought that Sean was just bringing her out for a car ride like the last time.

Trying on clothes? Did that mean that they were going to a mall and would meet more people? Yvette was suddenly

suspicious. She dared not let herself get too excited because it was too weird.

Sean looked at her with a playful smile.

"Why? You don't like trying on clothes? Didn't you say before that you spent one-sixth of your life in the mall?" Yvette blinked.

She could not read his mind.

However, she happily snuggled up to him.

"You remember what I said? You don't hate me anymore and want to buy me clothes? I'm the luckiest girl in the world!"

Yvette's expression like she accidentally found treasure made Sean feel at ease.

Sean raised his eyebrows, and his smile was a little cold.

"If you're free, what would you like to do most?"

That was a fatal question.

If Yvette did not answer well, she might be sent back to the villa. Yvette paused and looked at him.

"Is that even possible?" Sean looked at her, and they were in a silent confrontation.

"No."

Yvette expected it. Her smile subsided, but she did not let go of his arm.

Tate, who was in the driver's seat, acted like he did not hear anything.

Soon, they arrived at the basement parking lot of the mall.

They took the elevator upstairs.

Just when Yvette was nervously looking forward to some kind of opportunity, the elevator arrived, and the elevator door

opened. She was slightly startled to see that the entire floor had been cleared.

The attendant at the luxury store was waiting at the door and greeted them politely.

"Sir, ma'am, our store is only open for you today.

This way, please" Yvette glanced at the badge on the store attendant. She had

been to this store before, but she had never met this attendant. The attendant was probably new here.

Yvette could hardly keep a

smile on her face. Was this just a waste of time? The attendant was so attentive that she was just shy of

rolling out a red carpet

for them to walk on. Sean was very satisfied with her service, but Yvette could not bring herself to smile.

They arrived at the huge booth with plenty of dresses and a makeup artist.

Sean looked at Yvette and said softly, "Go and try them on. If you don't like these, we can go to another store..."

He looked confident as if he had already assumed that Yvette would change her mind. However, the store attendants present

looked at Yvette's face cautiously.

They were afraid to lose their big business. The corners of Yvette's mouth twitched. She then followed the attendant into the fitting room.

Wearing these gowns required the help of professionals.

The attendant was very attentive and sweet. Yvette did not say a word, but the attendant kept singing praises of her as if Yvette was the prettiest woman ever.

When Yvette and the attendant were alone in an enclosed space, Yvette finally had an expression. However, Yvette did not dare to say anything because she thought that someone might overhear her.

Yvette looked at the attendant and gestured to her desperately, but the attendant did not understand what she was trying to say.

The attendant just said, "Your husband is really handsome. You two must have a good relationship, right?"

"Madam, this dress fits your figure so well! It looks better on you than on a model!"

The attendant bowed her head to help Yvette fix the gown, so she could not see Yvette's gestures.

Yvette gritted her teeth and said with displeasure, "You don't know me? I'm Yvette Quimbey..."

"Ahem, Yvette, are you ready?" Sean's voice outside suddenly interrupted her.

Yvette's face turned pale in an instant because she could hear his voice clearly. It turned out that Sean had been standing outside the fitting room. He stayed so close to her because he still did not believe her.

Yvette felt suffocated. She gritted her teeth and walked out.

The store attendant enthusiastically helped her to open the door.

"Sir, your wife is so gorgeous! Even a movie star can't compare to her."

Sean smiled without any warmth. He reached out and touched Yvette's collarbone. Her slender and fair neck was just slightly

above that. She was so beautiful and refined.

At this moment, Yvette's body was stiff. She did not dare to move. She looked terrified.

However, in just a few seconds, Sean's fingertips traveled upward. He tucked her loose strands of hair behind her ear and smiled faintly.

"Mm. She's really beautiful."

Sean noticed that Yvette seemed relieved.

The fear in her eyes gradually dissipated. He pretended not to notice and raised his hand to beckon to the makeup artist behind him.

Yvette was pressed to the seat like a puppet.

Somehow, Yvette felt something was wrong.

Sean spent so much effort and was so persistent. It seemed that he did not come here just to buy her clothes.

Yvette thought of something, but she did not know if she guessed it right.

Sean sat on the sofa in the back and watched her. He lit a cigarette but did not smoke it and just held it in his hand.

No one dared to say a word even if the ashes fell on the expensive carpet.

Yvette's pale complexion in the mirror gradually had some color. She was downcast and kept silent the entire time.

Sean could not bear it any longer and said, "If you don't like this store, why don't you shop somewhere else?"

Yvette was stunned.

The dress she was wearing was gorgeous, but she was not in the mood to appreciate it. She smiled slightly.

"No, it's fine. I'm really like this. Thank you."

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