

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2169

□ □ □

Chapter 2169 Whoever Stays

Soon after, the doctor arrived.

Sean also fainted due to excessive bleeding. He was carried into the room and surrounded by countless people.

Yvette could not even squeeze in through the door.

She sat in the corner and covered her ears because they were still buzzing. This felt like a dream.

In the past when she heard Nicole jokingly talk about her near-death experiences, Yvette just smiled and listened without taking it to heart.

She thought that there were not so many dangers in the world because the world today was peaceful, right?

Now, standing here

in person, Yvette seemed to have a different perspective on all her thoughts.

The things Nicole told her did not seem to be tragic enough probably because Nicole held back some of the gory details.

Yvette hung her head and felt the tingling pain in her heart.

She was sober and in pain.

"Okay, all of you can leave. The patient needs some rest. Only a few can stay."

The doctor nervously and helplessly chased everyone out of the room.

Everyone was dissatisfied because they were afraid that the doctor's shaking hands would hurt Sean.

Since when did Sean have such charisma? How could he command this crowd? While everyone protested, the chef stood up to

block their way and pushed them out one by one.

"Get out! Don't disturb the doctor! Ms. Quimbey and I will take care of the boss, so you guys can trust us!"

One of them glanced at Yvette, who was so frightened that she was still hiding in a corner.

He snorted lightly and said, "It's not that I don't trust you. I just can't trust her! Look at how scared she is..."

Everyone snorted and chuckled.

Only Tate did not laugh.

The chef clicked his tongue.

"Everyone will be scared to see blood for the first time. Besides, she's a lady. Didn't you notice how much the boss loves her? If

you continue talking, I'll tell the boss when he wakes up that y'all laughed at Ms. Quimbey."

Everyone looked at him with indignation.

"Chef, you're going too far..."

The chef pushed everyone toward the door.

"Go, go, go! Get out and wait for the doctor's good news. Go and wash off the stench on your body!"

Everyone had no choice but to leave this room one after another.

The huge room suddenly felt empty, quiet, and lonely.

Tate sat on the sofa and had no intention of leaving.

The chef walked over and sat down.

"What about you?"

Tate glanced at Yvette and raised his chin.

"The boss asked me to watch her. I'm afraid that she'll take the opportunity to do something harmful to the boss."

The chef looked at him disapprovingly.

"Can you be more tactful? How many times have I told you not to speak so bluntly?!"

Tate rolled his eyes at him.

The chef looked at Yvette and breathed a sigh of relief.

Fortunately, Yvette was not paying attention to them.

The doctor could finally work in peace without the crowd.

The chef was sensible enough to help the doctor

because it was useless to rely on Yvette and Tate.

Yvette and Tate did not talk to each other, which was normal.

Half an hour later, the doctor was done suturing Sean.

The anesthesia he gave Sean had not worn off yet, so Sean was still unconscious, but the doctor was already sweating profusely.

"Make sure he takes the medicine regularly. If it hurts, just bear with it. You know how addictive those painkillers can be..."

The chef understood the doctor's meaning and said, "Don't worry. We'll follow the boss's orders. We're in this business, so we won't have a supply shortage. But if he doesn't want to, we won't force it."

The doctor nodded and immediately took his things to leave.

Tate stood there.

"Doctor, you should stay here for the next few days so you can come and check on the boss if anything happens."

The chef nodded.

This doctor was from a private clinic, so they did not have to report to work every day.

As long as they paid the doctor enough, he would have no objection.

Thus, they randomly picked a room in the villa for the doctor to stay in.

When the chef came back and saw that Tate was still there, he suddenly felt annoyed.

"That's enough. Ms. Quimbey can stay and take care of the boss. We don't have to worry. Ms. Quimbey, you'll take care of the boss, right?"

Yvette raised her head in a daze and subconsciously nodded.

The chef smiled with satisfaction.

Tate said, "But..."

"But what? The boss doesn't want you to be by his side when he sleeps. Don't you know that?"

The chef desperately dragged Tate away Tate looked back at Yvette. His words seemed to take on another meaning.

"Ms. Quimbey, please take good care of the boss. He's really important, and we can't afford anything happening to him now. He has hundreds of subordinates to support..."

Tate was reminding her not to use this opportunity to do anything because Sean was not the only one they wanted to arrest.

There were hundreds of criminals under Sean.

With a pale face, Yvette raised her head slightly, looked into Tate's eyes, and nodded.

Under the light, she looked like a porcelain doll that was about to shatter at any moment. Her eyes were bloodshot.

However, all her emotions subsided at that moment. She was calm, vulnerable, and terrified.

Only her hatred disappeared because she kept it well hidden.

Everyone went out.

Yvette walked toward Sean slowly. He lay on the bed with a pale face and eyes closed. He looked so fragile as if he would die at any moment.

This was the same man who killed numerous people with his gun earlier without batting an eyelid. She sat beside him and stared quietly at his face.

He was at his weakest.

If she strangled his neck, she could kill him. Her mind was in a trance. Her face looked a little pale under the light, and before she could come to her senses, her hands had already grabbed his neck.

In the next second, she woke up with a start and immediately withdrew her hands.

Tate's words echoed in her mind. She could not kill him yet.

Yvette burst into tears.

Sean was the one who risked his life to save her just now, but he was also the one who ruined her whole life. How ridiculous.

Yvette sat there from day to night.

Sean finally woke up late at night. He looked like he was in pain as he clutched his shoulder. His forehead was instantly covered in sweat.

Yvette went up to see him. She looked so gentle and worried as she said, "How are you feeling? You finally woke up! I'll call a doctor for you!"

After she said that, Yvette ran out excitedly.

Sean squinted his eyes looking at her back. He was stunned and did not seem to feel any pain. His heart which was frozen seemed to be slowly melting because something was quietly warming it up.

Although it was already late at night, no one could sleep because they were worried about Sean's injuries. Thus, the doctor and others rushed into the room.

Yvette was left outside.

Seeing that she could not squeeze into the room, she simply went to the kitchen. She could hear people talking and joking with Sean upstairs.

Their tone was arrogant and confident.

Hah...

What a pompous group of criminals!

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!

□ □ □