

# The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2177

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Chapter 2177 Who Is It?

Yvette held the bottle of water and stood up slowly. She looked at the waves in the distance, blinked, and looked away.

Sean had led a thrilling life, which brought him to his death.

Yvette did not see Snakehead or his subordinates walking out of the factory, so she figured that they must have left.

Everything was over.

Yvette would never come to this place again.

After getting in the car, Tate handed Yvette his phone. “You can call your relatives and tell them that you’re safe now.”

Yvette blinked. The complicated emotions in her heart surged.

Life had to go on. Yvette went through so many dangers and trials, so she had to live a good life from now on.

Yvette took the phone and called her mother.

Soon, Mrs. Quimbey answered with a hoarse and tired voice, “Who is it?”

“Mom, it’s me.”

“Yvie? Is it really you?! I’m about to die of anxiety. Are you alright?”

Mrs. Quimbey was choking up, so it was evident how anxious she was.

Yvette relaxed her voice and replied, “Yeah, I’m fine. I’ll be back soon. I’m sorry for making you worry, Mom! ”

“Silly girl. All that matters is that you’re okay! ”

Mrs. Quimbey burst into tears and cried until she was out of breath.

Yvette felt that she could not control her emotions, so she hung up the phone after saying a few words. She gave the phone back to Tate and looked at him.

“Did you know about today’s plan?”

Tate pursed his lips and shook his head.

“Sean seems to trust me very much, but he’s very cautious. He asked me to contact Snakehead but also reached out to

Snakehead privately to guard against me. I only found out that it was his plan after I arrived at the trading place and didn’t see

anyone there. This is all thanks to you for notifying the police in time. As far as I know, Snakehead wouldn’t have helped or

worked with the police so easily. I think that someone reached out to him first.”

Yvette pursed her lips. “It's the old master. I heard him tell Sean about it.”

Tate looked at her with an unchanged expression.

“It's not just the old master. Whoever gave you the earrings got your message as soon as you called for help. She coordinated

the interests of all parties and weighed the pros and cons in the shortest time possible. This was something that had never been

done before. You have to thank her properly. If Snakehead didn't show up, the police wouldn't have reached this far. That was

why the police would not pursue Snakehead any further for now. However, we won't let the old master get away with it. I don't

know what's the relationship between you and the old master, but from now on, you don't have anything to do with this case.

Once you get back, don't get involved in anything.”

Yvette lowered her eyes and hooked the corners of her lips.

“I never thought of getting involved in anything, and I won't cover up for them.”

Tate paused. “I know that you're not that kind of person.”

After a while, a police officer outside ran over. Under the sunlight, their smiles were bright, upright, clean, and pure.

Yvette had not seen such a person for a long time.

The police officer who knew Tate looked at them with a smile, took out a pack of biscuits from his pocket, and handed it to Yvette.

“Are you hungry? We’re now going to search Sean’s villa. Should we send you back first?”

Yvette held the bag of biscuits and felt her eyes getting a little sore.

Tate looked at Yvette.

“We won't go to the villa. You guys should be careful.”

Yvette paused. “I wonder if Farley is dead...”

Her voice was very low, and she pursed her lips. She did not know if she would have to bear the consequences.

After all, the person she intended to kill was Sean.

Tate said calmly, “This is all over. Don’t worry.

They're all drug dealers who have committed capital crimes and have killed

countless people. You were just acting in self-defense, so the law will give you justice.”

Yvette nodded. She did not want to think about anything now.

All she wanted was to sleep well.

Tate took her back to the hotel and put her in the care of a female police officer.

Then, he went to work on this case.

Yvette borrowed a phone and made an international call.

“Yvette?”

“Nicole, it’s me.”

Yvette’s voice was a little hoarse, but she still sounded calm.

“Thank you, Nicole. Help me to thank Clayton too. It’s thanks to you two that I escaped death this time.”

Nicole paused. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine. Do you have a clue as to what I asked you to check for me before?”

Who was the old master’s backer who interceded for her?

Nicole paused. After a moment of silence, she said in a deep voice, “Yes.”

“Who is it?”

Yvette’s voice involuntarily became tense. She did not know why she still could not let go of this matter even when she had already escaped from hell.

Why did the old master sacrifice so much for her?

Was it just because of his backer?

What kind of relationship did the old master have with his backer to make him so obedient?

The doubt in Yvette's heart was getting stronger, and she could not wait to know the answer.

"It's your mother."

Nicole said with difficulty.

She could feel Yvette's shock.

Nicole quickly added, "But don't worry. Aunt Quimbey's business is clean, and she's pristine. It's just that Clayton's subordinates noticed that your mother has met and contacted the old master in private many times. It must be because of you."

Nicole had suspected that it was Eric Ferguson, but it did not make sense for him to go through so much trouble for Yvette. Eric

was never the kind to do money-losing business.

As for the Stanton family, they had nothing to do with the old man.

Thus, Nicole asked Clayton to send someone to squat around the nightclub where the old master frequented.

That was when he

saw a familiar face — Mrs. Quimbey.

Nicole did not know why Mrs. Quimbey had contact with the old master.

Yvette's face gradually lost its color. She sat quietly on the bed with the phone in her hand and looked at the sky outside the window.

The air was humid and sticky, which made her feel suffocated.

Yvette seemed to be out of breath.

Nicole called out to her a few times.

“Yvette, when are you coming back? Shall I send someone to pick you up?”

Yvette regained her senses.

“There’s no rush. I still have to cooperate with the police investigation here, so I’ll just go home with them. Don’t worry. Sean is dead, so nothing will happen again.”

Nicole breathed a sigh of relief.

“Okay. Tell me if you need my help! ”

Yvette responded and reluctantly twitched the corners of her lips.

“Help me to thank Clayton. I bought a gift for Chatty, so I’ll post it back first. Remember to give it to her! ”

Nicole laughed.

“Okay. You should pay more attention to yourself.

Chatty has so many gifts that we almost ran out of space to store them!” Yvette

said a few words to her in a relaxed tone before hanging up the phone.

She looked calm, but her eyes were empty as she stared into the distance.

Yvette did not want to ask her mother why she had contact with the old master because her mother would not answer even if she asked.

Nicole hung up the phone and fell into deep thought. She was concerned and worried.

Clayton came out with a fruit platter and called out to Nicole a few times before she heard him.

He smiled. "What are you thinking about that got you so distracted?"

"Yvette just called. Sean is dead, and she'll be back soon."

Clayton raised his eyebrows and was not at all surprised by this news.

"Isn't this a good thing? You won't have to worry about her so much that you lose sleep again."

Nicole pursed her lips and walked over with deep eyes.

"I just feel like something is wrong. How could Aunt Quimbey have contact with the old master?"

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