

The Divorced Billionaire Heiress Boss

Chapter 2164

□ □ □

Chapter 2164 Take Her Away

Even if this was Sean's room, Sean still did not give Yvette true freedom.

Sean still did not believe her.

Yvette stood there with a pale face and looked at the device in Tate's hand.

Tate gently put the device back in its original position and rearranged the sofa.

He stood up and walked to a place not far from her.

"Ms. Quimbey, if it doesn't suit your taste, why don't you go and give the chef some feedback? That way, he can improve based

on your suggestions. I don't understand anything about cooking."

Tate winked, and Yvette immediately understood. She took a deep breath.

"Well, there's still a big gap between the desserts he makes and a five-star restaurant. I feel like making them myself. Is there enough equipment in the kitchen?"

"There should be." Tate said and left the room first.

Yvette also followed him downstairs.

There was no one in the kitchen.

Tate signaled her to go in and stood at the door by himself so that outsiders could see there was a distance between the two of them. It was also obvious at a glance that he was watching her.

Yvette looked at the equipment in front of her that she was familiar with.

Although she was not very skilled in baking, she liked to bake after she married Lance to have some downtime.

She picked up the flour and eggs.

Tate lowered his voice and said softly at the door, "Ms. Quimbey, my identity can't be revealed, and I have no way of informing the people outside. I know you have a way, but you can't use it so simply. You have to remember to find an opportunity to go trade with Sean so that he can be charged for his crimes."

Yvette's hand paused slightly.

She was a little flustered because she had never experienced such a scene.

In the next second, she turned her head slightly.

"How do you know that I have a way?"

Tate said in a soft voice, "Your earrings were custom-made from the black market. I happened to be the one who made those

earrings, except for the real diamond."

Thus, when Tate saw her earrings, he could not help but look at them a few more times. It was also because of this earring that

Tate risked exposing his identity so that he could keep her from acting rashly.

They must find the right opportunity.

Yvette could not stay calm.

She lowered her head with reddish eyes and took a deep breath.

"Your colleagues approached me when I went back and asked me to collect evidence and wait for the right opportunity if I was caught again. But they didn't make it clear what kind of opportunity to wait for and how long I would have to wait..."

She almost had a mental breakdown as she stood there choking back sobs.

Everything seemed so erratic.

Tate was silent.

"It won't be too long. I've been waiting for this opportunity for six years. It'll come soon."

Yvette was shocked.

She nodded solemnly and unconditionally believed Tate because he was the only light in this filthy place.

Yvette felt that her forbearance was meaningful.

The chef's voice came from a distance.

"Tate, I've had a stomach ache all morning. It must be because of the new environment. I went to the toilet several times

already...Oh, is Ms. Quimbey here?"

Yvette quickly regained her composure, bowed her head, and started to mix the flour and eggs.

The chef became more embarrassed.

"Ms. Quimbey, how can I let you do this? Let me do it. Is the dessert I made just now not to your liking?"

Yvette did not continue, stepped aside, and smiled.

"I don't like sweet things, but I know it's impossible not to put sugar in desserts, so I like to make my own.

Now that you're here,

I'll tell you what I like."

"Sure! I have high blood sugar and can't have sweets too. This is a good learning experience!"

The chef smiled and glanced at Tate.

"Tate, what are you doing here?"

Tate glanced at Yvette expressionlessly.

"I have to watch her."

The chef's complexion changed, and he pinched Tate lightly.

"Can you put it nicely? Why can't you be a little more lenient in front of Ms. Quimbey?"

The chef smiled and glanced at Yvette.

"He's not watching you. The boss is just afraid that you'll get bored, so he told us to talk to you."

Yvette smiled. She did not care about their actions.

"Where did he go today?"

Tate glanced at her and said nothing.

Naturally, the chef did not let her wait and answered with a smile, "He's busy. He just came over, so he has to pay his

respects. This place used to be owned by Angie, but Snakehead snatched it away. But there's so much going on that I can't keep

track. I think the boss went to meet Snakehead today.

Oops! I forgot that you don't understand these things, Ms. Quimbey. But you

can just take it as a random story."

Tate pursed his lips and said with forbearance, "Why are you rambling so much? Aren't you afraid that the boss will cut out your tongue?"

"Hmph! Then how can I be a chef?"

The chef yelled back at Tate.

After a while, he put the things in the oven, set the timer, and came out contentedly.

"It's okay. This is a trivial matter and doesn't interfere with anyone's business. As long as both sides don't cross the line,

Snakehead won't do anything."

Yvette frowned slightly and thought that the name sounded familiar.

While she was pondering, she heard a loud engine outside. It was the sound of a helicopter.

The chef's expression changed.

"Quick, run!"

Tate quickly took out the pistol strapped to his waist and glanced at Yvette.

"Go upstairs."

Yvette wanted to say something when she saw the person that came in.

The man laughed and said, "Tate, don't make a fuss. We're the old master's people."

Tate frowned slightly.

The old master's people were not exactly obedient.

What's more, Sean wanted to find an opportunity to break away from the old master.

Immediately after, a familiar person came in.

Yvette had met him at the old master's banquet.

Yvette frowned slightly and knew that he was the old master's subordinate. She recognized him because he was the one who

drove Yvette home that day.

Yvette was slightly taken aback.

The man glanced at Yvette, and his smile deepened.

"I knew that Ms. Quimbey was here. The old master missed Ms. Quimbey and went to pick her up on a whim, but he heard that

Ms. Quimbey was on a business trip and couldn't find out where she was. Don't you think it's a coincidence?"

Tate stood there with a vigilant look on his face.

"Mis. Quimbey belongs to our boss, and our boss isn't here now, so we can't hand her over to you."

The man smiled.

"Tate, stop calling him boss. You've been in the business for so long. Don't you know who the real boss here is?"

His words were threatening.

However, Tate was unmoved.

Tate stood there and held the gun tightly in his hand without putting it back.

There were quite a few people outside, but because they used to be the old master's subordinates, they more or less respected and feared the old master.

Thus, no one stopped them.

The chef smiled and said, "We're all on the same side, so why make a fuss? Why don't you sit down and wait for the boss? I

mean, Mr. Moore... We can talk after Mr. Moore comes back. Otherwise, Tate and I will lose our heads if Ms. Quimbey is gone under our watch!"

□ □ □