

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn

Chapter 101-113

Chapter 101 I Will Let That Child Disappear

Hearing that, the desire on Lance's face instantly dissipated.

The two of them were so close that Yvette could immediately detect it.

Yvette withdrew her hands from Lance's neck and propped them on his legs, wanting to get off his

laps.

However, Yvette's hands were pressed against Lance's legs by him. Yvette was unable to move and got off his laps.

Lance said, "Lucas, if you can't take good care of her, you will lose your job."

Then, Lance hung up the phone.

Lance wrapped his arms around Yvette's waist. Lance then used some force and Yvette fell uncontrollably into his arms.

The two of them were so close that their chests were pressed together.

Yvette subconsciously wanted to resist, but Lance held her back tightly. He turned around and pressed Yvette down on the bed.

Lance ran his hand down Yvette's calf to her ankle, holding it heavily and rubbing it gently, as if he

was measuring the size.

Then, Lance said in a low voice, "Do you want to run again?"

What Lance did made Yvette's heart beat faster. Lance was always able to accurately find Yvette's sensitive spot, making her unable to control herself.

Yvette gasped for a moment. She said with a soft voice, "I just want to get off your laps."

Lance slowly moved closer to Yvette. Lance fixed his eyes on Yvette's red and swollen lips. "You are a liar," Lance said with a slightly hoarse voice.

Immediately after, Lance kissed Yvette on the lips.

Lance pushed his hand through the hem of Yvette's dress and caressed her breasts. Lance then thought of something and stopped kissing Yvette. Lance stared at Yvette and asked, "When will you

have breast milk?"

Yvette's face suddenly turned red. She wanted to push Lance's hand away, but her body was soft and

powerless.

"When will you have it?" Lance asked again.

Yvette's face became redder. She didn't know it either. She could only say vaguely, "I'm supposed to

have it after I give birth."

"OK," Lance said thoughtfully.

Somehow, Yvette figured out what Lance meant by his words. Yvette hurriedly said, "No, you are not allowed to think about it."

Lance pinched Yvette heavily. Lance said, "What won't you allow me to do?" Lance's tone was

stained with lust.

Being pinched, Yvette raised her face and let out a soft gasp. She bit her lips and said with a trembling voice, "You know what I mean. You are not allowed to do it."

"Are you

afraid that I will snatch breast milk from the child?"

Lance leaned closer to Yvette. Lance said with a bewitching voice, "Don't worry. I will definitely not

do that until the child is full."

"Don't say it!"

Yvette wanted to reach out to block Lance's mouth, but her hands were stopped by him. Yvette could only use her lips to block Lance's mouth.

Lance also bit Yvette's lips. He moved his hand elsewhere, wanting to force Yvette to surrender.

Yvette felt as if her soul was about to leave her body, so she could only call out Lance's name,

"Lance! Lance!"

However, Lance completely ignored Yvette. Lance moved his fingers around and continued to do

what he wanted to do.

Finally, Lance stopped. Yvette seemed to have lost all of her energy, lying limply on the bed.

Lance pulled back his fingers, but he did not let Yvette lie down. He turned her over so she was on top of him and brought her hands down...

Lance said, "Now it's your turn to do your duty as a wife."

Yvette's face was still red, and she looked delicate and charming, making Lance have a strong

sexual passion.

Lance leaned forward slightly and kissed Yvette's earlobe, saying in a hoarse voice, "Yve, can you

do it faster?"

After some time.

Lance carried Yvette to the bathroom to take a bath. Although Yvette was in a trance, she still knew

she should resist. She pushed Lance away and said, "I will do it myself."

Lance asked, "Do you still have strength in your hands?"

Yvette's ears were red as she hurriedly said, "No."

Lance raised his eyebrows and said, "It didn't take a long time. You have to practice more. After all, you need to do this for a few more months."

Yvette was flustered and did not answer positively.

After taking a bath, Lance asked Yvette to wear clothes suitable for going out. Lance said, "Grandpa

asked us to go back."

On the other side, in the car.

After Lucas hung up the phone, he was slapped.

The corner of Lucas' mouth was bleeding.

Lucas didn't respond to it immediately and did not speak for a long time.

Yazmin said angrily, "You're useless. You can't even handle such a small matter. You couldn't even

get him to come over. What can you do?"

As Yazmin spoke, she raised her hand and wanted to slap Lucas again, but Lucas held her hand tightly and slapped her instead.

Yazmin was stunned. She thought that Lucas was an easy target, but she didn't expect that he would

actually dare to hit her.

Yazmin turned on Lucas like a madman and scratched him. Yazmin said, "Do you want to die? You

bastard. How dare you hit me? I'll skin you!"

Lucas avoided Yazmin and did not let her hit him. Lucas sneered and said, "Ms. Myers, don't keep talking dirty. Have you forgotten what happened between us?"

Yazmin was so angry that she could not speak. She gritted her teeth and scolded, "I think you want

to go to jail."

Lucas said mockingly, "If you dare to sue me for rape, I will tell Mr. Wolseley that you seduced me.

He doesn't even want to be with you when you're a virgin. What do you think he will think of you when he knows what happened between you and me?"

"You...!"

Yazmin wanted to scold Lucas again, but when she thought of what Lucas said, she fell silent.

Yazmin didn't expect Lucas, who she thought was a chess piece, to be so hard to control.

Emilie, however, was a lot more stupid.

Yazmin bit her lips and her eyes welled up with tears. "Lucas, I am just too angry. I was just too excited. Don't take it to heart."

Lucas knew Yazmin well. He wouldn't be fooled by her looks.

Yazmin thought that she had to discuss it with Lena. Seeing that Lena was still standing there, slapping herself, Yazmin reached out and shook Lucas' sleeve, saying, "Lucas, can you ask Lena to stop it now? She is already so old, and she can't take it."

"No. I must do what Mr. Wolseley instructed me to do," Lucas said with a serious face.

Yazmin hated Lucas because she thought he was hard to deal with.

Yazmin reached out to untie Lucas' buttons and asked delicately, "Did you handle that report?"

Being flirted with, Lucas was not as serious as before. He said, "Yes."

Yazmin was very happy when she thought that she would be able to watch a good show tomorrow.

Yazmin had waited for so many years before Lance agreed to marry her, but because of Yvette,

Yazmin's hopes were dashed.

Yazmin hated Yvette to the bones.

Yazmin thought, Why can Yvette get Lance's recognition?

Isn't it all because of the child in her belly?

Then I should let the child disappear.

Yazmin was eager to see what Lance would look like when he saw the report.

Yazmin couldn't wait any longer. She threw herself into Lucas' arms and said, "Lucas, we are in the

same boat. Don't worry. I will definitely treat you well."

Chapter 102 Can We Talk About Yazmin?

Yvette and Lance arrived at the Wolseley's home.

Jaiden had been waiting for them at the gate for a long time. When Jaiden saw Yvette, he narrowed his eyes like a child.

Jaiden held Yvette's hand and said, "Come in quickly. I have prepared a lot of delicious food for

you."

Tanya brought the dishes to the table. When Tanya saw Yvette, Tanya also smiled and invited Yvette

to sit down.

Recently, Tanya had been coughing and did not dare to go to see Yvette. Tanya was afraid she might

infect Yvette with her cough. Tanya recovered a little and she did not dare to sit close to Yvette.

Tanya just sat opposite Yvette.

Tessa also eagerly brought a bowl of freshly boiled soup and placed it in front of Yvette, letting

Yvette drink it.

Everyone was very happy to see Yvette and cared about her very much.

After Yvette's grandmother passed away, Yvette had been suppressing herself. Tonight, however,

her laughter was sincere and happy.

However, Lance was simply ignored.

Tanya didn't notice Lance until he sat down. Tanya said, "I asked you to take good care of Yvette. Why has she lost weight again? Her face is even smaller than before. If you let the..."

Before Tanya finished what she wanted to say, she shut up. Jaiden still did not know about Yvette's pregnancy. Before Tanya could get Yvette's consent, Tanya could not say it.

Thinking of that, Tanya changed the topic and said, "If Yvette gets thinner the next time she comes back, let her stay here. I will take care of her myself."

Lance had no objections and nodded.

The meal was officially served. Yvette had already passed the early pregnancy reaction period, and her appetite was very good, so she ate more.

Jaiden was in high spirits. He drank a bit of wine, and Lance drank with Jaiden.

After putting down the wine glass, Lance didn't eat much food. He kept putting food on Yvette's plate the entire time, and then he put on gloves to peel a few shrimps for her. He piled them up in the food tray. He said in a low voice, "Don't be picky. You should take in balanced nutrition."

Yvette's face was slightly red, and she ate all the shrimps Lance had peeled with his hands.

This made Lance very satisfied. A faint smile passed over his face.

After the meal, it suddenly rained outside. Tanya felt that it was not safe for Yvette and Lance to go back at night, so she arranged for the two to stay in the Wolseley's home.

When they arrived upstairs, Tanya took Yvette to the room she had been living in. Seeing that Lance also followed, Tanya directly stopped him outside the door and said with a straight face, "You drank some wine. You two should sleep separately tonight."

Lance frowned and said, "I just drank a little. I'm not drunk yet."

"That won't do," Tanya stopped Lance outside and said seriously. "What if you can't control yourself and hurt Yvette?"

What Tanya said made Yvette embarrassed. Yvette said with a red face, "Tanya..."

No matter how unwilling Lance was, he had no choice but to walk towards the guest room on the other side of the stairs.

After Lance left, Tanya did not leave. Tanya sat by the bed and chatted with Yvette.

"Yvette, have you reconciled with Lance?"

Yvette fell silent. She did not know what to say. Lance's change and his concern had indeed melted

Yvette's heart.

When Tanya saw Yvette like this, Tanya knew the two of them had not reconciled with each other.

However, the relationship between the two tonight ignited Tanya's hope. Tanya didn't want them to

divorce because she wanted Lance to be enlightened and coax Yvette.

Looking at the state of Yvette and Lance tonight, Tanya knew Lance had changed, but needed to

work harder.

Tanya held Yvette's hand and said earnestly, "Yvette, it is not easy for you to get married. If you happen to like each other, you must cherish each other. Moreover, you are pregnant. I hope that you will give Lance another chance. Don't let go of his hands easily because of the misunderstanding."

Yvette pursed her lips. There seemed to be a lot of misunderstandings between her and Lance, and neither of them had ever properly explained.

Yvette wondered if the result would be better if they talked about their true thoughts with each

other.

After Tanya left, Yvette took a bath and lay down, but she could not fall asleep.

After all, Yvette was in a new place, and the rain was still dripping outside. She could only open her eyes and look at the ceiling blankly.

Suddenly, there was a slight noise coming from the balcony.

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Yvette was startled and heard the sound of the rain. She thought that the balcony was not closed, so she got up to take a look.

Just as Yvette walked to the balcony, she heard a squeak.

The glass door of the balcony was pushed open.

Yvette widened her eyes. Just as she was about to scream, her mouth was covered by a large hand.

“Don’t scream. It’s me.”

Yvette came back to her senses. She saw Lance’s face. She was extremely shocked.

After Lance let go of his hand, Yvette asked in a daze, “How did you get here?”

“By climbing through the window,” Lance said concisely.

Lance should have just taken a shower. The smell on his body was especially fresh. He did not comb his hair and just let his wet hair lie on his forehead. He was a little more indolent than in the daytime, but he was still handsome.

“What are you doing here instead of sleeping?” Yvette blinked and asked.

Lance took a step forward and narrowed his eyes. Lance looked at Yvette and said, “Don’t you know what I’m coming over for?”

Hearing that, Yvette’s heart beat faster.

The atmosphere became strange in a second.

Yvette pursed her lips and her body tightened uncomfortably. She retreated a little.

The next second, Yvette was pulled into Lance’s arms.

Lance wrapped his arms against Yvette’s waist, and he lowered his head to look for her lips.

With a deep kiss, the two of them couldn’t help but gasp.

Yvette then felt herself being carried. Lance carried her to the bed. The soft silk quilt sank lightly, and Lance pressed down to Yvette.

Yvette’s voice trembled as she reminded Lance, “Tanya asked you not to come over.”

Lance lowered his head to kiss Yvette’s neck. He lifted the hem of her pajamas, and said in a hoarse voice, “Don’t worry, I know what I’m doing. I won’t hurt you.”

“That won’t do. Don’t do anything rash...”

Before Yvette could finish her sentence, she was so excited by Lance’s actions that she gripped the bed sheet under her body tightly.

Yvette was wearing only a silk nightgown. Lance raised his eyebrows slightly and said with a meaningful tone, "Are you waiting for me?"

Yvette explained hurriedly, "No."

Yvette ate a little too much tonight. What was more, since she was pregnant, her breasts got bigger and she felt uncomfortable wearing underwear.

Moreover, Yvette thought she didn't need to wear underwear because she was about to sleep.

Lance smiled. The curtains on the balcony were not pulled down, and the desire in his eyes could be seen clearly.

"Okay. I believe you."

After Lance finished speaking, he bent his long legs to press against Yvette, and then lowered his

head to bite her.

Lance's half-dried hair moved around Yvette's neck, which made Yvette feel itching. Lance seemed

to do it on purpose.

Yvette felt uncomfortable and wanted to cry. She reached out to push Lance away. She said, "Don't... Tanya said you can't do that."

Lance kissed Yvette and the desire in his heart was difficult to suppress. Lance said, "Then lower your voice." His hoarse voice was filled with desire.

Yvette could not finish what she wanted to say. Lance pressed his fingers against her lips, almost

wanting to pry open her mouth.

The dense sound of the rain beat against the windowsill endlessly.

Yvette helplessly raised her neck and closed her eyes.

After nearly two hours, Lance suddenly looked at the time and said, "It's time to sleep."

Yvette blushed. Seeing that Lance was not satisfied, but he forced himself to stop, Yvette glanced at him uneasily.

Lance was very considerate and asked, "Do you want more?"

Yvette didn't know what to answer.

Yvette thought, What nonsense is he talking about?

Who wants it?

"It's you who wants it, right?" Yvette whispered.

Lance did not hide anything and bit Yvette. He said, "Yes, I want it.

"But Tanya said that you can't be tired. It's not good for the baby to stay up late."

Lance carried Yvette to the bathroom to help her take a bath. After the bath, the two of them lay comfortably on the bed.

Lance placed his hand on Yvette's lower abdomen and asked, "Why isn't your belly getting bigger?"

"I don't know either. This is probably because this is my first pregnancy."

The rain outside the window beat against the edge of the window. Lance and Yvette nestled together, which made Yvette feel something unusual.

Yvette felt that she should not think about it, but she could not help but think about it.

People always remembered the good things and wanted more after they got the benefit.

Yvette tapped Lance's chest and said, "Lance, can we talk about Yazmin?"

Chapter 103 Yvette Fights Back

In fact, it took Yvette a lot of courage to say this.

When Yazmin was with Lance, Yvette had a crush on Lance. Yet, Yvette could only keep it a secret.

Time went on. Yet, many habits were ingrained into Yvette's mind.

However, Yvette was now trying to make a struggle.

Yvette knew that she was a little naïve. But, Yvette really wanted to win against Yazmin.

Despite knowing that someone had caused Phoebe's death, Yvette could do nothing. The powerlessness made Yvette always have regrets about Phoebe's death.

Yazmin was best at using Lance to hurt Yvette. Thus, Yvette could also strike back.

At least, Yvette was pregnant now. So, Yvette had more opportunities than Yazmin.

Yet, after Yvette finished speaking, there was a long silence.

Yvette panicked and turned her face around. She also freed herself from Lance's arms and said, "If

you

don't want to talk, then don't talk."

Lance frowned and reached out to pull her over. "What do you want to say?"

It meant that Lance would talk about this with Yvette.

Yvette pursed her lips. "I know that Yazmin has been kind to you. However, how long are you going to repay this favor? Is there a time limit? Or is it a lifetime?"

If it was really a lifetime, Yvette wouldn't want to do so.

It was too tiring. Yvette couldn't win.

"Do you care so much about her? Are you jealous?" Lance asked as he lowered his eyes and reached

out to scratch the tip of Yvette's nose.

Yvette nodded frankly. Lance was a little surprised, and the corners of his lips curled up.

Lance lowered his head to kiss Yvette deeply. Then, he said, "I have never had any other feelings for

her."

However, Yvette was not satisfied with this answer. Lance had said this before, but he always took

sides with Yazmin.

"Yet, as long as there are conflicts between her and me, you have never taken sides with me. I never mentioned it. But, it doesn't mean that I don't mind."

Yvette looked up at Lance. Her eyelashes were thick. She blinked her eyes.

“Lance, I really mind it. I believe that no one would like her husband to do such a thing.”

The two of them looked at each other. Lance lowered his eyes to look at Yvette. Lance was truly surprised to hear reticent Yvette say so much.

Lance had an indescribable feeling. He felt extremely happy and satisfied.

He said, “I understand. I will pay attention to it.”

Yvette also did not think that Lance could immediately be unaffected by Yazmin. However, at least

Lance was willing to make a change. It was a step forward.

Perhaps because Tanya’s words tonight had an effect on Yvette, Yvette wanted to compete with

Yazmin.

Even if Yvette failed, at least she had tried.

Yvette looked into Lance’s eyes and said sincerely, “Lance, if it happens again, I will not forgive you.”

Lance saw the determination in her eyes, which made him nervous.

Lance kissed Yvette’s eyes and held her tightly in his arms. His breath blew Yvette’s hair.

“Yve, I promise that you will be my only wife in this life.”

Yvette raised her head, wanting to see his face and his current expression.

Lance always looked handsome and delicate. He had a perfect face.

His eyes were especially charming. His double eyelids were not obvious but very pretty.

Yvette could see her reflection in Lance’s eyes now. Just looking into his eyes, Yvette felt attracted.

Then, Yvette took her eyes off his eyes and looked at his Adam’s apple. When Lance swallowed, Yvette bit his Adam’s apple.

Yvette clearly felt Lance tremble uncontrollably.

“What are you doing?” Lance grabbed Yvette’s wrists and gazed at her.

Yvette shot him a lost look. She stuck out her tongue to lick the bite mark she had made on his neck.

Yvette imitated Lance. She licked and sucked Lance’s neck, torturing him to the point that his eyes

were bloodshot.

“You don’t want to sleep, right?” Lance released her hands, turned over, and easily pressed Yvette

under him.

“Be quiet. Mom will wake up at midnight,” Lance reminded Yvette.

Soon, Yvette knew that she could not show off in front of Lance.

Lance sucked all her sensitive spots. His movements were slow. Yvette was tortured to the point of collapse. She wanted to cry out, but she did not dare to shout.

Lance was afraid that Yvette would feel uncomfortable. So, Lance stretched out his index finger to open her mouth and said in a hoarse voice, “I was just teasing you. Mom won’t get up at midnight.”

But even so, Yvette did not dare to shout. After all, she wasn’t at her own home, so she couldn’t do

things at will.

Under the dim light, Yvette could clearly see sweat dripping down Lance’s chin. In fact, Lance was as uncomfortable as Yvette at that time. More exactly, they felt comfortable to some extent.

It was hard to describe this feeling in words.

Lance felt insatiable. So, he tried again and again.

When it was over, both of them were sweaty. Lance carried Yvette to wash again.

Under the light of the bathroom, Yvette’s legs were swollen.

Lance carried Yvette to the bed and applied ointment to her. He felt sorry and said in a hoarse voice,

“You know that we can’t do it now. Don’t keep seducing me. Your legs are already swollen.”

Yvette didn’t want to think about it at that moment. She was really very tired.

Her legs suffered the most, and they were so sore that they couldn’t be lifted.

Yvette rested her head on Lance’s arm and looked at the ceiling.

Suddenly, Yvette said, “You must think that I’m targeting Yazmin. Actually, that’s not the case. I know that you don’t like to listen to what I’m going to say. But, even though she didn’t directly interfere with my grandmother’s death. It’s also related to her. I can’t let it go.”

Lance was silent for a few seconds.

Then, Yvette continued, “You know what I care about. So, don’t hurt me with Yazmin anymore,

okay?”

This time, Lance did not remain silent. He rested his chin on Yvette’s hair, his Adam’s apple

moving. “I promise you.”

The next day.

Lance got up and needed to go to the company to deal with businesses. He instructed Tessa to wake Yvette up for breakfast at 9 a.m. So, Yvette could sleep a little longer.

Yvette got up before 9 a.m.

Yvette went downstairs to eat breakfast. Then, Yvette said goodbye to Tanya and Jaiden. The driver sent Yvette back to Serenity Villa.

In the afternoon, Yvette suffered a lot last night, so she took a nap.

When Yvette woke up again, it was already slightly dark.

Yvette suddenly missed Lance. She took out her phone and called him. No one answered the phone.

Yvette did not care and thought that Lance was busy.

After dinner, Lance didn’t call her. Yvette felt a little uneasy and called Lance again.

Still, no one answered the phone.

At the same time, in the president's office of the Wolseley Group, the atmosphere was tense.

Lance's fingers almost crushed the report in his hand.

The report clearly stated that the DNA similarity was 0.01%. The test subjects were not related by

blood.

Chapter 104 She Is Like an Ugly Clown

When Yvette was about to send the third message, she paused and changed it to a text message.

Yvette: "Hubby, are you busy?"

She rarely called Lance Hubby.

However, Lance liked her calling him that.

Yvette felt that since they had talked frankly last night and the effect was very good, she should show her sincerity.

Maybe he was busy and would be happy when he saw it.

The message was sent out almost thirty minutes ago, but there was still no reply.

Yvette took out her phone from time to time to look at it. This feeling was very bad, and all her attention was on the phone.

Finally, her phone rang, and a message came.

Yvette quickly checked it, yet it was from Ellen, who asked Yvette to go out for a drink.

Yvette thought that instead of being distracted, it would be better to go out.

After making an appointment, Yvette asked the driver to send her over.

They arranged to meet at Garnut Club, which was a high-end club with a café and all kinds of

entertainment.

After entering, they picked a small private room. One drank coffee, and the other drank wine.

Ellen had been very comfortable for the past half month because the grandfather of Jamie's fiancée had passed away, which caused their wedding to be postponed by three months. Holding the wedding within a hundred days was also a good thing.

Jamie was busy comforting his fiancée, so he naturally had no time to make trouble for Ellen.

In the past half month, Ellen's father had been much better, and the company had gone through the most difficult times. Although it was still in debt, it was still running and slowly earning money to pay the debts.

She was more concerned about Yvette. "Yve, how have you been with Lance recently? Why have I heard that you guys are very affectionate recently? I can be your child's godmother very soon, right?"

Ellen was still in the circle. Recently, she had not heard much news about Lance and Yazmin appearing together. Presumably, Yazmin had not made any waves.

Ellen was very pleased with this result.

After all, Yvette, Ellen's best friend, had been persisting for ten years. If Yvette could get a good result, Ellen would be very happy.

Yvette thought about it and told her, "Yes, you can be a godmother soon."

"Are you really pregnant? How far along are you?" Ellen was stunned.

"About three months."

"You haven't told me before. What are you thinking? Do you have another bestie outside?" Ellen deliberately rebuked her.

Yvette explained, "I want to wait until it is stable."

"What about Lance? Is he happy?" Ellen was very concerned about Lance's attitude.

"He..."

Yvette remembered last night. He childishly lay on her stomach and asked why the little fellow had not started to move. She replied with a sweet face, "He's very happy."

"Boohoo..."

Ellen suddenly cried out emotionally. Her face was full of tears.

Yvette was shocked by her and quickly asked, "What's wrong?"

Ellen hugged her and said, "I'm so delighted that you can be happy."

Ellen was thinking that even though the two of them could not be happy together, her best friend.

must be happy.

Yvette's eyes turned red from Ellen's words. Yvette embraced Ellen and said, "You will be happy too. I won't allow you to be unhappy."

"OK."

They hugged each other and cried for a while. Ellen got up and said, "You are pregnant now. You are very precious. Don't stay up late. Go back quickly."

Ellen took Yvette out but suddenly bumped into a familiar person in the corridor.

Yvette stopped and looked at Frankie standing at the door of a private room. Frankie obviously saw her, and there was a moment of panic in his eyes.

Yet he lowered his head and greeted her.

Yvette walked over and asked, "Is Lance here?"

Frankie paused for a second and nodded.

"Is he busy today?" Yvette asked again.

Frankie's forehead sweated as he simply replied, "Yes, Mr. Wolseley is very busy."

At this time, the door of the private room was pushed open, and a waiter pushed a food trolley out.

Yvette clearly heard a woman's sweet voice, and it was very familiar. It was Yazmin's voice.

It was too late for Frankie to stop her. Yvette pushed the door open and walked in.

This should be the most luxurious private room in Garnut Club.

The two floors were full of expensive flowers. The crystal lights covered the entire ceiling. The pillars were all pasted with gold foil. It was magnificent and extravagant.

The LED screen said, "Happy birthday, Yazmin."

At this moment, the main character was sitting in the middle, dressed in an expensive dress that was inlaid with diamonds. Yazmin looked depressed yesterday, but now, there was a proud and

confident smile on her face.

In an instant, Yvette's face became extremely pale, and it felt as if all the energy in her body had

been sucked out.

Inside the private room, it was bustling with noise and excitement, and no one noticed Yvette.

Yvette saw Yazmin holding Lance, digging up a piece of cake with a spoon, and personally feeding it

to him.

At the side, a man said, "It's so boring to feed him like this. Ms. Myers, Mr. Wolseley has arranged. such a grand birthday party for you today. You have to show your sincerity, right?"

The crowd clamored, "Use your mouth to feed him! Use your mouth to feed him!"

Yazmin looked at the man with a shy expression. Seeing that the man did not respond, she opened. her mouth and took a bite of the cake. She held it in her mouth and was about to send it to Lance's

mouth.

Whistles and chants mixed.

Seeing that the piece of cake was getting closer and closer to Lance's lips, Ellen couldn't stand it anymore and cursed, "What the hell? She is so proud of being a home wrecker. How disgusting!"

Ellen pulled Yvette and wanted to leave, yet Yvette didn't move.

Yvette suddenly shouted.

"Lance."

The noisy environment became quiet in a second.

Everyone turned to look at this inharmonious intruder.

Yvette ignored the surprised looks of the crowd, took a few steps forward, walked up to the man,

and blurted out.

“Lance, come home with me.”

The man raised his eyelids and looked at Yvette for less than a second as if the person standing in front of him were a stranger.

Yvette’s mind went blank.

She didn’t understand why the person who had hugged her, had sex with her so passionately, and called her wife sweetly last night had suddenly become so cold.

No one paid any attention to Yvette. Everyone looked at her strangely, but she didn’t care.

“What happened?” she asked softly.

She felt that something must have happened. Otherwise, he would not be like this.

His affection these days could not be faked.

However, Lance ignored her completely.

Someone beside Yvette laughed.

“Who is this? Did you go to the wrong room?”

“You even managed to hunt a rich guy at Garnut Club. You’ve put in a lot of money.”

Today’s party was a last-minute one. To strengthen her status in Lance’s heart, Yazmin invited many famous playboys and rich young men in New York.

As long as the birthday party ended and word got out, her status would return to the past. Yazmin, the Myers family’s young miss, would still be the most enviable socialite in New York, who was protected by the Wolseley family.

These rich young men had many lovers, and they naturally treated Yvette as an easy girl. The

discussion became more and more offensive.

Ellen couldn't take it anymore and went forward to grab Yvette's hand, saying, "Let's go."

Yet Yvette was so stubborn that Ellen couldn't even take her away. Yvette only stared at Lance with a pair of misty almond eyes.

When these people saw that Yvette was standing still with her eyes on Lance, they became more and

more interested.

"Miss, this is a bigwig. He is not someone you can hook up with. Why don't you serve me? Maybe I can take you out tonight."

When these words came out, the surrounding people burst into laughter.

"Count me in," someone echoed.

After all, Yvette was quite attractive. She wore no makeup, yet she was much more beautiful than

those who had makeup on.

Yvette's eyes were bright, and when she looked at others, they felt that she was very pure. The

corners of her eyes were raised, which added charm to her.

What a rare beauty!

These people spoke extremely rudely, and Lance acted as if he didn't hear them, allowing them to

insult her with words.

Ellen was so angry that she clenched her fists tightly, and she raised her glass to splash the wine on those people, but her wrist was grabbed.

"Ms. Robbins, is this a place where you can cause trouble?"

This familiar and terrifying voice made Ellen tremble.

She turned her head and saw Jamie looking at her with narrowed eyes. His gaze was scarier than a

demon's.

Jamie directly twisted her hand and pulled her away. Ellen's struggle was nothing compared to his strength.

Seeing Jamie blatantly pull away the person beside Yvette, a dandy who knew Jamie and his fiancée

was even more certain that Yvette was just an easy girl.

The dandy directly held Yvette's hand and smiled lewdly, "Miss, your friend has already chosen at person and left. Just go with me. I can pay as much as you want."

Another man next to him said unhappily, "Why should she go with you? Miss, don't listen to him. I have money too. I'll pay you double. Go with me."

Yvette pulled her hand back and said icily, "Get lost!"

Lance's cold gaze fell on the man's hand.

The man was annoyed and was about to slap Yvette. However, he was stopped by Yazmin.

She smiled and said, "Mr. Wynger, let her go for my sake. This is someone I know."

The young man called Mr. Wynger stopped reluctantly after hearing this, but his eyes were still

blazing with anger.

Of course, Yazmin wanted Triston to slap Yvette.

However, Yazmin was still unsure of Lance's attitude toward Yvette. Yazmin did not want to do anything self-defeating. Anyway, it was right to be a kind person at this time.

Yvette still stubbornly stared at Lance. Her eyes were watery, and her nose was red as she asked, "Is your promise last night not valid now?"

Finally, Lance raised his eyes and gave her a look. He sneered, "A man's promise on the bed can not

be taken seriously."

In a split second, Yvette's face was completely grey.

She couldn't help trembling. In the middle of the crowd, she looked even weaker and more pitiful.

The man in front of Yvette was frosty. His eyes were not filled with alienation, but disgust as if she

was an annoying slug.

The surrounding people all looked at Yvette with contempt, silently telling her how ridiculous she

was.

She was like an ugly clown.

It wasn't that she was shameless. On the contrary, at that moment, she felt ashamed and angry. She curled her lower lip with difficulty and said, "Got it. I'll leave now."

She managed to say that. Her voice was hoarse, and her throat was dry as if it had been burned.

Lance was slightly stunned. His heart squeezed, and he could not breathe.

Yvette's face was as pale as paper, but she forced herself to smile, "I'm sorry to disturb you."

After that, she left step by step.

From the beginning to the end, her tears had been in her eyes, yet not a single drop had fallen.

She didn't want her tears to fall in such a dirty place. Everything behind her made her feel

disgusted.

Because of this farce, the birthday party became cheerless.

Triston Wynger, who had just spoken, came out to liven up the atmosphere. "Women like her are everywhere. Mr. Wolseley, I will introduce a few more to you next time. I guarantee that all of them will be charming and not worse than the girl just now."

When Triston said this, he felt a little nervous. The one just now was indeed the best. At least he had never seen such a beautiful girl before.

Lance looked down at Triston and said evenly, "Your surname is Wynger?"

Everyone who was present today wanted to get in with the Wolseley family. When Triston heard Lance ask him, Triston was so excited that he almost knelt.

It must be because he had just flattered Lance well enough.

Triston lowered his head and bowed. "Yes. My full name is Triston Wynger. My father is the president of Tranquil Pharmaceutical Company."

After that, Triston reached out his hand to shake hands with Lance to show his respect.

Lance extended his hand, and the next second, he grabbed Triston's wrist and twisted it.

"Crack!"

There was a crisp sound, and the bones broke.

Triston held the broken hand and collapsed on the ground, rolling and wailing.

Lance came forward, stepped on Triston's broken hand with his shoe heel, and crushed it with

force.

Triston's scream was so shrill that it made one's hair stand on end.

"Throw him out. I don't want to see this person anymore," Lance ordered with cold eyes.

In an instant, two bodyguards came up and dragged Triston out, who was like a dead dog.

The rest of the people at the scene began to rejoice that they did not offend this big shot as Triston

did.

But they did not understand how Triston had offended Lance.

Yazmin's expression was ugly. The others did not know, yet she remembered clearly.

Triston had just held Yvette's wrist with that hand.

This was the reason that Lance broke Triston's hand.

The hatred in Yazmin's heart surged. She had not expected that the paternity test results she had painstakingly switched would not be enough to make Lance dump Yvette.

How did this bitch Yvette bewitch Lance?

Yvette left the club and was in a trance.

Everything that had just happened was as unreal as a dream.

She thought of Ellen, raised her spirits, and called Ellen.

After the call connected, Ellen very guiltily told Yvette that she had something to do and had to go

first and told Yvette to go back on her own and be careful on the way.

Yvette was relieved to know that Ellen was fine.

Hanging up the phone, Yvette walked on the road like a walking corpse.

She kept thinking about Lance's gaze just now. It was so cold and strange.

She couldn't figure out why.

Could it be that hurting her feelings was so interesting?

It was so interesting that he wanted to hurt her again and again.

She walked on the road in a daze, and suddenly, there was a beeping sound from behind her.

An electric scooter rushed over quickly. Yvette tripped and fell to the ground when she dodged.

The owner of the electric scooter did not stop for a second. Instead, he shouted "bad luck" and sped

away.

Yvette looked at the blood covering her knees and elbows. She didn't feel pain, but she couldn't hold

back her tears.

Suddenly, a silk handkerchief appeared in front of her eyes.

Yvette was stunned for a moment. She looked up with tears in her eyes and saw that familiar face.

She couldn't tell what she felt, yet her heart ached. She abruptly stood up and kicked the man.

She kept muttering, "I hate you! I hate you! Why did you do this to me? You said you would be to me. You liar! You bastard!"

good

Blood flowed quickly out of her elbows and knees because of her movements, dyeing the man's

clothes red.

"Don't move."

The man spoke in a commanding tone and held her in his arms.

Yvette raised her head, her eyes focused for a few seconds before she realized that she had the

wrong person.

Chapter 105 I Have a Wife

After Lance finished dealing with Triston, he was about to walk out.

However, Yazmin quickly stopped him. She weakly grabbed his arm and leaned on him. She whispered, "Lance, I feel dizzy."

Originally, after what happened to Triston, the atmosphere was quite awkward.

When someone saw this scene, the person wanted to lighten things up, so he shouted, "Kiss her!"

This caused the atmosphere to become lively again.

Everyone gathered and shouted, "Kiss her! Kiss her!"

Yazmin was overjoyed. She was happy to see this scene.

She originally wanted some rumors about them to become true. After all, she was the only one who had been known as Lance's girlfriend, which had brought great benefits to her and the Myers

family.

Everyone was shouting.

Yazmin thought that Lance would not make her embarrassed.

She thought that Lance would at least fake it to make it through.

She held her face close to Lance's, but when she got closer, she saw him frown and move aside.

Lance said coldly, "Yazmin, you should know where to stop."

Today, he did not know that Yazmin had a birthday party here, but he did not expose her. He had already been nice enough.

Yazmin bit her lips, looking like she had been hurt. She said pitifully, "Lance, are you trying to make me embarrassed? There are so many people watching us. Can't you just give me a kiss as a

way of courtesy?"

Lance said with a straight face, "Yazmin, don't forget that I have a wife."

The word 'wife' was like a knife that stabbed Yazmin's body.

Her fingernails dug deep into her palm while no one was noticing.

She thought, Why? Why could that bitch be his wife?

She has cuckolded him. What kind of wife is she?

This title can only be mine! Mine!

Lance did not stay. He left amidst the crowd's cheers.

The atmosphere was very awkward.

Yazmin forced a smile and explained, "Lance has something urgent to do at the company. Let's

continue."

The feast continued and the place got lively again.

Yazmin turned around and her face instantly became distorted and horrible in a corner where no

one else could see.

She cursed inside, This bitch, she really deserves to die!

I want her to die!

After Lance came out, Frankie drove the car.

In the car, Lance took out the pills and swallowed them without counting them.

He began to have a headache after seeing the report.

It was as if a bucket of ice water had been poured over his head, washing away all of his rationality

and calmness.

A violent temper was constantly brewing in his heart. At that time, if he was with Yvette, he was afraid that he would do something that he would regret.

He needed to wait until he calmed down to think about what he should do.

He did not want to make some irrational decisions now.

Yet not longer after, Lance suddenly said to Frankie coldly, "Stop the car!"

Frankie lightly hit the brakes and stopped the car. Following Lance's dark gaze, he saw two people hugging each other on the side of the road.

To be more exact, they were not hugging each other. Their every move made them more like a couple who were bickering with each other.

The cold street lights shone on Lance's face, making his handsome face look colder and colder. His thin lips curled into a cynical smile and he punched the LCD screen on the back of the seat. His hand was covered with blood, but it was as if he could not feel any pain.

The rage inside him was about to burst out, though he had taken pills to suppress it.

"Let's go," he said with difficulty.

At the side of the road.

Marcus' eyes were very deep. His eyes under the rimless glasses were like bottomless lakes, making people feel that they could not get close to him.

Yvette said sorry and took half a step back, leaving his embrace.

Unexpectedly, Marcus held her wrist.

He was very strong and he carried her in his arms effortlessly.

Yvette was shocked and she struggled. "Mr. Wolseley, please put me down."

"You are injured. I will take you to treat your injury."

Marcus did not give her a chance to refuse. He carried her into the car and took a clean suit from the

car for her to put on.

Yvette could smell that there was a very fresh mint fragrance on his clothes, which could calm people.

She pursed her lips and thanked him. Marcus nodded as a response.

There was a faint smell of alcohol in the car. It was obvious that Marcus had just drunk wine. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes to rest.

A message came in on Yvette's phone.

It was from Ellen who asked if she had arrived home.

Yvette didn't want her to worry, so she said yes.

Ellen forwarded a video to her. Yvette clicked on it. It was the scene where the crowd cheered and

asked Lance to kiss Yazmin after they left.

The video was very short, and when their faces were about to meet, it stopped abruptly.

Ellen: "Yvette, you said you are good with each other. Are you lying to me? You are his legitimate wife. How can he treat you like this!"

Yvette looked at the cover of the video. The man was handsome and the woman was beautiful. They

were a perfect match.

"Plop!"

Bean-sized tears fell on the phone screen. She reached out and wiped them, and the next drop of

tear fell.

Soon, the screen was covered with tears.

There was a sudden pain in her heart.

Yvette thought that she was really naïve and stupid!

She always softened after he said some nice words.

Then she made herself a joke again.

She didn't want to believe his promise anymore. She didn't want it anymore.

Marcus handed her a handkerchief and didn't say anything.

Yvette took it and wiped her face.

Her palm-sized face was full of tears, and there was strong determination in her eyes. The sight would make anyone who saw her feel pity for her.

After wiping her tears, she found that what Marcus gave her was a handkerchief. She felt that it was not proper to return it to him while it was full of her tears, so she put it into her pocket.

Soon, the car drove into a private house.

After getting out of the car, Marcus reached out. He glanced at Yvette and took his hand back.

After entering the door, a woman in her forties came over and looked Marcus up and down. "Is this your girlfriend?"

Without waiting for Yvette to answer, Marcus said, "No. Please treat her wound."

The woman looked up and examined Yvette carefully. She was stunned and blurted out, "Alena?"

Yvette was stunned. The woman came back to her senses. She shook her head and said, "Sorry, I

should get a new pair of glasses."

The woman held Yvette's hand and took her to sit down. She took out the medicine box and gently cleaned her wound. As she treated the wound, she looked at Yvette and said, "You really look like a

friend of mine."

Yvette was stunned. Marcus had also said the same thing before. He said that she looked like a

friend of his.

It seemed that the last time he said this was not to strike up a conversation. It was true.

She immediately felt a little embarrassed.

After dealing with the wound, the woman asked her to sit and wait for a while, and then she gave her some medicine for her to bring back.

The woman walked out of the room. Marcus was standing on the balcony, smoking. When he heard the noise, he turned around and asked the woman, "Is she alright?"

"It's nothing. It's just a bruise." The woman hesitated and said, "However, she seems to be

pregnant."

Marcus was shocked.

The woman looked at his expression and teased, "Marcus, you are so amazing. That little girl should be at least 12 years younger than you."

Marcus was deep in thought, but he did not explain.

The woman continued, "I am very happy that you can think things through. After all, Alena has been gone for so many years. If she is still here, I think she also hopes that you will find a

companion."

After taking the medicine, Yvette and Marcus got into the car and left.

Marcus remained indifferent and did not say much.

Yvette liked the atmosphere. She did not want to say a word, either.

When they arrived at the Serenity Villa, Yvette thanked him before getting out of the car, and

Marcus nodded.

Just as she was about to get out of the car, Marcus suddenly reached out and grabbed her wrist.

His palm pressed against the skin of her wrist. There was no obstruction in between, and Yvette could feel the heat in his palm.

Marcus' face was gentle. He looked at her through the thin lens and said, "I gave you my number. last time. If there is anything, you can call me."

When Yvette returned the money to him, the two of them had contacted once, and that was all.

She had typed: "Thank you for your help. I have transferred the money. Please check your account."

Marcus replied: "Okay."

After telling Yvette to call him, he quickly let her go.

Yvette opened the car door and heard him say from behind. "Don't make yourself a mess again next

time."

Marcus knew his place. His tone sounded as if he was an elder caring for someone from the younger

generation.

Yvette did not think much about it. After getting out of the car, she watched his car drive away.

She did not know that a pair of cold eyes were looking at her from the window.

Chapter 106 Insult

The villa was quiet.

Yvette did not see Mary. Usually, Mary should still be up at this time.

She went upstairs, pushed the door open, and entered the room to find her suitcase.

The curtain was not closed. Moonlight shed in. She did not turn on the light, but when she opened the cabinet door, she found that the suitcase she put in last time was gone.

"Click."

The lights in the room were turned on.

Lance walked over step by step, his handsome eyes looking cold. "What are you looking for?"

Yvette was frightened. She had no idea how long he had been standing there.

She thought, Isn't he at Yazmin's birthday party?

However, no matter where he is, it has nothing to do with me.

"Where is Mary?" she asked.

"What are you looking for?" Lance asked instead of answering.

"My luggage."

"Do you want to leave?"

His tone was calm, like the kind of calm before the storm. In short, he was very strange.

Yvette took a step back and said coldly, "Lance, haven't you already decided?"

What he said at Yazmin's birthday party was already embarrassing enough for her.

In fact, there was no need for him to do that. She could take the hint.

Lance looked at her silently.

Yvette had already calmed down a lot. She had already cried in the car. She knew she couldn't solve any problems when she was being sentimental.

In the past, she always thought it would be difficult to give up on Lance, but now she felt that she could do it anytime.

He always liked to use the carrot and stick approach. He did it over and over again. She was tired of

it.

Seeing that Lance did not speak, Yvette continued, "Since you've thought it through, let's settle it

peacefully. I still tell you the same thing as I told you before. I don't want anything, but I won't give you the child."

She didn't know which sentence had struck him, but the indifference in Lance's eyes instantly disappeared, and his thin lips were pursed into a straight line.

He stepped over, grabbed her wrist, and pressed her against the door. His voice was cold. "What? Have you found a new man? Tell me who the child's father is. Is it Marcus?"

Yvette didn't understand why he mentioned Marcus.

She only talked to Marcus a few times.

Moreover, she had never done anything inappropriate with him. She couldn't understand what was wrong with Lance.

Yvette felt uncomfortable as he pressed against her. She pushed him hard. "Lance, are you crazy? This child is yours. Haven't you got the result?"

Lance looked at her coldly and did not respond.

Yvette suddenly realized that his strange behavior had something to do with the result of the DNA

test.

"Where's the report?" she asked him.

Yvette was unwilling to give up until she saw the report with her own eyes.

Lance looked up with a faint smile. "What's the point of you seeing the report? You know best what you have done. You hooked up with that Charlie and then seduced Marcus. Why did you pretend to be pure and innocent? You also lied to me when we had sex for the first time that night, right? You really make me sick!"

He felt a sharp pain in his brain, and every word he said was extremely insulting.

All kinds of emotions interweaved in Yvette's eyes, and her eyes could not help but turn red.

That hurt look made Lance feel sorry in his heart for a moment.

"Slap!"

Yvette raised her hand and hit Lance in the face.

Five red fingerprints instantly appeared on Lance's handsome face. It could be seen how much strength Yvette used in the slap.

She felt extremely resentful and disgusted. With tears in her eyes, she said, "Lance, you bastard!"

Lance's cheeks were burning hot, and his eyebrows shot up. He reached out and grabbed her chin.

He gritted his teeth and said, "You don't want this hand anymore, right?"

He raised his hand, and the tears in Yvette's eyes rolled down her face. The hot tears landed on his

other hand.

Lance was stunned for a moment, and pain spread from his heart.

The petite face was under his palm, and he suddenly had an absurd idea. He really wanted to kiss her tearful eyes and suck up all the tears.

However, in an instant, he gave up the idea.

His face was cold as he dragged her into the bathroom. He pressed her in the bathtub and directly turned on the water in the shower.

The cold water poured down and Yvette was completely drenched. She could not open her eyes she struggled hard.

"What are you doing-"

Before she could finish speaking, she heard a tearing sound. Her clothes were torn off.

and

The buttons were torn apart and he directly stripped off all the clothes she had, leaving her naked.

There was no heater in the bathroom. Yvette was drenched by the water from the shower. Her teeth were chattering. Other than the cold, she felt even more humiliated.

She covered her chest with both hands and trembled. It was hard to tell if it was water or tears on

her face.

She said, "Lance, I hate you!"

Her body was so cold that she seemed to be trembling. Yvette opened her sore eyes and said in a tired voice, "Let's divorce."

She could not hold on any longer. Perhaps, this marriage had been a mistake from the beginning.

It was time to end this mistake.

Yvette raised her head, holding back her tears. Her beautiful eyes were now completely blurred.

For a moment, through her eyes, Lance seemed to see that she was desperate.

He wondered, What is that look?

How could she show such a look after deceiving me?

“Do you want a divorce?”

Lance raised her chin and sneered coldly, “I have the final say when this relationship can end. If you

want to leave, you have to wait until I am tired of playing with you!”

After that, he bent his beautiful fingers and pulled off his tie forcefully. He tied up her hands that were covering her chest and then raised them above her head. He tied her hands to the bar above.

His long and slender legs pressed against hers. This posture was extremely humiliating.

Yvette’s mind was completely blank. Her legs were in great pain from being pressed down by him, and her hands were hung up, making her unable to think.

“You are a pervert. Let go of me! Get out...”

The man had already lowered his head and kissed her lips.

Yvette was pressed down by him. Lance had completely controlled her. There was nothing she could do but let the man kiss her in whatever way he wanted.

Lance was only satisfied when Yvette’s lips became red and swollen. Then he got up and Yvette heard the sound of the belt buckle being unfastened.

Lance took off his wet trousers, his eyes narrowed with cold light. Yvette sensed danger in his breath as he said, “Don’t say that I didn’t give you a choice. Up or down, which one do you choose?”

Chapter 107 You Are Not Worthy

Before Yvette could react, Lance sneered, "Forget it. You don't have to choose. I don't like what's

secondhand anyway."

For a moment, she did not understand what he meant.

Lance stood in front of her. His long legs, wrapped firmly in trousers, separated on both sides of her body. He bent down slightly and pinched her chin, forcing her to open her mouth.

Yvette understood immediately and her little face turned pale.

Unable to break free, Yvette could only close her eyes tightly, her voice trembling, "You are crazy. Let me go!"

Lance forced her face to a suitable angle, pinched her delicate chin, and pulled her towards him. "It's not up to you."

Yvette suddenly opened her eyes. Her face was red and she glared at him angrily, "Don't you touch me? I would bite your balls off!"

dare

Lance was standing close. His handsome face gave off a strong sense of oppression. He pulled his lips and let out an evil smile.

"Do whatever you want if you don't care about the child."

Yvette felt hopeless.

She would never take risks with the child. She choked, "Would you do this to Yazmin?"

Only cruelty and ruthlessness could be seen on Lance's face.

"You are only a sex slave to me. You better keep it in mind."

A furious man could say the most hurtful words without any reason.

Lance pushed himself forward, his voice a little hoarse, "Don't compare yourself to anyone. You are

not worthy."

Yvette screamed, her entire face flushed red.

She could not utter a word.

Seeing her painful appearance, Lance sneered, "Have you never served others like this? That's good. I have been deceived by you for so long, and I deserve your first time."

Yvette felt her brain buzz. She could not think or resist at all.

The only thing left for her was to respond mechanically.

At the same time, Lance was lost in the pleasure. He felt as if all the blood in his body was rushing.

up.

His fingers tightly gripped the tender flesh on her cheeks. He could not care less about the pain he brought to her and was only immersed in the thrill.

Yvette's entire face was filled with tears.

All the sweet memories of the past were shattered by a single sentence, "You are not worthy".

She was just a sex slave to him.

Intense pain engulfed her and she could not even tell where it came from. She only felt pain.

Yvette's eyes closed. Her white face was abnormally red. Her mouth was blocked, and she could not, make a sound. She felt like dying.

Then, her eyes began to lose focus. It seemed that her whole world was turning white.

The only thing left was the man in front of her, dressed in the cleanest white shirt, doing the most dreadful thing to her with a cold smile.

Finally, Lance noticed that something was wrong. He pulled his thing out of her mouth, pinched her face, and asked coldly, "What's wrong?"

Yvette wanted to vomit but could not. Her entire body was in so much pain that she had no strength left. She felt like she was about to die.

Lance's eyes suddenly deepened. He pulled the towel over to dry her, quickly put on his clothes, and

carried her downstairs.

Lance carried her to a car and instructed the driver, "Go to the hospital."

Yvette's entire body was bent and her forehead was covered in sweat. Her face was twisted in pain.

Lance supported her back and pressed her face against his chest. He lowered his head and asked, "Where are you feeling unwell?"

Yvette had no strength to speak and her eyes were tightly shut. She seemed extremely exhausted.

Lance ordered the driver, "Hurry up."

The car stopped at the underground garage. Lance carried her directly to the gynecology clinic. There were already doctors waiting.

While Lance was waiting, Marvin came over.

Seeing Lance's uneasy face, Marvin asked, "Did you take the medicine?"

Lance nodded and then shook his head, "Give me more."

"It's medicine, not food. Have you finished them all?"

Lance frowned and did not answer.

Marvin took out a small bottle.

"This is a week's amount. I will not give you any more until next week."

Lance took over the bottle. He immediately stuffed a few pills into his mouth and took the mineral water from Frankie to swallow them.

Marvin was speechless. He noticed that Lance kept staring at the ward.

He advised, "When your illness attacks, it is best to stay away from Yvette. There is no way she can bear your rage. When you have time, you should go and receive the directional treatment before it

is too late."

Marvin said no more. Lance was a manic depressive. Even though he was strongly self-controlled, there were always chances that he could lose it.

Generally speaking, people were most likely to lose control when coming across something they

cared about the most.

Lance knew Marvin was right. He pursed his lips, "I know."

Marvin said again, "Also, just now, it was posted online saying that you were celebrating Yazmin's birthday. What's about you two?"

Lance lifted his eyes and replied indifferently, "Nothing."

"Aren't you afraid that Yvette might be sad?"

Sad?

Lance's eyes turned cold. That woman could never be sad.

She would only hurt him in the worst way.

The results of the examination came out quickly.

Low progesterone, low blood glucose, minor vaginal bleeding, and signs of miscarriage. She needed to be hospitalized.

Marvin was shocked.

"Yvette is pregnant! How can you not tell us?"

Lance did not look happy. He turned around and went to the ward.

Yvette was being put on a drip. The pain was alleviated. She was much calmer now and fell asleep

with her eyes closed.

Lance laid down on the bed beside her to rest.

The night was peaceful.

After dawn, Yvette opened her eyes and saw Lance sleeping on the bed next to hers.

Lance was lying on the bed with his clothes on. The well-tailored trousers outlined his long legs.

Yvette couldn't help but think of last night, and her face turned pale.

She held the bed railing and got out of bed. She wanted to go to the bathroom, but she overestimated her strength. Her legs were weak and she almost knelt down.

A pair of strong hands passed under her arms and picked her up.

After standing up, Yvette took a step back and held onto the drip stand by the end of the bed. The rejection in her movements could not be more obvious.

Lance's eyes darkened. "You can go over by yourself?"

Full of disgust, Yvette did not even want to look at him. "No need to bother you."

Her voice was hoarse and the words obscure.

Lance crossed his arms over his chest and stood there watching her slowly walk towards the

bathroom.

Yvette closed the door after she went in and turned on the tap to wash up. Then she came out.

The moment Yvette opened the door, she saw Lance standing outside. Yvette was so frightened that she leaned back. Fortunately, Lance reached out and grabbed her in time, pulling her into his

embrace.

"Don't touch me!" Yvette cried out.

Her throat was torn with pain.

Yvette felt that her mouth must have been worn out, which made her hate the culprit in front of her

even more.

She hit him hard. Lance ignored her struggle and carried her to the bed. He held her arms and said coldly, "Don't be emotional."

Yvette burst into a smile. Wasn't he the one who caused her suffering?

She mocked, "Can you stop being such a hypocrite? It disgusts me."

Lance frowned and said in a low voice, "Don't be ungrateful."

Yvette endured the tearing pain in her throat and said in a hoarse voice, "Well, my bad. I disgusted. you. I am sorry. Can you go out now?"

The air was suffocating.

The door of the ward was pushed open and Frankie came in with breakfast.

Frightened by the unusual atmosphere, Frankie stiffly put down the food, "I bought breakfast."

Then he quickly went out.

However, Lance did not go. He patiently opened the meal box, set up the small table, and put the

meal on it.

"Eat."

Yvette didn't move, as if she had not heard him. She turned her face away from him.

Lance scooped up the porridge with a spoon and straightly fed it to her mouth. He ordered, "Eat."

But Yvette still kept her mouth shut, and even her eyes were closed.

Lance's eyes turned gloomy. He sneered, "Do you want me to feed you in another way?"

Chapter 108 Fight Back

Yvette was confused.

What did it have to do with Lance whether she ate or not? She would eat, of course. But Lance's

presence made her lose her appetite.

"Get..."

Before she could say the other word "out", Yvette's mouth was captured in a deep kiss.

Yvette could hardly make a sound.

Lance slid his tongue between her lips and tasted her flavor. He was surprisingly gentle, possibly

because he thought of the pain in her mouth.

But even so, it still reminded Yvette of what had happened in the bathroom. She felt so disgusted

that she directly spilled the soup all over Lance.

Lance was scalded by the hot soup. His face darkened when he let go of Yvette.

Just when Yvette thought that Lance was going to get angry again, he calmed himself down and

opened another box of soup. Lance said coldly, "Eat it. Otherwise, I will feed you the same way I did

just now."

Yvette simply could not understand what he was trying to do.

Yvette thought Lance must have lost his mind.

Finally, Yvette compromised.

Yvette wished that Lance could go out instead of humiliating her.

Yvette lowered her head and slowly ate the soup with her spoon.

Yvette was in pain. She didn't know where the skin in her mouth was broken, but it hurt so much.

If Lance wasn't here, she would have cried in pain, but now she didn't want to cry in front of him.

If he didn't love her, her tears would only disgust him.

So Yvette didn't want to embarrass herself.

Lance washed himself and changed clothes in the bathroom.

When Yvette saw him take the clothes, she was somewhat shocked. The suits he took here filled the whole wardrobe. Was he going to live in the hospital?

After the meal, a nurse came over to clean up.

Yvette wanted to lie down and rest, but Lance suddenly reached for her lips.

Yvette slapped his hand away without hesitation.

Lance's face darkened in an instant.

"Mr. Wolseley, even if I'm just a tool, I may take a break, right?" Yvette looked at him warily.

If not for the fact that she had worked out a lot, she would have died under torture.

Lance's expression changed. He took out a napkin and handed it to her, indicating that she should wipe her lips.

Yvette, however, did not take it. She took another one, wiped her mouth, and threw it away.

Lance's hand was still in the air, and he seemed as if he was goaded beyond endurance. "Yvette, enough is enough."

Yvette abruptly laughed and replied indifferently, "Well, do you want to do it here now? Come on,

you can do whatever you want to me, but don't touch my mouth. It still hurts."

"You!" Lance's face was purple with rage. In the end, he threw the napkin away and left the ward.

At noon, it was Frankie who brought Yvette lunch.

When he left, Yvette stopped him.

"Did you personally give the report to Mr. Wolseley?"

Frankie was stunned. He did not expect Yvette to ask him about this. He nodded and had already guessed what was on it.

Lance's performance made words superfluous.

"Did you personally hand it to him?" Yvette asked again.

Frankie paused for a moment. He recalled that he sent the report to Lance's office. At that time, Lance was in a meeting, but the meeting ended about ten minutes later.

Frankie told her the truth.

Yvette said, "In other words, you don't know what happened in these ten minutes. Frankie, please help me to investigate if anyone has entered the office."

Apparently, someone had set her up. Except for Yazmin, Yvette could not think of anyone else who

had a reason to frame her.

Lance was ruthless and capricious. Yvette could not take any risks with her child.

Lance could not be generous enough to let her give birth to another man's child.

Even if they divorced in the end, she had to prove her innocence and protect her and her child's

reputation.

In the afternoon, Marvin came to visit her.

As soon as he entered, he asked with concern, "Yvette, do you feel better?"

Yvette didn't hate Marvin, so she nodded in response.

Gazing at her bony chin, Marvin remained silent for a while before he said, "When Lance is

mentally unstable, don't provoke him. Be careful and be smart, so that you may suffer less."

Yvette did not say anything. When Marvin was about to leave, she asked in a hoarse voice,

"Professor Icahn, could you please do me a favor?"

Yvette asked him to do the lab test again with her venous blood and Lance's hair.

Yvette pulled Lance's hair off in the morning.

Marvin did not expect the incident between them. No wonder Lance had that expression when he

mentioned the child.

However, Marvin could understand why Lance did not tell him about this..

Marvin believed that no man would be able to tell his friend frankly that his wife had another man's

baby.

However, since Yvette asked him for help so confidently, Marvin believed that this child was definitely Lance's.

Marvin nodded and promised, "You will get the test result in 24 hours."

When Marvin left, Yvette closed her eyes, but she couldn't fall asleep.

She kept thinking about what Lance had said. He said that he didn't divorce her merely because she was sexy. He also said that she was not a patch on Yazmin.

How silly she was! She even dreamed that Lance might have liked her a little bit.

Yazmin and Lance were very attached to each other. Yazmin, like a big tree, was rooted in the blood

deep in Lance's body. No one could pull it out unless Lance died.

Therefore, Yvette would no longer overestimate herself. She was determined to divorce.

Even if she had to beg Lance's grandfather, she still had to give it a try.

Ellen woke up on the big bed in the hotel.

The room was dark with curtains tightly closed, and she couldn't tell whether it was night or day.

The air was filled with the smell of love and lust.

Ellen felt that everything before her eyes was hazy. She wanted to get up, but felt every part of her

hurt.

Looking down, she was naked, and there were bruises all over her body.

Jamie was like a dog. He had been crouching over her body all night, pinching and biting her. He was not like a human at all!

However, at that moment, she did not know where he had gone. He might have already left.

She got up and wanted to put on her clothes.

"Bang!"

There was a loud bang!

The hotel door was kicked open.

Ellen didn't even have time to react before she was grabbed by the hair and thrown off the bed.

Someone stepped on her back and said fiercely, "Beat this bitch to death!"

Chapter 109 Jamie Panics for a Moment

Ellen covered her head with her hands. Several people rushed up to her and started kicking her.

They kicked every inch of Ellen's body.

Ellen's hair was pulled, and she was pressed to the ground. She could not stand up, and her mouth was full of blood. The acute pain almost made her lose consciousness and she spat out blood.

When those people saw Ellen spit blood, they were even more excited and hit Ellen more ruthlessly.

Ellen curled up on the ground, gritted her teeth, and held back the urge to cry out.

She couldn't help but think of how she had mocked others for being mistresses at the banquet

yesterday, but today she became a mistress too that everyone hated.

And she was the worst kind. Even she looked down on herself.

If she couldn't get rid of Jamie, she had to accept the humiliation caused by Jamie.

For a moment, she wanted to just die like this. If she died, she probably would be happier than being

alive.

Someone pulled away Ellen's arms that were protecting her head, exposing her face. Then someone else took a photo of Ellen being beaten naked.

Ellen finally saw the hateful gazes of those people, as well as Fiona who was standing behind her. Fiona was waving a room key in her hand.

In an instant, Ellen's face became ghastly pale and her heart sank.

Ellen understood everything now.

It was Jamie who gave her the room key.

This was how Jamie humiliated her.

Suddenly there came the sound of something breaking.

Someone took a vase and smashed it on Ellen. With a loud sound, the vase shattered on the ground.

In an instant, Ellen's beautiful face was cut by the vase, and blood oozed out from the back of her

shoulder and face.

Everyone was dumbfounded.

They looked at the person who smashed the vase. The person was also stunned and said, "I... I

didn't..."

The person didn't even know who handed the vase to her.

The pain was so severe that Ellen couldn't react to it immediately. Ellen sat up in a daze and raised her hand to touch her face. Then her hand was covered in fresh blood.

It hurt.

It really hurt.

"Ouch!"

Someone exclaimed, pushed the woman who smashed the vase, and said, "Do you want to kill her?"

At this time, the crowd was scattered by a tall man.

The tall man strode over Ellen. Ellen vaguely saw the man's deep eyes and his lips that were pursed

into a straight line.

Half of Ellen's face was covered in blood. She suddenly twitched her mouth and smiled.

However, that smile tore the wound, causing her entire face to twist.

Ellen said with difficulty and pain, "Jamie, why did you do this to me?"

She had never let him down. Why did he do this to her?

The last trace of Ellen's consciousness was gone because of the severe pain all over her. She closed her eyes and collapsed.

Jamie held Ellen in his arms. The room was filled with the thick smell of blood and Ellen seemed to

have been soaked in blood.

The red blood dyed Jamie's suit.

Jamie felt his back was about to bend over as if he was holding a stone, which was so heavy that he

could not stand straight.

Jamie put his suit on Ellen and stood up with her in his arms. He kicked away a woman in front of

him.

The woman's mouth was full of blood. Just as she was about to cry, she was scared by Jamie's glare

and held back the urge to shout.

Fiona's face became a little pale. "Jamie, it has nothing to do with me. I didn't know that they would

do this. I am so scared..."

"Move," Jamie said coldly.

Instantly, Fiona's face was ghastly pale.

Jamie carried Ellen and went to the underground garage. Jamie put Ellen in his car. Seeing that she was not angry or showing any expression, Jamie patted her face and said anxiously, "Ellen, wake

1. Hold on. I will take you to the hospital."

Ellen didn't answer Jamie, leaning weakly against her seat.

Jamie's pupils contracted, and he panicked for a moment. He drove to the hospital as fast as he

could.

In the hospital.

Ellen was lying on the operating table, beginning to regain consciousness.

She could clearly feel the doctor picking out the broken pieces of glass from her wound with

tweezers.

Every time the doctor picked the pieces of glass, it brought Ellen excruciating pain.

Ellen couldn't be able to speak. She felt both cold and hot, and the cold sweat on her forehead kept dripping down to the wound, which caused her to clench her fists.

There were countless wounds on Ellen's back. The doctor was also a woman and she looked at Ellen

with pity.

What was more, the wound on Ellen's face, which was split from the cheekbone to the temple, would probably leave a scar.

The anesthesia began to take effect. Ellen felt as if she had returned to that summer in the past.

Back then, she was still the girl who was pampered by her parents. She had her best friend and there was a young man who loved her deeply.

The young man, who would blush shyly just because of one look at her, no longer existed.

When Ellen was pushed out of the operating room, the anesthesia had already taken effect. She slept very soundly and her left face was covered with gauze.

Her face was very small, but the gauze almost covered half of it. It was a little shocking.

Jamie asked the doctor, "Will there be a scar on her face?"

The doctor glanced at Jamie with contempt.

Sure enough, men only cared about if women were beautiful. The wound on Ellen's back and arms

were much more serious than the one on her face.

"According to the current condition, it is very likely to leave a scar. The patient must have

counseling afterward."

The doctor reminded Jamie.

If not for that the director of the hospital had told the doctor about the patient's information, she

would have called the police.

The patient's injury was not like an accident. It was obvious that someone did this.

In the middle of the night, the anesthesia was gone and Ellen was still a little unconscious. She mumbled in a low voice, "Mom, it hurts. It hurts..."

Jamie was awakened by Ellen's mumble and went to check on her.

Ellen curled up, her brows furrowed, and her face was covered in tears. She mumbled unclearly.

Jamie called the doctor over. The doctor shook her head. There was nothing she could do but use painkillers. However, the painkillers would damage Ellen's body. The doctor did not suggest it.

Jamie asked the doctor to leave. Jamie lay on the bed and gently stroked Ellen's hair. He wanted to say something, but he didn't know what to say.

Jamie hadn't been so gentle for years.

In the past, when he was just in love with Ellen, Ellen was not a clingy girl. Hence, he didn't have to be a model boyfriend.

Later, his life changed completely. Ellen didn't even want to talk to him, so he didn't pay much

attention to her.

But at that moment, Ellen was not aggressive at all. She was vulnerable, lying there pitifully.

It made him have compassion for her again.

He held her in his arms and suddenly felt like he had returned to the time when they first met. Back then, Ellen was sexy, voluptuous, and attractive.

But now, she was so skinny. When did she become like this? She wasn't voluptuous anymore.

As Jamie thought about this, he also fell asleep.

This was the first time that Jamie and Ellen didn't have sex while they were in the same bed. They

just slept peacefully.

The dawn came.

Jamie suddenly woke up and saw that Ellen was in his arms. He was a little scared and didn't know

what to do.

Jamie got off the bed and felt that he was not sober enough. He should not be like this. He hated Ellen and should not pity her.

Jamie opened the door and went out. He washed his face with cold water, intending to wake himself

1. He stood alone in the smoking area and smoked a cigarette.

"Jamie."

A soft voice came from behind him.

Chapter 110 Break Women's Fantasy

Jamie turned around and saw Fiona.

Thinking that Fiona did not like the smell of smoke, Jamie subconsciously stubbed out the cigarette.

and threw it away.

Fiona saw Jamie's actions, and she instantly felt relaxed.

Fiona knew that Jamie would not blame her. Fiona thought even if she killed that woman, Jamie

would not be willing to do anything to her.

“Why are you here?” Jamie asked.

Fiona held the thermos jug in her hand and said softly, “Jamie, I made soup for you for breakfast.

It’s your favorite seafood soup.”

Jamie’s eyes turned warmer. In those days of hardship abroad, the soup that Fiona cooked for him. was the only warmth in his life.

Fiona and Jamie went to the dining table in the VIP ward.

Fiona opened the thermos and personally served Jamie a bowl of soup.

Jamie took the bowl and tried the soup.

“How does it taste? Does it taste the same as before?” Fiona asked Jamie with a gentle look in her

eyes.

“It tastes good.”

Fiona filled another bowl. But when she handed the bowl to Jamie, she somehow dropped the bowl “by accident”. The soup spilled out of the bowl onto the back of Fiona’s hand.

“Ouch!”

Fiona cried out in pain.

Jamie quickly held Fiona’s hand and went to the water pond to wash it with cold water. Then, asked a nurse to apply medicine for Fiona.

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When the nurse applied medicine for Fiona, Fiona buried her face in Jamie’s chest. Fiona held Jamie’s shirt tightly and groaned in pain. Her tears even soaked Jamie’s shirt.

Jamie could not help but frown and scold the nurse. “Can’t you be gentler?”

The nurse was scared by Jamie's scolding, and she almost stopped what she was doing.

Jamie's concern made Fiona very happy. Then, she pretended to be generous.

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"Jamie, I am fine. Don't worry."

Hearing Fiona's words, Jamie suppressed his anxiety.

A moment later, the nurse was done.

Then, Jamie went to the washroom to clean up the soup stains on him. When he passed by the nurse station, he heard two nurses chatting.

"Do you know the female patient who moved to the VIP ward yesterday? Have you seen the man who came with her?"

"Which man?"

"It's the one with a scar on his forehead. He looks a little fierce but very handsome and attractive,"

"Oh, that handsome guy. What's wrong with him?"

"He just held a woman in the VIP ward and asked me to treat that woman's wound. You didn't see how good that woman was at pretending. She said she was scalded, but that soup was only warm. However, that woman buried herself in that man's arms and groaned in pain. Well. If I went there a while later, that scald would have disappeared already."

"There are many women like her in the world nowadays. You should learn to pretend to be pitiful. Only those who can cry pitifully can gain men's favor. Look at how miserable the one lying on the bed is. She was beaten up, and her face was disfigured. But she is still no match for the one who knows how to cry pitifully."

"Alas! Why do all handsome men become like this now? It seems like they are all blind and biased. It

really broke my fantasy."

The two nurses walked away as they spoke. But Jamie stood still with his hands tightly clenched

into fists.

The scene of Ellen covered in blood appeared in Jamie's mind again, lingering like a nightmare.

At the thought of that scene, Jamie would inexplicably feel pain in his heart.

Jamie had already tried his best not to go to see Ellen or think about her.

But Jamie couldn't control his mind.

After a long while, Jamie returned to the rest area. Fiona was still waiting for him there. When Fiona saw Jamie, she raised her injured hand and hummed, wanting Jamie to hug her.

Jamie could not help but be distracted. He thought of the nurses' words and felt complicated in his

heart.

Fiona shook Jamie's arm and asked with her mouth pouted, "Jamie, can I ask you for a favor?"

Yesterday, Fiona's relatives were detained by Jamie's people.

In fact, if that vase didn't smash down and hurt Ellen, Fiona even thought that it would be nothing to just beat Ellen up.

That vase was handed over by Fiona, and Fiona really wished that Ellen could be beaten to death!

Jamie was a little absent-minded. But he still asked back, "What is it?"

"Those people are all my relatives. They heard about Ms. Robbins' matter and were so angry. That was why they made that mistake. Can you spare them?"

Jamie looked at Fiona with his deep eyes. The sharpness in his eyes made Fiona panic.

Jamie pinched his fingers and said, "Fifi, I seem to have told you last time that you can't do anything to Ellen's face."

Fiona's face turned pale.

Jamie said, "Leave this matter alone. I have my own plans."

This meant that Jamie would not let them off.

Fiona gritted her teeth. In this case, she would never have any prestige in her family.

It was Fiona who instigated those people to do those things.

Fiona pretended to be guilty and said, "I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been so impulsive yesterday. I shouldn't have been irritated by Ms. Robbins. I should have stopped them."

Jamie asked expressionlessly, "What did she say?"

Fiona hesitated and said, "Promise me that you won't get angry after hearing it."

"OK."

"Ms. Robbins said that if not for wanting you to support the Robbins family's business, she wouldn't let you touch her at all. She said when she saw you, she felt disgusted. The scars on your back looked like centipedes, and she said she would have nightmares if she saw you..."

Fiona saw that Jamie's face was getting colder and gloomier. She deliberately said angrily, "Jamie, was too angry yesterday. I have no objection to you playing with other women outside, but I will not allow others to speak ill of you like this."

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Jamie's turned sharp because of anger, and the veins on the back of his hand bulged. He slowly

clenched his fists.

Jamie thought of Ellen's unwilling expression every time they had sex.

Those words were indeed in line with Ellen, a proud young lady of the Robbins family.

Jamie chuckled in anger in his heart, It turns out that I am that disgusting and unbearable in her

eyes.

But does she think she is nobler than me? If the Robbins family had not changed sides back then, the McBride family would not have faced that heavy blow and completely withdrawn from the New

York market.

"Forget it. Jamie, don't take it to heart. Just pretend that I have never told you about that. You are always the best in my heart."

As Fiona said so, she leaned her head on Jamie's chest and gently rubbed her head against him. But

her face revealed a sinister smile.

When Fiona thought of the scene where Ellen came out of the hotel with ambiguous romantic marks all over her body, she could not help but feel jealous.

Fiona thought that Ellen was just a bitch!

Fiona told herself that she would definitely let Jamie personally destroy Ellen one day!

Jamie restrained his emotions and stood up with an expressionless face. He said to Fiona, "I'll ask Jack to send you back."

Fiona was a little unhappy and tugged at the corner of Jamie's clothes. "Don't you go with me?"

Jamie kissed Fiona's forehead gently and said, "I still have some things to do. I'll go to you tonight."

Fiona smiled brightly and asked softly, "Then what about my relatives? How do you plan to deal

with them?"

Jamie did not say anything.

Fiona said softly, "It's fine, Jamie. I won't blame you for whatever you will do next. At worst, I'll be scolded by my uncles. But that's fine."

Jamie rubbed Fiona's head and said gently, "It's OK. I will ask my people to let them go."

"Jamie, you are the best." Fiona hugged Jamie tightly. She said softly, "I really want to become your wife as soon as possible."

Jamie held Fiona's hand and rubbed it. He smiled and said, "I will make you the woman that others

envy."

After Fiona left, Jamie came to Ellen's ward and found that Ellen had already woken up.

Jamie walked over expressionlessly, picked up a wisp of Ellen's hair, and asked, "How do you feel?"

When Ellen saw Jamie, she thought of the humiliation he had brought to her, and her eyes were filled with disgust.

“Don’t touch me. You are disgusting.”

Hearing the word “disgusting”, Jamie seemed to have been irritated and changed his expression immediately.

Jamie pinched Ellen’s neck, causing Ellen’s face to turn purple. Ellen felt like she couldn’t even

breathe.

Jamie’s long and narrow eyes were filled with anger. He was like a demon that had crawled out from hell. He said coldly, “Say it again!”

Chapter 111 I’ll Make Your Wish Come True

“Jamie!”

Ellen’s voice was hoarse when she said Jamie’s name.

Ellen felt that she couldn’t breathe, and she even felt like she was about to die!

The picture of her mother holding a cake to celebrate her birthday flashed through her mind.

“Ellen, come on! Blow out the candle!”

Ellen’s mother looked at Ellen lovingly as if Ellen was a rare treasure.

Ellen wondered, if I die, will mom feel desperate and lose her motive to keep living in this world?

When Ellen thought of this, tears fell from the corners of her eyes.

Ellen couldn’t help wondering resentfully, what have I done wrong?

Jamie’s eyes had turned scarlet. He seemed to have gone crazy. The strength in his hands was getting stronger and stronger. It seemed that he wouldn’t stop until he strangled Ellen.

Jamie felt his life was ridiculous.

Jamie actually felt compassion for Ellen. He even felt sorry for her at night in the past.

When Jamie's father died in prison, and his mother committed suicide by jumping off a building, Jamie felt desperate in his heart. At that time, Ellen teased Jamie. But even so, Jamie could still forgive Ellen.

But what about Ellen?

Ellen actually felt that it was disgusting to see Jamie!

Ellen's tone was exactly the same as in the video. She said that Jamie was disgusting and stupid. She said

that he deserved to be teased.

The hatred filled Jamie's mind!

Jamie's lips curled up, and he revealed a terrifying sneer.

Jamie would no longer pity Ellen. What Ellen did was not worthy of pity.

As long as Ellen was still alive, she would never be able to escape from Jamie's hands in her life.

Jamie wanted to torture Ellen for the rest of her life!

Jamie stared at Ellen with a malicious gaze. He approached her ear and made an evil promise.

"Ellen, I will keep torturing you for the rest of your life!"

Ellen did not respond. Ellen's blank eyes and purple face made Jamie suddenly loosen his grasp and wake up

a little.

When Ellen got free, she was like a dried fish that had encountered water, sucking in oxygen desperately.

Ellen's face was very pale, which was almost the same color as the sheets on the bed.

She thought of the absurd dream she had before.

When Ellen was asleep, Jamie carefully hugged her, stroking her hair. His movements were so gentle.

It was as if they had returned to the time when they first met. That gentle Jamie could only exist in Ellen's

dreams!

Ellen's luck had run out.

Jamie looked at Ellen with his eyes full of viciousness. He thought that Ellen was still pretending to be pitiful.

Jamie looked down and said coldly, "This is an accident. Mind your words."

Ellen's expression changed, and her eyes turned red with anger.

She had been humiliated like that.

Those two people set up a trap. One had sex with Ellen, and the other humiliated her. Ellen thought it was

ridiculous.

Ellen asked, "Jamie, where is my phone?"

Jamie sneered and threw Ellen's phone over.

Ellen immediately dialed 911. Although she could not do anything to Fiona, she could at least teach those people, who beat her and disfigured her, a good lesson. They would have to pay the price!

Jamie didn't stop Ellen. He only asked, "Have you thought it through? This is just a small matter! Do you want to make the Robbins family suffer again because of you?"

Ellen suddenly raised her eyes. "Jamie, what do you mean?"

Ellen said in her heart, a small matter?

My face is still in pain. I heard the nurse say that I was disfigured!

But this is just a small matter in his eyes!

"I told you, that was an accident!" Jamie said coldly.

Ellen was so angry that her entire body was trembling. "Jamie, you want me to forget it like this and let them

go?"

"Yes."

Ellen's eyes were filled with despair as she said with a trembling voice, "Jamie, I'm disfigured. That vase was aimed at my face. If I hadn't used my arm to block it, my entire face would have been ruined. I might have

died!"

Jamie felt his heart tremble when he heard the word "die".

But soon, Jamie suppressed his feelings, and his eyes turned cold again. "You are still alive, aren't you?"

"Haha... Haha..."

Ellen raised the corner of her pale lips and smiled. Her hair was messy, which made her look like a madman.

"Jamie, you know why I was beaten up! You know it clearly!

"Jamie, you are even worse than a scumbag. You are a heartless beast!

"Jamie, you just want me dead, right?"

"Fine. I will make your wish come true, OK?"

Ellen said so word by word with hatred in her voice.

Then, Ellen suddenly lifted the quilt, jumped off the bed, and ran to the window barefooted.

Before Jamie could react, Ellen had already climbed up the window.

Ellen looked at the distant ground with a bleak smile. "Jamie, this is the tenth floor. Do you think I will look

ugly if I jump and die?"

"Ellen, get down!" Jamie widened his eyes as he roared hoarsely.

"But I'm already very ugly. I have such a long scar on my face! I won't look good no matter how I dress up in

the future."

Ellen muttered to herself in a daze.

Ellen's heart was filled with desperation and sorrow. At this moment, Ellen really did not know what the

meaning of living was.

Ellen didn't know why her life changed completely overnight after Jamie returned.

Jamie had personally broken all Ellen's fantasies about him!

Jamie had hurt Ellen so deeply!

Ellen looked at Jamie with sorrow in her eyes. "Jamie, I always say that I don't owe you. But you didn't believe me even once. Then just treat it as if I'm lying to you! Jamie, I once loved you."

Ellen thought, if I can, I am willing to experience Jamie's hardships and suffer all the sins he has suffered.

This way, we won't owe each other anything anymore.

Ellen said she once loved Jamie...

Jamie chuckled and thought, she is a liar. She is still lying to me at this time.

I won't be fooled!

I will never be fooled again!

She is a dirty and fickle woman. She has no right to say "love"!

Jamie looked at Ellen and said viciously, "Ellen, if you dare to jump, I will make the Robbins Group completely disappear from New York. I will also make your parents willingly go down to stay with you. The people you care about will never be happy. They will live under the shadow of your death for the rest of their lives!"

At this moment, Jamie's eyes were burning with madness.

Jamie thought that Ellen must not die without his permission!

Jamie hated Ellen so much, and he hadn't tortured her as he had said before. How would Jamie let her die at

this time?

Half of Ellen's face was swollen and looked terrifying. But her red lips curved into a beautiful arc as she

looked at Jamie.

Ellen said, "Three years! Jamie, you have lived abroad for three years, and your life there was like a nightmare to you. I will use my three years to repay you and let you do whatever you want to me. If I am still alive three years later, you will have to let the Robbins family and me go!"

"You don't have the qualifications to negotiate with me," Jamie sneered disdainfully.

"But you still can't forget me, right? I'm your ex-girlfriend, and you still want to torture me to satisfy your

perverted needs. I am willing to make a contract with you, but you also have to give me some benefits. What

do you say?"

Ellen's swollen face was covered with gauze. Her smile was very strange but also a little charming.

From the moment Ellen no longer loved Jamie and let her love go, she became invincible. No one could

defeat her now!

Ellen wanted to negotiate with Jamie. She wanted to get rid of him completely!

Jamie looked at Ellen, who had a swollen face but could still exude her seductive charm. A gloomy look

flashed through his eyes.

Jamie said in his heart, doesn't she want me to do whatever I want to her?

Then I will fulfill her wish!

Three years. That's enough for me to torture her. I can't wait to see what she will become in three years.

"Alright. I promise you!" Jamie said with a sneer.

A victorious smile appeared on Ellen's face. Then, she said, "I have another request!"

Chapter 112 Welcome to My Hell

Jamie said angrily, "Ellen, don't push your luck."

Jamie was furious. Seeing that, Ellen became happier. "In these three years, you can't get married. Although I am no paragon of virtue, I will not be a mistress."

Fiona was obsessed with being Jamie's bride. Then, she could humiliate Ellen.

Therefore, Ellen wouldn't allow Fiona to get what she wanted. At the same time, Ellen didn't want to be a

mistress.

Jamie's eyes blazed with fury. "Who do you think you are? You have to be my plaything, no matter whether I

get married."

"Jamie, I am not discussing it with you. Anyway, you won't let the Robbins family off. If we can't reach an

agreement..."

Ellen's voice was soft, but she was solemn. "Let's fight to the death."

Jamie suddenly laughed, which was terrifying.

Ellen's words made him happy.

"Well, I agree," Jamie said word by word.

Then, he took a step forward and reached out.

Ellen took Jamie's hand and jumped off the sill into his arms without hesitation.

Jamie threw Ellen onto the bed and pressed her under him. He put his hand on her waist and sneered, "Ellen, you are provoking me. I will make you suffer a lot, and you will regret it."

Jamie decided to make Ellen experience his hell.

His voice was no longer clear and gentle. It turned cold and gloomy.

"Ms. Robbins, welcome to my hell," Jamie enunciated each word fiercely.

Ellen only revealed half of her eye, but she was appealing. She twined her arms around Jamie's neck and smiled charmingly. Her red lips approached his ear. "Jamie, I have been in hell for a long time."

From the moment he stopped loving her.

From the moment he fell in love with someone else.

From the moment he allowed others to humiliate her.

Ellen was in hell every minute of her life.

The bed let out a repeated and harmonious sound.

Pain and joy intertwined. Ellen was in a trance, feeling she was dying.

However, the feeling in her body made her rejuvenate.

Jamie held Ellen's chin so that she had to look at him.

His suit was neat and tidy. His buzz cut and the scar on his forehead made him somewhat evil.

"Be attentive."

Then, Jamie took a bite at Ellen's neck. There was a hint of madness in his voice.

Ellen smiled. "Jamie, what's wrong with you? It hurts so much."

Jamie snorted and did not fall for her trick. He freed up a hand to press the call bell and laughed wildly.

"Do you want to be more excited? I'll call someone to see what is wrong with me."

Unexpectedly, Ellen didn't give in. She held him and said, "Well, you'd better call your fiancée over."

Blue veins stood out on Jamie's temples, and his blood boiled. He covered her mouth with his hand fiercely

and cursed, "You stupid little bitch."

Rat-a-tat.

A nurse knocked on the door urgently.

"Ms. Robbins, what can I do for you?"

No one replied, but some sounds made people blush.

The nurse left with a red face.

Ellen smiled, "Jamie, you are awkward. You have locked the door."

Jamie was angry, but he had never had a better feeling.

He had to admit that Ellen, who was no longer a doormat, was charming.

Ellen said arrogantly, "Jamie, I will not lose."

Jamie raised his eyebrow and mocked, "I'll wait for you to beg me."

What he did not know was Ellen would never beg him.

Jamie thought three years was enough for him to torture her, but things changed six months later.

When Ellen lay in Jamie's arms without vitality, he wished he could trade his life for hers.

Their love was concealed by hatred, which made him destroy her.

In the president's office of the Wolseley Group.

Frankie reported his talk with Yvette in the hospital.

"Check everything." Lance was solemn.

Frankie nodded and was about to leave. Lance stopped him and ordered, "Delete all the false news of the

birthday party."

After Frankie walked out, he saw Lucas.

Frankie said, "Lucas, copy the surveillance footage of the president's office on the day of the conference."

Lucas got nervous but tried not to show it. He said, "Okay, Frankie."

After a while, Lucas gave the surveillance footage to Frankie.

Frankie asked, "Is it hard to serve Ms. Myers?"

Lucas shook his head and said, "No. It's my duty to help Mr. Wolseley."

Frankie nodded. "You don't have to serve Ms. Myers anymore. And you can stay in the company to work. It's

Mr. Wolseley's order."

"Why?" Lucas blurted out.

Frankie frowned. "Don't you want to work in the company?"

Lucas realized his mistake and changed his tone. "Of course, I do. It is just out of my expectations."

Frankie said meaningfully, "I thought you had fallen in love with Ms. Myers."

"How could that be? She is bad-tempered. I hope I can come back and no longer serve her."

"Well, in short, Ms. Myers has nothing to do with us from now on. We don't have to obey her."

Frankie added, "It is Mr. Wolseley's order."

"Okay, Frankie."

Lucas turned to leave. Frankie looked at Lucas' carefully styled hair and thought for a moment before going

to the office.

In the hospital.

With the nurse's permission, Yvette went out for ten minutes in the afternoon.

Unexpectedly, she bumped into Charlie.

In a black sweater and beige casual pants, Charlie looked like a college student.

They looked at each other for a moment.

Charlie asked with concern, "Why are you here again?"

"For a routine examination," Yvette explained as she pointed at her belly.

"What about you?"

Charlie pointed at his arm and imitated Yvette. "For a routine diagnosis."

Charlie's words made Yvette sad. Charlie's hand was broken because of her. Thinking of that, she said, "I'm sorry, Charlie."

Charlie comforted Yvette, "You have done nothing wrong."

Charlie said humorously, "I volunteered for it. No one forced me."

However, Yvette could not be happy. She looked up and said, "Charlie, would you like to have a cup of coffee?"

Charlie was somewhat flustered. However, he nodded.

After taking a seat, Yvette ordered coffee for Charlie and fresh juice for herself.

Staring at Yvette's beautiful fingers, Charlie was in a daze.

He remembered his absurd dream, in which he held Yvette's fingers in his mouth and went to heaven.

How could that be? Approaching Yvette was just a part of Charlie's plan.

Charlie hated women. How could he fall in love with Yvette easily?

"Yvette, the news said Mr. Wolseley and Ms. Myers would marry soon. Is that true?" asked Charlie, frowning.

Chapter 113 Are You Protecting Him?

Yvette had tried to forget that.

However, a deluge of news came out the day after Yazmin's birthday, reporting Lance and Yazmin would eventually get married.

Some witnesses who had attended the birthday party confirmed Lance and Yazmin were getting along well

and that the news was true.

Since the news could be publicized, it meant Lance had acquiesced. Otherwise, it would be easy for him to

delete the false news.

When Charlie talked about that, it was impossible for Yvette to say she didn't care at all.

Yvette felt distressed but didn't want others to know that.

She looked down and bit the straw. "Charlie, I'm sorry. I don't want to talk about that."

Charlie smiled gently. "You don't have to if you don't want to. I just hope you can be as happy as before."

"Charlie, I'm sorry. I believe we should not meet again," Yvette said.

Charlie didn't expect Yvette to say that. He almost dropped the coffee cup.

Charlie quickly calmed down and asked gently, "What's wrong? Has he threatened you again?"

Yvette shook her head. "Every time you meet me, you'll get injured. It's all because of me. I feel sorry for you. Therefore, it might be better if we don't meet."

Yvette was simple. She didn't want her friends to be harmed.

Charlie also knew Yvette was innocent.

However, the more innocent Yvette was, the more Charlie wanted to ruin her.

His tone was gentle. "Yvette, I'm not afraid."

Yvette shook her head. "I'm sorry, Charlie. I've decided. I really feel sorry for you. I can't hurt you anymore."

Yvette had made up her mind. A hint of anger flashed in Charlie's usually gentle eyes.

Charlie stopped badgering Yvette and looked down at her. "Yvette, since you have made your decision, I

accept it.)

"Thank you for your understanding, Charlie. I wish you a bright future."

Yvette was sincere.

"Thank you. May I treat you to some desert for the last time?"

Charlie was frank. Yvette couldn't refuse him and nodded in agreement.

The restaurant in the private hospital was self-served. Charlie told Yvette to wait and stood up to get

desserts.

After Charlie turned around, the tenderness in his eyes disappeared, and he turned gloomy.

He expressionlessly walked to the dessert section. After choosing the desert, he went to his seat from the

other side.

When Charlie saw the tall man standing there, he was not surprised. He greeted politely and calmly, "Mr. Wolseley, are you here to drink coffee too?"

Charlie's tone was somewhat mocking.

After all, Charlie was drinking coffee with the wife of the man in front of him.

Lance stood straight, and his pants outlined his long legs. He looked at Charlie indifferently, "I have warned you not to approach my wife. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I do." Charlie nodded with a smile.

Lance's eyes were cold.

Charlie and Yvette were intimate. Lance had seen that, so he wanted to cut Charlie into pieces.

However, Yvette did not like Lance being violent, so he could only restrain his anger.

"Why don't you leave as soon as possible?" Lance said coldly.

"Mr. Wolseley, I haven't left because..."

Charlie paused. His ambition and desire were on his face.

"Yvette is nice, and I like her very much."

Hearing Charlie's words, Lance narrowed his eyes and gritted his teeth. "You like her? Are you qualified to like.

her?"

Charlie smiled and said, "Unfortunately, Yvette won't change her mind no matter what you will do."

Lance's brain was in buzz, and he almost lost his temper.

He thought Charlie and Yvette were talking about him.

Lance clenched his fists and was about to hit Charlie, but he stopped..

He realized Charlie was provoking him.

Lance raised his chin and sneered, "We are husband and wife. Yvette is my wife."

Lance tried to contain his anger. Seeing that, Charlie knew he should add more fuel, so he mocked in a low

voice, "Mr. Wolseley, isn't it more exciting to stay with someone else's wife?"

Boom.

Lance's fist smashed Charlie hard.

Charlie got a nosebleed. He covered his face with his hand and kept being decent.

Lance's anger had been ignited, and he turned mad. He lifted his foot and kicked.

"Stop."

Yvette ran over and opened her arms to block Lance.

"Lance, what are you doing?"

Yvette tried to protect Charlie. Seeing that, Lance narrowed his eyes and felt a sharp pain in his heart.

He sneered, "Why? Have I come at the wrong time and disturbed you?"

"Nonsense!" Yvette shouted at Lance.

She felt distressed.

Seeing Yvette protecting Charlie, Lance was no longer calm. His words turned hurtful.

"You are so shameless."

Yvette's face turned pale, and she could hardly breathe..

She was exhausted, disappointed, and numb. All kinds of emotions intertwined, which made her tired.

Yvette had been disappointed. Could she be more disappointed?

No, she couldn't.

Yvette turned to help Charlie up and said, "Let's go to treat your wound."

"Stop!"

Lance was at a high pitch of indignation. He went forward to hold Yvette's hand but was blocked by Charlie.

Charlie looked at Lance and said toughly, "Mr. Wolseley, do you want to hit a woman?"

Charlie's glasses were knocked off, and he was no longer gentle. He looked at Lance meaningfully, and his strong arm was between Lance and Yvette.

Obliviously, it was a provocation.

Without a word, Lance punched Charlie, and Charlie fell to the ground.

Lance couldn't vent his anger and jealousy with a single punch. Blue veins stood out the back of his hands, and he rushed to Charlie again.

"Lance, Yvette cried out and rushed over to push him.

It seemed Lance's fist could not stop. Seeing that, Yvette closed her eyes to meet the terrifying rage.

However, she didn't feel the expected pain.

Yvette opened her eyes and saw Lance's fist right in front of her eyes. Lance stopped.

Lance's face turned cold. How could he hit Yvette?

He fixed his eyes on Yvette's face. "Are you protecting him?" he asked.

Chapter 114 Go With Another Man

"Lance, don't go too far!"