

## Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 121

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 121 Still Believe Him?

They spent two days together.

Lance was staying with Yvette.

The VIP room was no different from a hotel. The room got everything. He took all his work to the hospital.

Yvette was very unaccustomed to it, but Lance did not say anything. On the contrary, she could not refuse him. It would appear awkward if she thought he did that for her.

At noon, Yvette had a bad appetite and ate not much food.

It was raining heavily outside. When it rained, she would feel a little depressed.

After finishing her meal, she began to look at Twitter and saw a post saying that she missed the donut in the

alley of her school. It was an international school.

The donut was a memory of her school days. Because it was cheap, she would buy one every morning. The old woman in that donut shop was especially kind and liked her very much. Every time the old woman would

give her a super good donut.

She always thought that the donut gave her enough nutrition to grow tall.

However, a pregnant woman could be really picky when it came to food. She suddenly missed that donut very much. Unfortunately, the old woman retired later, and she no longer sold donuts.

Yvette never ate it again. She gave that post a thumbs-up.

After browsing for a while, she looked up at Lance, who was working.

His cufflinks were untied and rolled up a bit, revealing his lean and powerful forearm. His slender and beautiful fingers were half pressed against his jaw. It was a very eye-catching scene.

As expected, a man would glow when he was focused on working.

Then he picked up his phone and looked at it.

Yvette looked away and continued to look at her phone.

Suddenly, Lance came over, pulled out the phone in her hand, put it aside, and touched her head.

“You’re pregnant and shouldn’t look at your phone for such a long time.”

Then, he reached out for his coat and put it on.

‘Sleep for a while. I’ll be back soon.’

Yvette did not speak. After he went out, she listened to the pitter-patter of the rain outside. Gradually, she fell

asleep.

There came a sound.

Yvette was awakened by a burst of thunder.

It was already dark outside the window. She did not expect that it was still raining. Moreover, there were

flashes of lightning and thunder, becoming more and more intense.

She habitually looked at the desk. There was no one there.

She subconsciously blamed herself in her heart. She began to hesitate after just two days....

He was not here. He might have gone to stay with Yazmin.

He said that he would send Yazmin away. He must have lied to her. He just cared about his baby.

Lance was just sure that Yvette was innocent and easy to deceive.

Suddenly, the ward door was pushed open.

The tall and straight figure walked in and turned on the light of the ward with a click.

The sudden light made Yvette narrow her eyes.

Lance placed something on the coffee table, loosened his tie, and said, "Come here."

Yvette was stunned. Lance knocked on the table and said, "What are you thinking about? It's time for dinner."

In fact, she didn't really want to eat any food. But thinking that he came so late to bring her food, she still got

out of bed and walked to the table.

When she opened the dinner box, she was stunned.

They were donuts.

There was white icing on them. This was the food from her childhood.

She almost recognized it at a glance. It was the one she ate at school.

How could this be? What a coincidence!

How could he know what she wanted to eat?

Yvette looked up at Lance. Only then did she realize that the back of the man's suit was completely wet. His

hair was also wet. He had always been elegant and neat. At that moment, he was in a mess.

Lance was taking off his coat and throwing it into the laundry basket. He then bent his fingers to unbutton

his shirt. He glanced at her. "Am I very good-looking?"

Yvette blushed and explained, “I’m not looking at you.”

The man did not answer her, and he threw his shirt in as well.

“You can look at me later. Let’s eat first.”

Yvette was speechless. He was a narcissist!

She lowered her head and carefully smelled the sweetness of the donut. Her tears almost burst out.

It tasted the same as before. What a lovely night!

She couldn’t help but look up. “You are…”

She stopped talking abruptly.

Yvette couldn’t believe what she had seen. Lance had even taken off his pants, leaving only underwear on

him.

When the man heard her call him, he turned around and looked at her with his handsome face. He asked,

“What?”

Yvette was stunned.

She suddenly became silent and could not speak. She felt so embarrassed.

Seeing that she did not speak, he took two steps forward and asked seriously, “What did you just say?”

Yvette was focusing on the man’s body... Strong abdominal muscles, strong thigh muscles, and the strong...

It took her a while to regain her voice. Yvette flushed. “You! Can’t you go to the bathroom to change your

clothes?”

“Okay.” He was not unhappy and obediently went to the bathroom to take a shower.

When Lance came out again, he was only wearing a bathrobe. Yvette had already cleaned up the dining table. When she saw his wide-open bathrobe collar, her face became hot.

She felt that she was not in a good state right now. She avoided his questioning gaze and went to the

bathroom to wash up.

When she came out, Lance was already lying on the bed, reading the financial newspaper in his hand.

For the past two nights, they lived a peaceful life. They slept on time, and Lance had not done anything.

But tonight, Yvette did not want to go to bed. She always felt that something might happen.

“What are you dawdling for?” Lance put down the newspaper and looked at her.

“Oh.” Yvette got on the bed and continued to sleep on her side.

In the end, Lance grabbed her with one hand and hugged her.

In an instant, the smell of hormones enveloped her..

Yvette’s heart suddenly tightened, and her body stiffened as she refused, “Lance...”

Lance was like a roundworm in her stomach, straight to the point as he said, “If you don’t want to, then we

won’t do it.”

These words made Yvette blush even more.

She asked out of curiosity, “How do you know about that donut?”

“I heard it from someone else,” Lance said, his phoenix eyes slightly closed.

In fact, he lied. He saw her give a thumbs-up to a post on Twitter. Seeing that her appetite was not good, he

went to find the old woman.

He had been searching for three hours in the storm. The alley was extremely narrow. The car could not enter, and even the umbrella could not be opened.

Fortunately, he found it.

On the way back, he was wondering why he did this.

He could be sure that it was not to make up for her, nor was it because of guilt.

He just wanted her to be happy.

It had been a long time since he saw her as happy as before.

The lights went dark.

The man pressed his lips against her ear and kissed her gently. “Good night. We’ll go home together

tomorrow,” he said in a magnetic voice.

Perhaps the donut tonight was too sweet and made Yvette lose her sense.

Could she really trust him?

They finished lunch the next day.

With the doctor’s permission, Yvette could go home.

Lance went to the company early to deal with the work. She did not believe his promise to go home together.

She packed up and opened the door, only to see that Lance had just come in. Lance took the bag from her hand without saying anything. He then took the opportunity to carry her in his arms.

“Lance!” Yvette struggled uneasily.

“The doctor said that you should walk less.”

The man held her waist and spoke very naturally. His eyes indicated that she should hold him.

There were many people in the hospital. Yvette was so embarrassed that she couldn't even lift her face, so

she had no choice but to hug him tightly.

Suddenly, she thought of something and asked nervously, “Does it mean there is something wrong with the baby?”

“The doctor didn't say anything. It's just I want to hug you,” Lance paused and confessed.

Yvette looked up in shock. Lance did not speak sweet words frequently. There was an unnatural expression

on his handsome face.

At this moment, it was as if honey had melted in her heart. It was sweet and warm.

Yvette pressed her head against his chest, not wanting her current expression to be discovered by him. She

must be very silly.

Once he got into the car, he let go of her. When he reached out to fasten her seat belt, a burst of fragrance

lingered.

Lance reached out to pinch her chin and kissed her. It was indeed very fragrant and sweet.

This kiss lasted for a long time.

To kiss her, Lance leaned half of his body over.

When he let go, both of them were slightly panting. Yvette blushed and did not dare to look into his eyes.

Just as Lance was about to say something, his phone rang.

He swiped his finger, and Yazmin's heart-wrenching cry came from the phone.

“Lance, help! I was kidnapped...”



[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 122](#)

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 122 She Feels Despairing

In the video, there were three burly men with hoods.

Yazmin knelt on the ground, her hair pulled by one of them, and she was forced to face the phone.

Her face, body, and neck were all covered in blood. Her eyes were so swollen that her eyeballs could not be seen. Her mouth was torn because of being slapped. It seemed that she suffered severely.

She cried intermittently, and her voice was hoarse. “Lance, please... save... me... for the sake of me...”

saving you once.”

At that moment, it was the most effective method to mention her kindness to Lance. Sure enough, Lance was

hesitant.

Suddenly...

A man with a hood ruthlessly slapped her and scolded, “Stop talking nonsense.”

Yazmin might have been abused for a long time, and she was bleeding more seriously because of the slap,

which was extremely tragic.



Lance's expression changed instantly, and he looked cold. "You'll be dead!"

The man wearing the hood seemed to have heard a joke, and he chuckled. They used a voice changer, so the

smile was particularly eerie.

He asked, "This woman said that you are her husband and that you are very rich. Is that true?"

Suddenly, it became silent.

Yvette suddenly reached out and grabbed Lance's arm. She didn't know what she was thinking, but she instinctively didn't want him to admit it.

Lance didn't look at her. His handsome face looked gloomy. Just as he hesitated for a second, the man in the

hood kicked Yazmin in the stomach.

The blood in Yazmin's mouth sprayed out.

And her face looked extremely pale.

"Damn it, how dare you lie to me! I'll beat you to death, you cheap woman!"

The man with the hood raised his leg again and was about to kick, but at the critical moment, Lance said

coldly.

"I am her husband!"

Yvette felt so heartbroken when she heard his reply.

She slowly released her hand, but Lance did not notice it, and he paid all his attention to the phone.

Hearing that, the man with the hood did not continue kicking, and he grinned.

"Okay, give us 1.6 million dollars in cash, otherwise..."

He picked up the dagger and stabbed Yazmin's wrist. He controlled his strength perfectly, and blood dripped

down.

Yazmin would not die immediately, but she would not be able to hold on for long.

"Whether she can live depends on your speed."

With just one sentence, he cut off the video.

It was quiet in the car again.

Lance's expression was solemn as his gaze fell on Yvette's face.

"Yvette, I..."

Perhaps it was Lance's gentleness in the past two days that made Yvette confident, so she interrupted him

coldly.

'Don't go.'

She was not indifferent, but she felt that it would be more appropriate for professional people to go on such

a dangerous occasion.

Moreover, she vaguely felt that this matter was not that simple.

"We can call the police," said Yvette.

"It concerns Yazmin's safety. We can't call the police." Lance frowned unhappily.

Those vicious people could do anything.

He could not take this risk.

Moreover, only by sending Yazmin safely abroad would he pay for her kindness.

Listening to his protective tone, Yvette felt a sour feeling in her heart.

She couldn't help but say, "Lance, haven't you thought that it might be a trap?"

"What do you mean?" Lance's face turned cold.

"I just saw that her shoes were very clean. She was beaten so badly like that and was tied in that old

warehouse. Isn't it strange that her shoes were clean?"

Yvette stated her suspicions reasonably.

She wasn't like Lance, who was too worried to notice something strange. She had seen it very carefully just

now.

Besides, Yazmin vomited so much blood because of being beaten, which was strange.

Moreover, how could a kidnapper care about whether the person who sent the money was her husband?

What they cared about should only be money.

There was only one reason why he asked this...

He was instructed by Yazmin.

Yazmin knew that Yvette was by Lance's side, and she had deliberately asked Lance to say it to hurt Yvette.

Thinking about it. Yvette felt that the whole incident was probably a conspiracy.

The more Yvette thought about it, the more she felt that something was wrong. Afraid that he was anxious, Yvette continued, "And how could it be such a coincidence? She got kidnapped when she was about to go. abroad today. Perhaps it was just a means that she wanted to stay by your side."

"Yvette!"

Lance suddenly interrupted her as if he could not bear it any longer. He said angrily, “You mean that she doesn’t even care about her life just to stay by my side, right?”

Yvette was stunned by his roar and was speechless for a moment.

Lance added coldly, “Yazmin did something wrong, but I don’t think she would risk her life to joke with me.”

Yvette was stunned and said, “Lance, please calm down and think about what I said...”

“Enough!”

Lance said loudly, “Yvette, stop thinking about the dark side of things. It’s not good for the baby.”

Yvette was hurt by his words.

It turned out that Lance thought she was jealous of Yazmin and that she could not bear Yazmin.

Then she might as well be as evil as Yazmin when she dealt with things.

“Lance, I said you are not allowed to go.”

But Lance just ignored her and said coldly, “Get out of the car. Frankie will come to pick you up.”

She was stimulated by his words, and a sharp pain came from her lower abdomen.

Yvette instantly covered it and said in a pained voice, “Lance, my abdomen...”

Before she could finish her sentence...

Lance carried her.

Yvette felt much better, but she still felt uncomfortable. Her voice was trembling. “My abdomen hurts.”

The next second, she was placed on the cold ground.

His cold voice came.

“Yvette, don’t use such childish tricks. I have to go!”

After saying that, he closed the door and got into the car without any hesitation.

Yvette squatted on the ground and looked at the car that rushed out in disbelief.

Did he say childish tricks?

At that moment, she felt despairing.

But Yvette thought that she deserved it!

She shouldn’t have forgotten what she had suffered!

She shouldn’t have been so confident just because of his care.

The pain in her lower abdomen was getting more and more unbearable.

Her body was full of cold sweat.

Yvette supported herself with one hand on the ground and slowly got up, tottering as she walked towards the

hospital.

Suddenly, a silver-gray van stopped in front of her. Two men wearing hoods got out and took her into the car.



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 123](#)

Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 123 The End of All Her Hopes

In an old warehouse in the suburbs...

A man took out a syringe and asked, “Do you really want to inject such a large dose?”

“Yes,” Yazmin said as she gritted her teeth.

The needle slowly pushed into Yazmin's arm.

Now she was acting as an endangered patient, and no one could notice it when she was sent to the hospital later.

She took out the mirror and looked at it. She felt dissatisfied, and then pointed to a strong man, saying, "Come here, slap me a few more times."

Although it was a weird request from his employer, the man still nodded.

Soon, a loud noise came.

He raised his hand and slapped Yazmin. Now her face was even more swollen than before.

Yazmin's mouth was bleeding and she grimaced in pain. Then she looked in the mirror and was satisfied.

She must do it perfectly to prevent Lance from being suspicious.

But looking at the red and swollen mouth, she felt annoyed. Suddenly, she turned around and slapped the

strong man a few times. She even kicked him and scolded, "Fuck! Did you feel good by slapping me?"

The man lay on the ground and covered his face. He was aggrieved and did not dare to fight back against

this crazy woman. After all, he had not gotten the money yet.

Yazmin sat on the leather chair, crossed her legs, and ordered, "When you get the money, immediately drive

away. Do you hear me? I have arranged the fake identity and passports for you."

These men nodded.

After all, it was 1.6 million dollars!

Each of them could get more than 500 thousand dollars, which would be a large sum of money for them.

Yazmin's eyes flashed with a crazy smile. She had just called Emilie using an anonymous phone number. Although Emilie did not mention Yvette, Yazmin knew that she must have succeeded from her tone.

It was great to solve those problems all at once.

It was worthwhile for her to set up such a trap for a long time.

Yazmin thought that Lance's wife could only be her.

At the same time...

The cold water poured down from the top of Yvette's head.

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Yvette opened her eyes, feeling her head very painful and dizzy, and her vision was blurry. It was only after a long while that she could see the woman in front of her clearly.

It was Emilie, whom she had not seen in a long time.

Yvette then found that her hands and feet were tied to the chair, and she could not move at all.

She stared at Emilie warily, "Kidnapping is illegal. Are you crazy?"

Without a word, Emilie came up and gave Yvette a few heavy slaps.

Soon, the corners of Yvette's lips were torn and blood flowed to her neck.

Emilie's eyes were filled with madness as she smiled, "This is just the beginning. Later, I will appreciate how

you were ruined by some men."

Yvette panicked and forced herself to calm down. "Emilie, I have never taken the initiative to provoke you. To teach me a lesson, are you sure to do illegal things?"

"Illegal things?"

Emilie was instantly enraged by Yvette's words. She showed Yvette her back, revealing dense and ugly marks, and shouted frantically, "My reputation has been ruined, and my body has been ruined by you two. My life has been destroyed. Do you think I will care about it?"

Yvette caught the key point in the sentence and hurriedly said, "You are mistaken. The marks on your body.

have nothing to do with me."

Emilie sneered.

Emilie didn't believe it at all. She showed a gesture to the two men behind her, and then they knew what to

do.

The two men stepped forward and looked at Yvette's delicate skin. They couldn't restrain their sexual desire

anymore.

When the dirty palm was about to touch her shoulder, Yvette shouted, "Don't touch me!"

The two of them were startled by the angry roar coming from Yvette, who looked weak.

Yvette looked at them. Their clothes were dirty, old, and full of oil. They must be the hooligans that Emilie hired and were not real kidnappers.

Such men were easy to deal with.

Yvette said calmly, "Do you know what you are doing? Kidnapping and molesting are illegal. How much money did she give you? Let me go, and I will give you double the money."

The two men looked at each other and hesitated. Emilie did not have much money, so she only gave each of them 8 thousand dollars.

It was not that much money.



They did not really want to do bad things. Hearing Yvette's words, they were hesitant.

“Bitch!”

Emilie rushed towards Yvette and kicked the chair that Yvette was tied to.

With a dull thud, Yvette fell to the ground. Because she was tied, her stomach was shown in the air, but her abdomen was tied safely.

However, her shoulder was heavily smashed, and she could hear the sound of bones breaking. She felt that her bones must be fractured.

The sharp pain made Yvette's face turn pale. She clenched her fingers, preventing her from fainting.

Emilie stomped on Yvette's foot again, using the soles of her shoes to crush it heavily, torturing Yvette until

she became weaker.

Emilie originally wanted to kick Yvette in the stomach, but it would be so bloody that the two hooligans would probably not continue, so she just tortured her foot.

She wanted Yvette to taste what she had suffered.

She sneered, “You are good at alluring men. How dare you! Are you unwilling to give up? Then I will show you

that you are just a plaything!”

Yvette's mouth was full of blood, and her hair was filled with cold sweat. She did not understand what Emilie

meant.

Emilie said, “I will give you a chance now! Call Lance and tell him that you are kidnapped, and then ask him to bring money to redeem you! If he came, I would let you go.”

Yvette nodded as if she had found a life savior, saying, “He will give you money.”

“Just wait and see,” Emilie sneered.

Emilie then picked up a wooden stick and pointed it at Yvette’s stomach, warning, “Just ask for money, and

don’t mention me. Otherwise, this stick will stab into it. Do you understand?”

“Okay.” Yvette tried to speak in a gentle tone as much as possible to avoid annoying her.

If Emilie only wanted money, then it would be easy to deal with.

Emilie called Lance and he soon answered the phone.

“Hello, who is it?”

Lance’s deep voice sounded.

In an instant, the emotions of grievance, fear, and panic appeared in Yvette’s heart.

Yvette choked and shouted, “Lance, save me.”

“What happened, Yvette?”

Lance’s worried voice came, and Yvette almost cried out.

But she had to keep calm. Her body hurt, and her stomach was in constant pain.

It felt as if the baby was going to leave her.

She had to seize the chance to keep herself and the baby safe.

“I was kidnapped. They only want money, so you bring some cash now...”

“Yvette.”

Lance interrupted her.

“Stop messing around! Didn’t I tell you not to play such childish tricks!” He was a little annoyed.

Hearing his words, Yvette felt it was the end of all her hopes.

## Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 124

### Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 124 Deadly Despair

Yvette didn't expect Lance's first thought would be that she was making a scene.

She felt like her heart was being stabbed multiple times.

However, she did not have the time to immerse herself in sorrow. The stick with thorns was still against her lower abdomen. She was determined to make him believe her.

The wounds on Yvette's lips were torn again as she spoke. Tears rolled down with blood. She said with a hoarse voice, "I didn't lie to you. I was kidnapped."

Perhaps the grief in Yvette's voice touched him. Lance looked at the money bag that had been sent in by the remote control car and said in a softer tone, "Behave yourself. Don't make such a joke. I will soon..."

\*Lance!" Yvette weakly said. Her voice was filled with despair.

"I can't figure it out. Why do you believe whatever Yazmin says, but what I say always makes you think I'm just messing around?"

Yvette choked in anger, but Lance believed that she was just making a scene.

The situation here was urgent, and Yazmin's miserable cries could be heard from time to time.

"Yvette, can you not make a scene at this time?" His voice became cold.

Did he say that she made a scene?

It turned out that Yvette's desperate crying was nothing but an act in the eyes of Lance.

Yvette smiled. It was an extremely bitter smile.

That was the life-saving straw that she had hoped for!

He was the person she had poured all her hopes into!

“Lance, our lives are not even comparable to a single finger of Yazmin in your eyes, right?” It was a

self-torturing question.

Lance was annoyed. He said coldly, “Let’s talk when we get back. I’m hanging up.”

Her abdomen was stabbed harder by the stick.

The safety of the baby woke Yvette up for a moment. She screamed like a lunatic, “No! Lance, don’t hang up! I beg you, at least you have to save your...”

Beep...

Before she could say the word “child”, the phone had already hung up.

Yvette felt as if all the blood in her body had stopped flowing.

She felt cold.

Her heart was completely cold.

Ten years of love had completely disappeared at this moment.

Yvette sneered at herself. She had never felt so regretful before.

She regarded him as a deity, but he pushed her to hell!

Emilie looked at Yvette’s painful expression. It was more refreshing than beating her!

“Bitch, do you see that? You are nothing but a worthless thing in Lance’s eyes. You are just a clown, a joke!

“Hahaha.”

Yvette almost ran out of her tears.

What a joke, indeed.

Being Lance's wife was a joke.

There was a surge in her lower abdomen. She felt blood flowing from below, and the panic in her heart woke

her up!

She looked at Emilie, almost begging. "If you want money, I can give it to you! I can give you as much as you

want, as long as you let me go!"

Emilie raised her head and kept laughing. After a while, she said, "Do you really think I want money? What i

want are your fear and despair. I want you to see yourself being abandoned and ruined."

She pointed to the camera in the dilapidated room and laughed mockingly. "Do you know how pitiful you

looked just now? It turns out that you had this kind of expression when you were abandoned by the person you love."

Yvette looked at the madness in Emilie's eyes and knew that she did not want money at all. Emilie just

wanted her to die!

After knowing what she was about to face, Yvette stopped begging.

Emilie would not let her go. She would only get happier and happier if Yvette looked more and more

miserable.

Yvette calmly asked, "Emilie, do you think that no one knows what you are doing? Have you considered what

will happen?"

"You should be more concerned about yourself."

Emilie bent down and patted Yvette on the cheek with a sneer. “The female lead of this rape scene is still you. Enjoy it.”

After that, she stood up and looked at the two men. “This woman is full of tricks. Did you see that she just said that her husband would give us money? What was the result? What value does a person who has been abandoned by her husband have? You just do what you need to do. Don’t believe any of her nonsense, do you understand?”

The two men nodded and almost fell for it.

A man quickly untied his belt.

A trace of disgust flashed through Emilie’s eyes. She wanted to witness the scene of Yvette being abused.

with her own eyes.

But that day, Emilie was abused too ruthlessly that she felt nauseous when she saw the men getting naked.

“You don’t have to be polite. Just do as I say and do it quickly.”

After Emilie finished speaking, she pushed open the door and went out to wait, but she didn’t go far. She

stood in a place that wasn’t too far away and listened.

The thin and tall man took off his belt and threw it at Yvette.

It was ordered by Emilie.

They had to take the belt and ruthlessly slap Yvette, then....

Fortunately, Yvette was tied to a stool, and most of the belt was thrown onto the chair, but her arm was still

inevitably bleeding.

She endured the pain and bit her lips hard, trying to keep her mind clear and think of a way to save herself.

The other person felt that it was too slow and directly pushed the thin and tall man over, saying, "Hurry up

and start. I can't wait anymore."

Even though Yvette was beaten like this, the blood on her face could not hide her beauty, so beautiful that it

made them aroused.

They immediately came to a tacit agreement. Then would enjoy themselves before they continued the

torture.

They approached her with disgusting expressions step by step.

But Yvette's hands and feet were tied up, and she could not retreat!

For the first time, she felt deadly despair.

She told herself that she must be calm.

She was the only support for the baby. She could not lose hope.

Yvette said gently, "Guys, it's not convenient for you when I'm tied up. Release me and I will stay with you."

They pondered for a moment. What she said was true. Her legs were tied tightly to the chair and there was no

way to proceed.

The tall and thin man quickly untied the rope and said, "Don't try to play tricks. Otherwise, I will beat you to

death!"

"I... I will behave myself."

Yvette nodded frightenedly and pretended to be dumb.

After the rope was untied, the thin and tall man grabbed Yvette's hair and pointed at the messy haystack on the side. He commanded, "Go lie there."

Yvette cried out in pain from being pulled and said in fear, "Please, be gentle. I will obey you."

These two hooligans had never been so respected by a woman in their lives. Their vanity instantly surged.

They released their hands and threw Yvette over.

Her head hit the ground, and the pain made Yvette feel dizzy.

She got up in a sorry state, knelt on the ground, and fumbled around with her head down. Finally, she found

the stick that Emilie threw down.

The two men approached her with sinister laughter.

Yvette raised the stick and hit them with all her strength.

Boom.

The tall and thin man was hit and bled heavily.

Yvette's weak body was also affected by the counterforce and she fell to the ground.

The other man immediately jumped over and kicked Yvette hard, causing her to spit out a mouthful of blood.

The pain eroded her internal organs. Yvette curled up her body. But she still remembered to protect her belly.

The tall and thin man came back to his sense. He angrily pulled Yvette's hair and slammed her head against

the wall.

"Little slut, how dare you lie to me! You are courting death!"



## Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 125

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 125 Please Save My Child

Her head was slammed heavily against the wall several times.

Yvette felt the world was spinning and her soul was out of her body.

The sticky red liquid was still oozing out of her scalp, and Yvette could not tell if it was her brain tissue or the

blood.

It was only when another person pulled the tall and thin guy over that Yvette fell to the ground.

“You are crazy. Our mission is to cripple her lower body. We are not here to kill her!

“Killing people is a major crime. Why are you so stupid to kill a person for that little money?”

The tall and thin man finally came to his senses. He wiped the blood off his face and said with a ferocious

expression, “I’m so irritated by this bitch.”

“Alright, let’s get to work.”

The chubby man looked at the woman on the ground who was covered in blood.

He said, “Girl, don’t blame us for being too cruel. We do things for money. The one who is to blame is your

unreliable husband. It was him who didn’t want you. Otherwise, we wouldn’t have a chance to be here.”

Yvette couldn’t find any reason to refute the two people’s nonsense.

Yes, in this world, even her closest person abandoned her. Who else could she blame?

She only regretted that she had fallen in love with a person at an age when she didn't understand what was

love.

She loved him so much that she lost herself.

As long as he showed her tenderness, her heart would unconsciously soften.

So, it was all her fault.

No one could be blamed.

There was no turning back in the world, and no one would have the chance to regret it.

The two men could not wait to reach out their hands to tear Yvette's clothes.

“Don't touch me!”

Yvette slapped away the hands in disgust.

But she was too weak now. Everything she did was provoking the two strong men.

The man slapped her fiercely on the ground. “Bitch, don't move! Otherwise, I'll beat you to death!”

Then, he kicked her in the chest without hesitation.

Get Bo

This kick made the pain in her broken body reach another level.

Yvette couldn't feel her body, and she couldn't even move her fingers.

The tall and thin man wanted to kick her but was stopped by the fat man..

“Idiot, if she died now, how are we going to play?”

Yvette curled up on the ground. Watching the two men approach her, she slowly squatted down.

Despair was like algae spread out from the dark and boundless deep sea. It tightly wrapped around her and

strangled her to the point of suffocation.

Her beautiful eyes lost focus.

Was she going to die?

Her lower abdomen suddenly moved. She didn't know if it was an illusion caused by her twitched body.

She felt that the baby had moved. The baby was reminding her to fight for hope.

Yvette suddenly woke up and fiercely bit her tongue. The thick smell of blood and the pain brought her

consciousness back.

She could move her fingers now.”

She touched a piece of broken glass and suddenly raised it. The man stretched out his hand, and blood

immediately flowed out from his hand..

“Fuck! Bitch! I'll kill you!”

The man pounced on her like a mad tiger.

Yvette pressed the glass against the carotid artery on her neck, her eyes fierce and red. “Don't come over.”

The man was stunned for a second.

Yvette seized the opportunity and shouted hoarsely, “If you take one more step, I will kill myself!”

“If you want to die, then do it. We will help you!” The man sneered.

Yvette was determined and stabbed the broken glass into the artery deeper. Immediately, blood spurted out

like a column.

The two men were scared. What a crazy woman!

Yvette felt the blood leaving her body at an accelerated speed. She took a deep breath and struggled to say. "I'm pregnant! If I die, there will be two corpses. Once the police catch you, you will be sentenced to death!"

"Fuck! That woman didn't tell us!"

If this pregnant woman had a miscarriage, it was very likely that she and the baby would die together.

They didn't expect that the woman outside was so vicious. She wanted them to commit such an outrageous

crime for mere 8 thousand dollars.

The most important thing was that they might be executed if they were caught!

The two men hesitated. No matter how big the temptation of money was, it was not as important as their

lives.

Yvette saw their hesitation and continued, "If you want to atone for your crimes, now give me the phone!"

"What do you want the phone for?"

Yvette did not speak, but she stabbed deeper, and more blood poured out.

The thin man was convinced and kicked the phone that he hid from Emilie to Yvette.

Yvette dialed three numbers with one hand, and she didn't let down her guard with her available hand.

“Hey, I was kidnapped. I don’t know where I am. Can you locate me? I beg you, please hurry up. I’m pregnant.

My baby...”

Yvette choked and couldn’t speak. Tears fell along with blood.

After a while, she said, “My child might be dying soon. I beg you, please save my child.”

Yvette’s eyes began to blur again. Her vision was hazy white, and she couldn’t even see the faces of the two

men clearly.

However, she didn’t dare to show it in the slightest. She clenched the broken glass in her hand to cover her artery. Her palm was already numb. No matter how deep she cut, she couldn’t feel any pain. Only when blood continued to seep out could she keep awake.

She clearly knew that as long as she fainted, what awaited her would be eternal damnation.

She had to keep awake.

Soon, the person on the phone replied, “Miss, we have confirmed your location. Please keep the phone

connected and wait for rescue.”

Yvette was finally reassured. She said, “Come here quickly. I still need to make another call.”

She tried to dial a number, but only a mechanical voice came from the other side.

“Sorry, the number you have dialed cannot be connected for the moment. Please dial again later...”

Yvette laughed with self-mockery. At this time, Lance had probably rescued Yazmin and was comforting her.

How could he answer her call?

She struggled to open her lips. Her voice was hoarse and bitter. “Lance, I may be dying with the baby. Please bury me and my grandmother together after I die. In the next life, you don’t have to worry about meeting me

again. I will completely forget you in another life.”

Tears silently dripped down mixed with dark red blood. It was shocking to the point of despair.

She felt that she was about to lose consciousness. She suddenly bent down and spat out a large mouthful of

blood.

The two men were scared by this scene.

The fat man trembled and asked the thin and tall man, “Is this woman going to die?”

“Definitely, it’s really bad luck. Let’s run away.”

Then they forcefully pushed open the door and knocked down Emilie at the entrance and ran out desperately.

Emilie sat on the ground, feeling baffled.

She shouted at the two men, “Why are you running? Is the mission finished?”

“Do it yourself. We don’t want the money. That inauspicious woman is going to die.”

Emilie’s eyes tightened. She quickly went in and saw Yvette holding the glass to her neck with her trembling hand. Yvette couldn’t even lift her eyelids.

Emilie saw the phone on the ground and instantly understood.

It was the phone that the two idiots secretly hid!

She was furious and raised a stool.

“How dare you play tricks!”

Bang!

There was a loud noise!

The stool smashed into Yvette's head.

Yvette didn't have the strength to dodge it. She was forced to take the blow.

Instantly, blood gushed out of Yvette's ears and covered half of her face.

Yvette saw Emilie's lips open and close, but she couldn't hear anything. Her mind was buzzing with noise.

Her soul seemed to float out of her body.

She seemed to see herself covered in blood and lifeless.

Was she going to die?

She murmured, "Baby, don't be afraid. I will stay with you."



[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 126](#)

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 126 She Is Kidnapped

Outside the warehouse.

Two bodyguards in black came forward to report, "Mr. Wolseley, we have blocked here."

"Okay."

Now, they were waiting for the kidnappers to come out.

Lance looked at the old door and felt a little uneasy.

He picked up his phone and looked at the anonymous number that had called him. Then he called Frankie.

"Have you picked Yvette up?"

“No, but the cleaner at the scene said that she had taken a taxi.”

For some reason, Lance felt uneasy.

He reached out and rubbed the corner of his eyebrows. He said tiredly, “Go take a look at Serenity Villa now

to see if Yvette is there.”

“Okay, Mr. Wolseley.”

“Also, an anonymous phone called me five minutes ago. Check its IP address.”

Lance picked up his phone and called Yvette. Her phone was turned off.

He thought about it and sent a message.

“It was my fault. Text me when you arrived home.”

Five minutes later, the message was still unread.

He dialed Yvette’s phone again, but her phone was still turned off.

Suddenly, there was a strong sense of uneasiness in his heart.

He comforted himself that Yvette must have gone back in anger or gone to find her best friend.

Thinking of this, he called Jamie, but before he could call, he heard a loud explosion in front of him.

A black MPV crashed out.

The bodyguard in black stepped forward and asked, “Mr. Wolseley, they ran away. Do you want us to chase

them?”

“Go chase them.” Lance’s eyes turned cold.

Then, he got out of the car and walked into the warehouse with heavy steps.



The door of the warehouse had been knocked heavily, and only half of it was left hanging there. Lance kicked it open, and dust sprayed in the air.

Yazmin was lying on the ground like a dead fish. Her body was full of whip scars, and the blood on her wrist

was still flowing out.

Lance rushed forward. He gritted his teeth, tore off a corner of his shirt, and tied up her wound. Then, he pulled her into his arms and sent her to the car.

Yazmin curled up in his arms. Her body was hot, and she muttered, "Lance, you are finally here."

Lance looked down at her and said, "It's me. Don't talk."

Yazmin suddenly cried, "Lance, I am so afraid that I will never see you again. I am so in pain. Am I going to

die?"

"Don't talk nonsense. You will be fine."

Yazmin grabbed Lance by the collar and wanted him to make a promise.

"Lance, can you not drive me away? I will be obedient. Can you keep me by your side?"

Lance looked at her swollen face, and his cold face softened a little. He comforted her.

"Don't think about anything else."

Yazmin's wounds were fresh. The pain made her shiver. The medicine began to work, and she felt sleepy.

She was resentful and teary. "Can't you just promise me?"

Lance did not respond to her.

Yazmin closed her eyes to hide the resentment in her eyes. Then, she said, "Lance, can you give me your phone? I want to call my father to tell him I'm safe now."

“Okay.” Lance turned on his phone and dialed Collin’s number. He placed it beside Yazmin’s ear.

“Ah!”

Yazmin suddenly screamed like a lunatic and smashed the phone against the window.

It was too late for Lance to stop her. The phone screen was broken.

Yazmin held her head and trembled uncontrollably.

\*Don’t touch me. Don’t hit me. Don’t hit me.\*

It was obviously PTSD.

Lance restrained her and ordered the driver, “Drive faster.”

They reached the hospital.

The first aid doctor was ready and immediately took Yazmin over.

Yazmin held Lance’s hand tightly with teary eyes. “Lance, I’m so scared. Don’t leave me.”

Lance frowned and followed her.

Outside the operating room.

Lance paced back and forth, unable to calm his heart down.

Two passing young nurses were chatting.

“Why are there so many patients today? It’s another one with serious injuries sent here by a police car.”

“Yeah, this one is even worse. She’s young and pregnant, and she was beaten so hard that she almost had a miscarriage. I wonder if she can be saved.”

“Hey, as girls, we have to protect ourselves. What kind of hatred has caused the culprit to beat her up like that?”

“Yeah, there aren’t even her family members. Only a close friend rushed over.”

“Her close friend looks quite familiar. It’s a bit like the daughter of the family who is about to go bankrupt. Ellen something...”

Lance’s tall and straight figure suddenly froze. He turned his head and stared at the nurse.

The nurse pulled out her phone and excitedly said, “I found it. I followed her Twitter. She is a celebrity. Her

name is Ellen Robbins.”

Lance’s eyes widened. He skipped a heartbeat, and his blood stopped flowing.

After a short pause, he strode forward and grabbed the nurse’s arm. His eyes were cold. “What’s the name of the patient you mentioned?”

The nurse was stunned for a moment when she felt a sharp pain in her arm. She was frightened by the

terrifying malice in Lance’s eyes, and her voice was shaking.

“Sir, please let go.”

Lance’s eyes were red, and he roared, “Tell me, what’s her name!”

The nurse burst into tears. The nurse next to her was also frightened. She picked up the walkie-talkie and

shouted, “Security, please hurry up and come here!”

At this time, a man in a suit rushed over and stopped the nurse in time.

After hearing the explanation, the nurse left timidly.

Lance stood tall and straight, but his trembling hands betrayed him.

He looked at Frankie and asked slowly and stiffly, “Yvette is at the Serenity Villa, right?”

Frankie was speechless and shook his head.

“Then where did she go?”

Lance asked carefully as if he was afraid of exposing something. He held his breath.

This was the first time Frankie had seen Lance like this. He didn't dare to look into Lance's eyes and said with a stiff face, “Mrs. Wolseley was kidnapped and is now under operation.”

In an instant, the hope in Lance's heart was smashed into pieces.

He staggered, and his hand was against the wall to prevent himself from falling. He seemed to have suddenly gone deaf, and he couldn't hear anything.



[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 127](#)

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 127 The Worst Result

Lance's palm was numb, and a chill ran down his spine. His back was instantly drenched in a cold sweat.

“Mr. Wolseley...”

Frankie had never seen Lance like this before.

The Wolseley Group had encountered two huge crises before, and it was on the verge of bankruptcy.

Frankie had never seen Lance panic and frowned at that time.

But now, Lance was panicking. Even a three-year-old child could see how scared he was.

Frankie hurriedly stepped forward to support him. When he saw the light in Lance's eyes disperse, he called

again.

“Mr. Wolseley, Mr. Wolseley.”

For a moment, Frankie was shocked to feel that this business genius was shaking.

It was like an illusion because Lance pushed him away in a second.

Lance ordered, "Stay here and look after Ms. Myers."

Then, he left unsteadily.

He arrived outside Yvette's emergency room.

In the corridor, Ellen was sitting there, praying with her hands clasped together. When she heard footsteps,

she looked over.

The moment she saw Lance, her eyes suddenly became sharp like blades.

"Sir, did you go to the wrong place?" Ellen gnashed her teeth and sneered.

Lance ignored her sarcasm and asked in a deep voice, "How is Yvette?"

"Mr. Wolseley, are you concerned about her?" Ellen sneered.

Lance's brain was buzzing with pain. He could not suppress his irritation. His eyes narrowed, and he asked

again.

"I'm asking you, how is she?"

When he became solemn, there was no expression on his handsome face. His black eyes were filled with endless coldness and oppression.

However, Ellen was not afraid of him at all, and she only wanted to kill him.

When Yvette was sent to the hospital, she was so miserable. The only person she contacted was Ellen.

How much hate did Yvette have?

After learning from Jamie that Lance was staying with the injured Yazmin, Ellen wanted to kill Lance.

How could he do this to Yvette?

Yvette was kind-hearted and pure. Why was she treated like a disposable by this scum!

Ellen chuckled and burst out in anger.

“Lance, can you stop pretending to be affectionate? Do you think I don’t know that you left Yvette to save the one you love? Is Yazmin dead? If she is dead, remember to let me know. I will show condolence to her.

Congratulations to her for successfully killing herself!”

Lance grabbed her arm and said coldly, “Don’t say anything else. I’m asking you, how is she!”

The veins on his forehead bulged. Ellen was startled by his terrible expression, but in the next second, she

shook him off and sneered, “She’s in the operation room. Can’t you see?”

Lance had lost his mind. How could Ellen know the exact situation?

He took a step back and said hoarsely, “I don’t know. I didn’t know that Yvette was kidnapped... I thought she

was kidding...”

Ellen laughed, “Mr. Wolseley, you are good at finding excuses. Has Yvette ever joked with you like this? Did she use the excuse of being sick to find you as Yazmin did?”

Looking at Lance’s expression, Ellen knew that everything she said was true.

“So, why don’t you believe what Yvette said? It’s because you don’t care about her. In your heart, no one is more important than Yazmin!”

“It’s not true.”

Lance’s face turned pale.

How could he not care? He cared about Yvette so much.

He thought that as long as he safely sent Yazmin abroad for the operation, his debt would be paid off.

Ellen looked at his regretful expression and felt reassured. She finally told him what she wanted to say.

“Lance, do you know the difference between a human and a beast? A human brain can think. Don’t be stupid. How can the world of the two accommodate a third person?”

Just like she was not allowed to stay in the world of Jamie and Fiona.

However, Jamie was only trying to torture her. Her existence was different from Yvette’s.

Yvette and Lance were legally married, so Yvette should not be treated like this.

“If you can’t bear to part with Yazmin, please let Yvette go. Everything will be good. She didn’t do anything wrong. If you don’t love her, please don’t hurt her. Is this difficult?”

Lance’s lips turned paler, and his deep eyes suddenly tightened. “Shut up!”

But Ellen wouldn’t stop. She sneered, and her words stabbed him in the heart.

“She won’t forgive you.”

The child was gone, and the only tie between them was gone.

She knew Yvette, and it was irreparable this time.

The rage made Lance’s angular facial features so gloomy.

When he was about to be unable to suppress his anger, the door of the operating room suddenly opened.

The two turned their faces at the same time and saw the doctor push Yvette out urgently. The doctor was in

contact with the ICU.

Yvette was lying on the hospital bed. Her hair was covered in blood. Under the oxygen mask, her face was blue and purple. There was a tube in her mouth, and all kinds of wires were attached to her body. She was

motionless and quiet like she was sleeping.

This scene made Lance feel like a knife fiercely stabbed into his heart.

It stabbed him until his soul was broken and bloody.

He watched helplessly as his legs were too heavy to move even a little.

“Sir, I’m sorry, please move.” A nurse pulled him.

The nurse only pulled him lightly, and Lance was as weak as a piece of paper. He swayed a little, and his face turned unprecedentedly pale.

“Sir, are you alright? Do you need to see a doctor?” asked the nurse.

Lance shook his head and walked over. He grabbed the doctor and asked a stupid question.

“Why hasn’t my wife woken up yet?”

He couldn’t think of any other questions now.

The doctor saw that it was the patient’s family member and explained, “The patient is now in a coma because of miscarriage, spleen rupture, and brain damage. The surgery has been done, and she would be transferred to the ICU for further observation.”

Lance seemed to be a little confused when he heard these words. For the first time, he was at a loss. His

mind was blank, and he couldn’t think straight.

He grabbed the doctor’s sleeves tightly. “Save her. No matter how much it costs, please save her.”

The doctor frowned, “I can understand your feelings, but we should see whether the patient can wake up on her own twenty-four hours. There will be countermeasures in the future. Please be patient.”



“Please! Save her!”

Lance, who had always been arrogant, completely threw away his pride. For the first time, he begged a

stranger.

His lips, which had always been rosy, were unusually pale. He held the doctor’s arm tightly. “Save her.”

The doctor saw that his face was pale and advised, “We have done what we can. As a family member, you must maintain your mentality. No matter if it is good or bad, you have to stabilize yourself.”

“What is the bad result?” Lance heard himself ask this question.

“The worst result is that she can’t wake up. Her brain will die, and she becomes a vegetable.”



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 128](#)

Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 128 You Won’t Have Another Chance

At that, Lance suddenly felt his heart ache so much. He felt that someone was hitting his body with a

hammer harder and harder.

His stomach knotted when the severe pain continued. Every bone in his body ached.

The doctor found that Lance was in a bad condition and comforted him, “Don’t worry too much. The patient’s condition is stable at the moment. You should have a good rest to take care of the patient.”

After the doctor left, Lance’s assistant brought Lance’s phone.

Lance picked up the phone and called Marvin. Lance said, his voice hoarse, “Marvin, help me...”

The phone was hung up, and a voice message followed.

Lance clicked on it and heard Yvette’s weak and hoarse voice from the phone.

Yvette described her despair word by word.

Every word was a knife that stabbed into Lance’s heart! Yvette’s voice was soft.

But these words almost took Lance’s life!

For many years, Lance never cried after he became sensible.

But at that moment, his eyes were very red, and warm tears flowed down from his eyes.

Lance heard Yvette say that she wanted to completely forget about Lance and wouldn’t meet Lance even in

her next life...

Lance was so sorrowful that he felt a sharp pain in his chest. He had a blackout and spat a large mouthful of

blood.

Ellen saw Lance in such a condition and did not feel any sympathy.

She rushed to grab Lance by the collar. She shook Lance violently and screamed in pain, “Lance, where were you when Yvette needed you? She was pregnant! How did she endure those injuries?”

Seeing that Lance was silent, Ellen said angrily, “If she can’t wake up, I will kill you!”

Lance’s handsome face darkened. He clenched his fists tightly and suppressed the urge to throw Ellen out.

He was controlling himself, knowing that he would hit Ellen hard at that time.

Lance told himself that Ellen was Yvette's best friend.

He knew that Yvette would not forgive him if he hit Ellen.

Ellen was now filled with anger. She got more agitated and said, "Yvette likes you so much. How did you treat

her? You are a beast! You are not human. She must stab you to death in her previous life, and she has to

repay the debt in this life!"

Lance grabbed Ellen's wrist, and his eyes darkened. "What did you say?"

"Lance!"

Jamie and Marvin came here together. Jamie was just in time to hear Ellen scold Lance.

Jamie wanted to tell Ellen that Lance was even more violent than him. But Lance rarely took action in person in the past few years to maintain the image of the company.

Jamie never expected that Ellen would be an idiot to think that she had nine lives. She even offended Lance

after offending Jamie!

Jamie gritted his teeth and stared at Ellen. Jamie thought that Ellen did not want to live anymore.

Jamie quickly walked to Ellen, grabbed her arm, and scolded, "Calm down."

But Ellen directly shook off Jamie's hand and roared, "Don't touch me. You two are the same. Neither of you is good!"

Ellen disliked Lance but hated Jamie even more. Ellen thought that Jamie pretended to be dignified, but in fact, he was worse than a beast..

beast.

Jamie was so angry that he touched his cheeks with his tongue. He then crossed his arms and looked coldly

at Ellen, who was courting death.

Lance repeated in anger, "What did you say?"

Ellen was fearless at that moment and was filled with resentment towards Lance.

Ellen raised her chin and replied, "I said you are a beast! Yvette owes you!"

Lance held Ellen's arm tightly, and his eyes darkened. "Did you say Yvette likes me?"

"Humph... Don't you know?"

Ellen gave a mocking smile.

She felt sad for Yvette and thought that Yvette liked the wrong man.

Ellen thought, Lance's heart is made of stone, right? Everyone knows that Yvette loves him so much. But he

didn't know.

Ellen said, "Yvette gave up the design and served you. Did she ask for your money or fame for two years of your marriage? She could have had better development! But for you, she gave up her career and willingly applied for a position as a nameless assistant of the Wolseley Group!"

Lance was shocked.

He had never believed that Yvette liked him. He just thought that Yvette agreed to marry him because of his

grandfather.

But Ellen had said so...

Lance thought, they are best friends. So, does Yvette like me?

A flower grew up in Lance's ruined world. He regained hope and stopped being violent.

He asked with difficulty, "When did Yvette fall in love..."

Lance wondered if it was earlier than he thought.

"You don't have to ask!"

Ellen gritted her teeth and said, "Now that she has known you well, you won't have another chance. Talking

about the past is meaningless!"

Ellen didn't know when Yvette fell in love with Lance. Yvette had just said that she had liked Lance for a very long time.

Ellen said the fact so that Lance would regret it and spit blood to death!

Lance's eyes became sharp, and he shook Ellen's arm fiercely. "Tell me!"

"Go ask her. She is your wife."

Ellen was to mock Lance and then smiled, "I forget she won't be your wife anymore."

Facing Lance's extremely gloomy face, Ellen did not hesitate at all and said, "Mr. Wolseley, do you think

Yvette will still like you after she wakes up? You...

"You're going to be her ex-husband!"

Ellen's words drove Lance so angry that Lance wanted to kill Ellen.

But Ellen seemed to not see Lance's change. Before Ellen continued to speak, Jamie covered her mouth and

carried her on the shoulder.

Jamie said to Lance, "She is mine. I will teach her a lesson."

Ellen was immediately enraged. She lay on Jamie's shoulder and punched him hard on the arm.

\*Jamie. Put me down... I'm not yours! I have to stay and take care of Yvette. I can't let the bastard get close to

her!"

Jamie felt like his head was going to explode!

He then knew that Ellen's bottom line was her best friend and her parents.

Ellen would go crazy if anyone bullied them!

Jamie could not bear it and threatened, "If you continue to be crazy, you won't see your best friend anymore!"

Ellen finally calmed down, but Jamie's shoulder turned wet.

Jamie put down Ellen near the elevator and held her against the wall, not letting her move. Jamie cursed angrily, "What's wrong with you?"

"Something is wrong with you!" Ellen was not to be outdone.

She rarely cried in front of Jamie. Even if she was abused, she was stubborn and refused to shed tears.

But tears were real sharp weapons.

At the very least, Jamie had no way to deal with Ellen.

Jamie said impatiently, "I didn't mean that I wouldn't let you see her. Do you think that Lance is very good-tempered? You could not come out safely after your words without me. You should thank me!"

"He is a bastard. How can I not tell the truth? You are also not a good person. You are the same bastard as

him!"

"You!" Jamie gritted his teeth in anger, unable to understand Ellen's logic.

Just as Jamie was about to teach Ellen a lesson, he glanced at a figure suddenly and turned cold for a second.

He directly pushed Ellen out of the emergency exit.

## [Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 129](#)

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 129 She Is Awake

Ellen was caught off guard. Her shoe was tripped by the emergency exit door. She staggered back and fell on the cement floor.

With a heavy thud, it sounded hurtful.

Just as Ellen was about to curse, she heard a soft female voice from outside.

“Jamie, what are you doing here?”

It was Fiona.

Jamie withdrew his gaze from the door and looked at Fiona warmly. “I’m just visiting a friend. Why are you in

the hospital? Are you feeling unwell?”

Fiona smelled a faint fragrance of perfume, like the smell of shower gel. An imperceptible viciousness. flashed through her eyes.

“I feel a little dizzy. So, I came over to check.”

She leaned against Jamie. Jamie glanced at her and said, “Are you tired?”

As he spoke, he carried her in his arms.

“Hey, there are people coming and going here.”

Jamie looked at the emergency exit door. It was closed quietly. At that moment, he wanted to do something

evil.

“What are you worrying about? You are my wife. I can hug you at any place,” he said indifferently.

Fiona held his neck with a blush. “You made me feel shy.”

Jamie stroked her butt and smiled. “You were not shy when we were doing more than this.”

Their voices became lower as they walked away. Ellen was sitting on the ground behind the emergency exit

door, holding her knees.

Her elbows and the back of her head hit the ground when she fell, causing a buzzing feeling and pain.

She already felt awful though she had only spent a few days in the three years promise.

Although Jamie promised not to get married in three years, she was still a disgrace to him as before.

With the existence of his real fiancée, Ellen had to be prepared to be abandoned at any time.

The door to the emergency exit was suddenly pushed open. Ellen said gloomily, “Why aren’t you staying with your wife?”

The man who came in kept silent. She raised her head and saw that it was not Jamie. It was a young man in a white lab coat with rosy lips and pretty white teeth. He held a cigarette in his hand and looked at her confusedly.

“I’m sorry.” Ellen quickly said.

“It’s fine.” The doctor looked at the cigarette in his hand, then looked at her, and quietly put it into his pocket.



It was awkward to sit on the floor in front of another person. Ellen climbed up with a hand on the railing and

limped out the door.

She had just taken two steps when she accidentally sprained her ankle. When she was about to fall, she was supported by the young doctor gently. When she stood firm, he immediately released his hand.

He noticed that there were scratches on her body and assumed that she had fallen. He asked, "I can borrow a

wheelchair for you. Do you need it?"

"No, I can walk. Thank you." Ellen shook her head.

"You're welcome."

Not far away, Jamie was leaning against the wall. As he looked at the doctor and Ellen, his cold face was full

of malice.

Such a whore you are! Just a while and you have hooked up with another man, Jamie thought.

A warm and soft arm passed through his arm. He heard a tender voice, "Jamie, we are good to go now."

Jamie withdrew his gaze and left with Fiona.

Yvette had a very long dream.

In her dream, on the white snow ground, there was a small figure with his back facing her.

As if there was a telepathic connection, Yvette knew that it was her baby.

She tried her best to catch up but found that her feet seemed to be locked, and she could not move.

She opened her mouth to call the baby. But her throat seemed to be sealed, and she could not make a sound.

Despair overwhelmed her. She knelt on the ground and tried to crawl forward.

But the more she climbed, the farther the child went..

She knelt, motionless, and humbly prayed that the little figure would not go further.

The small figure stopped. In the boundless white, Yvette heard the tender voice of a child shouting, “Mom.

Mom.”

Yvette opened her mouth and wanted to respond, but she could not make any sound. She could only shout in

her heart.

“Baby, baby, don’t go.”

She watched as the small figure walked further and further away until it disappeared into the snow.

Then, there was the cold sound of iron pincers colliding, and someone talking.

“We are losing the baby. Now, conduct curettage and then sew up other injured places.”

Yvette desperately shook her head and kept begging, “Don’t. Don’t take my baby away.”

However, no one listened to her. She could feel a cold iron pincer pulling the baby from her body.

Her heart felt like it had been cut by a blunt knife. Her cold tears kept surging.

Gradually, the whiteness faded away. And darkness consumed all of her consciousness.

Yvette was unconscious for four whole days:

During the four days, she would occasionally talk in her sleep, have a high fever, or have tears streaming

down her face.

Marvin passed the doctor's words to Lance. And Lance's heart, which had yet to heal, was once again hurt

badly.

Lance had suffered such a shock. He looked dried up and colorless.

Seeing this, Marvin hesitated for a moment and handed a paternity test certificate to Lance.

He said, "Yvette asked me to do this test. I don't know what has happened between you. But I think you

should believe Yvette. She would not be unfaithful to you."

Lance read the report, which showed that the probability of paternity was 99.9999%.

His strong heart instantly broke into several pieces.

Though he had known that it was his baby, the impact of the black-and-white words was still great.

What had he done these days?

He suspected her, did not trust her, imprisoned her, and insulted her verbally.

When she needed his support, he pushed her into the abyss with a few words!

His eyes turned red. His emotion was ready to erupt at any time!

He was such a bastard!

On the days when Yvette was unconscious, Lance sat alone on the bench outside the ICU, blaming himself

every minute and second.

When Ellen was not taking care of her father, she waited with Lance.

Looking at Lance's expression, Ellen scoffed.

Now you are pretending to be affectionate. You could have shown kindness earlier! Ellen thought.

Frankie went to see Lance and reported, "Ms. Myers has an infection and a fever. She keeps asking to see

you."

Lance frowned and was about to speak. But he was interrupted by a sneer.

On the other side, there Ellen sat. When she saw Lance look at her, her expression became incomparably mocking. "Mr. Wolseley, why aren't you going? It sounds so severe that your sweetheart may have died at hundred and one times."

Lance's eyes were cold. He ignored Ellen and ordered Frankie, "Let the doctor deal with it. I'm not a doctor.

"Also, you don't have to watch over her. Let someone else do that. You should investigate what happened to Yvette and Yazmin. If there is any news, let me know."

Frankie nodded. He was happy to stay far away from that crazy woman.

Since Lance did not visit Yazmin, she would either smash things or throw pillows in the sick room.

Frankie felt delighted that he did not need to look after Yazmin.

On the afternoon of the fourth day.

Yvette finally woke up. After observing her for a night, the doctor transferred her to the ordinary ward.

When Lance heard this news, his first reaction was not to see her immediately. Instead, he felt a little timid.

He was afraid. He was afraid that he would not be able to get her back.

Seeing Lance's worried face, Marvin comforted him, "It's better to send someone that Yvette can accept to go in first. You can wait till she feels better. You know, she..."

Marvin wanted to say that Yvette could not be upset now. But when Marvin saw Lance's bloodshot eyes, Marvin stopped.

"Listen to me. You should go see her later." Marvin patted the back of Lance's hand.

### [Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 130](#)

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 130 She Wants a Divorce

Policemen entered first. They went in to ask some questions.

When the rescue team arrived that day, they only found Yvette lying in blood.

Yvette had just woken up, and she was very weak. Her tongue had not recovered yet, so she could not say too

much.

After the policemen left, Ellen went in.

Seeing the purplish-red color on Yvette's cheeks, Ellen cried so hard. Ellen wanted to hug Yvette but was afraid of touching the wounds. Ellen could not help but hold the bedside and cry.

When Ellen calmed down, she tried to comfort Yvette. but she did not know where to start.

Yvette's eyes were red like a rabbit's. She had cried too much when she was unconscious.

Ellen looked at Yvette. Ellen felt like crying again, and she said, "Yvette, if you are unhappy, vent it out."

Ellen's expectation for this baby was no less than that of Yvette.

They had already agreed that Ellen would be the baby's godmother when the baby was born.

But now...

As she thought of the poor baby, Ellen's eyes turned red, and her heart ached.

However, Yvette reached out and touched Ellen's face. She pointed at Ellen's face and asked, "What

happened?"

It sounded like Yvette's throat had been burned and had not yet recovered. In addition, her tongue was

injured, so her voice was unpleasing.

Although Ellen had used the best facial cream, a scar formed on her face.

Fortunately, it was between her cheekbone and her ear. It was almost unnoticeable when she covered it with

her hair.

Unexpectedly, Yvette noticed it at a glance. Ellen cried again and said angrily, "Is it time for you to care about

me?"

Yvette was covered in wounds. She didn't mention her suffering after waking up, but to care about Ellen's

face.

Why did Yvette, such a kind person, have to suffer?

Ellen lied that she had fallen. Yvette patted the back of Ellen's hand as comfort.

Ellen shared some good news with Yvette, hoping that Yvette would feel better.

After listening to Ellen, Yvette smiled faintly.

Ellen felt uncomfortable. Yvette was in a strange state!

It could be told at a glance that Yvette was very sad, but she looked calm and collected. She was not

hysterical and did not mention the baby.

Ellen looked at Yvette, wondering what Yvette was thinking. Ellen asked tentatively, "Lance..."

Before Ellen could finish her words, Yvette turned her face away. Yvette did not want to hear about Lance.

Only then did Ellen relax. Yvette had hard feelings, which meant that her mental state was normal.

Ellen stayed in the ward till a nurse came to remind her that Yvette needed to rest more.

Ellen left reluctantly and promised to come back tomorrow.

When the ward door closed, Yvette's gentle expression disappeared and was replaced by a depressed and

low cry.

She twisted the quilt and cried her heart out. Her throat made a hoarse sound. Her voice was wrapped in despair, and it was particularly hoarse and unpleasing.

Could it be that this was the punishment from the heavens for her?

It was a punishment for her wanting to keep happiness that did not belong to her.

Yvette hated herself for being greedy.

If she could leave earlier, the baby would be fine.

Unfortunately, there were no ifs.

On the door handle, appeared a fair and good-looking hand.

Every finger of the hand was gently trembling.

The crying in the sick room was like a sharp needle that pierced into Lance's heart. He lost the courage to

open the door.

He turned around and leaned against the wall. Even breathing felt laborious.

It was very late at night when Lance finally went in. Yvette had already fallen asleep under the care of the

nurse.

Lance made a shushing gesture to the nurse and signaled the nurse to leave.

Lance sat by the bed and looked at Yvette's profile without blinking.

In just a few days, her cheekbones became protruding. She was extremely thin and almost invisible in the small quilt.

He reached out to touch her hair. But Yvette dodged.

After waking up from unconsciousness, no matter how hard Yvette tried, she could not fall asleep anymore.

She desired to sleep and dream, as it was the only way to see her baby.

However, she had never dreamed of the baby again.

She pretended to sleep because she felt sorry to keep the nurse busy. She wanted the nurse to get some

sleep.

Therefore, she knew that Lance came in.

The familiarity with the cold fragrance was so deep that it had been carved into her bones.

She did not want to speak, so she continued to pretend to be asleep. However, when he stretched out his



hand, the disgust that came from the bottom of her heart made her unable to continue pretending.

Lance's voice was hoarse when he called, "Yvette."

"Get out." Yvette was calm and cold. She was unwilling to say another word to him.

"I was wrong, Yvette. I never expected that. If I knew it was true, I definitely wouldn't..."

Yvette didn't want to hear his hypocritical confession. She calmly interrupted him and said, "You must be happy that the baby is gone."

very

The few words were like poisoned arrows. They shot into Lance's heart, and it was painful inside his body.

He would rather let Yvette hit him.

Compared to these words, physical assaults would make him feel a hundred times better.

But Yvette never thought of hitting Lance. He was no longer worthy of her wasting any more energy.

She closed her eyes. "Go out. We will talk about the divorce tomorrow."

Her words were motionless, with a determination that could not be overturned.

Lance grabbed her hand. His face was unnaturally pale, and his voice was hoarse. "Yvette, I swear that I will definitely believe you in the future. We will still have children in the future."

At the mention of children, Yvette turned and slapped him very hard.

Yvette was burned in anger with extreme pain. "Lance, you have not qualified! You are not even qualified to

mention my baby!"

Lance undertook the slap and even hoped that Yvette would beat him up again to vent her anger.

In Lance's understanding, it meant there was still room for negotiation.

"Yvette, you can do whatever you want to vent your anger."

"I told you, I want to divorce," Yvette said coldly.

Hearing this, Lance subconsciously refused, "Divorce is not possible!"

Yvette said calmly, "You will."

Because she would do everything she could to trade the divorce.

Hearing Yvette's confident tone, Lance was flustered.

"Yvette, give me a chance. I will modify everything that you are not satisfied with. I will perfect myself until you are satisfied. Can we start over again?"

Yvette suddenly smiled. She looked broken and beautiful.

I

"After you left me for Yazmin when I was pregnant..."

"After I begged you to save our baby but you ignored it..."

"After our child was beaten to death, and you want to start over with me?"

Was there anything more ironic in the world?

Her tone was calm, but Lance felt like blood was dripping from each word.

"How would you forgive me?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"If you die." Yvette stared at him.

