

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 131

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 131 Lance, You Don't Deserve It!

Lance was stunned.

He never thought that Yvette, who had always been soft and kind, would wish him to die!

"Do you hate me so badly?" Lance looked frustrated.

Yvette said in an indifferent tone. "When I was kidnapped, I did hate you. I kept thinking that if you hadn't left me in the parking lot of the hospital, I wouldn't have been kidnapped. But that's not the case. I knew that if you got another chance, you would still choose to save Yazmin."

"No, it's not like that."

Lance was heartbroken and his throat was too tight to speak.

He reached out to touch her forehead, but Yvette dodged him.

She shook her head and mocked, "Don't lie to yourself. You can't let her go."

"Yvette, it's not the fact. I did want to send Yazmin away, but I promised her that I would send her abroad safely. After she has the operation, we will..."

"Lance!"

Yvette interrupted in pain, "You also promised me! You asked me to trust you. You said we would go home together, but what happened?"

Lance's chest was tight as if there was a heavy rock holding him down. The apple in his throat moved up and down, but he seemed to have lost his voice and could not say a word.

"Lance, have you ever experienced your head being pushed against the wall and your internal organs being

crushed?"

Lance's face turned gray. His lips trembled as he said, "Don't say it, don't..."

Yvette pointed at the gauze on her head as if she didn't hear it. She unconsciously trembled as she recalled

that terrible memory.

"They grabbed my head and smashed it against the wall. They stepped on my body with their feet. I felt like my entire body was crushed. I also felt that the baby was leaving me. At that time, I hated you so much. You asked me to trust you! But you once again abandoned me!"

Recalling that scene again, Yvette could still feel the great despair.

She was put into extreme pain every time she thought of losing her baby.

The wound on her heart seemed to be reopened, making her entire body tremble in pain.

Every word Yvette said made Lance feel pain as if he was there.

Especially when she said "trust you", the two words were more like two sharp knives that ruthlessly pierced into Lance's ears, going out and in, giving him a splitting headache.

It was Lance himself who lost her trust.

Lance looked painful, but Yvette was calm.

Because this bit of pain Lance felt now was far less than one-tenth of what she felt at that time.

Yvette looked at Lance and continued, "That day, I did want to trust you.

But this thought made me lose my baby and fall into hell!

You taught me a lesson that one can have a dream, but not a delusion."

Just because she believed his words, she had paid such a painful price.

Lance was overwhelmed by Yvette's words, and he collapsed. His eyes were filled with unspeakable pain.

“I’m sorry, Yvette. I’m sorry.”

He knew that no matter how many times he apologized, he would not be able to make up for the pain that

Yvette had suffered.

But other than saying sorry, what else could he say?

If he had known that the ending was like this, he would never have left her behind no matter what.

“Save it.”

The late apology was more disgusting than fake love.

Yvette said lightly, “Now I don’t even want to hate you. If you feel the slightest guilt about me, then agree to

divorce. We will never meet again.”

Her eyes were calm and unwavering, showing no love or hate.

An unprecedented panic swept over Lance’s heart, and his heart twitched violently.

She was not even willing to hate him. Was she really going to be a stranger to him?

No! It should not be like this!

She clearly liked him, and Ellen had also said so.

Lance reached out and held Yvette’s arms tightly. He subconsciously said, “Yvette, you like me. Ellen said that you liked me before. Don’t give up on this relationship so easily, okay?”

Yvette looked at his haggard handsome face and forced out a smile.

“I liked you before, but later I found that I was wrong.

I shouldn’t have fought with Yazmin Wei for the first place in your heart.

The punishment for me came so quickly. First, it was Phoebe, then my baby. If this goes on, the next to lose is my own life!”

The last sentence wrenched Lance’s heart and he felt pain all over his body.

He ignored Yvette’s resistance and held her tightly in his arms. He said in a hoarse voice, “I bear responsibility for Yazmin, but I don’t love her. The only person I can’t let go of is you!”

Unfortunately, this regret came too late!

Yvette’s heart had become frozen and could no longer be melted.

She could not break free from him so she scolded him in a low voice, “Let me go!”

“No. I won’t!”

Lance refused without hesitation. Yvette would probably never turn back once he let her go.

His voice, which had always been indifferent, was now trembling slightly. “This is all my fault. If you want a baby, we can have another baby. You can have as many babies as you want. I will definitely take good care of you.”

Yvette lowered her head and bit down hard on Lance’s arm. She was shaking with anger.

How could he dare to mention having a baby?

Yvette tasted the blood but she still gritted her teeth, not relaxing at all. Only when she was exhausted did she let go.

Lance’s white shirt was dyed red with blood, but he seemed to not notice it, still tightly hugging Yvette.

Yvette’s beautiful eyes were filled with anger. “Lance, you don’t deserve it!”

These few words were filled with endless hatred.

Lance felt a stabbing pain in his heart. It was not because she hated him, but because he felt sorry for her.

“Yvette, you can do whatever you want, but you are not allowed to divorce.”

When he thought that Yvette would disappear from his world, his heart felt like it was being gripped by an

invisible hand, and he could not even breathe.

He would not let go. Even if he had to use despicable methods, he would force her to stay by his side.

Yvette did not even want to waste her strength anymore. She just stared at his shoulder and said firmly,

“Lance, we will divorce.”

“No! We won’t!” When Lance said this, he blurted out without hesitation.

Yvette stopped resisting and leaned softly in Lance’s arms. Lance thought that she had given in. “Yvette,

don’t leave me.”

You can do whatever you want, but don’t leave me.

Yvette did not speak, but Lance was overjoyed. He believed that after a while, she would definitely change her mind.

He hugged her even tighter, but the next second, there was a moist and sticky feeling on his chest, accompanied by a strong smell of blood.

Lance released Yvette and saw that his white shirt was dyed red by the blood from Yvette’s broken wound.

Lance was shocked.

His mind suddenly went blank.

The next second...

“Doctor!”

Lance crazily pressed the bell and yelled out of control.

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Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 132 You Do It First!

Lance pressed down on Yvette's bleeding wound, and he felt a surge of great fury. “Why didn't you say it!”

Yvette was quiet, and her face showed no sign of pain. She smiled sweetly at him. “Compared to being with you, this is nothing.”

Lance's hand trembled as he was pressing down on the wound. His entire face was ashen white as if he had

been stabbed and lost too much blood.

He did not expect that Yvette would hurt herself so much just to force him to divorce.

“Yvette, are you forcing me?” he asked, staring into her eyes.

“You did it first.” Yvette sneered.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open.

In an instant, the room was full of light.

The doctors and nurses came in and all rushed to Yvette to treat her wound.

Yvette's wound was on the left upper abdomen, which was cut open by splenic surgery. At that time, the suture line cracked, exposing the flesh underneath, and it was shocking to sight.

But Yvette did not cooperate with the treatment at all. She pointed to Lance with her bloody hand and said in disgust, “Let him out.”

The middle-aged female doctor in the lead looked at the patient who looked like a broken doll, and immediately said to Lance, "Sir, please get out!"

Although it was a reasonable request to clear the ward, there was a note of disgust in the doctor's tone.

In her view, the patient had just had a miscarriage, her spleen was ruptured, her brain was damaged, and it

took a lot of effort for her to wake up.

Now that the patient's wound had cracked like this, it should have been caused by a quarrel with this man.

She thought there was no point in men being handsome because they didn't know how to be considerate and

take care of women,

The doctor applied some painkillers to Yvette. As she gave Yvette stitches, she couldn't help but say, "Yvette, remember that health is the most important thing at all times, and don't hurt yourself for someone who doesn't deserve it. Otherwise, you're hurting your family, too."

Family?

Yvette had survived so many difficult times. Only when she heard this word, she choked up, and her tears began to flow uncontrollably.

In the past, Phoebe was her family, but Phoebe was gone.

Later, the baby was her family, but the baby was gone, too.

Yvette had no family anymore.

The medicine the doctor gave her had valium in it, so after crying for a while, Yvette fell asleep.

Outside the ward, Lance had been standing the entire time. He was a clean freak, but at that time, he was not even willing to wash the blood all over his body.

He stared unblinkingly at the tightly shut ward.

When the doctor came out, he stopped her and asked, “How is she?”

“The patient has been taken care of, but she has just gone through a major change, so you have to be more.

tolerant and less aggressive, and let her get well as soon as possible.”

The doctor’s words seemed to drain Lance of his strength.

He knew that his presence was a stimulus for Yvette.

After that, Lance did not step into the ward for the next few days.

He just hired four care workers to change shifts and take care of Yvette twenty-four hours a day.

However, it was more surveillance than care.

They reported Yvette’s every move to Lance, including how much water she drank a day and how much food.

she ate.

The care workers would take pictures of Yvette and send them to Lance. He looked at her quiet and sleepy

face with mixed feelings.

Never again would she look so relaxed in his presence.

Frankie came in and saw Lance standing by the window. His handsome and haggard face filled Frankie with

emotion.

“How is it?” Lance asked without turning his head.

Frankie replied, “The men who kidnapped Ms. Myers that day escaped and fell off a cliff on the winding mountain road. There was an explosion in the vehicle, and no one survived. Yet we haven’t found out whether they were enemies of the Myers family or of Ms. Myers.”

Since they were all dead, it meant that the clues had been lost.

Lance asked coldly, “What else?”

“There is no news of Ms. Thackeray for now, but the two men who kidnapped Mrs. Wolseley have been found. Would you like to see them first?”

Lance’s face changed in a second as he said coldly, “I’ll see them now.”

In an underground garage in the suburbs.

The heavy iron gate was pulled open, and there was a pungent smell.

Frankie choked and coughed. He looked forward and saw that it was two guys on the ground wetting their pants in terror, like two puddles of mud.

He reached out and covered the black hood on the two with disgust. Darkness suddenly attacked the two

guys.

The two guys could only hear the sound of leather shoes kicking, so they banged their heads on the ground

and cried, “Sir, can you let us go? We are just beggars. Why did you take us here?”

“Bang!”

After a terrifying sound!

These two gangsters had their kneecaps smashed by black-clad bodyguards armed with baseball bats.

“Ah!!!” they shouted.

The crisp sound of bones accompanied by the miserable screams of the two people rushed to the roof.

“Do you know why I took you here now?” Lance asked coldly.

“Is it the big deal we did a few days ago?” asked the fat man, who reacted fast and was afraid of getting hit

again.

Seeing that Lance was silent, the fat man hurriedly said, “A few days ago, we kidnapped a little beauty in the

underground parking lot of the hospital.”

Lance’s eyes were suddenly cold and filled with anger. He said in a low voice, “Tell me exactly what happened

that day. Don’t leave out a single word.”

“Alright, alright! Don’t hit me. I’ll tell you everything!” The fat guy nodded hurriedly and was ready to give in.

“Me too, me too!” the skinny man also nodded repeatedly, afraid that it would be too late for him to say

anything.

The two of them hurried through a general account of that day.

Fatty said, “It was that vicious woman who came to us. She asked us to cripple that little beauty and whip

her pretty hard. But we really didn’t know that she was pregnant, otherwise, we wouldn’t do that.”

“Bang!”

The terrifying sound appeared again, and this time it was both of their arms that were hit.

“Ah!!”

The two screamed, rolling and twitching on the ground. Each of them had their arm broken into two pieces

and hung on their shoulders.

“I said, don’t leave out a word!” The man’s deep voice was like a malevolent asura in the dark.

The fat man quickly said, “I slapped her twice and tore off her clothes.”

The tall and thin man also admitted, “I just whipped her a few times with my belt. I slapped and kicked her

twice.”

The thin and tall one’s voice became smaller and smaller, and the more he spoke, the less confident he became.

Lance’s handsome face was already filled with gloom and terror.

He said coldly, “Make them suffer before handing them to the police.”

These words made the two hooligans despair!

Lance walked away and left them behind, and the two of them wailed like pigs being slaughtered!

In the hospital.

Ellen made time to visit Yvette every day. When she arrived, she would ask the care workers out, and the two of them would have some intimate talk.

The care workers would be obedient because Lance had told them not to make things difficult for Ellen when she came over.

One day, not long after Ellen left, the door of the ward was pushed open again.

Yazmin came in with a wheelchair and slowly approached the bed. She smiled and asked, “Yvette, how do you feel now?”

Yvette frowned and did not want to talk nonsense with her. “Get out!”

Yazmin felt comfortable and sat in her wheelchair. She looked at her calmly and said, “Why are you getting so

worked up? I heard that your little...”

She paused, pretended to cough, and corrected her words. “Your little child was gone, so I came to see you.”

Yvette was so irritated by Yazmin's words, her eyes filled with anger!

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Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 133 Yvette Is Furious!

The hatred in Yvette's eyes made Yazmin feel happy.

Yazmin thought, what a pity! The idiot Emilie failed again. She doesn't kill this bitch.

Well, Yvette had a miscarriage. That's enough.

Yazmin believed that Yvette would divorce Lance.

After a few days of recuperation, Yazmin was completely radiant. She looked like a completely different

person from the video.

Yvette knew that the kidnapping was just Yazmin's show.

Yvette did not want to act with Yazmin. She said coldly, "Get out!"

"Yvette, why are you so fierce? I didn't kill your child."

Yazmin looked wrong. However, she knew how to break Yvette's heart.

Yazmin said, "Well. It's my fault. If Lance didn't leave you to save me, your child might still be alive.

"If it wasn't for me, you wouldn't be beaten to bleeding. I heard that your spleen is broken. Is it painful?"

"Is all this enough for you to remember that you are like a stray dog left behind?"

Yazmin described all things clearly, making Yvette feel as if she had returned to that moment of despair.

Yvette's expression became more and more gloomy, and Yazmin became even happier.

Yazmin put her hair behind her ear and said in a gentle voice, "Yvette, Lance doesn't want you and the little bitch in your belly at all. I told you many times! But..."

Yazmin stared at Yvette's face and enjoyed her painful expression. Yazmin smiled coldly, like a poisonous

snake.

She said word by word, "Well done! The little bitch's death pleased me."

Yvette's whole body trembled with anger.

She thought, my baby should not be called a little bitch!

"Yvette, what's wrong? Are you angry? I didn't do it on purpose. I just feel that no one likes this child anyway. Why let it suffer in this world? It's good for the baby to die early."

"Clank!"

Before Yazmin finished speaking, Yvette raised her hand and slapped Yazmin. Yazmin's head tilted. The

corner of Yazmin's mouth was broken and bleeding.

"Bitch! How dare you hit me? Do you want to die?"

Before Yazmin could finish her rant, another crisp sound rang out.

"Clank!"

Yazmin's left and right faces were swollen, and even her teeth were shaking.

Yazmin's tears were pulled out in pain.

Yvette imitated Yazmin's tone and sneered, "Is it painful? Are you angry? I didn't do it on purpose. I just think your mouth is a bit crooked. If you say something dirty, I'll fix it for you!"

Yazmin was enraged by Yvette's words. She stopped pretending and suddenly stood up from the wheelchair. Yazmin grabbed Yvette's hair and threw Yvette to the ground.

Yvette wanted to get up, but she didn't know why her right hand was shaking so hard.

Yazmin looked down, grabbed Yvette's hair, and hit it on the wheelchair a few times. Yazmin scolded with a sinister face, "Bitch! Do you think you can keep Lance just because you are pregnant? He abandoned you and chose to save me. You are just an abandoned woman. Lance doesn't want you. Why don't you die?"

Yazmin was tired. She sat by the bed and looked at Yvette. Yvette was in a sorry state, which pleased Yazmin.

Yazmin said, "When Lance left you, did you feel very sad?"

She added, "Then let me tell you one more thing. Lance suspects that you are pregnant with a bastard. That is because I have tampered with your pregnancy test and paternity test."

Yvette's expression suddenly changed. Because this incident not only hurt her but also Charlie and others.

It was also because of these misunderstandings that her already injured heart became even worse.

Her anger soared, her teeth trembling as she said, "This is Lance's child. Aren't you afraid that he will know?"

Yazmin suddenly showed an abnormal smile on her face. She looked at Yvette as if she was looking at a

retard.

"What? You don't think that Lance doesn't know about this, do you?"

Yvette's entire body stiffened as she stammered, "What do you mean?"

Yazmin knew from Yvette's expression that Yvette did not know about this matter.

Yazmin thought, that's right! How could Lance tell her?

She chortled, “Lance already knew about this matter. To keep my reputation, he suppresses it and does not

pursue it.”

Yvette’s mind went blank for a long time. Suddenly, she wanted to laugh.

She thought, that’s ridiculous! I am so stupid!

I used to think that I was the second most important person in Lance’s heart.

But I forgot one thing. The best is the most precious.

Even if Lance knows about Yazmin’s viciousness, what could he do?

Yes, Yazmin hurt his baby, so what?

Yazmin is the one he cherishes. He can give up his principles for her.

However, Yvette could not do that. The corners of her eyes turned red.

Her heart seemed to have been set on a raging flame. She felt heartbroken.

Yvette laughed wildly in her heart.

She lost so tragically.

Yazmin saw her pain clearly and became more and more proud.

“Look at you now. You look like a stray dog. If you listened to my advice and left Lance early, your child would

not have died!”

Yvette raised her eyes and looked at Yazmin with bloodshot eyes, “What did you say? Is the kidnapping related to you?”

“Don’t talk nonsense!” Yazmin wouldn’t admit it. Looking at Yvette, she smiled, “I’m just stating the facts. The

little bitch’s death pleased me.”

Yvette's hands trembled. She didn't know what was wrong with her.

As she listened to Yazmin insulting the baby, her heart ached even more.

Yvette's eyes were filled with hatred. She said word by word, "Yazmin, aren't you afraid of retribution?"

"Retribution?"

Yazmin laughed, "Look at yourself. The old man died! The little bastard died! Your father died! You're a jinx! Tell me, who is suffering retribution?"

Yvette's knuckles turned white, and the blood on her face instantly disappeared!

She thought, Yazmin is right! This is my fault.

I used to pester Lance to cause this to happen.

But even if I am nobody, I would never allow others to slander the most important person in my heart.

Yvette felt that her hand could move again. Without any hesitation, she grabbed the kettle next to the table leg and threw it at Yazmin.

"Ah!"

The hot water sprayed on Yazmin's body.

Yazmin screamed and slipped under the bed.

Yvette seized the opportunity and kicked Yazmin's knee.

"Ah!" Yazmin cried in pain.

Yvette leaned her elbow against Yazmin's neck and said coldly, "Don't you like to pretend to be in a wheelchair? I'll help you! But remember that..."

Her eyes turned cold and sharp for a second.

"If you dare to scold my family again, I will make you disabled for life!"

Yazmin was stunned by the kick.

She didn't expect that Yvette, who was usually gentle and weak, would be so fierce.

Yazmin thought, she is a crazy woman!

She wanted to get up and hit back, but she saw a pair of leather shoes. Her eyes flashed, and she

immediately changed her tone. She trembled and said, "No, don't hit me!"

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Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 134 Get Lost!

Yvette sneered, "Yazmin, let me tell you. I don't want Lance. What's there to show off about a piece of trash.

that I don't want!"

Yazmin was not angry at all. Instead, she was extremely satisfied.

She thought, scold! Scold!

In this way, Lance would never like this slut.

He will divorce her in the next second!

Yvette continued, "Since you love Lance so much, then I'll fulfill your wish! Congratulations! Bitches, you will

be stuck with each other forever!"

These words caused the man behind them to pause in his steps. His entire handsome face became gloomy!

He thought, bitch?

Yvette speaks so sharply! How could she say that?

Yazmin didn't like to hear this either. She said angrily, "Why did you scold me?"

“Oh, I almost forgot. You should be a mistress!”

These words successfully made Yazmin’s face turn red.

Yvette sneered, “Don’t worry. Even if you successfully marry Lance, you will still be a home wrecker. It will be a

shame for your life. Don’t provoke me again!”

Yazmin’s face twisted when she heard this. These words did not irritate Lance, but made Yazmin angry!

But she still endured it. As long as she could become Lance’s wife, she could endure any anger.

“What do you mean? Are you threatening me?” she said pitifully in the face of Yvette’s threat.

Yvette sneered, “Yes, I am threatening you. I have lost everything. I have nothing to fear.”

Yazmin laughed in her heart.

That was what she wanted. She wanted Lance to see Yvette’s fierce face.

Lance stepped in. Seeing that, Yazmin thought, the time is ripe for action.

She was tearful and pretended to have just seen Lance. Her voice trembled as she shouted, “Lance, save me.”

When she saw Yazmin’s hypocritical performance, Yvette’s sneer deepened.

She thought, Yazmin, do you think you’re the only one who saw Lance?

I saw him just now too!

Yvette had said those words deliberately!

She thought, if these words can stimulate Lance to divorce me, I will say more!

Isn’t that enough? Well, I can continue!

Yvette grabbed Yazmin's hair and slapped her again.

She thought, doesn't Yazmin want Lance to see me crazy?

Then it would be better to be completely crazy!

Yvette picked up the glass fragment on the ground and pressed it against Yazmin's face. She smiled coldly and said, "Who can save you? Guess it! If I cut your face, what would happen?"

Yazmin was scared!

She thought, what is going on with this crazy woman?

Why is she still mad when she hears that Lance is here?

Yazmin did not want to risk her beauty. She collapsed and cried, "Lance, save me..."

Finally, the man behind Yvette rushed over, grabbed the broken glass in Yvette's hand, and dragged her over.

Unexpectedly, Yvette's back hit the bedside table with a bang.

Instantly, she was in pain, and the cold sweat was forced out.

Lance's expression changed, and he unconsciously squatted forward. He reached out to help her up and said nervously, "Does it hurt?"

The next second, his hand was mercilessly waved away.

"Get lost!"

Yvette's pale little face was full of disgust.

Lance's hand froze in the air, and his face was particularly gloomy.

Suddenly, he was held by someone.

Yazmin hugged Lance tightly, and her whole body was trembling.

She was so frightened that she was incoherent. “Lance, Yvette is crazy. My knees have been crushed by her. It hurts so much. Please save me. She is crazy. She wants to kill me.”

The nurse also came in and was shocked to see the mess in the room. She quickly went forward to help

Yvette to the bed.

The wound on Yvette’s ear was cracked again. Blood was flowing out, but she seemed to feel no pain. She looked coldly at the man and woman who were entangled with each other. Her eyes were full of sarcasm.

Yazmin was helped to the wheelchair by Lance, but she still held Lance’s hand and cried. Her whole body trembled as if she was really scared.

Yvette thought, Yazmin, you are a perfect liar.

If it was Yvette in the past, she would be afraid of being misunderstood and start to explain in a panic.

But now her heart was broken.

She just wanted to divorce as soon as possible. The farther away she was from this adulterous couple, the

better. She would never see them again in this life.

Although Lance was holding Yazmin, he still looked at Yvette worriedly.

He ordered the nurse, “Hurry up and get the doctor to come over!”

Yazmin thought that Lance was looking for a doctor to see her injury. She held his hand tightly and said with

a trembling voice, “Lance, I don’t want to be here. Yvette is crazy. I am so scared. Take me out.”

Yvette sneered, “That’s right, Mr. Wolseley, hurry up and bring your sweetheart out. Otherwise, I’m afraid that I

can't help but break her neck. When the time comes, your heart will ache even more."

Lance frowned and pushed away Yazmin's hand. He walked towards Yvette and even extended his hand to

explain, "Yvette, I didn't..."

"Lance!"

Yazmin suddenly grabbed his sleeve and said in a panic, "Be careful! Yvette is crazy. Because you saved me,

she blamed us for the miscarriage. She wants to kill us! Don't get close."

What Yvette did not want to hear the most was the miscarriage. However, Yazmin kept mentioning it to

provoke her.

It was too late for Lance to stop Yazmin.

"Scram! Get the hell out of here!"

Yvette roared. Her eyes were filled with disgust, staring at them hatefully.

Seeing Lance was standing still, she reached out to grab the crystal ornament at the head of the bed and

threw it at him.

There was a thud.

The sharp edges of the crystal ornament hit Lance's chest, and his face turned pale.

"Help! Someone, come here!"

Yazmin screamed crazily as if she was terrified of Yvette to the extreme.

After the doctor came in, Yazmin was still shivering. "Doctor, quickly see if this person is crazy. Can you

transfer her to a mental hospital? She wants to kill...”

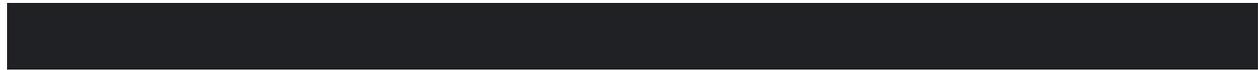
“Shut up!”

Before Yazmin could finish her words, Lance interrupted her coldly.

Then, he pushed Yazmin’s wheelchair out of the room and considerately pushed Yazmin back to her ward.

After returning to the ward, Lance closed the door and put his hands in his pockets.

He looked at Yazmin and asked, “What did you say to Yvette?”



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Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 135 Lance Can’t Tell Right From Wrong

This question made Yazmin’s heart skip a beat.

She thought, I am already in such a miserable state, but Lance didn’t let the doctor treat me first, but cared

about this instead.

Moreover, her kneecap was still in pain. Yazmin didn’t know if it had been crushed by Yvette.

Yazmin was angry in her heart, but she didn’t show it on her face. Her eyes were watery.

“I just went over to see her, I didn’t expect that Yvette would pounce on me like crazy before I even said a few

words. I was almost scared to death.”

“So... What did you just say?” Lance looked at her deeply with his dark eyes.

Yazmin did not expect Lance to be so stubborn. He was such a handsome man. Under his gaze, she would

unconsciously panic.

Yazmin's eyes fluttered as she cried, "I said, 'What happened to you, Yvette? Why do you look so pale?'" Who

knew that she would suddenly pounce on me and hit me?"

Lance stared at her swollen face and said coldly, "Didn't you say anything that irritated her?"

Yazmin denied, "No, I didn't. She kept saying that we killed the child."

She shook the wheelchair and approached Lance. She grabbed the corner of his clothes and said pitifully, "Lance, I am so scared. You don't know how terrible she was just now. She smashed me with a kettle and

stepped on me. Look, my arms and knees are injured."

As she spoke, Yazmin rolled up her clothes and showed Lance the injuries on her arms and knees.

These injuries were all genuine and could not be faked.

Lance frowned. Yazmin was exceptionally happy in her heart.

She thought, Lance must be feeling sorry for me.

She hid her joy and probed, "Lance, will you send Yvette to a mental hospital? I feel that she is a bit

abnormal.*

"It's none of your business."

Lance said expressionlessly. The soft light shined on his handsome face, making him look gentle.

He said, "The person who kidnapped you a few days ago..."

Yazmin interrupted, "Lance, did you catch them? If you catch them, you must kill them!"

She said with extreme hatred.

“No.” Lance looked at Yazmin and said, “Those people all fell off the cliff and died.”

“They deserve it!” Yazmin was filled with indignation.

This result was already within her expectations.

Because she was the employer of those gangsters. It was impossible for these people to swagger through.

the urban area when fleeing. They would definitely choose the nearest winding mountain road.

There were cliffs on both sides of the road. This group of people would die.

Yazmin was in a good mood. She had been sullen for many days. This time, she finally won.

She not only vented her anger but also solved her worries.

She thought, from now on, Lance should only be disgusted with that crazy woman.

It is time for me to get close to Lance.

“Lance, thank you for saving me again.”

The word “again” made Lance frown.

Thinking about the scene of Yvette lying on the hospital bed, Lance was heartbroken.

Suddenly, Yazmin reached out to hug him.

Her entire face was buried in Lance’s embrace. “If it were not for you, my situation would be worse now. I

might have gone crazy like Yvette...”

Just as Lance was about to push her away, the door was kicked open.

Ellen came in.

When Ellen saw them, her face was full of ridicule. “Well. It seems that I came at a bad time. Did I disturb the two of you?”

When Lance heard this, his eyebrows frown.

Yazmin was so scared that she hid behind Lance and said, “Why did you barge into someone else’s ward?”

She knew that Ellen was Yvette’s best friend. They had met at the gathering.

“Don’t mind me. I will leave soon. You can continue after I leave.”

Ellen specially painted her red lips before entering the door. At the moment, her smile is full of momentum.

Yazmin thought that Ellen would come to find Lance on behalf of Yvette. A sinister look flashed in her eyes,

and she said very unhappily, “Ms. Robbins, this is my ward. Please go out!”

Yazmin thought, if it was a year ago, I would be more polite to Ellen because the Robbins family was as

powerful as the Myers family at that time.

But now, the Robbins family is suppressed by Jamie. It is said that the company relies on Ellen to hook up

with men to maintain its business.

She is a cheap bitch. I don’t need to be polite to her!

Ellen sneered, “What? If I go out, how can I see you hanging on someone else’s husband?”

“What nonsense are you spouting!”

Yazmin glared at Ellen angrily. She thought, another person's husband? in my heart, Lance is my husband.

Even if he is not my husband now, he will be my husband in the future.

It will happen sooner or later!

“Am I wrong?” Ellen stared at Yazmin sharply, her red lips curling up.

“Just now, a mistress ran up to Yvette and barked. After that, she even made a false accusation. You are so

shameless!”

Yazmin shouted at the top of her lungs. “Who are you talking about? Who is the mistress!”

“Well. Whose arms were you in just now? This is the hospital. It is so shameless to hold someone else's

husband in a public area. It can be seen from this that you must have had a dirty relationship in private!”

Ellen looked at them with disgust in her eyes.

She thought, what shameless men and women!

I have to vent my anger today.

Lance said coldly, “Ellen, pay attention to your wording.”

When Ellen thought of Yvette getting injured again, she was filled with anger.

She retorted back, “Yes, people should pay attention to their wording. But not me.”

Ellen clicked her tongue and said, “Some people dress appropriately, but they always do dirty things. What's

worse, he is still blind. He can't tell right from wrong.”

Every sentence was meaningful, making Lance's jaw tighten.

Ellen continued, “Mr. Wolseley, I have an ophthalmologist that I know. Do you need me to introduce him to

you?”

Her words were clearly saying that I was scolding you.

Instantly, Lance emitted an aura that could freeze a person.

He was no longer polite to Ellen, and said, “Get out!”

Being interrupted by Ellen at a key time, Yazmin was very angry.

She pretended to be gentle and said, “Ms. Robbins, you came here because Yvette told you something, right? However, the truth is not what she said. Her mental state is not very good now. Not all her words are

believable...”

Her words implied that Yvette was a person with mental problems.

Ellen could not help but sneer. She thought, Yazmin never let go of any chance to smear Yvette.

“Yazmin, are you saying that Yvette urged me to come to find trouble with you? Is that what you mean?”

“I don’t mean that. It’s just that she looked terrible when she went crazy just now. I just reminded you, Ms.

Robbins...”

Ellen sneered, “Well. You are such a stubborn fool!”

[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 136](#)

Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 136 I Wish You a Good End

Before Yazmin could react, Ellen asked, “Since you said that Yvette beat you, then tell me, why did she beat

you?”

Yazmin’s face froze instantly, and a strong sense of uneasiness surged in her mind.

She panicked and said, “I said that there was something wrong with her brain. So how would I know what she

was thinking?”

Ellen’s smile disappeared as she said in a deep tone.

“You said that she was a stray dog that Mr. Wolseley abandoned. You said that the baby in her stomach was a bastard and deserved to die. You also said that she was responsible for the death of her entire family...”

Ellen repeated what Yazmin said.

The more Yazmin listened, the uglier her face became. She cried, “You’re talking nonsense!”

Yazmin thought, in the past, Yvette had never said anything when I abused her. I did not expect that she

would actually tell Ellen everything I said..

However, since I dared to abuse her, I was not afraid of her complaining.

Moreover, she has no evidence to prove that I am the one who said it.

Ellen smiled, “Don’t be so hurry. I haven’t finished it yet. You also said that you changed the paternity test certificate and the pregnancy test sheet. Lance knew about it, but he couldn’t bear to blame you.”

Lance’s handsome face did not change after he heard what Ellen said, but he inexplicably looked cold.

Lance asked, “Yazmin, is that so?”

“I didn’t say it.”

Yazmin would not admit it. Her eyes became watery as she said pitifully, “Lance, I never said that. Ms.

Robbins is slandering me.”

Yazmin looked at Ellen and said with a grievance, “Ms. Robbins, I have no enmity with you. I know that you are doing this for Yvette. I can sue you for slander. However, you are her friend. I’ll let you go this time. I hope

that you

will take care of yourself and stop framing me.”

What Yazmin said made Ellen almost vomit.

It seemed that Yazmin was generous, but in fact, what she said meant that Ellen was slandering her for Yvette. She hinted that Ellen slandered her because of Yvette’s instructions.

What Yazmin said sounded so phony!

Ellen didn’t want to waste any time with Yazmin. She sneered, “Yazmin, you are just relying on the fact that

there are no surveillance cameras in the ward!”

She paused and took out a digital recorder from her bag. She shook it and said, “Now I will let you be

convinced!”

Yazmin looked at the digital recorder in Ellen’s hand. Her face finally collapsed.

The next second.

Her voice was clearly heard from the digital recorder.

What she said was no different from what Ellen had said. There were even some more vicious words she said

that Ellen had not repeated.

In an instant, Yazmin was stunned!

Ellen looked at her pale face and smiled, “What a coincidence it was! When you went into the ward, I just left. Then, I found that my digital recorder was missing. When I went back to find it, I heard your wonderful

remarks!”

Ellen carried the digital recorder with her and originally wanted to use it to record what Jamie said.

Unexpectedly, when she went to the ward to visit Yvette, she took out her phone and dropped the digital

recorder under the bed. Moreover, it happened that she accidentally turned it on.

Fortunately, Yazmin entered the ward immediately after her. Otherwise, the digital recorder would not last

long.

“It’s fake! It’s all fake!”

Yazmin tremblingly pulled Lance’s sleeve as she said, “Lance, don’t listen to her nonsense. These must be fake. Yvette must be jealous of me, so she asked Ellen to slander me. It must be!”

Yazmin refused to admit it and insisted that it was a trap.

“She is jealous of you?”

Ellen smiled, “Yazmin, don’t you have a mirror at home?”

“Is Yvette jealous of your artificial face, or is she jealous that you are good at seducing her husband?”

“Or is she jealous that when you see a man, you will instantly be weak, or is she jealous that you are born

with a phony tone?”

Every word Ellen said made Yazmin furious.

If Lance was not at present, Yazmin would have already rushed up to tear Ellen's mouth apart!

Lance slowly pulled the corner of his clothes out of Yazmin's hand and looked down at Yazmin.

"Yazmin, did you take what I said to you last time seriously?"

He meant what he had said to Yazmin when Lena was taken away that night.

A chill spread all over her body. Yazmin shivered with cold. She pinched herself hard, and tears instantly

rolled down her face.

"Lance, it really isn't me. Don't believe her. She is on the same side as Yvette. She will definitely help Yvette."

"Ha!" Ellen mocked. "If you doubt it, I don't mind asking a professional agency to appraise it and see if it is synthesized or not."

"Shut up!" Yazmin said hatefully.

"You are best friends. Of course, you will join forces to frame me!"

No matter what, Yazmin knew that it had nothing to do with her if she did not admit it.

Ellen did not want to waste time with Yazmin. She put the digital recorder into her bag and looked at Yazmin.

"I don't want to waste any time with you here. But I warn you, if you dare to bully my best friend again, your malicious remarks will spread widely on the Internet. I will let all the people in New York know your ugly face. Mistress, be ready to be notorious!"

"How dare you!" Yazmin was furious. She looked at Lance pitifully and cried, "Lance, she is slandering me. You can't let her take this digital recorder away!"

"Just say that you are afraid. Stop pretending!"

Ellen looked at Yazmin with disdain as she said, “As long as you behave yourself and don’t provoke Yvette, this recording will not be exposed.”

Ellen knew that if Lance intervened in this matter, the recording would not spread even if she spent a lot of money.

However, keeping it would intimidate Yazmin and make Yazmin less come to disturb Yvette.

“By the way, don’t be afraid. Yvette will never snatch Lance from you.”

Ellen looked at Lance and smiled, “Such a man who caused his wife to have a miscarriage in order to save his ex-girlfriend, I believe Yvette will never want him anymore!”

Her words finally caused Lance’s delicate and indifferent face to change.

Ellen felt completely at ease.

“You can continue. I wish you two a long good harmony. I hope you have a good end.”

Then, Ellen turned around and left.

It didn’t matter whether Lance believed her or not. In any case, Ellen didn’t expect him to suddenly change his

mind!

Ellen hoped that Yazmin and Lance would be together forever and never disturb Yvette.

Ellen had only taken two steps when Lance’s cold voice sounded from behind her.

“Ms. Robbins.”

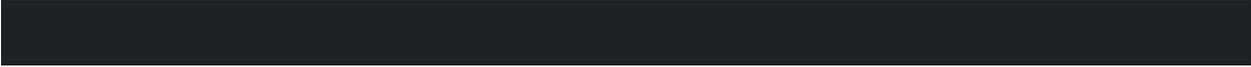
Lance’s dark eyes shone with a cold light as he said in a low voice, “I hope you will watch your language in

front of Yvette. Otherwise, I will make Jamie have more time to stay with you.”

Ellen was extremely angry and thought, this sinister man really knows my weak point.

He is indeed Jamie’s buddy. Their styles of doing things are exactly the same.

Ellen had an angry look on her face. “You’re threatening me!”



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 137](#)

Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 137 Yazmin’s True Face Is Revealed

Lance’s eyes were dark as he said, “Watch your mouth. You know what you shouldn’t say.”

Ellen seemed to have realized something. She said, “Mr. Wolseley, you think Yvette will forgive you, right?”

Looking at Lance’s expression, Ellen knew that she had guessed correctly.

It seemed that the novels she read were based on reality.

The good-looking and rich president had self-confidence in love.

How could Ellen miss out on such a good thing as harming Lance to avenge Yvette?

“Mr. Wolseley, don’t worry. I won’t talk about nonsense, but...”

Ellen paused and said, “Once Yvette decides on something, she will be much more determined than you

think!”

Lance clenched his fists and stood there for a few seconds before returning to the ward.

When Yazmin saw Lance, she hurriedly asked, “Lance, have you gotten the digital recorder?”

When she saw Lance chase after Ellen, she thought that he was going to help her get the digital recorder.

Yazmin thought, look, no matter what others said, Lance couldn’t bear to hurt me.

He didn’t pursue the matter of me exchanging the appraisal certificates.

I was beaten like this by Yvette this time and suffered such a big loss. Lance definitely won’t pursue this

matter.

It is just that I have to delay the matter of becoming his wife and make other plans.

It was all Ellen’s fault. She set me up.

When I become Lance’s wife, I will make the Robbins family bankrupt, and then I will make Ellen kneel in front

of me and beg for my mercy.

Yazmin was lost in her fantasy, so she did not even notice when Lance approached her.

“Yazmin.”

A low voice sounded in front of her. Yazmin looked up and saw Lance.

The incandescent light shone on his head. His facial features were as delicate as a statue.

In an instant, Yazmin’s heart raced uncontrollably.

No matter how many times she looked at Lance’s handsome face, she would be moved.

“Lance, what’s wrong?” Yazmin asked gently.

Lance said coldly, “You don’t have to go abroad for surgery.”

Yazmin was so happy that she felt like she was hit by a falling diamond.

She said happily, “Really? Lance, you won’t lie to me, will you?”

Lance said, “I didn’t lie to you.”

Yazmin thought, the happiness came so suddenly. It seems that I can plan to be his wife.

Yazmin reached out to hug Lance, but Lance took a step back.

Bang!

Yazmin failed to hug Lance, and the inertia made her fall from the wheelchair to the ground.

“Ah!” she cried out in pain, tears swirling in her eyes.

Yazmin lay on the ground, looked up at Lance with her watery eyes, and acted like a spoiled child. “Lance, it

hurts so much...”

“You can’t get up?” Lance asked condescendingly.

His charming voice made Yazmin fall into a trance.

She was practically kneeling at his feet.

His slender legs that were outlined by hard pants were constantly emitting strong male hormones, making

Yazmin’s body heat up.

Her voice became even more tender and alluring.

“Yes, it hurts. Please carry me up...”

Yazmin was looking forward to Lance carrying her to the bed when Lance’s cold voice sounded.

“Then don’t get up any longer.”

Yazmin looked over in shock. She could not believe her ears. “Lance, what did you say?”

Lance revealed a cold smile as he said, “Yazmin, I have given you many chances.”

Yazmin was stunned, and then she felt that something was wrong.

She quickly reached out to grab Lance’s leg. As soon as she opened her mouth, her tears fell. “Lance...”

However, it was too late for her to realize it.

Before her hand could touch the edge of Lance’s trousers, she saw Lance lift his foot, and his shiny leather

shoe mercilessly stepped on her hand.

The hard soles of the shoe pressed down on her palm. Yazmin felt as if her fingers were crushed. The

unbearable pain made her pale, and she wailed in horror.

“Lance, what’s wrong with you? Look at me, I am Yazmin...”

Unfortunately, her cry could no longer arouse Lance’s pity.

The chances Lance gave her had already been squandered by her.

“Creak...”

Her finger bones were brutally crushed, and the crisp sound was horrific.

“I said that Yvette is my bottom line, but you keep challenging my bottom line!”
Lance’s face was cold, and his eyes were fierce.

The pain of her fingers being crushed made Yazmin burst into tears. She screamed miserably, “Lance, it’s not like that. Don’t believe her. I didn’t do that... It’s not me...”

Her trembling voice was not convincing at all.

Lance squatted down and turned her face with his slender and beautiful fingers. His voice was cold.

“Do you think I will believe Ellen?”

His words rekindled hope in Yazmin. Her tears kept falling, and she said sadly and pitifully.

“Lance, since you don’t believe her, why do you treat me like this? I really didn’t say those words. It is your child. So how can I say that it is a bastard...?”

Suddenly, Yazmin’s voice stopped.

She saw Lance play the video on his phone.

“You and the bastard in your stomach... It deserves to die...”

Her vicious words and her ferocious expression were recorded by the surveillance camera.

Lance was afraid that something would happen to Yvette, so he asked someone to install a camera in her ward. Only he could check it. After Ellen left, he turned on the replay of the surveillance camera. He couldn’t

watch it anymore after a short while.

This was the girl he had doted on for so many years. How could Yazmin be so vicious?

The fear instantly rushed from her mind to her head. Yazmin felt as if she had fallen into an icehouse, trembling non-stop.

“Yazmin.”

Lance said word by word in a horrific tone, “Do you think you are very smart?”

“No, it’s not like that... Lance, it’s fake...”

Yazmin stammered, and her face became pale.

She looked up at Lance. It was clearly still the same face, but at this moment, his face made her feel extremely strange and fearful.

“Is it fake?”

Lance seemed to be smiling, but his hand that was pinching the bottom of her jaw had an absolutely heavy

force.

“Are you saying that your illness is fake, or that your being kidnapped is fake?”

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 138](#)

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 138 Send Her to a Mental Hospital!

Yazmin suddenly widened her eyes.

How could that be?

Yazmin thought, my plan was flawless. Whether it is my illness or my being kidnapped, I am sure that there

was no flaw left behind.

Lance must be lying to me.

Yes, that must be it!

“Lance, what are you talking about? I don't understand.” Yazmin endured the pain and continued to pretend to be innocent with tears in her eyes.

“Your injection was from abroad. As for the car that fell off the cliff and exploded, Frankie investigated the

cars that happened to pass by at that time. The dash cam showed that the car was obviously out of control.

Those kidnapers risked their lives to ask for 1.6 million dollars, but they prepared a car with a problem with

the brake.”

Lance calmly explained, “Yazmin, do you think that there is no evidence anyway, so you treat me as a fool?”

His tone was so light that it was as if he was talking about what to eat at night.

But every word he said made Yazmin feel her hands and feet go numb and sent a chill down her spine.

Her voice was sad, and she desperately shook her head. “No, no... Lance, listen to me...”

The salty tears dripped onto Lance’s wrist. Lance felt a burst of disgust, and he suddenly shook off Yazmin.

Yazmin’s weak body was pushed back by his sudden force.

Bang!

Her back slammed into a corner of the cabinet, and she felt a sharp pain as if her back was broken.

“Ah!”

Yazmin’s face twisted in pain, looking ugly..

But no matter how miserable she was, she could not arouse Lance’s mercy.

“Yazmin, you know that I hate people playing tricks the most. In the past, I indulged you because I owed you a

debt. Now that I have repaid your favor, let’s settle the debt you owe me!”

In fact, Lance had doubted it before, but he had been numb himself and felt that Yazmin should be the innocent and kind little girl in his memory.

Lance did not want to think about it or investigate it. When the truth appeared in front of Lance, his first

reaction was how he should face Yvette.

Yvette clearly told him several times about Yazmin’s true face, but he just did not believe her.

Thinking of how heartbroken Yvette was, Lance could not help but feel pain.

Lance thought, it was my indulgence that hurt Yvette.

It was me who left her behind that made her lose her child.

And it was also my child.

Lance's deep and fierce eyes made Yazmin feel like she was a sinner waiting for judgment.

Finally, she felt fear.

She cried in pain, "Lance, you can't do this. I did such things because I love you. I love you so much that I don't want to lose you. I said those words because I was jealous of Yvette. Why can she get you? I clearly know you more than she did!"

Lance looked cold after he heard what Yazmin said, "Yazmin, I have nothing else to do with you other than

owing to your debt. Don't you know this fact?"

His words made Yazmin despair.

"No! It's impossible! You lied to me!"

Yazmin burst into tears and said in disbelief, "Are you lying to me? How can you never love me? Didn't you

treat me well because you love me? How is that possible?"

Yazmin had always lived in her fantasy. She loved Lance's good looks and loved his status.

A single look from Lance could make Yazmin imagine countless possibilities.

Yazmin had never thought that her imagination would be broken so thoroughly one day.

In front of her, Lance made a phone call and ordered, "Frankie, connect to Shoal Mental Institution. Ms. Myers becomes delirious and needs treatment urgently."

Yazmin felt that something was wrong after hearing what Lance said.

Shoal Mental Institution...

It was a mental hospital for receiving mentally ill people in New York.

In an instant, her mind seemed to have gone blank, and her hands and feet kept trembling!

Lance was actually sending her to the mental hospital!

It was not a place for normal people to stay!

Her lips kept trembling as she said, "Lance, what did you say? Are you joking?"

"Isn't it the place where you wanted to send Yvette to?"

What Lance said was like a thorny whip that ruthlessly whipped her face, causing Yazmin to feel great pain!

Yazmin had never expected that Lance would use all of her moves against Yvette on her.

Lance's handsome face was filled with ridicule and coldness. His words were like knives that stabbed her

heart.

I'll send you to experience it now.

In an instant, Yazmin trembled violently, and her eyes were filled with endless fear.

She did not care about her face and self-esteem anymore. She knelt at the feet of Lance.

She cried, "Lance, I was wrong. I know I was wrong. I should not have framed Yvette. I will never do it again. Please, don't send me to the mental hospital."

However, Lance just sneered and prepared to leave without looking at her.

Yazmin was in despair. She knew that once Lance left, she would be sent to the mental hospital.

She said sharply, “Lance, what right do you have to do this to me? I have my family! Aren’t you afraid that my father will get even with you if you lock me up in the mental hospital?”

“So Collin also knows that you are pretending to be sick, right?” Lance said with a sneer.

Yazmin could not react in an instant.

All along, Lance had always called her father Mr. Myers. This was the first time Lance had called her father’s name so disrespectfully.

Yazmin averted her eyes as she said, “No, no... My father doesn’t know it.”

Did Collin not know it?

A hint of disgust flashed across Lance’s face. If he didn’t know that the researcher of the injection had a good relationship with Collin, he might have believed what Yazmin said.

Lance shot Yazmin a cold look. “Did you not think about the consequences when your family teamed up to lie

you. As to me? Since Collin wants me to take care of his daughter so much, I will help him take good care of for him getting even with me...”

Lance paused and asked, “Do you think Collin will choose his career or you?”

Suddenly, Yazmin fell into the depths of despair.

If Collin was to make a choice, he would have chosen his career without even thinking.

Lance had thoroughly known the conduct of her family.

Lance opened the door, and Frankie stood outside with two strong bodyguards.

Without looking back, Lance said coldly, “Take her away.”

Yazmin watched the two bodyguards approach her in horror. She cried hysterically, “I don’t want to there!!

go

don’t want to!”

However, Lance seemed to not hear her and turned to leave.

“Don’t come over...”

Yazmin grabbed a fruit knife from somewhere and placed it on her neck. She shouted, “If you want to take me away, I will kill myself!”

[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 139](#)

Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 139 We Are Done

Frankie signaled for the bodyguard to stop and then looked at Lance, waiting for his instructions.

Yazmin seemed to see an opportunity. Her eyes were bloodshot. She cried, “Lance, will you be so cruel to me? I saved your life before!”

Yazmin was gambling. She did not believe that Lance was so ruthless.

Yazmin thought, what did he mean that he had repaid me? Is that all?

Yazmin decided she would use the debt he owed her to hold Lance hostage for a lifetime so that he would never be able to get rid of her.

Sure enough, Lance stopped. He turned around and walked towards her step by step.

Then, he squatted down in front of her. His slender and beautiful fingers held her hand that was holding the knife. He said softly, “Don’t be like this.”

In an instant, Yazmin was moved to tears.

Yazmin thought, I’ve won. I’ve won!

Yazmin knew that Lance looked cold but was affectionate. Otherwise, he wouldn't have taken care of her for

so long.

She felt like getting a lost treasure, which was lost and gained again..

Yazmin sobbed and said, "Lance, I knew it. You won't ignore me."

All she wanted to do now was to throw away the fruit knife and hug Lance affectionately.

However, Lance held her hand tightly with such force as if he was crushing her hand.

It was so painful that Yazmin's face changed. She wanted to struggle, but her other hand was injured by

Lance and had no strength.

She trembled and reminded him, "Lance, you hurt me..."

Lance acted as if he did not hear it. He took her hand and moved the hilt less than one inch up. Then he said

slowly. "The position just now wasn't a major artery. You won't die. You have to cut it here, understand?"

In a split second, Yazmin's body shook violently.

For the first time, Yazmin experienced a terrifying fear, as if she would die in his hands in the next second.

The dark side of Lance's angel face was as terrifying as a devil!

"Why don't you cut it now?"

"Do you want me to help you?" Lance said in a gloomy tone, looking at her expressionlessly.

Then, Lance held her hand and aimed it at the fatal place. He pressed her thumb down.

Yazmin trembled. She was scared to death.

“No, no, Lance, let go.”

Lance narrowed his eyes. He did not loosen his hands at all. Every word he uttered sounded terrifying.

“Aren’t you going to die?”

The knife cut through the skin on the surface, and the blood flowed along the hilt to Yazmin’s nails, then to

her arms.

“Ah, don’t, don’t...”

Yazmin trembled violently. She felt like her soul was about to shatter.

“Save me! Save me! Frankie, save me!”

Just now, Yazmin resisted being taken away by Frankie, but now she only wanted Frankie to take her away

immediately.

At least she could still live in the asylum and had a chance to come out.

In Lance’s hand, however, her blood would probably be drained in the next second.

Frankie saw that it was about time and quickly walked to Lance’s side. “Mr. Wolseley, leave it to me.”

With a fierce fling, Lance threw Yazmin onto the ground.

Yazmin shook terribly. She had no strength at all. She felt like she had just survived a disaster.

Lance took a wet towel and slowly wiped the dirt off his hands.

He looked coldly at Yazmin, who was like a homeless dog. In a cold voice, he said, "When I catch Emilie, if I find out that you are related, I will make you live a life worse than death in the mental hospital."

After that, he turned around and left.

After a full five minutes, Yazmin burst into tears, and the hatred in her eyes surged out uncontrollably.

Yazmin thought, how come Lance treated me like this for that bitch?

Did he think that a mental hospital could trap me inside?

When I come out, I will not let them have a good time.

The hatred in Yazmin's eyes was as terrifying as a poisonous scorpion.

She was shouting silently in her heart, Lance! You will regret it!

In the ward.

Yvette looked at her right hand quietly. She wanted to hold it tightly but was unable to apply any strength.

9/5

The nurse looked at Yvette, and her nose stung. She comforted Yvette, "Although your hand doesn't have too much strength, you can still hold a pen and write. It's just that you can't hold a pen for a long time. You may feel your hand is too weak to do so..."

The nurse found that Yvette seemed to care about her right hand very much. The more she spoke, the softer her voice became. Finally, she soothed Yvette, "During the rehabilitation period, you can try to use your left hand."

After the nurse left, Yvette was still looking at her hand.

Because the tendons in her palm had been cut off by glass that day, her right hand could no longer hold a pen for a long time.

No wonder her right hand would tremble when she tried to use any force.

Yvette wondered if she could still draw design drafts.

She wanted to comfort herself that it did not matter and that her right hand was not completely useless.

But looking at the hand that trembled when she tried to use it, Yvette could not help but shed tears. Before

long, the snow-white bedding became wet.

Yvette thought, what heinous things did I do in my last life that I should be treated like this?

First, it was Grandma, then my baby, and now would I be deprived of my healthy and normal hands?

Lance saw this when he pushed open the door. His heart ached as if it had been pierced by needles.

Suddenly, Lance, who had always been resolute and decisive, felt a little afraid to step forward.

He did not know how to comfort Yvette.

For the first time, Lance hated himself so much. Yvette had scolded him right before. He had been blind

indeed to allow Yazmin to hurt Yvette again and again.

Now that he had woken up, he did not want to waste any more time.

Lance quickly walked over and wanted to say something.

Yvette did not give him even a glance, as if there was no one standing beside the bed. Lance was just as

invisible as the air.

Yvette completely ignored him.

After a few days of recuperation, Yvette had not gained any weight. Instead, she was even thinner than a few

days before. Her back was as thin as a piece of paper.

She did not have any energy and vitality that a young girl should have.

Deep in Lance's heart, regret surged.

He reached out to wipe away the tears hanging from the corners of Yvette's eyes. At this moment, Yvette was no longer indifferent.

Get Borus

She moved to the side, alert and cold. "What are you doing?"

The wariness in her eyes stung Lance's heart.

"Have you had any food?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"Lance, it's not appropriate for us to talk about daily life," Yvette replied with a sarcastic smile.

Lance's Adam's apple bobbed in his throat. A short moment later, he said, "Yvette, Yazmin has been sent to

the mental hospital."

Yvette looked calm. She didn't care about where Yazmin was. She cared about that before only because she

loved Lance.

Now that Yvette no longer loved him, Yazmin's existence would no longer hurt her.

Yvette's indifference stung Lance. He could not help but hold her hand and said guiltily, "In the future, I will no

longer care anything about her."

For a moment, Yvette's hand stiffened a little, and she pulled back without the slightest hesitation.

Her resistance and rejection were very obvious.

"Lance, your promise no longer counts for me."

Having been disappointed again and again, Yvette would never believe him again..

"Go out. And don't come back unless you want to talk about divorce." She was unhappy and did not want to

talk to him.

The moment Lance heard the word divorce, he felt the nerves in his brain throbbing painfully.

Subconsciously, he said coldly, "I won't divorce."

Yvette was not angry. She just smiled and said, "You will."

Lance looked gloomy. He did not know why Yvette was so sure that he would agree to divorce.

He did not have any thoughts of divorce at all. How could he divorce her?

"Yvette, Let me say it one last time. I will not divorce you."

After saying that, Lance held her tightly in his arms regardless of her resistance. For several days, he did not

dare to hold her, afraid that she had not recovered yet.

Now, the lightly sweet taste of her, which Lance had longed for a long time, was there, right in his arms.

The whole world seemed to quiet down.

Lance wanted to lock the time at that moment.

Even if Yvette did not resist, Lance did not dare to hold her for too long, because he could sense her indifference was almost coming from her bones.

Lance released her and held her arm instead. He looked at her deeply. “Honey, it’s all my fault. Please forgive

me for the last time.”

Yvette looked expressionless. She answered, uttering each word clearly, “Then I’ll tell you one last time. We’re

done. You can’t stop me from divorcing.”

The air was filled with unspeakable heat, making people’s hearts feel restless.

“What can you do if I don’t agree?” Lance’s face darkened.



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Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 140 Yvette Disappeared

Yvette only smiled with irony.

Suddenly, the door was kicked open with a bang.

Lance frowned. Just as he was about to ask who it was, he saw an unknown object fly over.

It was a black leather bag. It smashed onto Lance.

Tanya, dressed in white and black pants, rushed into the room in a rage. Her hand pounded heavily at Lance,

again and again.

Lance stood straight, without any resistance at all.

Finally, Tanya was tired. She said in a furious voice, “I asked you to take good care of Yvette. Is this how your

take care of her?”

When Tanya thought about how the baby was gone, she felt an indescribable pain in her heart.

She had already bought a lot of baby items, and now they were useless.

Tanya had wanted to discuss with Yvette that they would tell Jaiden about the baby six or seven months later when Yvette's pregnancy was stable. Now, Tanya was in grief and felt lucky somehow.

Fortunately, Tanya did not tell Jaiden yet.

Otherwise, Jaiden, who had just recovered, would probably not be able to withstand it.

Tanya could no longer care about Lance. She sat down by Yvette's bed and hugged her, crying in pain, "Yvette, you have suffered so much."

However, Yvette had cried too much. Her tears were exhausted. Her eyes were empty and cold, and she said

calmly, "Tanya, I want a divorce."

Lance's tall and straight body suddenly shook. He suddenly realized why Tanya would come here.

He did not tell Tanya because he was afraid that Yvette would make such a request.

Seeing that Yvette was so thin, Tanya felt her heart ached. "Yvette. Take care of your body first. When you get

better, I'll decide for you."

"No!" Lance said coldly.

Tanya's attention was on Yvette. She had ignored Lance's existence.

Now, she was furious. She scolded, "Get the hell out of here!"

However, Lance forcefully dragged Tanya to the door.

Not giving Tanya a chance to speak, he directly ordered Frankie, "Send my mother back."

"Lance, you little bastard. I'm your mother. You even dare to drive your mother away."

"Mom, you don't need to get involved in this matter. I won't divorce Yvette."

After saying that, Lance closed the door and locked it, blocking Tanya outside the door.

No matter how Tanya shouted outside the door, he did not seem to hear her. Step by step, he walked to

Yvette.

"Is this your way?"

"Do you think I'll listen to my mother just because you brought her here?" Lance asked with a cold smile.

Yvette seemed to think for a moment before asking seriously, "If your mother can't do it, what about

grandfather?"

In a split second, Lance lost his patience.

Lance thought, to get a divorce, you don't even care if my grandfather can bear this?

"Yvette, do you think you can see your grandfather now?" Lance demanded.

The noise outside the door had stopped. It seemed Tanya had been taken away by Frankie.

"Unless I die, there is always a way to see him, isn't it?" Yvette said indifferently.

Yvette had expected it would be hard to get a divorce. She had been prepared for a protracted war.

Lance looked at her expressionlessly. Suddenly, he smiled. His eyes were dyed red. He said, "You think you

can threaten me, right?"

Yvette was cold and indifferent. "You can go. I'm going to sleep."

Her expression was so cold that she didn't even bother to argue. It was as if Lance was just a stranger.

The alienation hurt Lance severely.

But if he were to divorce her, he would have to watch her leave him and run into another man's arms.

Just thinking about it made Lance feel like he couldn't control himself, let alone accept it.

Lance could not and would not accept it.

Yvette was ready to go to sleep. She needed to conserve her energy before she could think of a way to

divorce.

Lance suddenly leaned over and pulled her in front of him. Without hesitation, he lowered his head and

kissed her fiercely.

Yvette did not even struggle. She was as numb as an inanimate object, allowing him to do as he pleased.

Lance could not pry open her teeth, and when he met Yvette's emotionless gaze, he froze on the spot.

When he released her, Yvette said coldly, "It seems that you can't forget my body. However, if you agree to a divorce, maybe I can cooperate with you just once and treat it as a divorce gift."

Yvette had casually described what she had done as a bargain for a divorce. It was simply a blatant

humiliation.

Lance's handsome face became tense, and his patience seemed to have reached its limit.

"Yvette."

He seemed to be suppressing his anger as he asked word by word, "What do I have to do for you to forgive

me?"

Yvette was too lazy to repeat the word divorce. She said, "You know."

Lance stared into Yvette's eyes and said firmly, "Other than divorce."

"There is no way. I will never forgive you even if I die."

If Lance could disappear from her world, then she might slowly forget him.

Forgetting was the same as forgiving.

In an instant, Lance felt as if his heart had been fiercely gripped by an invisible hand, and even his breathing felt painful as if his throat had been torn through.

After a moment of pause, he said slowly, looking cold, "Then you can always hate me."

Then, as if he was afraid that Yvette would say something that would stab him, he directly strode away.

Lance thought that as long as he learned to escape, Yvette would slowly give up the idea of divorce.

However, something unexpected happened that night.

At two o'clock in the morning, when he was still working in the company to numb himself, the nurse called.

"Mr. Wolseley, bad news. Ms. Myers is missing."

