

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 141

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 141 Divorce

Lance rushed to the hospital. The first thing Frankie did when he arrived at the scene was to check the

surveillance video.

In the surveillance video, Yvette came out of the room at half past one in the morning while the nurse was

asleep.

Yvette got into the elevator barefoot in a white dress and never came down.

The elevator stopped on the 18th floor.

“Mr. Wolseley, it’s the top floor,” Frankie said with a serious expression.

As he heard this, Lance’s pupils suddenly shrank, and he immediately rushed out.

In the dark night, Yvette sat on the cement pier on the edge of the top floor.

Her hair was like seaweed, and her white dress was blown up by the wind, making her look even thinner. Her whole body was fragile like a crystal that would break in seconds.

When Lance saw this scene, his expression was unprecedentedly ugly. A feeling of panic crept into his heart.

“Yvette.”

He called out carefully as if he was afraid that she would be shattered.

Yvette acted as if she had not heard anything. She raised her head and stared at a certain place in the sky.

“Yvette, what are you looking at?” Lance lowered his voice, staring at her without blinking as he slowly approached her.

Yvette seemed to not have noticed and replied, “Baby.”

Lance stopped in his tracks and saw Yvette raise her slender arm and point at the sky. “The baby just came to say goodbye to me and went there.”

In a split second, it was as if a giant hammer had descended from the sky and ruthlessly smashed into

Lance’s heart.

His face gradually became pale, and his fingers by his side unconsciously trembled.

After a long time, he finally said with difficulty, “Can you come down first?”

Yvette said lightly, “Lance, can you let me go?”

“Yvette, come down. Let’s talk, okay?” The man was tense, and his tone was forbearing.

Yvette looked at the man’s face and knew that she had succeeded halfway.

Half of her plan was to make him think that she wanted to do something dangerous, and the other half was

to make him agree to divorce.

She could not really risk her life. Since she promised her grandmother that she would live a good life, she

would never break her promise.

But the first step to living a good life was to leave this man.

She must not let hatred occupy her life and lead her life.

She said that she was going to ask Jaiden for help, but in her heart, she did not want him to know that the

baby was gone.

Jaiden had given her warmth. She did not want him to be sad.

“Lance, let’s end this.” Yvette stared at him.

Being infatuated with him for ten years was the most wrong thing she had ever done.

She regretted it very much.

In the dark night, only the girl's little face was white to the point of glowing.

Lance still remembered that the first time he saw her, he felt that her pupils were especially beautiful and as bright as newborn babies', without any impurities.

Right now, those beautiful eyes were still very bright, but that soul-stirring spirit had disappeared, leaving

only empty brightness.

Why?

Why was it like this?

Heartache, panic, regret... all sorts of emotions filled his chest in an instant.

Lance felt that his breathing had become extremely difficult. His heart felt like it was being forcefully grabbed

by a hand!

Should he let her go?

He heard his own humble and begging voice. "Yazmin won't bother us again. Yvette, give me a chance. I will treat you well, and we will still be the same as before."

"Can the baby come back?" Yvette interrupted him.

With just five simple words, all the words that Lance wanted to say were shattered!

Even if he was rich enough, there were things he could not manage to do.

The baby could not come back, just like the fact that they could not go back to the past.

Thinking of the baby, Yvette suddenly collapsed and burst into tears.

She hoped that she was not lying to him. She wished that the baby really came to her dream and had gone to a beautiful paradise.

But it was not true. The baby had never been here.

She really missed the baby.

The baby was her only comfort when her grandmother died.

Why was her only consolation taken away?

It was as if she wanted to vent all of her emotions.

Her body was fluttering, and she was crying her heart out. "Lance, I beg you."

When she was in despair, she did not expect him to save her immediately. At the very least, he should have checked her location instead of hanging up the phone.

However, he hung up the phone.

When she was beaten up, she had been protecting her belly, and the baby had been supporting her for a long

time.

Finally, Lance's face was as pale as paper, and his heart ached as if it had been crushed.

The phone call he hung up on was his ever-lasting pain.

"I'm sorry, Yvette. I'm sorry."

He knew that she would not accept his apology, but other than being sorry, he did not know what to say.

For the first time, he knew what it meant to be powerless. If it was possible, he would rather risk his own life.

to bear this pain for her.

The baby was gone, and he was also sad.

When he thought of the child, it was like a dense thorn that stabbed into his heart.

However, he knew that his pain was far less than a tenth of Yvette's.

Yvette's long eyelashes fluttered, and pearl-like tears dripped down her pale little face.

"Lance, I beg you again. Don't make me hate you even more."

These words were like a butcher's knife dipped in poison, slicing and cutting every inch of Lance's skin.

He seemed to be unable to take it any longer, and he staggered backward, the fresh taste of blood filling his

throat.

It was as if a minute had passed, yet it was also like a thousand years had passed.

He felt his cold face, and he said in a hoarse voice, "Alright."

In the next day's afternoon...

After finishing the discharge procedures, Lance drove himself, and the two of them headed to City Hall.

Inside the car, the two of them were very quiet. The silence was the last harmony between them.

The journey of forty minutes was forcefully made by Lance into one of one and a half hours.

Since there was enough time, Yvette was calm and did not urge him.

Finally, they arrived.

When it was their turn, the staff said apologetically, "I'm sorry. There is a malfunction on the Internet. Do you

want to come back tomorrow or later?"

These words made Lance see a glimmer of hope.

But in the next second, hope was broken.

“We can wait,” Yvette said firmly.

What kind of joke was this? She didn’t want to wait for an entire night. She wanted to end it quickly.

A sour feeling welled up, and Lance pursed his lips tightly.

By the time the staff was about to get off work, the internet problem hadn’t been solved.

The people lining up behind them had all left, and only they were left there.

“Should we go back first?” Lance lowered his eyes and muttered.

Yvette looked at the clock on the wall and refused. “There are still ten minutes.”

Immediately, the man’s face turned pale. It was extremely ugly.

He wondered, does she really hate me to such an extent that she is unwilling to have anything to do with me

at all?

“Then you stay. I have to go back to deal with work.”

“No.”

Yvette was not a fool. How could she divorce alone?

“There is a contract waiting for me to sign. Can you compensate me for my loss?” Lance asked.

“You!” Yvette felt that he had done it on purpose.

She knew that any contract of the Wolseley Group was worth millions of dollars, so even if she sold herself, she wouldn’t be able to afford it.

Lance suddenly felt much better in his heart, and even his voice became a bit clearer. “If you can’t afford it,

then I'll be leaving.”

That was right. He was escaping.

Lance clearly knew that once she got the divorce certificate, she would immediately distance herself from

him.

If she had not threatened him with her life, how could he have let her go?

At that moment, the staff suddenly shouted, “No. 24, the problem is settled. Do you need to apply for it now?”



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Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 142 She Never Sees Him Again

Yvette considered it the most beautiful voice in the world. She grabbed the file from Lance and slammed it on

the table.

“Yes!”

Instantly, Lance who was tall and straight froze.

Very quickly, the divorce file with a seal was handed to them.

After Yvette took it, she put it carefully in her purse.

Lance did not take it, and his face got even paler.

He hated it.

Yvette took it and directly stuffed it into his arms, coldly saying. “Don't delay others from getting off work.”

The file was close to his chest, making his heart wrenched with pain.

When he stood still, Yvette had already left.

Lance regained his senses and immediately chased after her. When he saw Yvette stop a taxi, he grabbed her

who was about to get in the car.

Yvette wanted to shake him off, but he was holding her powerless right hand.

“Let me go!” Yvette looked at him indifferently.

Lance was hurt by her alienation, but he still didn't let her go. He said, “I'll go back with you.”

“No!” Yvette refused coldly.

The taxi driver saw that they were arguing, he let other passengers get on and drove away.

Yvette became angrier, but she could not shake off his hand.

She did not struggle with full strength, which raised Lance's hopes. But he still acted tough. “You want me to lift you, or you come with me?”

Yvette was so angry that she could not speak. In this one minute of silence, she was gently carried by Lance

into the car, and he even fastened her seat belt.

But Yvette instantly unfastened her seat belt and tried to push the car door.

With a click, the door was locked.

She turned around and looked at him coldly. “Lance, open the door.”

“Let me drive you home.”

“Open it!”

Yvette took out her mobile phone and pressed three numbers directly.

“Yvette!”

Lance reached up to grab her hand. He did not expect her to call the police directly.

His handsome face was pale, and his voice was bitter. "I have something to say. I will let you go after I finish it."

Yvette did not speak and looked at him coldly.

Lance said in a hoarse voice. "Yvette, I went to save her that day, so I could return the favor for the last time and then have no relation to her. I really did not know that you would suffer this. If I had known, I would not have saved her."

Yvette did not give any reaction. No anger. No sentiment. Nothing.

"Are you done? Can I get out of the car?"

Instantly, Lance felt an intense pain in his heart.

"Yvette, do you hate me so much that you don't want to see me?"

"Lance, when I see you, I will think of how you left me in the parking lot to save other women, how I begged you, and the baby I lost."

Yvette tried her best to hold down her emotions and speak calmly.

She did not want to have any emotion about him, no matter if it was love or hate.

Her calm narration made Lance's lips turn pale.

There seemed to be a sharp knife in his chest, which made him almost breathless.

He let her go. At least at this moment, he could not face her.

Before getting off the car, Yvette looked at his pale face and said with a smile, "Take care. We're not

supposed to see each other anymore."

Her smile was sincere. It was a smile of relief.

She wanted to never see him again.

Unfortunately, this was a little difficult.

Lance's agreement to divorce was based on the premise that they were not going to tell Jaiden about it.

If Jaiden missed her, she would still go to see him as usual. It was inevitable that she would come across him, but she would try her best to visit Jaiden when he was not around.

However, Lance could not smile at all. Her smile was torture to him.

As he looked at her going away without hesitation, Lance's throat was filled with a smell of blood. Finally, his mind went blank, and he hit his head on the car.

The second before he lost consciousness, he seemed to see Yvette turn back.

He was a little relieved, thinking, finally, you're willing to look back at me.

Unfortunately, Yvette did not look back. This was just his illusion.

When Lance woke up, he was lying in the hospital. It was Frankie who sent him here.

The fact that he hadn't slept for days, coupled with his anger, caused him to be less healthy. That was why he

vomited blood and fainted.

After Lance woke up, he asked, "Has she been here?"

Frankie certainly knew whom he was asking about. Looking at Lance's sickly face, he found it hard to speak.

"No."

"Did you tell her?" Lance asked, unwilling to give up.

"I've called her," Frankie answered honestly.

"What did she say?"

Frankie recalled Yvette's tone. "Frankie, isn't he in the hospital? I'm not a doctor. It's better to call Professor

Icahn rather than me. Also, we are divorced. You don't have to inform me about Mr. Wolseley."

Frankie who didn't dare to hide anything told Lance every word Yvette had said.

After a long time, Lance said coldly, "Get out!"

Frankie closed the door and heard several bangs from the ward. It was so loud, and perhaps everything was

almost smashed.

He sighed, refusing to get married for the rest of his life.

Yvette returned to her residence in Spring Bay and did not go out for a whole week.

She had not rested well in the hospital. Perhaps it was because she was divorced and returned to her own

territory, she only had one meal a day and was constantly sleeping for three days.

In the next three days, she began to deal with the things she had to do. First, she apologized to Shermie,

saying that she could not work in her studio.

Shermie felt sad and wanted to keep her. Although Yvette would like to, she was incapable of working there.

Whether her hand could get well or not was still unknown. The design of the drawing required a lot of hands

work. It also required a lot of time and energy. She could not do it with her right hand.

After Shermie heard that Yvette's hand was injured, she was considerate of Yvette, saying Yvette would come

to work at any time.

Yvette did not want to be idle. She began to search for a suitable job on the Internet.

She noticed two jobs, one of which was as a translator in a translation company and the other was a position in a large education institution.

They both were jobs that she was currently capable of.

After Ellen knew that she had divorced, Ellen called her.

Ellen had been rejected by the bodyguards arranged by Lance who had not allowed her to see Yvette.-

When she asked the doctor she was familiar with, she found out that Yvette had been discharged from the

hospital and quickly contacted Yvette.

Yvette said that she wanted to rest for a few days. A week later, Ellen came to her and insisted on bringing

her out to celebrate.

Of course, the place for the celebration was the bar.

Ellen drank spirits. Yvette had already recovered from the miscarriage, and she drank some fruit wine.

After several rounds of drinking, Ellen began to cry while hugging Yvette, saying, "Yvette, why are you so stubborn? How could you want to jump off a building? He is a jerk!"

When Ellen heard the doctor say this, she was stunned.

Yvette didn't want Ellen to worry. She truthfully said, "I don't really want to jump, but that is the fastest way to

divorce. I thought if Lance didn't compromise, I would have to find another way. I didn't expect that he

compromised."

“Really?” Ellen opened her eyes wide and complained, “Do you know that when I heard the doctor say you

were going to commit suicide, I was so scared?”

Yvette said calmly, “I won’t. He is not worth it.”

Hearing this, Ellen was much happier. Ellen hugged her and kissed her, saying, “You have always been very strong. I know you won’t be beaten down by that man.”

“Of course not. I promised my grandmother that I would live a good life. I will keep my word. I won’t punish myself for the mistakes that others made. So don’t worry. Even if he dies, I will not die.”

At this time, a burst of laughter came from behind them.

“Women are good at lying.”

When Ellen heard this voice, her face turned pale. She turned around and saw that it was indeed Jamie, and

Lance was standing next to him.

Jamie curled his lips and sneered, “Lance, see? This is the person you cared about when you lay on the bed.

She wants you to die.”



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Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 143 Meeting

In a second, Lance’s face darkened.

Yvette’s face turned pale. After being together with Lance for two years, she naturally knew that Lance hated people who lied to him the most.

But on second thought, she would not have much contact with the mighty Mr. Wolseley in the future. It was fine if he knew, but it was best if he hated her so much that he did not want to see her at all.

Then she could get some peace.

Ellen directly blocked Yvette behind her. Ellen looked at Lance and said cautiously, “You caused Yvette to be so miserable. So what if she wants you to die? If someone causes me to be so miserable, I will kill him myself.”

Ellen naturally protected her best friend. Moreover, Yvette was right. It was Lance who was wrong.

Lance’s expression was extremely cold, and he did not say a word.

However, after not a week, he seemed to have become much thinner, and his face was still a little sickly.

Yvette thought of the day when Frankie said that Lance had vomited blood and fainted. She had thought that Lance had played some tricks, but now it seemed to be true.

At first glance, she saw his weak side. It would be a lie to say that there was no fluctuation in her heart.

After all, he was someone she had once loved with all her might, and it was difficult for her to be indifferent.

Yvette knew that she was too soft-hearted and could not be too heartless to others.

However, even though he was sick, Lance’s noble temperament was not lost. Instead, his pale face made him even more charming.

Yvette thought that he would at least question her a few words, and she was ready to respond.

However, the first time he looked at her, his gaze was a little fierce, and then he completely stopped looking

at her.

He directly strode away from her indifferently as if he did not know her.

It was as if he was responding to Yvette's words when they divorced.

It was also what Yvette wanted. They should act as if they were strangers.

But for some reason, seeing him so indifferent, she still felt a little bitter in her heart.

Time was truly a terrifying thing. Many emotions had already eroded into her bones. There was no need to mobilize them, and they naturally rose.

Taking a deep breath, Yvette blinked.

This was also good. The two of them would die of old age and never interact with each other, forgetting each

other.

Jamie glanced at his brother, his face cold. When he passed Ellen, he said, "Later, I have something to settle

with you

Ellen's face instantly turned pale.

After leaving the bar, since both of them had drunk wine, Ellen called for a driver.

She first sent Yvette back and then went to Jamie's apartment.

When she arrived at the door of the apartment, she naturally felt timid. Jamie had too many ways to torture

people.

She closed her eyes and rang the doorbell. The door opened automatically.

Ellen stepped in and wanted to be a little more obedient so as to end it quickly.

The man was in a suit and stood in front of the French window with his back to her.

When he heard her come in, he turned around. His eyes were as cold as if he had just crawled out of hell.

“Ellen, you’ve been doing pretty well recently.”

Jamie’s tone was calm, but it was scary.

Ellen could not guess what he knew, so she had to pretend to be silly. “What did you say?”

Jamie took out a stack of photos and threw them on her face. The sharp corner of the photos cut her ear.

“The night before yesterday was Mr. Baker, yesterday’s afternoon was Mr. Moore, and today’s noon was Mr.

Hacker...”

He paused and then said lightly, “Ellen, can you have enough time to stay with them?”

In an instant, Ellen felt as if her head had been struck by lightning and went blank.

He knew that she had pulled in her allies.

Ellen panicked, and the only words in her mind were “It’s over.”

She turned around and wanted to run out without thinking. It was out of her instinctive fear.

Jamie pinched the back of her neck in two steps and pressed her face against the window with a backhand.

His thin lips pressed against her ear from behind and asked, “Where did they touch?”

Ellen instinctively felt fear. Her face was deformed. She felt that Jamie had tied up her hands with a chain.

behind her.

She had a feeling that Jamie had gone crazy again. If he went crazy, he would kill her.

Ellen trembled all over and tried to explain, "I didn't. They didn't touch me."

However, Jamie would not believe it. He hated people who were out of his control the most.

"I hate people touching my toys!"

Jamie's eyes were dark. He stretched out his long arm and pulled out a bottle of champagne from the rack. His handsome face was filled with cruelty. "Since your body is dirty, I'll help you disinfect it."

Ellen's mind went blank in an instant, and fear filled her heart.

She shouted angrily, "Jamie, you are crazy! You can't do this! Let me go!"

Jamie sneered and pressed his long legs against her knees. He said coldly, "So what?"

Ellen was pressed against the glass and watched as his fingers pressed against the cork of the champagne bottle. He shook it up and down, and when the fine bubbles all rose, he tilted the bottle.

*Jamie, are you still human or not? You are a fucking mad dog!" Ellen's eyes widened in fear.

Even calling him a mad dog was praising him. He was a zombie that slaughtered people.

"Bang!"

The champagne cork popped out.

The alcohol sprayed out, causing Ellen to let out a dying scream.

Her world was going crazy, and every nerve in her body was activated in excitement.

Behind her, the man had a ruthless expression like a messenger from hell.

He smiled and admired her pale face. His evil nature was revealed at that moment, “It’s just the beginning.

You have to take it easy.”

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Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 144 I Look Down on You

Ellen’s pale face was full of tears. She knelt weakly in front of the floor-to-ceiling window, and the transparent

glass became her support.

Jamie’s apartment was on the eighth floor. It was not high, and there were even patrolling security guards.

occasionally.

As long as one downstairs raised his head slightly, he could see the mad scene in front of the clean glass.

Ellen thought that it was over, but Jamie took out a goblet, shook the remaining champagne, slowly poured

the champagne out, and put the goblet in front of Ellen’s mouth.

“Don’t waste it.” Jamie looked at her with a sneer.

Ellen endured the burning sensation, looked at Jamie, and cursed, “Jamie, you are a fucking madman!”

As soon as Ellen finished speaking, Jamie pinched her mouth and poured the champagne in his hand into

her mouth.

“Kaff...”

Ellen kept coughing. There was no time to swallow the champagne. The light golden liquid flowed down the

corner of her mouth.

Ellen's body was filled with the smell of alcohol and sex.

Jamie threw out the empty wine glass and smashed it onto the French window. The fragments that fell off

cut Ellen's arm.

Jamie bent his knees and turned over Ellen's face. "I'm a madman."

Ellen choked and gasped for breath after coughing, unable to answer him.

Jamie reached out and patted Ellen's mouth. "What about you?"

Jamie's words sounded so humiliating.

Ellen's eyes were painful. She was terribly tortured by the spicy feeling and humiliated by Jamie. Ellen

couldn't stand it anymore.

She scolded Jamie.

"You know that you are a beast!"

In an instant, Jamie was enraged. He bent his fingers and pinched Ellen's thin chin. "Say it again."

"Jamie, you just know how to bully women. I look down on you." Ellen stared at Jamie coldly.

Jamie's black eyes became sharp for a second. He reached out to grab Ellen's neck and slammed her against

the glass.

"It seems that the lesson is not enough."

After a long time....

Jamie got up and went to the bathroom to take a shower.

After coming out, Jamie leaned lazily against the back of the headboard and reached for the cigarette box on the bedside table. He lit a cigarette and took a few deep breaths.

Jamie's eyes were hidden in the white smoke. He looked at Ellen, who was motionless on the ground, and said in a low voice, "Ms. Robbins, your endurance is so bad."

Ellen was lying on the ground. Her shoulders trembled, and her exposed skin was covered with bruises.

She knew that she had no way out.

Not to mention three years, she would probably be killed by this madman in three months.

Now that Jamie knew that Ellen was contacting her former partners, things would be more difficult.

If Ellen wanted to get rid of obstacles, the first thing she had to do was to make Jamie relax his vigilance.

However, what should Ellen do? Jamie neither listened to reason nor bowed to force.

What if a carrot-and-stick approach?

When Ellen was thinking about what to do, her face was pinched up. Her eyes, which had just turned red

because of the champagne, were once again filled with tears.

Ellen was no longer tough, and the marks all over her body gave her a bit of fragile beauty.

Jamie stared at Ellen. The fierceness in his eyes weakened a bit, and he sounded indifferent. "Do you feel.

wronged?”

Ellen knew the change in Jamie’s emotions, forced out some more tears, and said angrily, “Jamie, what’s the use of letting a woman suffer? Only letting a woman feel comfortable is called ability.”

“Let you feel comfortable? Are you worthy?” Jamie sneered.

What Jamie said was so hurting.

“Release me. I will let you know whether I’m worthy or not.” Ellen was not in a good mood.

“Look at you. Do you want more?” Jamie raised his brows and asked curiously.

Ellen said impatiently, “Cut the crap. Don’t you dare?”

“Ha.”

Jamie sneered and untied the chain in Ellen’s hand. “I wonder if you...”

Before he finished, he was pushed down by Ellen, and anger in his eyes rose.

Just as Jamie was about to retaliate, he saw Ellen fall down, use the fastest speed to pry open his lips, and kiss him with the tip of her tongue.

Ellen was not a good kisser. They had sex many times, but they rarely kissed.

Kissing was a prop for couples to deepen their feelings, and it was not suitable for their relationship.

But Ellen’s inexperience aroused Jamie’s desires.

Jamie’s eyes turned hot. He sucked Ellen’s tongue, and things got more erotic.

Jamie was much more skilled than Ellen.

However, Ellen found him extremely disgusting. When Jamie wore a suit, he looked like a successful businessman, but he was evil to her.

Jamie ruined Ellen’s fantasy and shattered her peaceful life. Moreover, he wanted to drive her whole family

crazy.

Ellen could only choose to save herself before she died.

Just as Jamie moved his hand down, Ellen held him down and smiled extremely charmingly. “How do you taste?”

Ellen said what Jamie said to her before.

Jamie’s eyes lit up with interest. Indeed, all men liked coquettish women.

Ellen deliberately pinched Jamie’s earlobe. Jamie narrowed his eyes, which satisfied her.

“Mr. McBride, don’t you know that I went to find them to sell the new technology of the Robbins family? Are you going to corner the Robbins family?”

“What does your family have to do with me?” Jamie grabbed Ellen’s hand, and his eyes sharpened.

The ruin of the Robbins family was what Jamie was most happy to see.

But Jamie was not going to kill the Robbins family. What was so fun about it?

Jamie was playing a big game. When it ended, the Robbins family would feel their lives were hell.

Ruthlessness surged through Jamie. He could not wait to see what expression Ellen had on the day the truth

was revealed.

The most interesting way to hurt one was to hurt his feelings.

But Jamie did not know that Ellen had the same thoughts as him.

It was interesting to trick one, rather than be tricked.

“What if I can satisfy you?” Ellen lowered her head and nibbled on Jamie’s earlobe, her voice soft.

interest appeared in Jamie's eyes. Ever since he returned to the country, Ellen had been passive.

This was the first time she seduced him like this.

Jamie did not move and just looked at Ellen.

Ellen pulled the tie that Jamie had just thrown on the ground to cover his eyes. Jamie frowned and reached

out to stop her.

However, Ellen's voice was slightly mocking. "Mr. McBride, aren't you a veteran? Can't you withstand this?"

Jamie snorted and let Ellen be.

He wanted to see how good Ellen would be.

Ellen covered Jamie's eyes and lowered her head to kiss his Adam's apple. Occasionally, she bit him lightly.

Jamie felt so horny, and his breathing became heavier. Then Ellen's mouth moved down.

The interesting thing about covering Jamie's eyes was that he didn't know what Ellen was doing, and it was

addictive.

When Jamie felt that something was wrong, the cold iron chain locked his hand from behind.

"Ellen, what are you doing?" Jamie's eyes darkened.

Jamie waved his hand and wanted to stand up, but he found that Ellen had fixed his chain.

Jamie suppressed his anger and tried to be calm. "Let go of me before I get angry."

"Mr. McBride, I have seen you get angry many times." Ellen smiled.

“What are you trying to do?”

Ellen could even hear the sound of Jamie grinding his teeth.

“Click.”

Ellen picked up his phone, pressed herself against Jamie’s chest, bit his Adam’s apple gently, and took a few

photos.

“What the hell are you doing?” Jamie could no longer suppress his anger.



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 145](#)

Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 145 Win or Lose?

Ellen said, “Do you think Fiona will cry if she sees this photo?”

“How dare you!” Jamie said with hostility.

Ellen smiled and said sarcastically, “It turns out that you also have something to be afraid of. Then why did you sleep with someone else? Last time in your wardrobe, I heard her sex sounds. Very erotic. Is it that you

can’t satisfy her, or she can’t satisfy you?”

Ellen paused and then said, “Or do you like women like me better?”

Her words were completely improper and carried a hint of contempt toward Fiona.

Jamie scowled. “Don’t mention her. She’s not someone a slut like you can compare to.”

After hearing such words many times, Ellen had become completely indifferent.

“You really know how to play the field. You sleep with so many women a day. You must be tired of living.”

Thinking about how he and Fiona had sex, Ellen felt unprecedented disgust.

Ellen hated Jamie, Fiona, and herself.

The culprit was the man in front of her.

She wanted to do everything she could to break away from him. She did not want to see this man again.

Ellen pulled him to make him sit up and asked, "Do you really love Fiona?"

Jamie had his buttocks on his calves, kneeling like a sinner waiting to be judged.

He hated this position. In the past, he had fought with people abroad. As a newcomer, he suffered and was

forced to kneel like this.

Because he was unwilling, he had his spine broken by someone, and it was still fixed with nails.

"Ellen, do you want to die?" he asked sullenly.

"Answer my question, Ellen insisted.

"Of course, love her," Jamie answered without hesitation.

"Jamie, why are you still sleeping with me? Your love is so worthless," Ellen laughed sarcastically.

"To me, sleeping with you is no different from sleeping with prostitutes," Jamie sneered.

He could not see Ellen's current expression. He guessed that she must be smug.

Did she really not think about the consequences?

Jamie got angry and sneered, "Don't you know what you are? Have I ever treated you as a person? I just use

you as a tool to vent my desire."

"Smack."

Ellen slapped Jamie hard on the face.

It was crisp and pleasant to hear. Ellen was happy.

Jamie's cheeks were burning hot. Even when he was living a terrible life abroad, he had never been slapped. by a woman before. This bitch was really bold.

He could not hide his anger even with his eyes covered. He gritted his teeth and said, "Ellen, you really don't want to live anymore."

The next second.

A soft head was pressed against Jamie's chest. Hot tears flowed down his hard chest as if to flow into his heart.

"Jamie, I love you so much. What right do you have to do this to me?"

"I love you. I love you. Do you know that you are a bastard?"

Jamie seemed to be stunned. His entire body stiffened.

What exactly was she saying? Did she love him? Was she mocking him?

This damned bitch! He really wanted to tell her to get lost, yet he couldn't open his lips after trying several

times.

Ellen held his head, kissed his lips passionately, and confessed her feelings for him in the most affectionate.

tone.

"Jamie, I love you. I hate myself because I love you, but I am so useless."

Tears dripped onto his face and lips. They were wet and salty.

As if struck by an electric current, he felt like having a taste of her tears.

Jamie suddenly felt extremely regretful. He should not have given her a chance to control it.

At that moment, he could not resist.

No.

In Jamie's eyes, she was still that cheap plaything, a dirty whore. He would never change his opinion of her in

his life.

Yes, that was it.

Jamie seemed to be hypnotizing himself.

He had mixed feelings, and he did not know what expression Ellen, who was hugging him and crying, had.

If his eyes were not covered, he would see that there was no emotion in Ellen's eyes, which were extremely

indifferent.

She said every sentence as if reciting lines, and she said them in her heart in advance.

She continued, "I hate you, Jamie. I hate you for not loving me anymore."

After saying this, she threw the key and ran out.

When she got downstairs, Ellen took a taxi. Her phone was turned off, and she trembled. She asked the driver,

"Sir, can you give me a cigarette?"

The driver handed her a cigarette. She did not light it. She just put it next to her mouth and smelled the

tobacco.

She felt as if her father were giving her strength beside her.

Her father had been unconscious for half a month, so she did not have much time left.

She did not know if the show she had just put on would work on Jamie.

She only needed to see his next reaction to make sure she could win.

If she won, she could live a stable life.

If she lost, she would die together with Jamie.

On Thursday.

Yvette received a reply from some companies, which invited her to interviews.

Her excellent grades in college and all kinds of certificates had become her advantages.

The interviews were very smooth. Two companies accepted her.

Finally, Yvette chose Wabon Education Company because it had many national chain branches and its

potential for development was greater.

Wabon Education Company told her to go to work next Monday.

Yvette took out her mobile phone and wanted to tell Ellen this good news and ask Ellen to dinner to

celebrate.

At this time, the phone rang.

Yvette looked at it and saw that her Grandma's neighbor in Pittsburgh was calling.

They exchanged phone numbers when Yvette asked the neighbor to look after the Dudley's house.

“Hello, Melissa, what's the matter?”

“Yvette, come back and take a look. Phoebe's grave has been splashed with red paint.”

In a split second, Yvette's entire face turned pale.

Melissa Harvey couldn't explain it clearly on the phone. She asked Yvette to go back quickly.

Yvette was completely flustered. Her hands were shaking as she wanted to buy a ticket, but she then realized that all the tickets for today had already been sold out.

She immediately placed an order on the phone. Because it was a long trip, no one would immediately take

the order.

Just as she was at a loss, a black Benz steadily stopped in front of her.

The window was rolled down. Yvette was startled.

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 146](#)

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 146 Will You Wait for Me?

It was Frankie who stopped.

He looked at Yvette and asked with respect, "Mrs. Wolseley, where are you going?"

The address made Yvette slightly stunned. She could not help but think of Lance's cold expression a few

days ago.

After a pause, she said, "Frankie, I am no longer Mrs. Wolseley. Don't call me that from now on."

She figured that it would upset Lance.

Frankie looked a little embarrassed and replied, "Alright, Ms. Thiel. Where are you going? Shall I give you a ride?"

Yvette looked at her phone. No one picked up her order. She hesitated. Maybe she should ask Frankie to take her to the station since there were lots of drivers who ran long distances.

“Then...”

“Frankie, why are you such a busybody?”

She was interrupted by a man, whose voice was low and obviously unhappy.

The windows of the car were opaque, and Yvette was surprised that Lance was sitting in the car.

Immediately, her expression changed, and she was very embarrassed.

Lance continued, “Since you want to be a busybody so much, go to the newly-open site in New York and supervise the work.”

Frankie was dumbfounded.

He thought, Mr. Wolseley, it was you who saw Mrs. Wolseley by the roadside first. That was why I stopped the

car.

I am an assistant, and for me, observation is very important. I need to know things without being told by my leader.

Lance’s tone was mechanical and cold. Yvette could tell how impatient he was without glancing at him.

She figured that she was the chief culprit. Frankie was implicated by her.

Immediately, she felt that her nose was a little sour.

Yvette forced a smile and lied to Frankie, “Someone will pick me up. Frankie, you may go ahead.”

Frankie glanced hesitantly in the rearview mirror and saw that the face of the man sitting in the back seat was utterly sullen.

Meeting Frankie’s eyes, Lance frowned. “What are you waiting for?*

“I see, Mr. Wolseley.”

Frankie nodded at Yvette, pulled up the car window, and left.

The black luxury car disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Yvette still had a faint urge to cry.

She thought Lance's attitude makes perfect sense. We are strangers. Nothing more.

It's obvious that Lance has already moved on. Then why am I still sad because of how cold he is?

After all, he is the man I have loved for ten years. Now that we are strangers, it is inevitable that I feel a little

upset.

I remember how good he was to me, and I also remember the pain he caused.

It takes time to heal.

I should put all my feelings aside. I have bigger fish to fry right now.

Perhaps since Pittsburgh was too remote, still, no one responded to her order.

Yvette was very anxious.

“Beep!”

A whistle interrupted her thoughts.

A black Mercedes stopped in front of Yvette, and the car window was rolled down. It was Charlie whom she

had not seen in a long time.

“Yvette. What a coincidence.”

Charlie was a little surprised to see her.

“Where are you going? I'll give you a ride.”

Yvette checked her phone and did not refuse Charlie. She got in the car and said, “Can you take me to the

station?”

“The station? Where are you headed to after that?” Charlie glanced at his watch. “I don’t think there are many

tickets available at this time.”

“I have something to do and need to go back to Pittsburgh.”

“Really? I’m on my way to Youngstown. It’s very close to Pittsburgh. Join me.”

Such a coincidence surprised Yvette. She was no longer anxious. Instead, she was very grateful.

“Thanks, Charlie.”

“Don’t mention it. I am the lucky one.” Charlie had a smile in his eyes.

Yvette did not understand and asked, “What was that?”

Charlie glanced at her and smiled, “I thought it would be a lonely journey. Who knows? Fate favors me and sends me a fairy to travel with me.”

Yvette knew that Charlie was only joking, yet she still blushed.

She said politely, “Anyway, thanks, Charlie. You’ve been a big help.”

“You never need to thank me.”

Charlie knew the boundaries. When he spoke, his tone was natural. It didn’t sound like he was suggesting

anything.

Yvette nodded and said nothing more.

The car started. When passing by a corner, Charlie saw the black Bentley parked on the side of the road with

his sharp eyes.

If Yvette raised her head, she would see it as well.

“Yvette,” Charlie suddenly called out.

“Yeah?” Yvette turned to look at him.

Charlie’s car had already passed the Bentley.

Charlie then looked relaxed. He looked ahead and said, “I heard that you are divorced.”

Yvette nodded and simply said, “Yes.” She did not want to say anything else. Besides, it would be inappropriate to talk to Charlie about this.

Charlie was not interested in prying into others’ matters as well.

He smiled gently, “You lost poor little girl. You will be fine. You will get better.”

Yvette felt that Charlie was such a master at using metaphors.

She was lost along her way pursuing Lance. And that wasn’t all. She also lost her soul. And all she got, at

last, was a broken heart.

However, that was all in the past now. She was determined to get better.

In the black Bentley, the atmosphere was oppressive.

Frankie peeked through the rearview mirror. Lance’s handsome eyebrows were obviously knotted, and his entire body was wrapped in an aura that made people suffocate.

He thought, damn! Damn my mouth! Why couldn’t I control my mouth?

As Mr. Wolseley’s special assistant, I figured that the reason why Mr. Wolseley was angry was that Ms. Thiel did not want me to address her as Mrs. Wolseley.

Mr. Wolseley is a man of pride. Seeing Ms. Thiel so eager to dissociate herself from him, of course, he would

get angry.

Nevertheless, he would never leave her by the side of the road. That was the right time for me to step in and

persuade him.

Since Mr. Wolseley was so angry, I suggested to him that Ms. Thiel didn't strike me as waiting for someone. She looked anxious. So, we should give her a ride.

Yet just as I was about to turn around, I saw that Ms. Thiel was telling the truth. She was expecting someone.

Moreover, when we passed by them, Ms. Thiel turned her head away on purpose.

She must hate Mr. Wolseley a lot.

Frankie sighed and continued to think, I will never, ever try to be clever again.

Otherwise, I will be sent to Africa as a miner for sure.

The car was still pulled over. Frankie said nervously, "Mr. Wolseley, what should..."

Lance closed his eyes and pursed his lips. "Drive."

It was already afternoon by the time Yvette and Charlie arrived in Pittsburgh.

Charlie needed to go somewhere else. Therefore, Yvette didn't want to trouble him anymore. She insisted on

getting out of the car in town.

Charlie couldn't persuade her whatsoever. He said, "I'll come to pick you up after I'm done. We'll go back

together."

Yvette nodded while thinking, maybe not. Though Youngstown is near Pittsburgh, he still needs to take a

detour.

Charlie suddenly reached out and rubbed her head. “Don’t just nod. Will you wait for me?”

He sounded casual, yet the question was like probing as well.

Yvette paused and then said honestly, “I don’t know how long it will take to get things done. If we can’t make

it...”

“We will.”

The scattered light on his handsome face made him look gentler.

He stopped her from refusing him and emphasized, “I will doze off on the way back if I’m alone. Wait for me.

to pick you up. OK?”



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 147](#)

Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 147 I Don’t Know Him

Charlie’s words made Yvette find it hard to refuse him. She could only nod and say that she would call him.

After Charlie left, Yvette ordered a car and went directly to the cemetery.

Unlike those in the city, cemeteries in the countryside weren’t planned exquisitely. Instead, there were just graves without any decorations. Yvette paid for a tombstone for Phoebe.

When she saw Phoebe’s tombstone splashed with red paint, she was so angry that she trembled.

She went to a family living not far from the cemetery and asked if they knew what had happened.

The family did not know Yvette, but they knew Phoebe. When they heard that Yvette was Phoebe's granddaughter, they told Yvette that it was a resident in the village who did it.

The man claimed that Phoebe owed him money. They tried to stop him, but the man was a rascal, so they did

not dare to stand in his way.

Yvette had never heard that Phoebe was in anyone's debt. She was furious. However, her priority was to clean

up the tombstone.

She borrowed some tools from the family to get rid of the paint, knelt in front of Phoebe's tombstone, and

cleaned it carefully while shedding tears.

She collected herself and murmured.

“Granny, I will make things right for you.”

After she was done, she left 300 dollars for the family and asked them to help look after Phoebe's tomb. Should anything happen, they shall give her a call.

The family was more than happy to take her money. They wouldn't have lived here if they weren't poor

anyway.

She asked for the rascal's address and went to the town to find him.

Yet before she could find him, her neighbor, Melissa, called her and said that a lot of people had gathered in front of her house, claiming to demolish it. The landlord who bought the house was also there.

Yvette hurried over.

When she arrived at the Dudley's house, there were already many people there, including the police even.

When the landlord saw Yvette, she was unhappy. She said, “Yvette, you and I are neighbors, right? Back then, your uncle wanted to sell the house, and I bought it. You wanted to rent it, and I agreed. I never expected you to gang up and trick me. I no longer want to rent it to you. Explain to everyone that the house has nothing to do with you or your uncle anymore.”

Yvette was stunned. She thought, what does she mean? When did I gang up with Hoffman?

I haven’t seen him since he was arrested because of the incident at the hospital.

Yvette was just about to ask more. Suddenly, someone grabbed her hair and dragged her to the ground.

“Cut the crap. Pay back the money!”

There was a police officer at the scene who maintained order. He stepped forward to stop the man and said,

“Calm down. Don’t get physical.”

The landlady asked the police officer to come because these people were causing trouble in the house she bought. She showed them the documents she had, including the property ownership certificate, yet they just

wouldn’t leave.

Yvette looked up and saw that the man who pulled her was the rascal mentioned by the family earlier.

She immediately became angry and asked, “Are you the one who disrespected my grandmother’s tomb?”

The man wasn’t guilty at all and shouted, “So what if I say yes? Would you come back if I didn’t? You cunt. You colluded with Hoffman and fooled us. The rest of our lives depend on the money you swindled!”

The police officer next to Yvette told her that not long ago, Hoffman went back in a luxury car from somewhere unknown, bragging that he had made a lot of money while he was away. He lobbied the villagers.

to trust him with their money, and he would make them rich as well.

Moreover, he pledged the house as collateral.

No one knew that this house had been sold by him a long time ago, and since Yvette rented the house, no

one was suspicious.

Now, Hoffman was nowhere to be found.

Therefore, in everyone's eyes, Yvette and Hoffman colluded and defrauded them of their money.

It was a dispute. Besides, since the villagers gave their money to Hoffman, though the police officer was helpless, he still said that Hoffman needed to be found..

Hoffman was nowhere to be found. Naturally, everyone targeted Yvette.

The police officer could only mediate, trying to calm everyone down. He said that people here should talk nicely and stop making Yvette take the blame. After all, what Hoffman did had nothing to do with her.

Some villagers were puzzled. They asked the police officer if they could get the money back should Hoffman.

be caught.

The police officer looked reluctant. He explained, "Only if Hoffman did not spend it. If he did, he wouldn't have

the money to repay you. He would do jail time. But it also means that you can never get your money back."

Immediately, the scene was filled with wailing.

Many people at present were old and couldn't find a job. And now, they had no money left. Once they got sick, they wouldn't have enough money to pay their medical bills. Only death awaited.

An aged woman slumped to the ground, rolled, and cried. They had been saving the money for their entire lives.

Yvette finally knew what was going on.

It was true that Hoffman defrauded those people, yet she also held herself accountable, since she rented the house, which thereby caused the misunderstanding.

She asked them, “How much did Hoffman take from you?”

Hearing that, the people suddenly saw a glimmer of hope. They had heard that Yvette had a job in New York, and she was a college graduate. She must have been something. She must have had money.

They all took out the IOUS written by Hoffman. Yvette did a rough estimation. There were more than twenty

families, which added up to nearly 500 thousand dollars.

Yvette left for her studies very early, so, she did not know many of the people on site.

Yet she could see that most of them were dressed in plain clothes and looked very honest. It was obvious that they were peasants who worked hard their entire life. Finally, they saved up tens of thousands of dollars.

for retirement, and now, their money was conned away by Hoffman.

Yvette pursed her lips and said, “Everyone, I will pay back the money on behalf of Hoffman, but if he cons you

again, it will have nothing to do with me.”

The police officer said, “That won’t happen. Hoffman has already been used as a typical negative for our

publication in town. No one will ever be conned again.”

The people were happy. “OK! Go and get the money for us now.”

Yvette was a bit embarrassed. “I don’t have the money right now. You might need to wait until I get back to

New York and sell my apartment.”

She still had a loan on her apartment. After she settled the loan, there would be around 300 thousand dollars left. She could only slowly repay the rest by working.

Hearing this, everyone was unhappy again.

“Come on. You told us that you were going to pay back the money, and now you claim you have to sell your

apartment? You are lying to us!”

The rascal tried to stimulate the people and said, “Hoffman is her uncle. They are the same. Both of them are

liars!”

All the people were agitated, and they wanted to come forward to push Yvette again. Even the police officer

couldn't stop them.

The scene was getting chaotic. Seeing that, Yvette found a stool to stand on and shouted, “Stop!”

Everyone quieted down and looked at Yvette.

Arguing won't get you any money.” Yvette looked at them. “I promised to pay you back for Hoffman. I will not go back on my word.”

Yvette was fair and beautiful, and she looked different from the people in Pittsburgh. Her words were

somehow convincing.

A woman said, “Then tell us, how long do we have to wait?”

Yvette apologized and said, “I can't say for sure, but I will pay you back as soon as possible.”

Selling a property was not an easy thing. After she sold the apartment, she still needed about 200 thousand

dollars. She needed to work to slowly raise the money.

The rascal said again, “I told you. She is a liar. Don’t think otherwise, simply because she looks pretty. If you

let her go back to New York, you will never see her again.”

The scene had an uproar again.

Yvette suddenly realized something. It was the rascal that stirred trouble every time, yet he didn’t even take

out his IOU.

She asked, “Did Hoffman take money from you?”

He said, “Of course.”

“How much?”

The man’s eyes flickered. “130 thousand dollars.”

Yvette didn’t buy it. The family living next to the cemetery said that the man was a parasite. How come he

had that kind of money? Chances were, he was ripping Yvette off.

“Where’s the IOU?”

Of course, the rascal didn’t have one. He said, “I don’t have one. I told you he owed me 130 thousand dollars.”

“Why should I believe you?”

Yvette looked at the policeman and said, “He splashed red paint on my grandmother’s tombstone. I took

photos of the scene. Also, I had witnesses to back me up. I will report this to you now. Besides, I don’t think

Hoffman took his money. I think he just wanted money that doesn’t belong to him at all.”

Yvette was right.

The rascal was just a parasite, and he didn't have 130 thousand dollars. He just saw that there were many people here, and he might be able to make some money out of it.

He became angry at once. He didn't care for the presence of the police officer and grabbed Yvette by her hair. Then he slammed her against the wall.

No one had time to react.

Yvette felt her scalp hurt. Seeing that she was about to hit the wall, she subconsciously closed her eyes and prepared herself.

Bang!

,

The wall was very sturdy, yet it did not hurt that much.

Yvette sensed a familiar aura. She reflexively opened her eyes and looked up, only to see the man's exquisite

jawline.

She was still a little dizzy. When she met that pair of dark eyes, she thought that she was hallucinating.

She thought, Lance? Why is he here?

She subconsciously retreated. However, she was pulled back by him and leaned against him.

The rascal had been subdued by the policeman in one move. He was pressed to the ground.

"Do you want me to call an ambulance?" the policeman asked Yvette.

Yvette felt a little dizzy, but she could manage, so she shook her head.

The policeman was about to take the rascal back to the station. He looked at Lance and asked Yvette hesitantly, "Do you know him?"

"Yes."

“No.”

Lance and Yvette replied in unison.

In a split second, Lance’s expression became utterly ugly. He clenched his hands that were hanging to the side so hard that his knuckles turned pale.

He thought, why bother?



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 148](#)

Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 148 You Lie to Me

Lance kept thinking, she hates me, yet I still come here for her.

What did she do?

She didn’t allow Frankie to call her Mrs. Wolseley.

Then she got into Charlie’s car.

And now, she claims that she doesn’t know me.

Am I that resentful?

The policeman looked at Yvette and Lance and asked, “Yes or no?”

Lance had the urge to toss Yvette away, yet he held it in.

His dark eyes were cold, and he held Yvette’s waist tightly. He gritted his teeth and said, “She is my wife.”

His short sentence stunned Yvette.

She wanted to push him away, but she was hugged even tighter, so she could only ask in a small voice, “What are you talking about?”

The policeman was silent for a few seconds. Then he asked Yvette, “Is he your husband?”

Yvette thought, is Lance crazy or what? The two times we met, he was so complacent, as if he were a

peacock.

Why does he say I'm his wife now?

She did not want to waste the policeman's time. So, she said, "He is my ex-husband."

Lance pulled a long face again. He controlled his temper and said to the policeman, "Leave it to me."

The policeman was a little hesitant. Lance told the policeman his ID number and said with a cold voice, "If

she goes missing, come to me."

The policeman did not hesitate anymore. He left with the rascal.

After the policeman left, the villagers surrounded Lance and refused to let go.

They heard what Lance had said. He was Yvette's husband. He looked so outstanding. He did not strike them as a person without money.

Lance picked up Yvette and walked out, ignoring them.

However, with a glimmer of hope, the people refused to let Lance and Yvette walk away from them easily.

Frankie came in. Before he was here, he had a general picture of what had happened. He went to get cash.

"Everyone, come here and follow me to register," Frankie said.

Hearing that, the villagers all surrounded Frankie.

Yvette was stunned at what happened. She failed to react in time and forgot that she was still in Lance's

arms.

By the time she reacted, she had already been stuffed into the car by Lance.

She hurriedly got up to get out of the car, but Lance pressed her down, his hands on both sides of her waist.

Instantly, Yvette felt uncomfortable all over.

‘Let me off.’

“No,” Lance refused overbearingly. Seeing that she was still struggling, he pulled her up and placed her on his

thigh.

It looked like they were hugging.

It looked more like he was restraining her.

Yvette did not want to be entangled with him. She pursed her lips and trembled.

“Lance, let go of me.”

“Don’t you have anything to say?” Lance stared at her. He was questioning her.

Yvette knew what he wanted to ask, but she didn’t want to let him get his way.

“No.”

“You divorced me by lying to me, and you even blacklisted me. Yvette, is there anything you aren’t capable

of?”

Lance’s voice was extremely hoarse, mostly because of anger.

He didn’t want to divorce Yvette. He was just afraid that Yvette would do something stupid. He wanted to let

her get what she wanted and then start over with her.

On the day of their divorce, his anxiety brought him to the hospital. Yvette never went to see him once.

At that time, he only had one thought. How could Yvette be so cruel?

Before he fully recovered, Jamie told him that Yvette was in some bar. Immediately, he pulled out the IV and

rushed over,

And the words he heard shocked him.

Yvette said that her suicide was nothing but an act. She just wanted to trick him into getting a divorce.

She even said that she wouldn't die whatsoever, even if he died.

The thing Lance hated most in his life was lying.

In an instant, anger surged and enveloped him. He could barely stand. He tried his best to walk out of the bar and was sent to the hospital by Jamie.

When he woke up in the middle of the night, he couldn't stand it anymore and texted Yvette: "Why did you lie

to me?"

The response he got was nothing but a red exclamation mark.

He tried to call her and text her. However, she had already blocked his number.

Yvette was held tightly by him. She found it hard to breathe. She said shyly and angrily, "Lance, when a couple gets a divorce, it means everything is over. Isn't it normal to have a clean break and delete all your

contact information? I don't think I did anything wrong."

Lance's eyes suddenly turned cold. "Over? I don't think so. You tricked me into getting a divorce."

Yvette was furious. "We have divorced anyway. What do you want?"

"Remarry me."

"No way," Yvette refused resolutely.

She finally pulled it off and divorced him successfully. On no ground would she turn back.

“You lied to me. Am I supposed to let that slide?” Lance was infuriated.

“Or what? Isn’t divorce good for both of us?”

Yvette felt that Lance was being a spoiled child who was very unreasonable.

The rift between them was irreparable.

She figured that a divorce was the best choice.

She thought about it and felt the need to make it clear. She said, “Lance, we have already divorced. Don’t worry about my business. I will think of something about the money. I don’t need your help. Can you let go of

me now?”

Lance looked at her without saying anything. Suddenly, he reached out and pushed her onto the back of the seat. He pressed her down and bit her lips fiercely..

He was pissed off and could only kiss her to vent his anger.



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 149](#)

Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 149 She Wants a Clean Break

Lance was pissed off by her words when he kissed her at first.

He simply wanted to block her mouth.

Yet he changed his mind the moment his lips reached hers.

His body was telling him how much he missed her.

He had the urge to possess her entire body, which was so sweet and soft.

Yvette struggled hard, but her palms were pressed down by him, and she could not move.

She could only tilt her head to avoid his warm lips. Yet Lance reached out and pinched her chin. He continued

to kiss her mercilessly. He kissed her lips and her chin, and he was going down.

Finally, they fell into the back seat of the car together.

“Lance!” Yvette’s expression was very sullen.

Yet she was ignored. He pushed his luck and reached out to pull her coat that was in the way.

His movements, however, let go of Yvette’s hands. She reached out and slapped him on the face hard.

The crisp sound was so loud in the narrow space.

Yvette thought that he was going to be mad.

However, Lance was not mad at all. He stared at her and asked, “Is that enough? What I am going to do next

might deserve more than one slap.”

“Are you insane? We got divorced. Now we’re strangers both legally and in reality.”

Yvette was so furious. No matter what, they had divorced, and he had no right to kiss her as he wanted.

She warned him solemnly, “You are not allowed to kiss me, touch me, or... Understand?”

After saying that, Yvette immediately moved to another side as far away from him as possible.

His body and his touch brought back her memories too easily.

“OK.”

Yvette was stunned. Was she hearing things?

Her suspicion made sense. In the next second, he said, "Since you mentioned that we got divorced, then I shall collect my divorce gift."

Yvette failed to react for a moment.

After thinking for a few seconds, she realized that he was referring to the words she said when she forced him to divorce in the hospital.

"You are mentally ill," Yvette refused without thinking.

She thought, you and I have divorced already. Why bother?

Lance looked at her. He said in an exceptionally cold voice, "You tricked me into getting a divorce, and it was

also you who said that you would give me a divorce gift. Am I supposed to be fooled by you twice?"

Yvette was shocked at how unreasonable he was.

Meanwhile, he continued, "Give it to me, and I will leave you alone for good."

He deliberately slowed down while talking. It sounded like he was cajoling her.

Yvette didn't say anything.

Her first reaction was that his promise was untrustworthy. The proposal he made was so absurd.

One time was far from enough for Lance, and it was just an excuse he found.

He saw her hesitation and said coldly, "Otherwise, this isn't over. You lied to me after all."

Yvette finally reacted and said angrily, "Bastard!"

She thought, this isn't a negotiation.

This is a pure threat. If I don't say yes, he will continue to haunt me.

Even if I say yes, is he going to leave me alone as he says?

Besides, we weren't divorced then. I was just angry. That was why I tried to anger him.

But he brought this up at this precise moment. The meaning changes. He is humiliating me.

Thinking of this, she had the urge to shed tears, and her voice trembled a little. "Lance, how can you look down on me like this? I offered myself to you after getting drunk that night. That's why you think I'm cheap.

and easy, right?"

Lance looked at her red eyes and was a little flustered.

He thought, when did I ever think that?

I said all those things because I wanted you back.

I'm still angry from the last time in the bar. And today, you told the policeman that you didn't know me. I'm so

pissed off.

That's why I wanted to keep you by my side by all means.

Yet the sight of the tears in her eyes made Lance feel heartbroken. He couldn't stand it.

Lance's voice softened, and he wanted to explain, "That's not what I meant..."

"What do you mean then?"

The more Yvette thought about it, the angrier she became, and she cried.

He went against her will and got handsy. And now he wanted her to sleep with him. Clearly, he was humiliating her.

She simply stopped caring anymore. She said indifferently, "Cut the crap. Come at me. I'm looking forward to seeing how you will retaliate against me!"

Lance's expression changed.

Yvette reached out to pull the car door while continuing to provoke him, “Lance, come at me. Try your best to make me suffer till I surrender. Otherwise, I will despise you.”

Seeing that she was about to get out of the car, Lance reached out to pull her back, but she ruthlessly patted

his hand away.

“Mr. Wolseley, if you are that horny, just send the words out. I’m sure there will be countless women in New York lining up for you to choose from.

“Or is it that you’re the nostalgic type?”

Her words ignited Lance’s anger.

He thought, am I that horny to you?

Yvette sneered and said bluntly, “What a shame. I’m not the same as you. May I suggest you go and find

Yazmin? She is an older acquaintance than me, and her performance in bed is better than mine.”

Yvette mocked herself as well.

She thought, well, that doesn’t matter. Lance looks so pissed off. I’m sure I hurt him more. I guess this is a

great deal.

Such a thought actually made her happy.

She pulled the car door open and saw Frankie standing outside with a stack of IOUS in his hand.

Yvette’s expression slightly changed. “Frankie, do you have a pen and paper?” she asked.

Frankie nodded and took out a pen and paper from his briefcase to give to her.

Yvette took them over, placed the paper on the body of the car, and wrote on it non-stop.

She finished writing shortly after.

Frankie's expression changed when he saw the letters she put, which were "IOU".

Frankie thought, this should have been Mr. Wolseley's perfect chance to win Mrs. Wolseley back. How come

he is now her creditor?

Lance knew what Yvette wrote, and he pulled a long face.

There was no red ink paste here. Yvette bit her thumb and gasped in pain.

She put a blood fingerprint on her signature and handed it to Lance. "Mr. Wolseley, I will pay you back as

soon as possible."

Lance looked at the piece of paper, feeling that his face was burning. It hurt more than the slap.

He was aware of the meaning of the paper.

It meant that Yvette wanted a clean break from him.

He thought bitterly, does she really hate me that much?

Yvette was not in the mood to appreciate his expression. What Lance thought was correct. She wanted a

clean break from him indeed.

She would rather owe those villagers money than owe him money.

Yet now, the villagers already had the money, and she could not take it back.

Only she knew that she wasn't that confident in herself. No matter how determined she sounded, she was

still worried that she couldn't be firm enough and would make the same mistake again.

She turned around and wanted to leave, and Lance grabbed her wrist.

His voice was hoarse as he said, "You know this is not what I want..."

"But this is the only thing I have," Yvette smiled.

Her smile was like a knife, stabbing his heart. It didn't hurt, but it made him bitter.

"You are not allowed to leave," he suddenly exerted force, pulled her into his arms, and said in a trembling and

overbearing voice.

Yvette could not break free, so she stepped on him. Then she heard a gentle male voice behind them.

"Yvette."

Lance was distracted. At that moment, Yvette had already left his embrace. Charlie, who rushed here, pulled

her behind him and protected her.

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Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 150 I Will Marry Her

Instantly, Lance's handsome face darkened.

Charlie didn't care. He sized up Yvette and asked with concern, "Are you alright?"

Yvette shook her head.

Lance was so pissed off that he was about to flip out. He was still holding a grudge from the last time.

He pressed his tongue against his molars and said, “Charlie Raison, you are everywhere, aren’t you?”

Their gazes met silently in the air, neither avoiding the other.

“Mr. Wolseley, you must be joking.”

Compared to Lance, who was furious, Charlie was much calmer.

Charlie said calmly, “Yvette and I are friends, and we interact as friends should. Mr. Wolseley, I think you’re

the one who should behave yourself. After all, Yvette obviously does not want anything to do with you.”

Lance ignored the last part of Charlie’s words. His attention was caught by Charlie’s first sentence.

Lance thought, you are friends? You interact as friends should? It’s just been a few days. Are you that close

already?

He grabbed Charlie by the collar and gritted his teeth. “Do you think you deserve that?”

Yvette’s expression changed. She thought that Lance was going to get physical again, so she quickly reached

out and stopped him. She said angrily, “Lance, let go.”

Lance did not want to let go at first. However, when he saw the vigilance in Yvette’s eyes, he was hurt.

Lance let go and said with a cold face, “I’m telling you. He is not a nice person. You are not allowed to go near

him.”

Yvette was sick of Lance’s overbearing air. Anyone he disliked was not someone nice.

She sneered, “Yes, you are right. You are the only nice person in the world. None of us are nice.”

By saying this, she lined up with Charlie, instead of Lance.

Her words upset Lance a lot. He said firmly, “You can have contact with anyone but him.”

Yvette was angry and asked, “Mr. Wolseley, what identity do you have to order me now?”

“I’m watching out for you.”

“Thank you so much.”

They started to quarrel. In others’ eyes, they looked like a married couple having a fallout instead of a couple

who had divorced.

Charlie’s eyes turned cold. He pulled Yvette’s wrist and said, “Yvette, let’s go.”

“No.”

Lance grabbed Yvette’s other hand and said coldly, “I will send you back. Do not go with him.”

Yvette shook off Lance’s hand without hesitation and said, “No need to trouble you.”

Seeing how decisive Yvette was, Lance had a gloomy expression. “Do you really think he’s a good person? Do you know how nasty his thoughts are?”

Yvette was just about to say something when Charlie beat her to it.

“Mr. Wolseley, I don’t know what caused you to misunderstand me. The reason why I didn’t tell her about my feelings was that she was married back then. Now that she is single, I think I can make it public that I want

to pursue her.”

Yvette was a little dumbfounded when she heard his words.

She thought, Charlie wants to pursue me?

Lance's anger was ignited in an instant. "Pursue her? She is way out of your league."

Charlie was not angry at all. He smiled and said, "Indeed. I am under a lot of pressure to pursue such a

beautiful and excellent woman like Yvette. But..."

He paused and looked at Lance with a smile in his eyes. "Mr. Wolseley, I want to thank you for letting go of her. That's why I have the chance to make her my girlfriend."

Clearly, Charlie was provoking Lance.

Lance punched Charlie in the next second fiercely. Charlie fell to the ground, and the corner of his mouth was

bleeding.

This time, Charlie did not back up like before. He punched back and hit Lance's jaw.

They fought, neither giving way to the other.

At normal times, Lance would have taken down Charlie already, but he had barely recovered, and he didn't have much strength. He only started to get the upper hand after punching Charlie a few times.

"Stop it! Lance, stop hitting him!" Yvette was aside and said anxiously.

Lance's fist, which was raised high in the air, paused. Charlie took the opportunity and provoked him, "Mr. Wolseley, not only will I pursue her, but I will also marry her."

Lance was no longer hesitant. He was about to punch Charlie again. However, he stopped when he saw

Yvette rushing over.

Yvette pushed Lance away, held Charlie with a face full of concern, and said, “Are you OK?”

Charlie looked more miserable, and when she spoke, Charlie had already stopped. On the contrary, Lance was

about to continue the fight.

Charlie shook his head and comforted her gently, “I’m fine.”

The scene was utterly pleasant to Lance’s eyes.

He reached out to pull Yvette’s arm and stared at her with blood-red eyes. “You really want to choose him?”

Yvette felt nothing but annoyed. She thought, what the heck are you talking about? I’m not choosing anyone.

You are so unreasonable.

I don’t want to be in anyone’s debt. And Charlie is injured because of me. I’m so guilty.

She said in an extremely impatient tone, “Lance, am I not being clear enough? We have already divorced. Could you please stop attacking my friend for no reason?”

After she finished speaking, she helped Charlie up and was about to walk to the car.

Lance felt that he was no different from a self-sentimental clown.

His fists were clenched tightly. He had just been hit by Charlie, and his already existing wounds were ripped

off. Blood was dripping.

However, Yvette saw none of it. Or maybe she did. She just didn’t care.

All his emotions, including anger, were no longer her concern.

Lance was enveloped by all kinds of feelings, including a sense of failure, exhaustion, and powerlessness.

Lance looked at Yvette's back and said coldly, "Yvette, if you go with him now, you and I are finished for good."

Threatening her was not a wise move at this time, but Lance couldn't accept watching them leave just like

that.

Yvette paused, but she finally didn't stop.

She thought, you and I finished for good long ago. When we got divorced, when we lost our baby, everything

was finished.

Looking at Yvette, who left without the slightest bit of hesitation, Lance suddenly chuckled.

"Yvette, you have been waiting for this day for a long time, haven't you? You and Charlie hooked up a long time ago. You want to get a divorce from me so badly. After divorcing me, you can be together with him."

There was unwillingness in Lance's words, and there was also jealousy that he failed to notice. Yet for others,

the jealousy was so obvious.

Lance continued to sneer coldly, "You are just something that I toss away. Go with him if that's what you

want. From now on, you'll have nothing to do with me."

Everyone could tell how flustered and exasperated he was.

Lance's mind was already in a mess. He simply blurted out without caring about what he was talking about

at all.

In fact, he wanted one thing only. He wanted her to look back at him.

He thought, how come she gets to be the one who tosses me away as if I were some kind of rubbish?

Yvette stopped. Just as Charlie wanted to say something, she pressed his arm.

She said softly, "Wait for me."

Then she turned around and walked towards Lance step by step.

Lance stared at her. "Yvette, you think I can't live without you..."

"Thwack!"

Yvette used all her strength to slap Lance. Even her hand hurt from the shock.

She looked at him, the corner of her eyes red with anger, and said word by word, "I slap you for the baby."

