

Chapter 151 I Don't Want to See You

Five red fingerprints instantly appeared on Lance's handsome face.

Lance felt that he was about to snap. The anger in his chest surged.

"Yvette!"

She slapped his face again. He wondered if he indulged her too much.

However, that was not the end. In the next second, Yvette raised her hand, wanting to ruthlessly slap him

again.

Lance intercepted Yvette's hand halfway. She hit the back of his hand.

The sound was exceptionally crisp. Obviously, she used all her strength.

"You're crazy!"

The veins on Lance's forehead bulged as he grabbed her wrist, wanting to teach her a lesson.

He wanted to make it clear that no one should dare to slap his face.

However, just as he was about to make a move, he realized that the slender wrist in his hand was trembling

non-stop and uncontrollably.

Why?

He looked up and asked in confusion, "Your hand..."

Before he could finish his sentence, he saw her face full of tears. In the blink of an eye, his mind went numb,

and he no longer remembered what he wanted to ask.

Yvette used her left hand to pull back her right hand bit by bit.

Then she clasped her hands together and pinched her palms hard to stop herself from trembling.

Her eyes were full of hatred. “Lance, I never cheated on you during our marriage. Please don’t desecrate my fidelity to marriage with your filthy interpretation.”

Yvette thought, at first, I supposed that even though we are divorced, we still can be decent when we bump

into each other.

I was wrong. How can I co-exist with a bastard? We think differently.

She clasped her hands and responded to his taunt, “Also, I know that you tossed me away. I know that all along. I don’t need you to remind me of that over and over again. And I never thought you couldn’t live without me. I know my weight.”

The self-contempt in her words made Lance stunned.

He wanted to tell her that she got him wrong. It wasn’t what he meant.

However, Yvette did not give him the chance.

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She said coldly. “Mr. Wolseley, I hope that you will remember your words. From now on, we are strangers.

Please do so even if we bump into each other at some point. I don’t want to see your face ever again.”

After saying that, she turned around and walked away from his line of sight step by step.

Suddenly, Lance found it hard to breathe.

He felt that his chest was pierced, and his heart was broken.

Yvette got in Charlie’s car.

Seeing that, Lance took a step forward. He somehow felt that his legs were weak.

“Mr. Wolseley...”

Frankie supported him in time.

The wind was so strong. Lance said with great difficulty, “Really... All I wanted was for her to turn back...”

However, he lost control when he saw that she took another man’s side. He didn’t mean any of the things he

blurted out.

He hurt her unintentionally with his poor choice of words.

He just wanted her back. He just wanted her to come back to him. That was all.

Frankie was well aware that things would get trickier if Lance went after Yvette now.

Therefore, he advised, “Mr. Wolseley, let’s go back now.”

Yvette and Charlie were on their way back.

Yvette tilted her head and did not say a word. The car window opened a crack, and the wind made her eyes

red.

She couldn’t get rid of the subtle pain in her heart.

She thought, we were together for two years. I remember each great moment we shared.

How come everything changes the moment we split up?

How could he say that? His words hurt me deeply. I am now clear-headed inside and out.

I will never, ever let anyone take control of my feelings and hurt me.

Never.

When they arrived in New York, Yvette accompanied Charlie to the hospital to treat his wounds.

When they came out, it was already late at night.

“Grab a bite?”

“Want to grab a bite?”

They spoke at almost the same time, and then they looked at each other and smiled.

“Just to be clear. My treat,” Yvette beat Charlie to it.

She had offered it many times, but she never got to treat him to a meal. She was determined this time.

Charlie smiled, “Alright. I’m all yours.”

They came to a restaurant.

After ordering, they sat opposite each other and suddenly felt a little awkward.

Charlie broke the silence. He said, “I was being rude in the afternoon.”

Yvette was stunned for a moment. She looked at him as if trying to determine whether he meant it.

“I said that only because I figured that you didn’t want to come into contact with Mr. Wolseley. I can explain it

to him if you want.”

Charlie spoke righteously. It sounded like he was just helping her out.

Yvette let out a long sigh of relief. She thought, I’m so glad to hear that. Otherwise, things will get awkward.

Right now, relationships for me are off the table. I’m glad to have Charlie as a friend. However, I cannot be

around him comfortably if he becomes my wooer.

She showed a relaxed smile for the first time today.

“There is no need to explain to him. Thank you, Charlie, for helping me out.”

She thought, Lance can feel free to get things wrong as much as he wants.

Lance is a very proud man. After today, I strongly doubt whether he wants to see me again. I’m sure he hates

my guts.

Thinking of this, she felt a sense of relief.

She didn’t want to see Lance ever again.

There was no point in hurting each other.

From her expression, Charlie could tell that he said the right things. Telling her his feelings for her right now

wouldn’t be a wise choice.

Chances were, Yvette would distance herself from him as far as possible. On no ground would she accept

him.

His eyes flickered, and he smiled calmly, “I’m glad that you didn’t get the wrong idea. But I’ll still be happy to

be your fake boyfriend as your shield in the future if there’s a need.”

They became much more relaxed, and they were both starving after a tiring day.

Being full led to a better mood. The meal was very pleasant.

After the meal, Charlie sent Yvette home.

They arrived downstairs.

Yvette said goodbye to Charlie in the car. Charlie smiled and nodded.

Just as she was about to get out of the car, Charlie suddenly broke out in a sweat and covered his stomach,

looking very painful.

Yvette hurriedly asked him what was wrong.

Charlie looked embarrassed. “My stomach feels funny. Can I use your bathroom?”

Yvette was stunned. Seeing that he was suffering, she found it inappropriate to refuse him, so she nodded.

They entered the room.

Yvette pointed in the direction of the bathroom, and Charlie went straight in.

After a while, Charlie came out with a pale face.

Yvette let him sit on the sofa, poured him a glass of water, and asked, “Do you need me to call an

ambulance?”

Charlie shook his head. “It’s just something about my stomach. It’s habitual. I hate to disturb you at this late hour. I’ll just go downstairs and sit in the car for a while.”

As he spoke, he got up. Yet he staggered after a few steps. It looked like he was about to fall.

Yvette hurriedly reached out to support him. Seeing that his face was pale, and he looked very uncomfortable, she felt a bit guilty.

After all, she was the one who invited him to a meal. She was responsible for sure.

She hesitated and said, “Why don’t you lie down on the sofa for a while now? Or I can call an ambulance for you. I’m still up anyway.”

Charlie stared at her and asked, “It won’t trouble you, will it?”

Chapter 152 You're Only My Ex

“Of course.” Yvette nodded with guilt.

Yvette helped Charlie to sit down on the couch. When Yvette stood up and was about to leave, Charlie suddenly grabbed her hand.

Yvette turned around and looked at Charlie in confusion.

Under the light, Yvette's defined features and her fair skin were striking.

Her innocent and pretty face easily took Charlie's breath away. In front of Yvette, Charlie had to fight the urge

not to get on top of her.

Looking into Yvette's face, Charlie felt his heart racing, and he was turned on.

Charlie swallowed hard and said, “I'd like to have some water.”

Yvette nodded, picked up a glass, and poured some water into it.

Yvette also took a blanket over and put it on Charlie, telling him he could have a rest on the couch.

After that, Yvette sat at her desk and turned on the computer. She was going to check the file from Wabon Education Company.

In fact, Yvette felt uncomfortable having a male stranger in her house. Therefore, Yvette decided to work

rather than sit there awkwardly.

About twenty minutes later, Charlie got up and was about to leave.

Yvette was worried about Charlie, so she insisted on going downstairs with him. Yvette didn't leave until

Charlie had driven away.

Charlie wasn't driving fast. Before long, he saw a black car at the corner of the street, which was waiting in

the darkness.

Charlie deliberately stopped, rolled down the window, and greeted Lance with a faint smile.

"Mr. Wolseley, what a coincidence."

Lance stared into Charlie's smug face with his long cold eyes.

Suddenly, Lance smiled, "Charlie, why do you keep messing with me? Do you have a death wish?"

"How come, Mr. Wolseley? Given the power and status that the Wolseley family has, I can't afford to tick you

off."

At that moment, Charlie took off his glasses, revealing the coldness of his eyes.

This was what Charlie really was.

A hypocritical and indifferent person.

Lance's lips curled up into a sneer. "You better not. I'm warning you. Stay away from Yvette."

Charlie said with a grin, "Mr. Wolseley, don't you think you're out of line? I can't push Yvette away if she wants

to get close to me, can I? Besides..."

Charlie paused for a second and continued, "I fully understand why Mr. Wolseley wants to keep Yvette by your side. She tastes really... really good." It sounded like Charlie was suggesting something.

After that, Charlie ignored Lance's sullen face and drove away.

Feeling a cold breeze, Charlie was in a good mood.

At first, Charlie just wanted to steal everything from Lance. Therefore, when Lance and Yvette got divorced,

Charlie already got what he wanted.

However, Lance still couldn't get over Yvette, which made Charlie change his mind. Charlie couldn't wait to

see how angry Lance would be when Lance knew he fucked Yvette.

However, Yvette always kept her distance from Charlie. It wasn't easy for Charlie to let Yvette open up to him.

Charlie thought, I gotta come up with a plan.

Half of Charlie's face was hidden in the darkness. After a while, he made a phone call.

"Any news about Emilie?" Charlie asked.

Yeah. Someone had seen her in Kentucky."

Charlie said coldly, "We gotta find her fast before anyone finds her."

Charlie thought, I can use that loser to get what I want.

Charlie loosened his tie absent-mindedly with one hand and held the steering wheel with the other. He was

still overwhelmed by sexual desire.

Charlie couldn't help but curse in his mind when he thought of Yvette's fair and soft hand.

Charlie didn't have much contact with Yvette in college.

At that time, all Charlie could think of was revenge. Hatred got the best of him. Charlie didn't pay much

attention to Yvette.

Charlie was a thoughtful and nice senior student at school during the day, while by night, he was a monster gripped by madness.

Charlie returned to New York not long ago. Charlie hadn't thought of approaching Yvette until he learned that

Yvette married Lance.

The more Charlie spent time together with Yvette, the more Charlie wanted her.

He pondered, maybe it's because I haven't made her mine.

After I get her, it's only a matter of time before I get tired of her.

When Yvette was in the shower, she found that Charlie had left his watch on the sink.

Yvette came out of the bathroom and was about to put Charlie's watch away. Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Yvette thought that Charlie came back for his watch, so she quickly put on a conservative nightgown and

opened the door.

"Charlie, are you coming back for your..."

Yvette was shocked when she saw Lance's face.

Yvette didn't expect Lance to come to her after what had happened in the morning.

Therefore, Lance caught Yvette off guard..

Yvette's mind went blank. She immediately closed the door.

Bang.

Yvette wanted to slam the door shut, but she couldn't.

When Yvette looked closely, her face turned pale.

It turned out that Lance blocked the door with his hand.

Yvette closed the door abruptly. A few seconds later, Yvette noticed bruises on the back of Lance's hand.

Yvette could imagine how bad the pain was when she saw Lance's bruised hand.

"You must be crazy!"

Yvette looked up at Lance and found him glaring at her with his steely eyes.

Lance looked as if he had caught Yvette cheating.

Yvette was wary when she saw Lance's expression.

"You..."

Before Yvette finished her words, Lance pushed the door open.

Lance hurried into the house and pinned Yvette against the door without saying a word.

It was as if Lance wanted to devour Yvette alive. He pinched Yvette's chin and said coldly, "Did you sleep with

him?"

Yvette was in a daze. "You've been following me?" she asked surprisedly.

Lance's eyes turned red with rage. He gritted his teeth and said angrily, "Answer me."

Yvette flared up and snapped, "Lance, what's wrong with you? I've made it pretty clear that we're over.

Whatever I do is none of your business. You're only my ex!"

"None of my business?"

At that moment, Lance couldn't think straight.

Lance waited in his car downstairs and watched the light upstairs. He kept convincing himself that there was

nothing between Yvette and Charlie.

Charlie just dropped by, and he would leave soon.

Lance tried hard to compose himself because he was afraid that he would do something that would upset

Yvette.

Lance had been struggling for half an hour.

To Lance, half an hour felt like half of a century.

However, what Charlie said was the last straw.

At that moment, Lance's heart broke.

Lance subconsciously thought that Yvette was still his woman. Lance wouldn't allow anyone to touch Yvette.

It never occurred to Lance that Yvette would see anyone else.

Lance roared in his mind, what if Yvette slept with Charlie?

The thought almost drove Lance crazy.

Jealousy overtook Lance. Lance desperately needed an answer.

"Yvette, I'm gonna ask you one more time. Did you sleep with him?" Lance squeezed Yvette's chin even harder.

It hurt so much that Yvette was about to cry. Yvette hated Lance even more for his rudeness. Yvette became tough and replied, "I said it's none of your business."

"Fine!"

Lance sneered. He picked Yvette up and threw her in bed.

"Since you're not gonna tell me, I'll figure it out myself."

Yvette's expression changed. She suddenly had a bad feeling.

Chapter 153 Get Out of Here

Yvette was just out of a shower and deliberately put on a conservative nightdress that reached her ankles.

However, after Yvette was thrown onto the bed rudely, her dress was lifted up by more than half, revealing at

pair of fair and straight legs.

The light from the night lamp shone on Yvette's skin, giving her a gentle glow.

Lance's eyes couldn't help but darken. He knelt on the bed and his suit pants tightened.

Yvette got frightened. She reached out and pushed Lance, saying in a trembling voice, "Lance, what are you

doing? Are you crazy? We are divorced. You can't do this..."

Before Yvette could finish her words, her wrists were already restrained by Lance's strong palm and raised

above her head.

"Yes! I am crazy."

When Lance had a bipolar episode, he was one step away from a madman.

These two years of life and work were satisfactory, and Lance was well under control.

But recently, Lance's condition was becoming worse and worse. There were many times when he could not

control himself immediately after taking medicine.

Lance's voice was freezing cold. "Yve, you know what bothers me. Don't push me so hard."

In an instant, Yvette's mind went blank. She did not want to anger Lance. Her lips trembled as she explained,

"No. I didn't... Lance, don't do that to me."

But it was already too late.

Once Lance got suspicious, he was completely in a surge of fury.

Lance knew in his heart that he should stop, but he could not control himself. He reached out and said, "Yve,

let me take a look. I won't touch you."

Yvette instantly felt helpless.

Although Yvette's hands were restrained, her head was free. So Yvette tilted her head and bit Lance's arm hard, causing her mouth to be filled with the smell of blood. However, it was still useless.

Lance was much stronger than Yvette and could easily deal with her.

Yvette felt hopeless.

Suddenly, Yvette frowned heavily, and her eyes were red. "I hate you!"

The next second, Yvette felt so humiliated that her tears fell, and her entire face was red.

Lance got what he wanted. The hostility around him faded away and he looked a little relieved.

Lance held Yvette's face up like he was holding a treasure, sucking away her tears one by one.

"I'm sorry, Yve. I'm really crazy."

Although Yvette was tall, she was very thin. At this point, her whole body shrank and only a pair of small fair feet were shown, making her look small.

The long evening gown had been crumpled up, giving it a special appeal.

Lance thought of something and couldn't help but swallow. He had not slept with Yvette for so long, so it was impossible to say that he did not miss her.

What happened just now made Lance itchier.

However, Lance knew he could not get Yvette laid this time, or it would only make her feel even more disgusted.

Lance gently hugged Yvette and said, "Does it hurt? Shall we go to the hospital?"

Yvette curled up on the bed, trembling with anger.

Yvette thought, Lance said he wouldn't touch me, but how could he treat me with such a humiliation method? And it hurt so much.

Yvette tried her best to remain calm, her voice trembling slightly. "Get out."

"Yve, I'm sorry. It's all my fault. I shouldn't have been provoked by Charlie."

"Lance, don't you hear me? Get out."

Yvette was still trembling and her voice was so weak that it didn't seem threatening at all. However, the disgust in her words could still clearly be seen.

And Yvette's whole body was extremely stiff in Lance's arms.

Lance thought for a moment and let go of Yvette. Then he said, "I'll go first. Tell me if you feel

uncomfortable."

Yvette ignored Lance. She did not even look at him but buried her face under the quilt.

Lance seemed to have said something about coming back tomorrow, but Yvette did not hear it clearly and

was not in the mood to care.

After the door was closed, Yvette slowly got up from the bed and walked in pain.

Lance was so rude that it made Yvette feel like the first time.

Yvette then called Ellen. When Ellen picked up, Yvette spoke to her in a soft and weak voice.

“Ellen, can I go to your house to stay for a few days?”

Of course.” Ellen agreed immediately and felt that there was something wrong with Yvette’s voice. Ellen

asked, “What happened to you, Yvette?”

“It’s nothing. Also, can you help me contact a reliable agent to sell my apartment? The sooner the better. I

need money.”

Ellen knew that there was definitely something wrong with Yvette but it was hard for Yvette to explain everything clearly on the phone, so Ellen decided to ask about it later.

Yvette hung up the phone and began to pack her things.

As Yvette packed, she felt depressed.

Yvette originally thought that she could live a peaceful life after the divorce, but Lance just refused to let her

go.

Yvette knew Lance didn’t really love her, and at best, he was a little obsessed with her body.

Lance also regarded Yvette as his possession and did not allow others to touch her.

However, the loss of the baby was a huge blow to Yvette.

Yvette absolutely could not repeat the same mistakes.

Yvette thought if she wanted to break it off with Lance, she had to do it decisively.

Yvette's mind was in a mess right now, and she could not think of a good way, so she simply left it behind

first.

After all, Yvette was sure to break it off with Lance.

The next day, Yvette moved to Ellen's apartment.

Ellen's apartment was very close to the place where Yvette worked.

Yvette briefly told Ellen about selling the house, but Yvette did not tell Ellen that she owed Lance 500

thousand dollars.

Yvette was sure that Ellen would definitely find a way to help her if she told Ellen that, but Yvette knew that the Robbins family was having a hard time now, and Ellen herself was also finding investment everywhere. Therefore, Yvette thought Ellen might not be in a better situation than her.

After calming down, Yvette went to Wabon Education Company.

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Wabon Education Company was an organization for home tutoring. The boss of Wabon Education Company was a scholar in his forties who wore glasses and had a very kind personality.

Yvette valued the flexible working hours a home tutor would have. A tutor didn't need to stay in the office all day. And as long as someone could get the necessary files prepared, he could work at home.

Yvette went to the office and handed over the review plan for graduates in senior high that the team leader had asked her to make during the last interview.

The team leader asked Yvette to go back to her desk and wait for a moment. A new employee like Yvette was not qualified to choose her students and she could only be chosen by the parents of the students.

In the afternoon, the team leader gave Yvette an address and told her that the clients were very satisfied with the review plan she had made and wanted to interview her again in person.

Before Yvette left, the team leader suddenly stopped Yvette and warned her, “Yvette, there’s something special about the child of the client. You can communicate with the child yourself instead of just talking with the client. If you don’t like this job, I can arrange another for you.”

Yvette looked through the information about the client on the way and felt that this employer was quite

generous with pay, which was 8 thousand dollars for four shorter classes and two longer classes in a week.

Yvette thought if she could really get the job, plus the money she got from selling the house, she could pay

the money she owed Lance back in less than half a year.

Thinking of this, Yvette felt full of hope. Yvette thought perhaps her plan to go abroad to further her studies

could be achieved in advance.

When Yvette graduated from college back then, her tutor greatly appreciated her and advised her to apply to a famous foreign school for further study.

Unfortunately, at that time, Yvette was blinded by love and didn’t

listen to her tutor.

Now after the divorce, Yvette deeply realized the importance of education and thought it was necessary to

improve herself.

Soon, Yvette arrived at the place. It was a very luxurious villa by the river.

A butler received Yvette and served her a cup of black tea. Then the butler instructed, “The Sir is in a meeting.

now. Please wait a moment and don’t wander around.”

Yvette nodded and she knew better than to wander around in other people's places.

However, the meeting lasted for a long time. Yvette did not know how long it took before she fell asleep on

the sofa.

When Yvette woke up again, it was already dark outside. She sat up straight in panic, her eyes still hazy from

just waking up.

When Yvette raised her eyes, she met a pair of eyes that were as black as ink.

“Ms. Thiel?”

“Are you awake?” the man asked calmly as he sat opposite Yvette.



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Chapter 154 I Will Definitely Earn It!

The customer information was absolutely confidential.

That was why Yvette was so surprised when she saw Marcus.

Marcus was not surprised when he saw her. After all, the teacher's information had to be checked by the customer in advance.

He was dressed smartly as if he had just had a video conference.

After Yvette recovered from her shock, she felt she was being rude. She hurriedly stood up and bowed slightly.

“Mr. Wolseley, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to fall asleep.”

Marcus said unhurriedly, “So you want to?”

Yvette was rendered speechless by his words, unable to speak.

Marcus saw her startled expression and pinched his eyebrows. He explained, “I was just joking.”

Yvette twitched the corners of her mouth and smiled awkwardly.

She really wanted to remind him not to joke around anymore. It sounded like a leader reprimanding his subordinate.

Marcus said, “Sit down.”

Yvette sat down as instructed.

Marcus asked again, “Have you read Joseph’s information?”

Yvette shook her head. The student’s information could only be read by the selected teachers. That was to say, only when Marcus was satisfied with her would she be able to get the student’s information.

Marcus did not beat around the bush and went straight to the point. “Joseph has been spoiled by me. He has a bad temper and loves to mess with people. This year, you are the ninth teacher. I have no objections to you, but the premise is that you can tame him.”

He used the word “tame”, and coupled with the hesitation of the team leader before she came, Yvette could already imagine that Joseph was a troublesome child.

Yvette thought for a moment and asked, “Did he hit someone?”

Marcus raised his eyebrows and seemed to be a little surprised by her question. “He doesn’t hit women.”

“That’s fine.” Yvette let out a sigh.

Marcus spoke in a clear voice, “You can meet first.”

He turned around and instructed the servant, “Let Joseph come down.”

The servant went up the stairs and soon came down again. He said timidly, “Mr. Wolseley wants the teacher

Get Botus

to go up.”

“Tell him to come down right now.” Marcus frowned.

The servant went to send a message again, but he still returned alone.

“Ms. Thiel, please wait a moment,” Marcus said with a darkened face.

As he spoke, he stood up as if she wanted to go upstairs.

Yvette knew what he was gonna do and said, “I’ll go with you.”

It was getting late, and she had to go home after seeing Joseph.

When they went upstairs, the door was not closed. Marcus knocked on the door and then pushed it open.

Seeing Joseph look disheveled, Marcus said in a low voice, “Put on your clothes and see the teacher.”

Joseph saw that it was Marcus and slowly got up. He then put on a red sleeveless T-shirt, revealing two

arms.

Then, Marcus nodded at Yvette. Yvette walked in sideways. The room was punk-style, and she could see the

blue-haired child in the middle at a glance.

Joseph didn’t look like a child though. He looked particularly flamboyant, and he had charming slanted eyes,

similar to Yvette’s eyes.

However, Yvette’s eyes looked cuter. Joseph’s eyes, however, were sharp and ruthless. He was not easy to

deal with.

Joseph was about 6 feet tall. He did not look like a child at all.

Most of the senior students were around 17 or 18 years old. Joseph repeated a grade, so he was already an

adult.

Yvette nodded at him and smiled, “Hello, I’m Yvette Thiel. You can call me...”

“Yvette, right?” Joseph said and yawned. He glanced at Marcus and said disdainfully, “Are you looking for a

teacher or a mother for me? She is a bit small-breasted compared to previous ones. Have you changed your

taste?”

He wanted to humiliate Yvette.

Marcus scolded in a deep voice, “What are you talking about? She’s Ms. Thiel.”

“Oh, Ms. Thiel.”

Joseph drawled lazily. He didn’t show any respect and tried to tease her.

Yvette didn’t mind and replied, “Joseph, hi.”

Joseph saw that Yvette was very calm. She was neither anxious nor humble, making him angry.

He sneered, “Ms. Thiel must have taken a fancy to my father when you came to apply for the job, right? Don’t

waste your time. I’ll send a copy of his schedule to you immediately. He will go to the same bar every Saturday to drink. It will be easier for you to get him when you go there. You don’t wanna mess with me.”

“Joseph!”

Marcus’s tone was a little serious. He rarely showed his expression, but now he was really angry.

Joseph was still a little afraid of Marcus. He sat down and stopped talking.

Yvette stood quietly at the side.

Marcus frowned. He looked at Yvette and said, "Let's go down first."

"Mr. Wolseley, can I stay alone with Joseph for a while?" Yvette asked.

Marcus looked at her and nodded.

After he left, Joseph showed an expression of disgust. "Don't think that it is easy to earn money. You'd better

ask why the eight teachers quit their jobs. There is one that she wouldn't dare to be a teacher anymore."

Yvette asked calmly, "Why do you reject teachers?"

Joseph scoffed, "How many of you are real teachers? Six of the eight teachers before came to seduce my

dad."

"I'm not interested in your dad," Yvette said straightforwardly.

"Who would believe it?" Joseph said perfunctorily.

"I don't care if you believe it or not. I only want to tell you that I will definitely earn the money."

Yvette had a calm expression. "If you don't want to be annoyed by me, you can think about what you want me

to do to make me teach you. I can promise you a challenge."

Joseph smiled lazily, "Ms. Thiel, you're pretty awesome."

He suddenly stood up and looked down at Yvette. "I'll treat you to some fruit juice," he smiled.

Then, he handed over the fruit juice that Mary brought over. Then his hand tilted and the red fruit juice all fell

on Yvette's beige coat.

“I’m so sorry,” Joseph said innocently. “My hand suddenly hurt.”

Yvette was not embarrassed at all. She calmly wiped it and said, “It’s okay. Anyway, your family is rich and your dad will reimburse me.”

Before she left, she said, “I will only give you three days to think about it. After that, I will propose to Mr. Wolseley to tie you up for class. It is up to you whether you want to learn or not. I am only responsible for imparting knowledge.”

Joseph’s anger was stirred up by her. He rushed out directly and shouted at the people below, “I don’t want her. I don’t want her to be my teacher.”

Compared to Yvette’s calmness, Joseph’s exasperation was shown all over his face.

Marcus was rather surprised. This was the first time that Joseph had been defeated. In the past, it had always been the teacher who came down, crying.

He looked at Yvette’s coat which was stained with juice. “Sorry, Joseph has been spoiled by me.”

“Mr. Wolseley, I have a question for you.”

“You ask.”

“What’s Joseph’s current rank?”

“235th.”

Yvette calculated and felt that it was not bad. He might have studied some before.

“How many people are there in the school?” she asked.

Marcus said lightly, “235.”

Yvette was lost for words.

Joseph was in an international school. The number of people recruited every semester was limited. If Marcus

had not donated a building, the school would not have let Joseph in at all.

Yvette signed and said, “Your request is to let him adapt to his future life and studies overseas. I can do this.

I can improve his grade by 50 percent in three months. However...”

“What?” Marcus raised his eyebrows.

Yvette was straightforward. “You need to pay more.”

It was quiet, and Joseph cursed upstairs, “You greedy and cheeky woman.”

Yvette was expressionless. Marcus was amused by her straightforwardness. “No problem.”

Marcus arranged a car and sent Yvette back. They agreed that the payment for the lesson would be changed

to 16 thousand dollars a week, and the length of time would also increase accordingly.

Joseph’s foundation was too weak. If the learning time did not increase, it would not be able to work at all.

Yvette arrived at Ellen’s residence.

Yvette got out of the car and nodded to the driver to thank him. She watched the car leave.

When the car was far away, Yvette turned around and walked into the neighborhood.

Before she took two steps, the remote light suddenly lit up, making Yvette’s eyes hurt.

She covered her eyes and the light went out. A person got out of the car and walked toward her step by step.

Chapter 155 I Don't Want You

When Yvette saw who it was, her expression immediately turned cold. She pretended not to see the person

and went upstairs.

The man blocked her way with his hands in his pockets, like a sculpture.

“Who was the person who sent you back just now?” Lance asked with an unhappy expression.

“It has nothing to do with you,” Yvette said coldly.

Lance choked for a moment, but considering she was still angry, he changed the topic.

“Why did you move?”

Yvette was a little speechless when hearing his question. She directly bypassed him and wanted to go.

upstairs.

However, he reached out to hold her wrist. He seemed to be trying to suppress his anger, yet he still said

coldly, “Let's have a talk.”

Because of his touch, Yvette thought of what happened last night and suddenly stiffened.

“Let go of me,” she said, trying to resist.

Lance felt his chest tighten, but he still let her go. He blocked the door and didn't let her go up.

He said in a low voice, “Yvette, you can move. But can't you tell me?”

“Why should I tell you?”

Yvette felt puzzled and angry that he could find her anywhere she moved to.

She took out her phone, opened the photo album, and showed it to Lance’s face.

“Mr. Wolseley, do you recognize the divorce certificate?” she sneered.

Immediately, Lance’s face darkened.

Who would have thought that she would keep the divorce certificate’s photo in her cell phone and use it to

remind him at any time?

She was cold and cruel as Lance thought.

Lance felt a pain in his heart. He looked at her and said, “Yvette, don’t be like this.”

“Mr. Wolseley, please don’t be like this.” Yvette said “please”, which made it sound even more distant.

“We have already divorced. I don’t know why Mr. Wolseley is still harassing me like this. Is it very interesting?

Or is the Wolseley Group going to close down? That’s why you’re so idle?”

Lance was speechless, and he opened his mouth but could not say anything.

Yvette turned around and went upstairs. Lance followed closely behind.

Yvette stopped and glared at him. “You are not allowed to follow me.”

Lance only looked at her and made up his mind.

The elevator doors opened, and Yvette stood in. Her eyes met the man’s narrowed slanted eyes. She warned.

“If you follow me again, I’ll call the police.”

Then, she pressed the button to close the doors without hesitation.

The moment the elevator doors were about to close, a hand pressed in. The elevator doors clamped the hand slightly and opened again.

Lance's handsome face was cold. He stepped in. Without waiting for Yvette to speak, he reached out and held her face. He pressed her against the wall and kissed her fiercely.

Yvette's lips were soft, and Lance held her slender waist tightly. Afraid that the wall was cold, he held her back with his palm and distanced her from the wall.

This also forced her face to raise higher, making it easier for his lips to kiss her deeply.

Yvette wanted to dodge, but she couldn't. She was kissed by him several times.

“Ding.”

The elevator doors suddenly opened.

It was an old lady outside. When she saw the two of them, she looked away and said, “Young couple, you

can't go home and do it? There are surveillance cameras in the elevator.”

Yvette suddenly sobered up and pushed him hard. Only then did the pressure on her lips loosen.

As their gazes met, the corners of Lance's lips curled up, carrying a lingering desire. He tightened his arms around her and pressed her against his body.

“Your lips and your body, all remember me.”

He gave a definite answer.

“What can this prove?” Yvette was still panting and angry.

However, Lance was strong, holding her tightly. She could only press her palms against his chest and try her

best to remain calm.

“You still love me,” Lance said with certainty.

“Lance, I don’t love you anymore.”

“Then I love you. Let me love you.” He hugged her tightly and rubbed his head against her neck.

“Yvette, give me another chance. Don’t be so heartless to me.”

There was a hint of pleading in Lance’s tone.

Even someone as arrogant as him lowered his head in this endless torment.

Yvette’s eyes were moist. It was not that she was moved, but she felt that it was not worth it.

When she finally heard this sentence, she paid the price with her baby’s life.

Who knew how much she longed for that child? She wanted to see the baby babble.

But all of this would never happen.

“It’s too late to say that now.”

Yvette would not love him again, nor would she give him any chance.

Moreover, did he really love her?

Lance was born with a silver spoon. Did he, who was favored by the world, know what love was?

In this love that he thought he had, there should be more unwillingness.

It was because she was the one who schemed against him and did not love him before he did.

“Not late. As long as you give me a chance, it will never be late.”

Yvette said coldly, “Lance, do you like it when others dislike you? I don’t love you, and I won’t give you another chance.”

Only a stupid person would repeat the same mistake. She didn't want to sink into it again..

To give him the chance to hurt me again?

That unforgettable pain is enough for one time.

Yvette did not want to experience it again for the rest of her life.

Lance listened to her indifferent tone, and his heart tightened. He pressed her shoulder and looked at her

with emotions.

“Yvette, I won't allow it!”

He would not allow her to not love him, and he would never allow it..

Yvette was tired as she was pestered by him, and even her posture looked a little lazy.

“Mr. Wolseley, you shouldn't be like this. Divorce means that we won't disturb each other in the future. Both of us will be happy. With your status, you don't lack women.”

“I don't want other women!”

The veins on the back of Lance's hand bulged as he stared at Yvette, trying to find out the feelings of the past from her eyes.

But there was nothing there.

His heart began to hurt again, and it felt like an icicle was drilling into his heart.

Lance felt that he was about to go crazy. If not for the fact that he still had a trace of rationality, he would

have really imprisoned her.

He opened his mouth and said with difficulty and determination, “I only want you!”

Yvette looked at him and smiled mockingly, “But I don’t want you.”

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Chapter 156 I Won’t Do That

Lance gritted his teeth and tightened his grip on Yvette’s shoulders. “You’re not allowed to say that.”

Yvette did not expect that their divorce would cause such a big change in him.

In fact, she had not moved on either. When she lost the baby, she blamed everyone else and hated Lance a

lot.

She wanted to make herself feel better by hating him.

But now, she was trying to leave the past behind and live her life.

Yvette pushed away his hands and stood up straight with an indifferent look.

“Lance, no matter what you say, we will start a new life. For us, the best thing is to bless each other when we get married again. It doesn’t matter if you can’t do it, but please don’t interfere with my life.”

Get married? Bless? Don’t interfere with your life? Lance thought.

He looked up at her coldly.

“Do you intend to remarry?”

Yvette glanced at him, feeling a little strange.

She thought she couldn’t remain single forever.

She just met the wrong man, but that didn’t mean that she would reject all the men.

Perhaps it was because she had no family that she longed to build a family of her own.

But now she wasn't so persistent. She would be more cautious and clear-headed when meeting another man.

These were not the things she should consider right now, however. At present, she had to become stronger

and think about her future.

"I am only 23 years old. Even if I don't have a candidate for my marriage now, I will have one in the future."

In an instant, the veins bulged on the backs of Lance's hands, and his heart ached. He wanted to lock her up

more.

Yvette wanted to remarry and even hoped that he could bless her!

Lance's face was as cold as ice, and he said each word firmly, "Then you can try it."

Yvette stared at him, pushed him away, and walked out of the elevator.

Behind her, Lance's handsome face darkened.

He watched as she left and said coldly, "Yvette, you will come back to me."

His determined tone was the same as when Yvette said that he would definitely get a divorce.

Yvette panicked and slammed the door.

After that, she leaned against the door in fear.

His confident tone panicked her.

She and Lance shared beautiful memories, but he also broke her heart.

She did not want to continue living this life.

She could pretend to be calm previously.

But when this happened again and again, she had to do something resolutely.

Outside the door.

Lance looked at the door. It was as if the door wasn't closed, but that Yvette had completely given him up.

She wanted to stay away from him and start a new life.

They lived a happy life before, and she used to be in his arms, listening to his whispers of love...

Lance wondered if she had forgotten everything.

He always thought that she might look at another man affectionately with a shy face.

Every time he thought about this, an evil idea would immediately come to his mind.

The ringing of the phone interrupted his thoughts.

The call was from the Wolseley's house. Lance was asked to go back for an urgent matter.

He looked at the tightly closed door again before turning to leave.

He thought, do you want to stay away from me?

But that depends on me.

It was late at night when Lance arrived at the house.

As soon as he entered, he saw a mess on the floor. Tanya covered her face with her hands and squatted by

the bed, crying. Colton stood there without a look at her.

Tanya was usually a strong woman, but now she looked so vulnerable, which surprised Lance. He walked

forward to help her stand up and looked at Colton with cold eyes.

“You just came back today. Don’t you want some rest?”

This implied that Colton was making trouble here.

Hearing that, Colton Wolseley looked cold. “Do you still remember that I’m your father?”

Lance replied in a cold voice, “Then you should act like a father.”

Colton sneered, “I didn’t want to fight with her, but she started to throw things when I just said a few words. I

Get Bonus

don’t want to go back to the house at all.”

Tanya suddenly stood up and scolded, “Do you think I want to see you? If not for Jaiden’s health, I would

divorce you right now.”

“That’s enough. I didn’t come back for you,” Colton said impatiently.

He then glanced at Lance and said, “Come with me.”

After that, he walked to the study.

When Lance entered, Colton directly threw a photo at him and said, “I know about your divorce. She’s called Kali Pruitt, the only daughter of the Pruitt family. You should go meet her tomorrow.”

“What do you mean?” Lance asked coldly.

Colton glanced at him and said, “Don’t you know what I mean? I’ve given you two years to do whatever you want. Now it’s time for you to consider getting married for our family.”

“I won’t do that.” Lance refused.

Colton acted as if he did not hear Lance, and lit a cigar.

He then continued, “The Pruitt family’s supply of new energy can help us open up 70% of the foreign markets.

I am very satisfied with the marriage. I asked you to go on a blind date with Kali out of courtesy. Even if you don’t meet her, you have to marry her.”

Lance walked to the window and opened it to air the room. He said, “Since you are very satisfied with her, why

don’t you marry her? You’ve been with so many women, but none of them can contribute to the Wolseley

family.”

Colton was so angry that he choked.

He coughed for a while before he stood up and pounded the table angrily.

“Lance, I am not discussing it with you. If you dare not go, just leave the company.”

Lance looked at Colton who was hypocritical and said coldly, “I am not discussing it with you either. I seem to

have more shares than you, so you don’t have the right to fire me.”

He continued, “I have to advise you to stay abroad and not to interfere with the company’s affairs.”

Colton seemed to have vented his anger. He was expressionless and sneered.

“You were indeed brought up by your grandfather and your mother. You’re very good at irritating me.”

“You flatter me,” Lance said lightly.

Hearing this, Colton almost exploded with anger.

He stared at Lance and said, “Who am I doing this for? Isn’t it for the future of the company? I think you’d

better think more about your mother and your grandfather!”

He said the words gently at first, but his tone became ruthless in the end.

Lance's eyes turned colder.

He looked at Colton and said with a gaze, "Are you really doing this for me?"

Colton didn't expect him to ask the question, looking suspicious and saying, "Of course, I am doing this for

you."

A trace of contempt flashed across Lance's eyes, and he changed his mind. "Then I will go."



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Chapter 157 Afraid of Him

Colton's tone softened a little at Lance's mild attitude.

"Expanding the market is for the Wolseley family. You are my only son. I did all of this for you."

Lance was a little absent-minded as he said, "Okay."

Colton was happy. Looking at his handsome son, who was taller than him, he felt a little proud. He reached out to pat Lance's back. But Lance stepped aside.

He was annoyed by Colton's hypocrisy. He said coldly, "If there is nothing special at the old mansion, don't

come here anymore."

Colton was unhappy. The old mansion was also his home, and he had his share. How could he not come

over?

He thought his son had been assimilated by Tanya.

That was why Lance was so cold to him.

But when he thought of Lance agreeing to the blind date, he felt glad, and he didn't care about this anymore.

"Alright, I won't come over unless it's necessary," he said in a better tone.

The cooperation in the foreign market was between him and the head of the Pruitt family. When he succeeded, he had a high chance of getting back the main decision-making power of the Wolseley family.

At that time, Lance would have to obey him.

He had to think about his other son. He would support whoever was obedient.

The next day.

Yvette cleaned up Ellen's house. Ellen did not come back last night. She usually did not live here.

Previously, Ellen joked that this was her backing-up house. When she wanted to run away, she would sell it

for money.

Now, Yvette could move in to clean the house for her.

Yvette knew that Ellen wanted to help her. Ellen did not agree to her renting another house. Yvette paid the

rent according to the market price. If Ellen did not accept it, she would not move in.

In the end, Ellen could not persuade her, so Ellen accepted half of it and said that she wanted to live with

Yvette.

Yvette was going to sell her own house. Two customers were negotiating with her. But she was not satisfied with the price.

Although she was urgent, she did not want to sell it at a low price.

After all, this small house once carried her dreams. The geographical location was good. It was worth the

price she wanted.

In the afternoon.

Charlie asked Yvette to have some coffee and said that he had something to ask her for help with.

Yvette went out early and went to the hospital to see Jaiden.

Recently, Jaiden's condition got worse. He was resting in the hospital.

Jaiden was very happy to see her and asked, "Why are you here alone? Where is Lance?"

Yvette lied, "He is busy."

In fact, she had deliberately picked a time when she could not run into Lance.

After chatting with Jaiden for a while, Yvette asked Jaiden, "Jaiden, if I were to separate from Lance one day,

would you be angry?"

Jaiden's face wrinkled. "Yvette, did Lance bully you?",

"No, Jaiden, it's just a hypothesis."

Yvette thought about this matter for a long time and felt that it was impossible to keep the divorce from

Jaiden forever.

To avoid embarrassment in the future, she'd better tell the truth earlier.

Jaiden would be angry for a moment, but he would finally understand.

It was just that she couldn't tell him about the loss of the baby. Otherwise, Jaiden might not be able to stand

1. She had to think of a better reason.

Jaiden disagreed. “It’s meaningless to make such a hypothesis. If there is something wrong, you two should

solve it in time. Talk to each other more. Don’t do anything that you might regret.”

Yvette was a little embarrassed to speak. Jaiden saw that she seemed to have some worries and tried to

comfort her.

“Yvette, I’m old. I know much, and there are few things that I can’t bear. If you have trouble, tell me. I’ll help

you.”

Yvette was going to tear up. She put her face on the back of his hand and said, “Jaiden, I’m fine. Don’t worry. I hope that you can be healthy and happy every day.”

Jaiden smiled and said, “People always have regrets in their lives. Don’t look down on me. I am not to the

point where I can’t bear anything.”

Yvette felt that he seemed to know about her divorce, or maybe he had noticed something.

They hadn’t seen Jaiden together for a long time. Jaiden was sensitive.

him, Jaiden, I…”

Before she could finish speaking, the door of the ward was pushed open, and Lance walked in.

He should have just met an important partner. He wore a well-ironed suit with a silver brooch in front of him. He wore a rose-red tie and was exceptionally handsome.

He was eye-catching.

Yvette was wondering why he would come over at this point when he had walked over. His slender and powerful arm naturally wrapped around her shoulder. He pulled her tightly into his embrace.

“Why didn’t you wait for me to come over with you?”

He was gentle, and his tone was soft as if the two of them were still a couple.

Jaiden was watching, and Yvette could not shake Lance off. She could only let him hug her.

“I thought you were busy,” she said softly.

Lance pressed his palm on her shoulder and smiled faintly, “No matter how busy I am, I will come with you to

visit Grandpa.”

His voice was unbelievably gentle as if he was not the one who had been ruthless to her last night.

Yvette thought that no one could resist Lance in such a gentle state.

As long as he wanted to, he could coax women well and make them overjoyed.

If not for the unforgettable pain, she would probably fall into the same trap as before.

The thirty minutes in the ward were exceptionally torturous.

Lance held her shoulders very tightly. Sensing her stiffness, he even lightly used his thumb to draw circles on

her soft shoulder.

Yvette became more nervous, and her face turned red.

Jaiden saw that something was wrong and asked, “Yvette, what’s wrong with you? Why is your face so red?”

Lance also lowered his eyes to look at her. His gaze locked on her, burning like the scorching sun.

Yvette said evasively, "It's a little hot, Jaiden."

"Sorry, we old people are afraid of the cold, so I had the air conditioner turned up." Jaiden did not doubt it.

It was not easy for her to get through it.

Walking out of the ward, Yvette did not hesitate to shake off Lance's hand.

The act of pretending to be in love just now made her sick.

When the elevator arrived, she immediately went in and pressed the button to close the doors.

However, Lance was a step ahead of her and entered.

As the familiar scent approached, Yvette thought of the kiss in the elevator last night. She almost reflexively

hid.

A hint of ridicule flashed through Lance's eyes. He stared at her and asked, "Where are you going? I'll send you off."

"No need, I'll go by myself."

As Yvette spoke, she subconsciously pressed her body against the wall of the elevator, afraid to have any physical contact with him.

His words at that time were a horror to her. She didn't want to go back to him.

Now, she just wanted to escape quickly.

"Yvette, am I a monster?" Lance smiled sarcastically.

Her expression was too obvious as if standing with him was unbearable.

"No..."

Yvette turned her face away, not daring to look at Lance, whose eyes were filled with an extremely strong

encroachment.

She did not know what to say.

She had tried to persuade him with soft or harsh words.

But all of them didn't work.

Fortunately, at this time, the elevator doors opened.

Yvette hurriedly went out. Just as she stepped out of the elevator, Charlie called her, and she quickly answered the phone.

Charlie asked her where she was. He was going to come to pick her up.

Yvette saw that Lance had not left, so she covered her phone and whispered, "I am in the hospital..."

Before she could finish her words, Lance pushed her against the wall. He pressed a hand against the wall and surrounded her.

Yvette widened her eyes. Before she could come to her sense, he took her phone.

He said, "No need to come over. I'll send her."



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Chapter 158 Pretend to Be His Girlfriend

While Yvette was still in shock, Lance had already hung up the phone.

He looked at her and said coldly, "I also need to go to the place where he asked you out."

Then, without a word, Lance picked her up.

Yvette was caught off guard. She bumped into his chest and then bounced back. She was so scared that she

immediately reached out and wrapped her arm around Lance's neck.

There would be people constantly passing by. Yvette was embarrassed. She grabbed the button of his suit

and whispered, "Put me down."

"I am in a hurry. You are too slow."

Yvette was speechless. "If you are in a hurry, you should go about your business. I don't need you to send me

there."

However, Lance ignored her words and went to the parking lot quickly. He opened the car door and stuffed

her into the passenger seat.

Yvette did not want to stay with him. She reached out to unfasten the seat belt and tried to open the door,

but the door was locked.

She turned to look at Lance. "Please open the door."

"Aren't you going on a date?" Lance glanced at her.

Just as Yvette was about to speak, she saw Lance's face darken as he said coldly, "You will get there faster if

I sent you over."

Seeing his cold and dangerous gaze, Yvette thought that he more likely wanted to say, "You will die faster if I

sent you over."

Yvette dared not to speak.

Lance had one hand on the steering wheel, but he did not start the car.

He asked, “If I did not come over, are you going to tell grandpa about our divorce?”

Yvette did not answer. Although she did not say it, she did have a plan to do so.

Lance forced a smile and said, “Good for you, Yvette. You can even ignore grandpa’s health just to be with

another man.”

But to Yvette, Jaiden seemed to be in good form and his condition was not as serious as Lance said.

She said, “Lance, are you going to hide it from grandpa for the rest of your life? I have already sounded out

Jaiden’s attitude. It was possible for him to accept this fact.”

Lance looked more and more dejected as Yvette spoke.

Finally.

Slap!

He slammed the reports on the center console.

And then he said fiercely, “Look what it says!”

Lance was so angry that he slammed the reports quite hard, even two pieces of paper scratched the side of

Yvette’s face.

The sharp edges of the paper instantly scraped a red mark on Yvette’s face, making her feel a little pain.

Yvette didn’t say anything. She picked up the reports and took a look.

On them were written premature ventricular contraction, multiple organ failure...

Yvette saw many medical terms that she didn't understand, but she knew that it meant Jaiden's condition

was not good.

Soon, her eyes turned red and her tears dripped onto the paper.

When Lance saw her tears, he paused for a moment. The anger in his heart dissipated a lot.

He couldn't help but wonder whether his tone was a little too harsh just now.

When he saw the scratches on her face, Lance frowned. He couldn't help but reach out to ask her if it hurt.

However, when Yvette saw him reach out, her face immediately changed. She blocked his touch with her

hand and quickly said, "I'm sorry. I won't say it again."

Lance's hand froze in mid-air. He didn't know whether he should continue or put it down.

What was that look on her face?

Did she think that he would hit her?

No matter how angry Lance had been, he had never hurt her at all. Why would she think that he would hit

her?

Immediately, Lance felt a dull pain in his chest.

The next second, Yvette said, "I promise you not to tell Jaiden about it, but I don't want to pretend to be in

love with you in front of him either. So next time you want to go to see Jaiden, tell me in advance so we won't

run across each other, okay?"

The silence fell into the car.

Lance pursed his thin lips tightly. He gripped the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles whitened.

Funny.

You just don't want to see me, do you?

Get Bonus

Boom!

With a grumble, the car suddenly boomed and dashed out like a bullet.

Yvette hurriedly grabbed the handrail next to her and managed to sit steady. Then, she fumbled to fasten her seat belt.

Her rosy face turned pale at the huge impact of the car.

She was so uncomfortable that she breathed heavily as she said, "Can you slow down?"

Lance seemed to not have heard her words. He stared ahead, and the aura around him was terrifyingly cold.

However, the speed of the car slowed down a little bit.

He took an empty road, but even though he wasn't speeding, the feeling of being pushed hard in her back made Yvette's face pale and made her dizzy.

She wanted to ask if he was in a hurry to hell.

Yvette got carsick and she was too dizzy to think clearly. She forced herself to calm down and closed her eyes and leaned against the back of the seat to ease the discomfort.

On the way, Charlie was worried about her safety and kept calling her.

Yvette finally swiped the answer button.

Charlie asked her, "Yvette, where are you?"

Yvette's voice trembled, and she said weakly, "I will be there soon."

Charlie didn't ask further and said, "Okay, I will wait at the door."

The car suddenly sped up. Yvette's hand shook and the phone fell to her feet. But she did not have the

strength to pick it up at all. Her safety was more important.

Finally, she saw the cafe and Charlie, who was waiting on the side of the road.

Yvette hurriedly shouted, "Stop the car!"

But Lance did nothing as if he hadn't heard her.

Yvette threatened, "If you don't stop, I'll vomit."

Lance stopped with a squeal of brakes instantly.

The car stopped in front of Charlie like 0.5 inches away.

Yvette's face turned pale, and so did Charlie, but the change on his face disappeared in a flash.

Yvette still felt her heart in her throat.

This psycho!

Yvette picked up her phone and did not bother to say anything before she opened the car door and got off.

However, her legs went weak as soon as she stepped on the ground. Fortunately, Charlie quickly supported

her.

Yvette didn't have any strength as she leaned in Charlie's arms.

Although it was rude, she still couldn't get up when both her legs were soft.

"Are you alright?" Charlie's gentle voice sounded above her head.

He looked over and met Lance's gaze.

If Lance could shoot a bullet with his eyes, Charlie would have already turned into a corpse.

Yvette's hands that were grabbing Charlie's shirt were trembling slightly.

Compared to Lance, who would start racing when he got mad, Charlie waiting for her here made her feel

safer.

After a while, Yvette stood up straight and apologized, "Sorry, I was a little dizzy just now."

"It's fine."

Charlie reached out to gently cover her back and said, "Let's get in."

After sitting down and drinking a cup of hot coffee, Yvette finally came back to her senses.

What Charlie told her shocked her.

Charlie had fallen out with his family because of the girl he liked, so he moved out and started his business. Now his business hit a bottleneck, his parents wanted him to go back to their company. But Charlie didn't want to have a business marriage. So he wanted to ask Yvette to pretend to be his girlfriend tonight and have a meal with his parents, who came back from abroad.

Charlie tried to beat about the bush, but Yvette could tell that he was actually fired by IA Investment Bank

because of Lance.

Other companies would not want to hire him if he was fired by IA Investment Bank.

However, Charlie did not want to compromise with his family. He still wanted to wait for that girl he loved, and he had no choice but to turn to Yvette.

Anyway, Charlie was in trouble because of her.

Yvette felt sorry for that. Just as she was about to speak, she caught a glimpse of Lance walking in from the corner of her eye. Her heart suddenly skipped a beat.

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Chapter 159 Don't Be So Self-Centered

“Do you want to go somewhere else?” asked Charlie, who also saw Lance.

“No need,” said Yvette, shaking her head.

She couldn't hide from him for the rest of her life.

Besides, this was a public place. She did not believe that Lance would do anything rude to them.

Even so, she was still flustered because of Lance's approach.

Especially when he stared at her all the time, making her get goosebumps all over.

As soon as Lance walked to her table, Yvette suddenly stood up, as if she acted out of stress response, and roared.

“Enough!”

In an instant, the cafe fell silent.

Yvette was a little embarrassed.

But she had been tortured by Lance to the point of getting jumpy recently.

Not to mention that she had just experienced car racing because of Lance, Yvette was still a little confused.

There was no expression on Lance's face, but it only made Yvette feel even more uneasy. She didn't know if he was angry or furious, which was even worse.

The next moment, a girl poked out her head behind Lance and held onto Lance's arm, saying sweetly, “Lance!”

Yvette was stunned. It turned out that she was overthinking.

Lance said that he also needed to come here. He wasn't lying.

He paid more attention to his appearance today than usual because he was going on a date.

The girl sized up Yvette and said with hostility, "What did you mean just now?"

Yvette was stunned, and she still couldn't come back to her senses.

The girl was the only daughter of the Pruitt family, Kali Pruitt. Kali was a spoiled girl. When she saw that Yvette didn't speak, she became even angrier.

She raised her chin and said, "I'm asking you."

Charlie pulled Yvette behind him and said, "I'm sorry, she was talking to me just now."

Kali frowned and thought that the two of them were a couple and they were just bickering with each other, so she did not continue.

Lance fixed his eyes on Charlie's hand that grabbed Yvette's wrist. A second later, he looked away and

exposed Charlie's little lie.

"Don't be so self-centered."

It was obvious who he was talking about.

Instantly, more people looked over.

Everyone had already begun to picture a scene in the drama TV show.

Yvette's face turned pale. She pursed her lips and whispered, "I'm sorry."

Seeing her face turn pale, Lance was not that unhappy instantly. He prepared to leave and head for the private room.

But Kali was not happy.

Because she found that this girl really knew Lance.

Kali looked at Yvette and found that she was a looker.

But Yvette's beauty was different from those influencers online. She was so special that people couldn't forget her beautiful face once they saw her.

Especially her big eyes. Her watery almond-shaped eyes were too attractive to forget.

Her eyes were even enough to make Kali, who was also a girl, alert at a glance.

The more Kali looked at Yvette, the angrier she got. She said loudly, "Why did you speak in such a low voice?"

Did you apologize to yourself?"

Yvette was speechless by Kali's shout, and her face darkened.

If Lance hadn't been staring at her when he walked in, how would she misunderstand him?

Lance was obviously the one who misled her.

"Are you going to apologize or not?" Kali asked, still glaring at Yvette.

"Yes, I'm too self-centered."

After Yvette finished speaking, tears welled up in her eyes as she looked at Charlie and said, "Let's go."

Yvette didn't want to stay here for even another minute.

Charlie nodded and left with Yvette with his hand behind her back.

Yvette could hear Kali muttering behind her.

"Lance, these girls are so narcissistic. They don't even look into the mirror before they come out."

Yvette paused for a second.

Then, she walked even faster, so fast that even Charlie almost couldn't keep up with her.

Behind them.

Kali was extremely jealous when she saw that Lance didn't stare at Yvette's back.

"Lance, you are here to have a blind date with me. Why are you always looking at her?"

Kali was mean, but she was also very straight and she would say whatever she wanted to say. She would never hide what she really thought about.

Lance suddenly turned his head and glanced at Kali. Instantly, Kali did not dare to say anything else.

"Do I know you a lot?" Lance asked.

"What?" Kali was stunned by his question.

"I barely know you, and you know nothing about me."

Lance rarely revealed his emotions to outsiders, but at this moment, his anger was obvious. Anyone who was smart could tell that he was talking to her with derogatory suggestions.

But Kali could not tell.

She peeked at Lance's handsome face and suddenly blushed. She whispered, "I know. But we will get to know

each other. My dad said that I will be your wife."

Before Kali came, she had only seen photos of Lance. At that time, she thought that Lance had

photoshopped his photos. How could someone's face be so perfect, just like a modeling face?

But the moment Kali saw Lance in person, she was stunned by his handsome look. Lance was even more

beautiful than him in the photos.

Lance had a perfect face. His eyes, his eyebrows, and his nose, his features seemed to have been carved by

the angel.

It was not just his face that was perfect, but also his natural noble aura.

Lance was more charming than all the male celebrities that Kali had seen.

Kali gathered her courage and looked up, “Lance, do you like...”

Her voice stopped abruptly.

Where is Lance?

Where is he?

Kali looked around and found that Lance had already walked to the door.

Looking at Lance’s tall and straight back, Kali, who was left behind, had a face of worship when she ran to

him.

He is so arrogant and distant!

I love him so much!

Yvette sat in Charlie’s car and did not say much along the way.

She remembered what Kali had just said, and she felt that Kali was right.

Yvette and Lance had never been from the same world.

The last girl who called him “Lance” just left, and now, there was another one.

Lance would never be lacking in women around him.

And the woman standing next to him would never be her, Yvette.

This fact was so solid that Yvette understood it when she realized it.

But the emotions that were stirred up in her heart were terrifying.

Yvette knew that Lance was still able to affect her.

This made Yvette panic. She had tried very hard to forget him.

But Lance was always capable of pushing her into a low mood.

Fortunately, Yvette had already contacted her former tutor and registered for her study abroad.

After she paid off this debt, she could prepare to leave the country.

When she was far away from Lance, she believed that she would be able to completely forget about that man

and start a new life.

“Yvette.”

Yvette didn't come back to her senses until Charlie called her twice.

“I'm sorry, Charlie. What did you just say?” she hurriedly apologized.

Charlie could tell why she had been lost in thought just now. A gloomy look came to his eyes, but it

disappeared when Yvette raised her eyes and looked at him.

“It's about you pretending to be my girlfriend. If you feel embarrassed, then forget it.”

He smiled bitterly and said, “I'll manage to face them.”

To be honest, Yvette was moved by Charlie's determination to wait for someone so affectionately..

What's more, Yvette should shoulder a part of the responsibility that Charlie got fired, so she agreed.

“But I can only help you this time, Charlie. I don’t think lying to your parents is a good thing. Because I don’t want the girl you are waiting for to misunderstand you.”

Charlie smiled and agreed, then he took Yvette to a studio to help her make up and dress up as his parents

liked.

Since she had already agreed to his request, Yvette listened to Charlie and did everything he had arranged.

But Yvette did not expect to meet Lance again at dinner.



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 160](#)

Chapter 160 I Like Him

In Rosewood Hotel.

Charlie’s parents had been waiting for them at the gate for a long time. When Charlie’s mother, Rebecca Pyle, saw Yvette, she gave her a big hug and an exquisite gift.

Obviously, she was very satisfied with Yvette.

Yvette could not refuse Rebecca’s kindness. After seeing Charlie’s wink, she had to accept the gift and think

about returning it to Charlie later.

Charlie went to pick up a phone call at the door and told them to go up first.

Rebecca held Yvette’s arm with a smile and walked towards the elevator as she spoke.

But soon, Yvette saw a familiar figure and she paused.

A tall man, who was like the moon surrounded by the stars, was escorted by several people towards the

elevator.

Their eyes met, and then, both of them looked away indifferently at the same time.

At this time, Yvette only had one thought in her mind.

What a small world!

Yvette subconsciously refused to take the elevator as she slowed down.

Seeing that the elevator was about to close, Lance suddenly reached out to block it from closing. Then, he looked at Yvette and Rebecca, his handsome face was filled with indifference, and he asked, “Are you

coming?”

Just as Yvette was just about to say that they were going to take the next one, Rebecca had already taken

her in and she even turned to Lance and said, “Thank you.”

The elevator door was closed. Since Lance didn’t say anything, the people beside him did not dare to speak

either. The atmosphere was strange.

Rebecca held Yvette’s hand and said with enthusiasm, “Yvette, I like you very much at first glance. You and

Charlie should settle your marriage as soon as possible. Charlie’s father and I are getting old and we long for

grandchildren.”

In an instant, Yvette felt a glare come from behind, making her feel a sharp pain in her back.

She smiled awkwardly and said, “Mrs. Raison, it’s not the time yet...”

Rebecca smiled and said, “I know that you young people don’t want to start a family so soon. But you can just leave the kid to us! You will have nothing to worry about. We will take good care of the baby.”

Yvette was even more embarrassed and could only smile nervously.

Ding!

Finally, the elevator arrived on their floor.

Yvette took Rebecca out of the elevator as if she was fleeing away from something.

She was afraid that Rebecca would say something more shocking later.

Because of encountering Lance, Yvette felt a little uneasy during the meal.

Unfortunately, Rebecca talked about marriage and children for the whole night, and each question she asked

Yvette only made Yvette feel more and more embarrassed.

Although Yvette didn't know how to answer Rebecca, she was polite all the time.

Rebecca said, "Don't worry, Yvette. Your wedding will be especially grand."

Yvette couldn't maintain her smile anymore. Rebecca was so pushy when it came to Charlie's marriage. No

wonder Charlie was so resistant to his mother.

Yvette didn't want to embarrass Charlie, so she just smiled and didn't respond.

Halfway through their dinner, Yvette made an excuse that she needed to answer a phone call and walked out

of the room. Otherwise, she wouldn't be able to hold on until the meal was over.

Yvette came to the bathroom to wash her face. She felt more refreshed after splashing her face with cold

water.

Meeting Lance twice today made Yvette feel really bad.

Especially when he said that she was self-centered, it still hurt her badly.

How ridiculous it was.

Her unconditional love was worth nothing to this man once.

Fortunately, Yvette now changed and realized how stupid she was back then. But it was not too late for her to forget him and move on.

After a while, Yvette finally calmed down.

She tidied up her hair in the mirror and fixed her lipstick to make her look better.

As soon as Yvette went out, she saw Lance, who was smoking at the corner.

Their eyes met through the smoke, and Yvette couldn't help but feel her heart skip a beat.

But seeing Lance's gaze, Yvette sensed some hostility in his eyes.

Although Yvette did not want to bump into him, walking through this corridor was the only way she could go

back to the private room.

Yvette told herself that Lance was obviously not interested in her today. He was not lacking in women, and he would not make things difficult for her.

Yvette forced herself to calm down and walked over.

When she was about to pass him, Lance suddenly turned around and pressed the cigarette butt into the ashtray. At the same time, he blocked her way.

Yvette had to stop and turned her gaze to the wall, waiting for him to walk over.

But Lance maintained the same posture for a long time and did not move at all.

Yvette looked up and met his cold gaze instantly. Her heart pounded wildly.

After calming herself down with great difficulty, Yvette said, "Excuse me, you block my way.

"Where are you going?"

Lance's words stunned Yvette.

But in the next second, Yvette calmed down and said lightly, "It's none of your business."

Yvette could tell that Lance had no intention of giving way at all.

She did not want to argue with Lance in public. The corridor was a bit narrow, but she was thin enough to squeeze through.

Unexpectedly, just as she was about to move, Lance grabbed her thigh. Yvette almost fell and cried out in alarm. She reflexively grabbed the only man in front of her.

Lance took the opportunity to pull her into the bathroom for men.

Yvette panicked and continuously kicked at Lance.

However, Lance grabbed her hands and pressed her against the door of the cubicle.

The bathroom of this grand hotel was clean and spacious, with a faint fragrance of incense.

Yvette saw her reflection on the porcelain wall. Her hair was messy and she was forced to lean back. But

Lance's clothes were neat and tidy, contrasting her embarrassing state.

The corner of her eyes turned red as she angrily said, "Lance, you psycho! Let me go!"

Lance grabbed her chin and lifted her face to look at him in his eyes.

"You can't even leave him for a minute? How did Charlie tame you?"

What he meant was obvious.

But only Lance knew that his ruthlessness was to hide the jealousy in his heart.

In the past few days, Yvette always refused him when he tried to be nice to her.

Lance had tried so many methods, but no matter whether he did it the soft way or hard way, Yvette was still

not touched.

Lance felt that he was about to go crazy, and Yvette could still stab his heart with a knife.

Get married and have children?

Why did he not understand a single word of what they talked about just now?

How could she dare to think about giving birth to children for another man?

Lance felt a strong headache as if an electric drill was continuously drilling into his brain.

He pinched Yvette's face and said angrily, "Speak!"

Yvette felt pain. If her hands were not grabbed by him, she would definitely give him a slap without

hesitation.

"Lance, what exactly is wrong with you? We are divorced! It's none of your business who I am going to be with! You are not qualified to do this to me!"

Tears welled up in her eyes, but Yvette stubbornly refused to submit.

"You lied to me!"

Lance's face terrifyingly darkened, as if he was going to go furious.

"You said you don't like him, then what are you doing now? Are you so eager to give birth to his child?"

Speaking of the child, Yvette was instantly irritated.

Anyone in this world could misunderstand her, but only Lance couldn't.

Yvette had once been so eager to give birth to a child for Lance.

But her unborn child left her without even having a chance to look at this world.

Lance would not understand the pain in her heart and would only misunderstand her over and over again.

Why was she the only one who suffered so badly?

If the matter of her liking another man could hurt Lance's self-esteem, why didn't she let him taste what she

felt?

Thinking of this, Yvette suddenly smiled. "Yes, I like him. I want to have a child with him, can't I?"

Lance's mind went blank as if he was hit by a meteorite. Then, a storm was breeding in his head.

Did she admit it?

Did she just admit that she likes Charlie?

