

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 17

Chapter 17 Lance's Tenderness Is for Yazmin

However, Yazmin tightly held Lance's waist, saying tenderly and pitifully, "Lance, I'm not feeling good. Can

you..."

Before Yazmin could finish her words, Lance reached out to push Yazmin away and said indifferently, "Yazmin, I have something to do. Frankie will send you to the hospital."

After that, Lance walked away without looking back, leaving Yazmin in shock.

Yazmin said in her mind, *no. Please don't go.*

I can't believe Lance left me.

Lance is always worried about my health. Every time I said I felt uncomfortable, Lance would immediately

stop his work and fly abroad to look after me.

I'm confident that Lance cares about me.

But now, Lance abandoned me to catch up with Yvette...

Could it be that Lance fell for Yvette?

No! It's impossible!

Yvette can't compare with me in all aspects. I'm a queen, and she's only a servant!

Yvette went downstairs absent-mindedly, tears streaming down her face.

Yvette was not as strong as she thought she should be.

Yvette's heart hurt so much that she could barely breathe.

Because of Lance's tenderness, Yvette had lived under the delusion that Lance loved her to some degree. However, the truth did hurt Yvette so much. For a moment, Yvette felt like she was a naïve clown.

Yvette thought, *Lance, why do you have to treat me so cruelly...*

Why did you buy a ring today...

We'll get divorced tomorrow. Could you wait for the rest of today to buy that ring?

So, that's how you treat the one you love and the other you don't love differently.

For your loved one, you didn't even want to waste a minute.

What about me...

Do I deserve *to be hurt because you don't love me?*

I'm *also* a human, *and my heart will still* get broken...

Yvette was in a daze and didn't even notice she reached the bottom of the escalator.

Suddenly, Yvette's foot got stuck at the escalator and leaned forward. As she was about to fall to the ground, Yvette unexpectedly fell into a man's arms.

Due to nervousness, Yvette tightly held the man's waist and could even feel the muscles under the clothes.

The man must be strong.

The man's husky and pleasant voice sounded from above Yvette's head before Yvette wanted to express her

thanks.

"What are you thinking about? Why are you so careless?"

Yvette looked up and realized the man was Lance. At the same time, Lance was gazing at Yvette with his

care to Yvette in his eyes.

Yvette would've believed Lance cared about her on such an occasion in the past. However, Yvette had a

different feeling at that moment.

Regaining her balance with a wry smile, Yvette left Lance's arms.

Yvette thought, Lance can't *care about* me.

He must come here to rebuke me.

Thinking of

Yvette's abnormality in the past few days, Lance asked in a lower voice, "Yvette, what happened

to you?"

Meanwhile, Lance unconsciously frowned after Yvette got out of his arms.

"If you get annoyed with me, then tell me. But don't irritate Yazmin. She has recovered from an operation..."

Yvette wanted to laugh and thought, *come on. Lance does only care about Yazmin.*

Anyway, I didn't expect Lance would care about me.

Tears still hanging from the corners of her eyes, Yvette raised her head and said with a sad smile, "Did I irritate Yazmin? Lance, we haven't divorced yet, and you took her to buy a ring. So who is the one that got

irritated?"

Seeing

her red and swollen eyes, Lance felt his heart seemingly had been poked. In addition, Lance had

mixed feelings.

"Yvette..."

Lance opened his mouth and wanted to say something.

However, Yvette interrupted Lance. “What if I said she framed me? Would you question Yazmin?”

Lance was stunned by the question. A few seconds later, he became emotionless and said, “It’s impossible.

Yazmin wouldn’t frame you.”

Yvette thought, I’m not surprised *by* Lance’s answer. *But why does my heart still get hurt?*

Beauty is indeed in the eyes of the beholder.

Yazmin is always gentle, kind, and incomparable in Lance’s eyes.

However, I might be nothing more than a clown trying to stir up trouble in his world.

Yvette looked at Lance with red eyes and mocked herself, “Do you mean I would frame Yazmin? Will the blame always be on me if I have a problem with her?”

“Lance, am I such a vicious person in your eyes?”

Yvette’s eyes were full of sadness and seemingly lost their luster.

Lance wanted to say something, but he swallowed the words after they came to his tongue.

Moments later, Lance said,

“Yvette, I only believe what I see. You said Yazmin framed you. Do you have any evidence?”

Yvette was silent.

At the same time, Yvette felt her heart hurt as if numbness were creeping over her.

Yvette said in her mind, *Lance, did you mention any evidence when you accused me of pushing Yazmin without any reason?*

No, you didn’t. You took it for granted I should be the perpetrator.

The blame *should* be on Yazmin now. *But you were asking me to prove it.*

I'm so sad.

Lance, you showed partiality to Yazmin a lot!

Yvette bit her lips tightly, preventing herself from shedding tears in front of Lance.

Yvette continued to think in her mind, Yazmin's *tears are precious as Lance cherishes her.*

But my tears are nothing as no one cares about me.

Lance discerned Yvette's sadness, saying in a husky voice. "Yvette, I didn't mean to blame you. I know you have resentment **in** your heart. I'm sorry I didn't handle the problem between **us**."

Hearing Lance's soft voice, Yvette went into her trance.

At that moment, Lance seemed to become as considerate as he used to be when being with Yvette.

In addition, Yvette couldn't forget what a tender and patient man Lance should be.

For a moment, Yvette got indulgent in those days with Lance.

"Take it as a misunderstanding this time. Apologize to Yazmin, and let it all go," Lance continued in a sexy voice.

Suddenly, Yvette felt down in the dumps.

A mix of emotions vanquished Yvette, almost taking the breath out of her.

Feeling her heart ache so much, Yvette even wanted to curl herself up.

Yvette said in her mind, Lance became tender with me a minute *ago* just because *he* intended to *cajole* me *into* apologizing *to* Yazmin.

I only have a broken heart

Why did Lance *hurt* me once again?

After a while, Yvette said, “Lance, would you still think it was my fault even if Yazmin stabbed me to death and you didn’t see it?”

Yvette’s beautiful eyes were full of tears, and her voice was full of sadness and coldness.

After hearing Yvette make light of her death, Lance felt drumming in his temples. In addition, his heart started to ache.

At the same time, Lance took a sudden step forward and forced Yvette back.

The next second, Lance leaned against the wall with one hand and confined Yvette with his body, saying with anger, “Yvette, don’t say that.”

Lance couldn’t believe he had sympathy for Yvette when seeing Yvette wear a look of sorrow.

Lance looked down at Yvette and **was** about to say something.

However, someone interrupted Lance. “Lance...”

The person was Yazmin, who was on her way to Lance in her wheelchair.

When Yazmin saw Lance wrapping Yvette in **his** arms, her face instantly became pale.

The next second, Yazmin said softly and pitifully, “Lance, forget it. It’s OK for me to feel wronged if Yvette can

feel better.”

After those words, Yazmin looked at Yvette and said, “Yvette, even though you divorced Lance, we will still

treat you as a family member. If you have any difficulties, you can come to me anytime.”

Yazmin looked generous and polite because of her words, making Yvette look like a troublesome

madwoman.

Lance frowned as he glanced at Yazmin. At the same time, he suddenly felt an indescribable frustration in

his heart.

“Alright, let’s stop it,” Lance interrupted.

Yazmin’s face paled, but she quickly recovered her composure.

She thought that Lance was worried about her health.

Yazmin smiled softly, “Lance, you don’t have to worry about me. I can still hold on.”

Lance’s expression was slightly cold. When he saw Yazmin’s pitiful gaze, he turned away and said nothing.

Yvette was still surrounded by him and smiled distantly, “Mr. Wolseley, your sweetheart is still waiting for

you.”

