

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 2

Chapter 2 His Ruthlessness

Lance's beautiful eyes did not reveal any emotion. Marvin's words did not attract his attention.

Yvette had always been gentle, and she was not a jealous woman.

As long as Yvette behaved herself, Lance would treat her well.

In the elevator...

Yvette looked up, not wanting her tears to fall, but tears fell from the corners of her eyes and quickly disappeared into her ears.

She thought that two years was long enough to win Lance's love, and Lance would find out how good she was.

But all of this was just Yvette's wishful thinking.

It turned out that no matter how hard Yvette tried, she was not as good as Lance's ex,

who had returned.

When the elevator door opened, Yvette had returned to normal, but her face was pale.

Yvette dragged herself to the break room, wanting to make a cup of coffee to sober herself up.

The chatting of a few employees inside entered Yvette's ears.

"Have you seen the news? Yazmin has returned."

"Who **is** she?"

“You don’t know? Yazmin’s father is the president of the Myers Group, and Yazmin is a senior designer. The key is that she is the only girlfriend that our president has acknowledged. I heard that she is Mr. Wolseley’s first girlfriend.”

“Isn’t it rumored that Mr. Wolseley and Yvette have an affair?”

“Yvette? At most, she’s just Mr. Wolseley’s sex partner. Mr. Wolseley has never acknowledged her. Yvette is so proud. She thinks she will be Mrs. Wolseley. How stupid!”

Yvette curled her lips and smiled sarcastically, feeling that anyone could see better than

her.

Yvette was the only one who was confused.

“Ahem, have you woken up

from

your dream?”

A mocking voice came from behind. The one who came in was Lance’s cousin, Emilie Thackeray. She had always been at odds with Yvette.

Emilie must have heard the gossip of the employees.

Yvette did **not** want to have a conflict with Emilie in the company and turned to leave, but Emilie blocked her path.

Emilie held the coffee she just made and said with a mean face, “Now that Yazmin is back. Do you think Lance will sleep with a lowly good-for-nothing like you?”

Seeing Yvette ignore her, Emilie continued to ridicule her.

“Do you need me to introduce some old men to you? Anyway, you are good in bed . It

doesn’t matter whom you sleep with.”

Yvette's hands, which were hanging by her sides, were secretly clenched. She said coldly, "This is the company, not a brothel. Ms. Thackeray, if you want to do business, you should go somewhere else."

"You..."

Yvette was indirectly scolding her for being a prostitute.

Emilie's expression changed.

She suddenly splashed the hot coffee on Yvette.

Yvette did not expect Emilie to be so crazy. Yvette hurriedly reached out. The hot coffee was poured on her arm. Her snow-white skin instantly turned red.

Yvette frowned from the pain and angrily rebuked, "What the hell are you doing?"

It was break time, and there were many employees watching the farce, so Emilie was

even more proud.

Emilie had a mean expression. "What are you proud of? Do you think that others don't know that you are just a bastard? Your mother just casually slept with a man and had

you..."

"Bang!"

Emilie's words were interrupted by a crisp slap.

She had never expected that Yvette, who had always been tolerant of her, would hit her.

Emilie was at a loss for what to do.

After a while, Emilie grimaced and said, "How dare you hit me?"

Yvette looked at Emilie coldly. "I'm teaching you how to be polite."

Yvette had no parents, but she would not allow anyone to slander her parents.

Phoebe told Yvette that her mother was a very gentle person, not like what Emilie said.

Emilie's face was ashen in anger. As Lance's cousin, she had long been used to being

flattered. This was the first time she received such a head-on blow.

“You slut!”

Emilie rushed up like crazy and raised her palm high, about to slap Yvette in the face.

Yvette was on guard. She reached out and grabbed Emilie's wrist so that Emilie could

not move.

Emilie was not as tall as Yvette. Emilie was like an octopus, looking a little funny.

She was furious and cursed, “Who do you think you are? You are just Lance's toy in bed.

You are worse than a whore!”

Emilie's words were harsh, and more and more people gathered.

“Stop!”

A low male voice sounded behind them. Lance had just come out of the office and saw

this farce.

In an instant, the lounge went quiet.

“Lance?” Emilie was a little afraid of him. Lance was strict, and Emilie's mother reminded her to restrain herself when she saw Lance.

But when Emilie thought about how she was being beaten, she became unyielding. Half of her cheeks were red as she said with a sobbing tone, “Lance, look at Yvette . She is

crazy.”

The sun was shining outside the window, casting a shadow on Lance’s handsome face.

Yvette had the urge to cry because of the pain of being wronged and being scalded on the

back of her hand.

As Yvette’s gazes met Lance’s, Lance frowned deeply. “Ms. Thiel, don’t you remember the regulations of the company?”

Lance’s ruthlessness was like a wall, blocking Yvette from breathing.

The surroundings were quiet.

Yvette stood alone. Her figure was slender but straight.

When she first entered the company, Lance had told her not to throw a tantrum at t he

company, and he would not allow her to lose her composure.

Yvette knew that and understood Lance’s position.

But at the moment, Yvette wanted to ask if Lance had heard those words, or if he a greed

with Emilie.

Yvette wondered if she was just Lance’s plaything.

The colleagues who had been watching the farce dispersed after Lance arrived, but a few bold ones stood not far away, waiting to see what would happen.

Lance’s cold gaze sent chills down Yvette’s spine.

She pinched her palm, suppressing the overflowing grief, and bowed her head to Emilie.

“I’m sorry. As an employee of the Wolseley Group, I shouldn’t have hit you.”

Emilie saw Yvette lower her head, so Emilie raised her chin proudly. “Humph! Don’t think you’ll be fine just because you apologize...”

Before Emilie could finish, Yvette interrupted her, “I slapped you in my own name . As

Yvette, I refuse to apologize.”

After saying that, Yvette no longer looked at Lance and passed by him.

“You... slut!”

Emilie’s face twisted in anger.

Emilie was used to being domineering, but this was the first time she was humiliated by

a woman she looked down on.

Right now, even if Emilie cut Yvette into pieces, it would not be able to offset the humiliation Emilie suffered.

Emilie said angrily, “Lance, did you hear what that slut said? She slapped me, but she is

so arrogant. Call her back, and I will slap her a hundred times!”

Lance looked at Yvette’s thin back with gloominess in his eyes.

“That’s enough,” Lance said in a cold voice.

Emilie was a vicious woman. Lance was not biased toward Yvette, so Emilie thought

Lance didn't care about Yvette.

Emilie gritted her teeth and said with a sinister look, "I will find someone to tear her face apart!"

"Emilie!"

Lance narrowed his eyes.

Emilie felt a chill down her spine.

Lance's handsome face darkened. "I will not say that again. Put away your evil thoughts

and don't touch Yvette."

Emilie was scared by Lance's terrifying aura, and the vicious moves that had just sprouted in her heart were gone.

She stuttered, "I know..."

Lance glanced coldly at Emilie. As he left, he instructed Frankie, who was behind him,

"Outsiders are not allowed to come in."

Emilie was ignorant and flattered, "Lance, your company is so big. It's right for everyone to follow the rules."

The next second, Frankie stepped forward and gestured to her. "Ms. Thackeray, please."

Only then did Emilie realize that she was an outsider. She wanted to chase after Lance,

but she was dragged out by the security guard Frankie called over.

No matter how Emilie threw a tantrum, the security guard didn't show any mercy.

Yvette returned to the office and got changed.

Thinking of Lance's cold face, she was filled with sorrow.

It was time to get off work.

Frankie stopped Yvette at the exit.

He said, "Ms. Thiel, Mr. Wolseley has something urgent to do, so he told me to send you

off."

Yvette refused.

Yvette used to be confused, but now she woke up to something....

She thought, *who* the hell do I think I'm?

How can Lance go to see my grandmother with me?

When Yvette arrived at the hospital, the nurse was preparing to feed Phoebe. Yvette

took the food and personally fed Phoebe.

Phoebe used to live in the countryside. Last month, she was diagnosed with pancreatic

cancer. Despite Phoebe's objection, Yvette insisted on taking her to town for treatment.

Phoebe did not know about Yvette's secret marriage.

Yvette planned to bring Lance over today to tell Phoebe and give her a surprise, but now

it seemed like it was unnecessary.

After Phoebe fell asleep, Yvette came out of the ward and stood at the door, waiting for

taxis.

In the distance, a black luxury car stopped in front of the hospital.

Yvette's eyes lit up. The car belonged to Lance.

Did he come to the hospital to find her?

Yvette forgot about her grievances and unhappiness.

Lance came to look for Yvette. It meant that he cared about her...

The car door opened, and Lance got out of the car.

Yvette walked over in delight.

In the next second, she was stunned.

Lance went to the other side, bent down, and carefully carried a girl down.

Lance's handsome face was full of nervousness and worry.

In an instant, Yvette's face was drained of color, and her heart was broken.

