

Chapter 25 He Is Jealous

Lance

was annoyed by Marvin's gaze. He raised his head and asked with a smile, "Why don't you come

closer?"

His smile was so cold that it seemed somehow dangerous.

Marvin laughed dryly and couldn't help but say, "What a crazy night! Yazmin is so petite. Could she withstand

it?"

Lance's face darkened when he heard Marvin's words, and he said coldly, "It's not Yazmin."

"What?" Marvin was so shocked that his jaw almost dropped. He asked in disbelief, "So it was Yvette?"

Lance did not answer, which meant yes.

Marvin teased him, "I remember that she was a good girl. Is she getting wild now?"

Jamie sat in a relaxed manner, holding a woman with a big chest and a wasp waist beside him. He sneered, "Did she play some tricks to avoid divorcing you?"

The people in their circle all believed that Lance was going to marry Yazmin.

After all, Lance had always been nice to women and only spoiled Yazmin in his life.

In addition, Lance and

Yazmin had similar status, so everyone thought that Yazmin would definitely become

Mrs. Wolseley.

Unexpectedly, things changed. For some reason, the two of them had a conflict and fell out. After Yazmin went abroad, Lance, who had always stayed away from women, suddenly got married.

In the beginning, everyone thought that Lance had been set up and they hated Yvette for that.

But after a while, they found that Yvette never caused any trouble and made them change their views, but in the end, they still sided with Yazmin.

This was the tacit understanding of this circle. Cinderella marrying the prince was just a fairy tale.

Rich people like them would always have a business marriage in the end.

After a long silence, Lance said softly, "No."

If she really played him, he would not be so agitated.

What he felt now...

It felt like a kitten that he had raised for two years suddenly showed her claws to him for someone else.

It made him so angry that he wanted to kill.

Lance didn't understand how she could affect him so easily, and he suddenly didn't want to let go.

After thinking about it, he thought that it was because he was inclined to be possessive.

He could divorce her, but she couldn't be with another man!

Marvin looked at Lance, who was silent, and raised his eyebrows. He pretended to be sophisticated and said, "I'm afraid it's not that simple."

Jamie scoffed, "How complicated can it be? It is just about a woman. You can have fun but never be serious. He will be an idiot if he really takes it seriously."

Marvin glanced at him and said, “You have been making trouble around recently, right? You have made the moves to target the Robbins family so frequently that Mr. Robbins can no longer keep calm.”

“Yes,” Jamie answered casually.

Lance suddenly asked, “How are you going to deal with the Robbins family?”

He asked this question purely because Yvette mentioned Ellen tonight. Ellen was her best friend.

Jamie opened his mouth and spat out a mouthful of smoke. His face was hidden behind the smoke and only the scar on his forehead could be clearly seen. He said coldly, “Let them know what I suffered before.”

After Marvin heard this, he raised **his** eyebrows.

It sounded like it was not going to have a good end.

Ellen and Jamie had been in love years ago. However, Chris Robbins, Ellen’s father, betrayed Jamie and made

Jamie suffer a lot.

Now, Chris’s only daughter probably had to witness how Jamie was going to torture her family this time.

Marvin shook his head and looked at Lance and Jamie. He helplessly said, “As long as you two won’t regret

it.”

Marvin didn’t know that it wouldn’t be long before his words came true.

The three of them remained silent and drank a lot.

Jamie was taken away by the woman who came with him. Marvin looked at Lance, who was half-drunk, and raised his eyebrows. “You are not allowed to go to my place tonight. If we are photographed by some tabloid reporters, people will think that I’m gay.”

“Piss off.” Lance scolded him coldly, then said, “I’ll go back to my place.”

In the car, Lance's phone rang. Lena called and said that Yazmin was crying because she didn't feel well.

After hanging up the phone, Lance told the driver, "Go to the hospital."

The luxury car stopped in the parking lot of the hospital. His phone in the seat was still reminding him that

he had missed calls. Lance got out of the car and lit up a cigarette. He did not get in to the hospital until he

finished a cigarette.

Suddenly, lightning flashed through the sky and the thunder rumbled.

Lance looked at the hospital, opened the car door, and said, "Back to Serenity Villa."

Yvette just went to bed and she had vomited badly just now. Mary had prepared some food for her, but she didn't have an appetite. She asked Mary to help her take a bath and then went to sleep.

Although the rain was heavy, the room was soundproof and she could not hear the rain.

Yvette could not help but think of Lance's behavior today. Men were really different from women. Even if they did not like a woman, they could still have sex with other women.

But Yvette couldn't. She got laid with him because she loved him, but so what? What she thought was precious was nothing in his eyes:

Yvette suddenly felt a little discouraged. She told herself to stop thinking about him, but her head was still

full of him.

She thought that maybe it was because she lived in Serenity Villa. After all, every corner here had traces of their sex. When her hands got better, she would move back to her place to stop thinking about him again.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open.

Yvette was shocked and immediately sat up. “Who is that?”

“It’s me,” Lance said hurriedly to calm her restless heart.

He turned on the bedside lamp, and the light was dim and soft.

After Yvette saw his face, she became even more uneasy.

“Why are you back?”

Lance was speechless. He never thought that he would be disliked like this.

He walked in and sat down on the bed. He said coldly, “This is my home. Why can’t I go back?”

Yvette moved backward and thought to herself, *didn’t you go to Yazmin?*

However, she only thought about it and didn’t dare to say it out loud. She was a little afraid of him.

However, she really didn’t expect him to come back just after they had a conflict.

Lance was in white silk pajamas. His hair was half dry, and she could smell the usual fragrance of shower

gel on him.

The warm lights fell on the side of his handsome face, making him look better.

When he was not in the suit, he looked less indifferent and cold. He looked good and gentle, so Yvette was

not so afraid of him.

“Am

I handsome?” Lance frowned and looked at her. “Didn’t you like someone else? Why are you still staring

at me?”

Yvette immediately lowered her head.

”

Lance looked at her for a while before he said impatiently, “Why are you staying so far away from me? Will I eat you up?”

Yvette was speechless.

She thought that he had just argued with Yazmin and tried to vent his anger on her.

Yvette moved and wanted to get out of bed, but was stopped by Lance.

“Where are we going?”

She raised her eyes to look at him and whispered, “I’m going to sleep in the guest room.”

Lance looked her up and down for a long time before spitting out two words, “Go ahead.”

Yvette happily got up from the bed. Just as she was about to leave, she heard Lance’s cold voice behind her.

“Leave this bed and I will fuck you right away.”



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 26](#)

Chapter 26 She Is So Fascinating

Yvette had just put one foot into the slippers and the other was still paused in the air.

Hearing this, she sat back on the bed in a second and said dryly with a smile, “I didn’t.”

Lance raised his eyebrows and called out her name, “Yvette?”

His voice was unusually gentle.

Yvette, however, knew that the gentler he looked, the deeper the ruthlessness hidden behind his handsome face, **and** the more dangerous he would be.

She widened her eyes and looked at him.

Lance forced a smile and chuckled. "I'm not that bad, right?"

It had been two years, but he was still unable to change this ungrateful woman.

All of a sudden, Lance didn't want to hear her answer. He pulled her into his arms.

Then, he grabbed her wrist to draw his jaw. There were still shallow teeth marks on his jaw. He said in a low voice, "What a little pup. You are so fierce."

His voice was magnified in the middle of the night and it sounded exceptionally sexy.

Lance leaned closer and bit her ear, his voice was hoarse. "If someone laughs at me tomorrow, I will let you know the consequences."

Yvette felt her heart skip a beat. This rare intimacy made her feel strange. She reached out to push him away,

but she couldn't.

Lance said in a deep voice as if he was gritting his teeth. "Don't move. Lay down and sleep."

Yvette didn't know if it was her illusion, but there seemed to be a trace of exhaustion and grievance in his

tone.

Lance gently placed his hand on her waist. Through a layer of fabric, the warmth on his palm spread to her limbs and bones, causing her to slightly tremble.

Yvette's heart was pounding. Afraid of being discovered by him, she could only endure it with all her might.

Behind her, Lance pinched her waist gently and said, “Why are you so tense? I told you I wouldn’t fuck you

tonight.”

Yvette was speechless. Did he have to be so straightforward?

Lance hugged her from behind. They were not so close, but Yvette could still feel the warmth.

It felt so comfortable.

Yvette easily felt cold. In the past, during the winter, she would always stay in Lance’s arms.

It was early autumn now, and she did not know if she could adapt this winter without Lance.

Yvette fell into a deep sleep very quickly, probably because she was too tired.

She was facing him when she slept. Her hair scattered on the bed, revealing her small and delicate earlobe.

She looked quite sexy like this.

Lance suddenly felt his throat tighten and wanted to kiss her. He wanted to start from her earlobe, and then

go down to kiss every part of her body.

He found that his desire for her had never dissipated, but only grew more.

This woman was so fascinating that she was like poison to him.

Lance thought of himself, who had rushed back in a hurry because he was worried that she would be scared.

of the heavy rain.

He did not expect him to be so irrational.

Lance’s eyes darkened, and his sexual desire slowly disappeared.

The next morning.

The sunlight gently shone through the window.

Yvette woke up and lazily raised her hand to stretch. However, her elbow was against someone's chest.

Yvette was confused.

Her mind was blank now. When she looked down, she found that her legs clung to Lance's long leg.

Yvette reacted and wanted to sit up, but was pulled back by Lance.

Behind her was a hot body and there was still a large hand **at** her waist.

Yvette froze for a few seconds before she remembered that she was in Serenity Villa, so it was normal for

Lance to share a bed with her.

“Did you sleep well?” Lance's voice was hoarse because he had just woken up.

“Yes, not bad.”

Lance buried his face in her neck and said in a muffled voice, “But I didn't sleep well.”

Yvette moved a little, trying to stay away from Lance, but was stopped by Lance in the next second.

“Don't move.”

Yvette trembled and she was about to cry.

Because she could feel what Lance was doing behind her.

She was so scared that she dared not move.

For a while, there was no movement behind.

Yvette felt his fingertips gently draw circles on her arm Trembling, she asked, “Are you done?”

“What do you think?” Lance propped his head up with **his** arms and looked at her with interest.

“Maybe.” Yvette had no time to think it through. After all, they hadn’t been together for a long time. It was quite embarrassing to encounter such a thing in the early morning.

“Yve.” Lance reached out to brush away the hair on her neck. He played with her earlobe with his slender and beautiful fingers, his voice was deep and low. “When have I been so fast?”

Yvette blushed, and even her ears turned completely red.

Lance admired the red earlobe between his fingers. His lips gently curled up as he said unhurriedly, “What do

you think? Are you going to help me with that?”

Yvette was lost for words.

Why did he suddenly be so talkative?

Yvette shrunk backward and said with precaution, “I need to get up now.”

Lance did not stop her. Once he loosened his grip, Yvette ran to the bathroom instantly.

Yvette stayed in the bathroom for a while before coming out. Lance had left.

She breathed a sigh of relief. Since she had occupied this bathroom, Lance should have gone to another room to take a shower.

And now it was almost eight o’clock. Lance should go to work after taking a shower.

Yvette called Mary, trying to ask her to help her bathe.

Mary responded downstairs and said she would come up immediately.

Yvette was embarrassed to trouble Mary, but she had no choice. After she poured the water into the bath,

she took off her pajamas and slid into the bathtub.

Soon, the door to the bathroom was pushed open.

Yvette was still soaking in the water. She stretched out one hand outside the bathtub and rested on a bath

towel to prevent touching the water.

Without turning her head, she said softly, “Mary, I’m almost done. Could you help me wipe my body?”

After waiting for a while, there was still no response. Yvette looked up and saw a tall and slender man through the glass. He folded his arms in front of his chest and looked at her with interest.

“You... What are you...” Yvette blushed. She tried to cover herself, but she couldn’t. There was nothing besides

the bathtub.

Lance stood at the door and raised **his** eyebrows. “Mary went out to fetch something and she asked me to do

it for her.”

“Get out!” Yvette was anxious.

“Are you sure?” Lance still stood at the door, acting like a gentleman.

Mary was not going to come back for a while, and Yvette could not stay in the bathtub all the time. She

would have a fever if the water cooled down.

At that time, if the wound on her hand got worse, she would need to have injections. She could not take

medicine.

Yvette had no choice but to bite her lips and say, “Then you have to look away!”

Lance walked in, well-dressed.

“Why are you being so shy? I’ve already seen every part of your body,” he said and chuckled.

Yvette was so embarrassed that she retorted **in** a low voice, “How can you be so shameless?”

She couldn’t understand him. Yesterday, he was so angry, but now, he didn’t seem to be the same person he

was.

He was flirting with her and making fun of her.

Lance saw her nakedness under the clear water.

Lance narrowed his eyes. The way he looked down at her as if he was appreciating a piece of work.

Yvette was anxious, and her face was red. “You... Close your eyes.”

“Alright.” Lance smiled. He bent down and scooped her up from the water. When he put her down to the ground, Yvette lost her balance and fell into his arms.

The clothes he had just put on were all wet.

Yvette was very embarrassed. Lance took a bath towel and wrapped it around her. He whispered, “You should compensate me later.”

Yvette didn’t understand what he meant and asked, “How?”

The next second, Lance lifted her up and made her sit on the sink.

Yvette widened her eyes. The next second, Lance had already sealed her lips with his.

Her words were all sealed by Lance's lips.

She could vaguely hear him say, "That's how you compensate me."



Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 27

Chapter 27 Wait for Me

Although she was in a bath towel, she could still feel the coldness and hardness of the sink.

"Wait..."

Yvette wanted to say something, but the sound she could make was all muffled moans, turning Lance on

even more.

Her chest was pressing against his, and she tried to push him away with her uninjured hand. She could

clearly touch his muscular abs under the shirt.

However, she did not know that her left hand could only make Lance get hornier.

Lance easily picked up her hand and pressed it against the mirror behind her. His other hand pressed against her back and pinned her on the sink to prevent her from falling.

This kind of restraint stimulated her, but the more she felt shame.

She was extremely ashamed that she had a sensitive body.

Just when Yvette thought she was about to faint from his kiss, Lance stopped the kiss and turned to put his

head against her neck.

He blew moist and warm breath on her neck, making her feel as if there were feathers lightly brushing

against her skin. Yvette had goosebumps all over.

Suddenly, she felt a sharp pain in her neck.

“Ah!” Yvette exclaimed and **shrank**.

Yvette felt a pain in her neck. There was a mirror behind Yvette. She turned her head to take a look and found

a red mark on her neck.

“Why are you so delicate?” Lance looked in the mirror and smiled.

She was **in** his arms, yet he still looked in the mirror and talked to Yvette, as if he could see through her from

the mirror.

Yvette’s delicate face instantly turned red.

“You. You...” She was so ashamed that she couldn’t say a word.

Lance raised his chin. There was a shallow mark on it as if he was reminding her.

Yvette was so speechless that she gritted her teeth. She didn’t know that this guy would be so vengeful.

But she only bit him, and she never took the initiative to kiss him. Why did he kiss her whenever he wanted? Was it also revenge?

The phone kept vibrating. Lance picked it **up** in front of her. It was Frankie who called to tell him the time when the meeting began.

After Lance hung up the phone, he bent down to pick her up.

Yvette hurriedly avoided his hand and said defensively, “What are you doing?”

Lance raised his eyebrows. “What do you think?”

Then, ignoring her refusal, he carried her down and gently placed her on the bed.

Then, he stood by the bed and took off his shirt. Under the shirt were his beautiful collarbone and his muscular chest. The lines were smooth and strong, and they were very pleasant to appreciate.

Yvette was about to cry. She didn't dare to look at him and closed her eyes.

Was he in a rut? Why was he so thirsty?

Seeing her close her eyes, Lance could not help but say, “You want to do it again? It's a pity that I don't have time to do it again. Maybe next time.”

Yvette hurriedly opened her eyes and saw Lance's playful smile. He was still so beautiful and dazzling.

She understood that she had been fooled just now.

This man was so bad.

Yvette buried her red face in the quilt, not looking at him,

It was too embarrassing.

Lance stopped teasing her and went to take a shower and change **his** clothes.

When he came out again, he put on a white shirt and buttoned it up.

Yvette had never seen any other man who could be so handsome in a white shirt.

However, all his elegant and decent look was only on the surface. In fact, he was a beast and a devil.

Lance got closer and asked, “You still don't have enough?”

Before Yvette could react, Lance leaned over and bit her earlobe. “Wait for me here. You can look at me as

long as you wish tonight.”

Yvette instantly blushed and shrank into the quilt.

Lance seemed to like her ears very much, and he would always kiss and bite her ears when he got the chance. He knew that she was very sensitive when he touched her there.

Outside the door, Lance told Mary to be careful with Yvette's diet and persuade Yvette to eat more when she

didn't have an appetite.

Mary nodded in response, thinking **that** Lance was really nice to Yvette. He was not only handsome but also

considerate.

Lance looked at the closed door and had an indescribable feeling. She should be **in** this place under **his/**

control.

If a pup was not satisfied

Then he would feed her a few more times.

After getting into the car, Lance told Frankie, "Check if there are any men who are close to Yvette in the

school."

After Yvette finished her meal, she took a nap.

Lance's behavior made her flustered and confused.

After being together for two years, she knew how much Lance loved her body.

She just didn't understand why he didn't come to Yazmin to solve his physiological needs.

Wasn't it more enjoyable to have sex with someone he loved?

Was he afraid that Yazmin was too weak to have sex?

Thinking of Lance's performance when they had sex, Yvette felt that it was very likely.

In the afternoon, Mary told her that she had a visitor.

Yvette was surprised. Because there were only a few people who knew that she lived here.

After going downstairs, Yvette saw the person sitting in the living room.

It was Yazmin.

Yvette did not expect Yazmin to come here because Serenity Villa was the place where Yvette had been living

since she married Lance.

"Yvette, is your hand getting better?" Yazmin looked good today, and her tone was gentle when she spoke

with a smile.

Yvette sat down and said lightly, "I don't think you are here to care about my hand, Ms. Myers. We have no outsiders here. If you have anything to say, just say it."

Under the natural light, Yvette's skin was fair and smooth. She was so beautiful and charming, like a lily that had just been moistened.

Yazmin stared at Yvette's face, the disgust in her eyes could not be hidden.

As expected, Yvette was a born tramp, a bitch that was played by men.

"You misunderstood me. I just dropped by to visit you. I also have my maid make some soup for you."

Yazmin said as she put the soup on the table, then opened the lid **and** said gently, "After all, you can only go through the divorce procedures when you get better, right?"

Yvette knew that this was Yazmin's goal today.

She smiled and did **not** want to deal with her. "Don't worry, Ms. Myers. I will sign the divorce agreement, Please take the soup back. Thank you for visiting me today."

But Yazmin pushed the soup towards Yvette and said, "Lance said that you like to eat fish. He asked me to bring some fish soup for you. They were deep-sea fish and have high nutrition. Why don't you have a try?"

Yvette found it hard to maintain her smile. The Serenity Villa had strict security. Without Lance's permission,

Yazmin would not have been able to step in.

Sure enough, the warmth between them in the morning was her illusion.

The fishy smell was so strong that Yvette felt uncomfortable. She could not help but cover her mouth and run

to the bathroom to vomit.

After vomiting, she heard Yazmin's voice come from behind her. "Yvette, why are you vomiting so badly? Are you pregnant?"

Yvette panicked for a second, then she calmed down and said lightly, "I caught a cold last night."

"Caught a cold?" Yazmin gave her a suspicious look. Nonsense!

Yazmin asked the chef to make the soup smell as fishy as he could to test Yvette.

Yazmin remembered the child's clothes she saw in the mall that day, and she was getting certain that this

bitch must be pregnant.

Yazmin clenched her fists tightly, wishing that she could tear Yvette apart. Not only did Yvette steal her man, she even had the delusion of secretly giving birth to Lance's child!

She couldn't let Yvette give birth to this child!

Thinking of this, Yazmin smiled. "That's great. You know Lance. If he knows that you are pregnant, he will definitely ask you to abort it."

Yvette's face turned pale. Of course, she knew Lance, which was why she hid it from him.

Yazmin sneered, "And with your humble status, your child will only become a bastard. You don't want to let your child suffer such humiliation either, right?"

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 28](#)

Chapter 28 He **Doesn't** Love You

Yvette didn't want to talk to Yazmin, but Yvette didn't expect that Yazmin was so vicious that she even cursed

Yvette's unborn baby.

Yvette stared at Yazmin with her beautiful almond-shaped eyes and said coldly, "Ms. Myers, is it what a noble person would do to interfere in other people's marriage?"

"Lance and I are legally married. Do you know what that makes of you?"

"A third woman!"

"But why does Ms. Myers, such a high-born girl, want to be a third woman?"

Yazmin's face turned pale. She didn't expect Yvette to insult her like this.

"Who do you think you are? You are **just** a tool for Lance to please his grandpa. Lance and I grew up together,

and we know each other. Haven't you heard that the one who is not loved is actually the third woman?"

Yvette couldn't help laughing when she heard what Yazmin said.

"Ms. Myers, I understand you're shameless, but don't think the rest of the world is as shameless as you. A

mistress is always a mistress. If I don't divorce Lance, you can only be a mistress for the rest of your life."

"How... How dare you!"

Yazmin's nerves were stimulated when she heard Yvette say that they wouldn't divorce. Yazmin rushed to Yvette, pulled Yvette's collar, and tried to scratch her face.

Sizzle...

Yvette's collar was torn, and a long and dazzling kiss mark was exposed in the air.

Her fair skin was dotted with a touch of redness, which made her incomparably charming.

It was self-evident who made the marks.

Yazmin bit her lips and was about to explode with anger.

Yazmin could even imagine how Lance looked when he buried his face in Yvette's boobs.

Yazmin thought, *this bitch!* How dare *she!*

"Are you an idiot?" Yazmin said through gritted teeth, with malice in her eyes.

Yvette

looked at her coldly and said, "Are you mistaken? We haven't divorced yet. We are a normal couple. Why wouldn't I give my husband what he wants?"

"Besides, do you really have a fatal disease? Or are you just pretending to be sick to get Lance's sympathy?"

After all, Yazmin didn't look like an incurable patient at all.

"You... You!" Panic flashed through Yazmin's eyes. How she wished she could strangle Yvette.

But thinking of the reason why she came here today, Yazmin forced herself to calm down.

With a bitter smile, Yazmin said, "I didn't expect Lance to do this for me."

Yvette frowned **and** thought Yazmin was crazy.

"I'm not in good health. His mother doesn't like me. I really didn't expect him to be so aggrieved to make his

mother like me..."

"What do you mean?" Yvette's voice trembled.

"Don't you know that Lance went to ask his mother for help after he left me yesterday? But his mother said

that she couldn't agree with his divorce without your permission."

It was like a bolt from the blue!

Yvette's face darkened.

Therefore, after Lance slammed the door and left last night, he came back, and the reason why he came

back was that he wanted to get a divorce...

Yvette's face was pale, and her stomach seemed to be disturbed.

Lance didn't have to do that at all. I have never said that I don't want a divorce.

Yvette tried her best not to cry in front of Yazmin, but her eyes turned red uncontrollably.

Yazmin knew it was the right time.

All of a sudden, Yazmin unbuttoned her collar. Her delicate neck was covered with bruises, which were

dazzling from her collarbone down.

Yazmin drew her neck closer to Yvette and mocked in a low voice, “Why do you think Lance would touch you?”

All of a sudden, Yvette’s face turned from grey to pale. She was like a piece of paper, which could be blown

away at any time.

Of course, she knew why.

Lance came to me because he was unsatisfied with Yazmin.

This idea made Yvette sick.

At this moment, all her confidence turned into slaps on her face.

Yazmin was pleased to see Yvette’s face turn pale.

Yazmin stood up and said coquettishly, “Don’t think that Lance can’t live without you after sleeping with you for two years. He is just used to it. The person he loves is me. It’s no different to sleep with you or others. because you are just a tool. Do you understand?”

After Yazmin left, Yvette seemed to have lost all her strength and collapsed to the ground.

Mary Jonas, a servant of the Wolseley family, came in a hurry. She wanted to help Yvette but was pushed

away by her

“Mary, I want to go out for a walk,” Yvette said sadly.

Mary looked embarrassed, thinking, *Mr. Wolseley didn’t say Mrs. Wolseley could not go out but going out in*

such a condition... *What if something happens...*

After Yvette left, Mary called Lance's assistant in a hurry.

Yvette walked on a wide road alone and didn't know where to go. She just walked aimlessly.

Yvette wanted to breathe some fresh air....

Yvette's heart ached so much...

In the past two years, Yvette had been obsessed with Lance. She was obedient and had never bothered

Lance. She almost took out her heart and handed it to Lance.

However, how did Lance treat Yvette? Lance stabbed Yvette's heart again and again.

Now, Lance had to do these things to disgust and insult Yvette.

Lance was protective of his treasure, but had he thought that Yvette was her grandma's treasure?

Yvette felt sad as she thought of her grandma, so she took out her phone and called her.

The caretaker answered the phone.

"Ms. Thiel, what's up? Your grandma just fell asleep. Should I wake her up?"

"It's okay. Don't wake grandma **up**." Yvette hung up the phone in a hurry and thought she was out of her mind.

If Grandma knows that I was trampled on like this, how sad she will be!

Grandma is too old to bear any stimulation.

Yvette then called Ellen. "Ellen, can you pick me up? I feel so bad..."

Ellen's voice was very strange as if it was a little inconvenient for her to call. Ellen faltered, "Are you in

Serenity Villa? I'll send someone to pick **you** up. Ah..."

Ellen hung up the phone.

Yvette walked in a daze and didn't notice when she lost one of her shoes.

Serenity Villa was in an expensive area, with a few miles between each house. Normally, no car would pass

1. by.

It began to drizzle. Yvette protected her injured arm in front of her, shivering with cold.

“Ouch...”

Yvette couldn't help letting out a cry of pain from the bottom of her foot.

Yvette was shocked to see her heel cut by broken glass, blood mixed with rain, and flesh sticking together.

Her foot was in pain, but her heart seemed to be more painful than her foot.

Suddenly, a car whizzed behind her, and then a car sped past Yvette.

Yvette dodged in a hurry. All of a sudden, she felt dizzy and fell down like a thin piece of paper.

“Ah!”

Yvette screamed and covered her belly with her hands nervously.

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 29](#)

Chapter 29 Are You Reluctant?

“Yvette!”

A pair of dry and warm hands protected Yvette in time.

Yvette was so frightened that she didn't dare to open her eyes for a long time. After confirming that there was no danger, she slowly opened her eyes.

Under Charlie's gold-rimmed glasses, his pretty eyes were full of nervousness, and the umbrella he had just thrown away in a hurry was still lying on the ground.

Charlie's heart was still beating fast.

Yvette had almost fallen down!

Yvette was in a daze for a while. She managed to stand firm and asked, "Charlie, how could you..."

The softness disappeared. Charlie clenched his fists and said calmly, "Ellen asked me to pick you up.

Fortunately, I found you."

"Thank you again."

"It's nothing." Charlie picked up the umbrella to shield Yvette from the rain. When he noticed that Yvette was

in a mess, his pupils shrank, and his voice lost its calmness. "What happened to you?"

"I..." Yvette opened her mouth but didn't know how to explain.

"Let's go to the hospital."

Charlie didn't ask any more questions. He took off his coat and covered it on Yvette. Then he said, "I'm sorry."

He carried **Yvette** to the car.

After they arrived at the hospital, the doctor gave Yvette a blood test.

After the report came out, Charlie asked with concern, "Is she all right?"

The doctor **took a look** at Charlie and blamed, "She has symptoms of anemia. As a husband, you should

learn to care about her. Pay attention to her when you go back. Control your penetrative urges and take her to

have a check-up regularly, okay?”

When the doctor said the word “penetrative urges, Charlie’s usual calm handsome face obviously collapsed

for a second.

Yvette was speechless, thinking, *the joke’s on me!*

Yvette blushed like a freshly picked raspberry. She wanted to explain, but Charlie said gently, “I know, doctor.”

After the doctor left, Yvette was so embarrassed that she said, “Charlie, just now the doctor...”

Charlie adjusted his glasses with his slender fingers and interrupted Yvette, “It’s okay. There’s no need to explain.”

Thank you again today. I don’t know how to thank you enough.”

“Do you really want to thank me? I’m not an easy person to satisfy!” Charlie’s eyes were deep and shining

under his thick eyelashes.

“Of course.”

Charlie smiled with an unreadable expression in his eyes, “Then treat me to dinner another day.”

“Okay,” Yvette agreed without hesitation.

Charlie had saved Yvette and her baby twice. She would treat him to a dozen meals, let alone just one.

At this time, her phone rang. It was from Tanya.

Yvette picked it up.

“Yvette, how are you doing these two days? Did he take good care of you?”

Yvette choked with sobs and said, “I’m fine.”

“That’s good. I’ll find someone to nurse Jaiden’s health these two days. I’ll come to see you **in** two days. You

should be busy. I’m hanging up.”

“But...” Before Yvette could finish her words, the phone was hung up.

At this **time**, Charlie came **in** with a pair of slippers, **put** them under the bed, and was about to put them on

Yvette’s feet.

Yvette refused immediately, “No, Charlie. I can do it myself.”

“It’s not convenient for you to use your hand...” Charlie didn’t want Yvette to refuse and helped her put on the

slippers.

Bang!

A loud sound was heard.

The door of the ward was kicked open and bounced back to the wall with a bang.

A tall and straight-backed young man walked in, looking cold.

“Get

your hands off her!” Lance said, gritting his teeth.

Then he walked towards Yvette with a murderous will.

Without hesitation, Charlie stood in front of Yvette and asked coldly, “Who are you?”

A fierce sound of air bust was heard!

A punch hit Charlie's side face hard, and his glasses were shattered to the ground.

But that was not enough!

Lance licked his teeth with the tip of his tongue and gave Charlie another heavy punch.

"Lance, are you crazy?"

Yvette stood in front of Charlie to protect him.

Lance felt a sharp pain in his eyes. He wanted to kill the man protected by Yvette, but Lance held it back and

withdrew **his** fist.

"He should learn not to touch the woman he shouldn't touch. I was easy on him."

There was a hint of jealousy in Lance's cold tone.

"My senior was just helping me..."

Yvette was interrupted by Lance.

"Is this your senior?"

Thinking of the report Frankie gave him today, Lance thought, *Charlie... A perfect match...*

All right. Good.

With a sneer at the corners of his mouth, Lance asked, "Does he know that you are a married woman? Or does he like to pick up women who have been used by others?"

Every word was harsh.

Yvette was filled with anger, but she held it back because of Charlie's presence.

"Charlie, you can go back first. Thank you for your help today."

As for the matter between Yvette and Lance, Yvette didn't want innocent people to be involved.

The words "Charlie" hurt Lance's nerves again.

Lance's lips twitched as if he were smiling, but his voice was so cold that it made people shiver. "Throw him out."

Two men in black came in and approached Charlie.

"Lance, don't get it too far!" Regardless of the injury on her foot, Yvette blocked the two bodyguards.

The scene made Lance's pupils shrink and his fingers snap.

But when he saw Yvette's pale face and the wound on her hand, he restrained himself.

Suppressing his anger, Lance said word by word, "See him out!"

"Charlie, I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you next time," Yvette apologized repeatedly. She shouldn't have Charlie involved.

Charlie roughly understood what **was** going on. **This** man should be Yvette's husband. It was indeed

inconvenient for him to interfere.

It turned out that Yvette's husband was the CEO of the Wolseley Group, the richest company in New York

However, Charlie could tell that Yvette hated him, and this man didn't cherish her.

A tinge of coldness appeared in Charlie's dark eyes, but he was not afraid of the fierce gaze. He gently said to

Yvette, "Go back **and have a** good rest."

Yvette nodded.

In Lance's eyes, they looked as if they were a couple.

Lance pressed the tip of his tongue against the back of his teeth, regretting that he hadn't crushed this man.

There were only two of them left in the ward, and the atmosphere was frozen.

All of a sudden, Lance came over and grabbed Yvette's shoulder, as if he was going to shatter her shoulder.

"Lance, what are you doing?"

The next second, Lance snatched the black suit on Yvette's body and the slippers on Yvette's feet and threw

them directly into the trash can.

"It's dirty," Lance said mercilessly.

As soon **as** Lance entered the ward, he saw that Yvette was wearing another man's clothes. And he could not

bear to look at her.

Now he felt much better.

Yvette stood still.

Her heart was bleeding and painful.

So wearing another man's clothes is dirty.

What about the things Lance and Yazmin had done?

Yvette pressed her lips tightly and clenched her fists, without saying a word.

She kept telling herself that they would get divorced in a few days.

She had endured it for more than half a month, and she could put up with him for a few more days.

All of a sudden, she was covered in a suit. Without any sign, Lance had picked up Yvette with his arms.

around her waist.

Yvette was so scared that she held Lance's shirt tightly. The rage in Lance's heart was slightly smoothed.

But the next second, Yvette thought of the hickeys on Yazmin's neck and collarbone, which made her sick.

Yvette said coldly, "Let go of me. I can walk by myself."

Lance ignored her and strode outside with Yvette in his arms.

There were so many people in the hospital. Yvette was afraid of being noticed, so she stopped struggling.

Soon, Lance gently put Yvette in the car, and Lance got in the car from the other side and sat beside her.

The car started.

Yvette took off the suit and threw it aside. Then she leaned against the window, trying to breathe some fresh

air.

Coincidentally, Charlie's grey Mercedes Benz just came out. Thinking of what happened today, Yvette felt a

little sorry.

The next second, Lance said sarcastically, "What? You're so reluctant to leave him?"

Lance was so close to Yvette that she could hear his breath. The pleasant scent he usually smelled made her feel sick.

Yvette couldn't help but push Lance with her other hand. Disgust was written all over her face.

This action stimulated Lance's self-esteem. Lance directly pinched Yvette's wrist bone, with a sneer on his charming lips.

"You really are reluctant?"

Charlie seemed to have seen Yvette, too. His car became slow as well.

When the two cars were about to go side by side, all of a sudden, Lance ordered in a cold voice.

"Drive slowly."

Yvette didn't know what Lance wanted to do.

Lance raised Yvette's hand above her head and pressed it against the half-opened window. Then he bent over and kissed hard on her lips.



[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 30](#)

Chapter 30 A Slap in Lance's Face

Yvette was shocked.

It seemed that something had exploded.

Yvette's head was pressed against the leather cushion by Lance. The two of them had their lips and teeth entangled with the window lowered. Anyone passing by could see what they were doing.

Lance's calmness and self-control were left behind, and the plundering kiss was full of strong aggressiveness and possessiveness.

He forcibly deprived Yvette of every space inside her mouth, tossed and sucked, which was particularly

fierce.

It didn't feel like they were kissing, but more like he was venting his anger on her.

In particular, Lance deliberately let his and Charlie's cars go side by side.

In the past, when the two of them were very close, they didn't kiss in front of every one.

Now Lance was actually doing this....

The more Yvette thought about it, the angrier she became. She thought, *how could Lance bully me like this?*

Her hands were pressed by Lance, and so were her legs. Her whole body was bound by Lance's brute force.

Yvette wanted to curse Lance, but her mouth was tightly sealed. When she was gasping for breath, Lance squeezed in.

There was no warmth in Lance's kiss, only plunder.

He gripped Yvette's wrist so hard that her fingertips turned pale.

Charlie didn't seem to be able to see **this** and sped up to leave.

Tears ran down the end of Yvette's red eyes to her ears. As they gathered, it became like a river.

Yvette felt wronged and angry now....

Lance is bullying me with Yazmin.

Thinking of this, Yvette felt suffocated and couldn't breathe. The moment Lance let go of her hand, she hit

him anxiously and angrily.

Lance finally stopped. Seeing that Yvette was so sad, her dark eyes turned red with jealousy.

Lance had always been reserved, but he had never been so emotional as today.

As long as Lance thought of Charlie holding Yvette's feet, he wanted to cut off that man's hand.

But he couldn't bear to bully Yvette. He rubbed her red and swollen lips with his finger and released her.

Yvette caught her breath and raised her hand almost subconsciously.

Clap!

A crisp slap was especially clear inside the car.

Yvette burst into anger!

There was nothing going on between Yvette and Charlie. How could Lance humiliate Yvette?

All of a sudden, it seemed as if a violent storm was coming.

The whole car was filled with a strange atmosphere.

"Go to hell!" Lance was so angry that he grabbed Yvette's throat with his slender fingers and scolded her coldly.

It was the first time in twenty-seven years that someone had slapped Lance's face!

And it was Lance's cat.

For another man!

The thought of it was more embarrassing than the slap itself!

Only deathly silence followed.

The driver was so awkward that he wished he didn't exist.

Who would have thought that the decisive CEO would be slapped by a delicate girl?

It is really shocking. It must be worth a lot of money if it is sold to the paparazzi.

But the driver was just thinking. After all, life was more important than money.

At this moment...

Every trace of Lance's aura was icy, and there was a frightening expression on his handsome face.

Lance's eyes turned red, and his fingers tightened...

Yvette panicked.

It seemed that Lance had no other choice but to strangle Yvette.

"Lan... You bastard... Let me go..."

#

Yvette's face was full of fear. Her little face turned purple, and her lips were moving intermittently.

At this moment, Lance was filled with anger. He wished he could lock Yvette up at the thought that she

slapped him for another man..

Yvette's face became paler and paler, and Lance suddenly let go of his hand.

"Kaff..."

Yvette was paralyzed,

At that moment, the fresh air was like a luxury to her. Yvette breathed heavily.

However, Lance didn't look better.

Staring at Yvette, Lance's dark and cold eyes were full of killing intent!

Just when Yvette thought Lance was going to treat Yvette roughly again, Lance suddenly opened his mouth.

"Yvette, why are you with him?"

Why?

Yvette wanted to laugh.

Why did I walk barefoot on the road and run into Charlie?

It is all because of you!

It is because of the dirty things that you and Yazmin have done to disgust me!

But Yvette couldn't speak it out as it would only prove that she still cared about Lance.

And that would just make Yvette one of the countless women who admired Lance in Lance's eyes.

That meant worthless.

As long as Yazmin was involved, Yvette did not have a chance with Lance.

Seeing that Yvette didn't say anything, Lance became angrier.

Lance sneered, "What? Now that your beloved Charlie has come back, you don't even want to talk to me?"

"Didn't you want to study in his city at that time? Is it a pity that you didn't go there?"

"Do you want to renew your relationship now?"

Lance questioned her several times, with a hint of jealousy in his words that he didn't even realize himself.

"You investigated me?" Yvette was so angry that her eyes widened.

Ignoring Yvette's anger, Lance picked up a thin gilded business card with his beautiful fingers.

"Charlie Raison, general manager of IA Investment Bank."

All of a sudden, Lance raised the business card and let it fly to Yvette's feet. With a faint smile on his face, he

said, “Yvette, you should know **that** it’s as easy as killing an ant for me to kill him!”

Charlie’s resume was indeed nice, but it was definitely not enough to compare with the soaring Wolseley family.

Yvette was pissed off by Lance’s stubbornness.

“Lance, this is between us. I’m OK if you vent your anger toward me. Are you still a man when you blame it on others?”

For a moment, Lance felt as if his whole body was ignited by something, and his anger was rubbing up.

“Stop the car!” Lance ordered coldly.

Only then did Yvette find that the car had arrived at the entrance of Serenity Villa.

Before she could react, Lance had already moved to the other side, opened the door, and carried Yvette out.

The door of the villa was open. Mary saw the two people coming back and greeted them.

“Tell them not to let anyone come in.”

When Lance said this, his dark eyes were so cold and malicious that Mary was too scared to make a sound.

Yvette was a little flustered. She didn’t know what Lance was going to do, so she could only hit the back of

Lance’s shoulder with her left hand.

“Lance, put me down. What are you doing?”

Bang!

The door was kicked open by Lance and closed automatically.

In the blink of an eye, Yvette's body had sunk into the soft silk quilt.

Lance pressed on Yvette's chin and grabbed her chin with great force. "Am I a man? It seems that you have forgotten how you begged me for mercy on this bed in the past. It doesn't matter. I'll let you remember it now."

Yvette trembled, and her face was as pale as snow.

Yvette was not an inexperienced girl. She immediately understood what Lance meant.

The window was still open, and the moonlight shone **in** and lit the room up as if it were daytime.

The moon was shining on Lance's handsome face, which looked even more delicate.

The next second, Lance straightened up and unbuttoned her shirt, and unbuckled his belt.

Fear was written all over Yvette's face. She wanted to run away, but as soon as she got up, Lance knew her intention clearly. He grabbed Yvette's waist and pulled her back.

Yvette struggled desperately regardless of the wound on her hand.

Lance **sneered** and tied Yvette's wrists with a tie.

Then he bent his long legs and pressed his knees on Yvette's legs.

A gust of cold wind blew. Lance's long and narrow **eyes** were shining under the moonlight as if a beast

hidden in him was about to wake up.

"Yvette, I'm so kind to you."

He meant that he was so "kind" to her that she would slap Lance in the face for another man.

Yvette was terrified.

She patted him, but Lance's dick was as hard and hot as a piece of burning iron.

With a tearing sound, Lance ripped off Yvette's clothes fiercely.

