

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 4

Chapter 4 I Will Help You Bathe

Lance stopped in his tracks. His gaze fell on the slender fingers that were holding his

shirt, and his gaze deepened.

“Why?”

Yvette lowered her eyes and lied, “I’m ... scared.”

Making up such a lame excuse, Yvette did not even dare to look up, not knowing if Lance

would believe it.

Yvette added in a low voice, “I just took some medicine. I’ll be fine after a nap.”

Lance lowered his eyes. From his angle, he could see that Yvette’s face was hidden in his

arms.

Yvette’s face was small and her eye shape was very beautiful. Her curly eyelashes cast a

shade under her eyes. Yvette had a fever, so her fair skin was pink and she looked particularly delicate.

Lance’s heart somehow softened.

He turned around and skillfully opened the door, sending Yvette to the bed in the bedroom.

Yvette’s heart finally relaxed. Just now, because she was so nervous, she was covered in sweat. She felt her body was so sticky that even her hair was wet. Now, she just wanted

to take a shower and sleep.

“I’m fine now.” Yvette meant that she wished Lance to leave.

After all, Lance was used to sleeping in a big villa and had never reduced himself to her

small apartment.

“Alright.”

Lance responded, but he did not leave. Instead, he raised his hand and pulled off his tie,

then he unbuttoned his shirt...

Yvette was completely dumbfounded. She almost couldn’t breathe. Her eyes widened. “Why are you taking off your clothes?”

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Yvette had had a fever, yet Lance still wanted to vent his desire. Was he a human?

Lance lifted his eyelids and stared at her with his dark eyes.

Yvette’s heart kept pounding.

She couldn’t stand being looked at so closely by Lance.

Lance’s gaze was different from that of others, and when he looked at her, it was filled

with desire.

It was as if she was naked right now.

Yvette bit her lips and said, “I’m not feeling well.”

The implication was that she couldn’t serve him in bed now.

Moreover, they were about to divorce, so they could not have sex.

Lance did not speak. He looked gloomy, and his eyes seemed to be burning.

The next second, he leaned over, placed his hands on the side of the bed, and whispered into her ear, “Yve, I’m not such a beast.”

The way

he addressed Yvette “Yve” was so flirtatious and seductive.

Seeing Yvette’s blushed face, Lance turned around in satisfaction and went to the bathroom.

Yvette’s face started to burn. It was all Lance’s fault for doing all these things that would cause misunderstandings.

Soon, Lance came out and glanced at Yvette, saying that the water was ready.

Lance was so gentle that it surprised her.

Yvette had been obsessional about cleanliness. At this time, she couldn’t stand the sticky body and immediately wanted to soak in the bathtub.

She got up. Because it was too abrupt, she felt dizzy for a moment and she almost couldn’t stand it.

Fortunately, Lance held her waist in time and then carried her directly to the bathroom.

The familiar fragrance made Yvette’s heart pound wildly. She was so nervous that she stuttered, “Put, put me down.”

Lance heard it. After putting Yvette down by the bathtub and sitting down, he reached out to help her undo the buttons of her skirt.

Lance was familiar with this procedure, and he looked meticulous. He took off her clothes as if he was examining a job, and he did it naturally without any awkwardness.

Lance’s fingertips were cold. He touched Yvette’s skin and made her tremble involuntarily.

Yvette quickly grabbed her collar, her face flushed red, and then she said shyly, “I can

do it myself. Please go out!”

Seeing Yvette’s nervous appearance, Lance pursed his lips and said lazily, “It’s not the

first time I have helped you bathe.”

Yvette’s ears were red.

In the past, after they had sex, there were a few times when Lance carried the exhausted

her to the bathtub to help her bathe. However, during bathing, Lance always...

Now, as long as Yvette saw Lance and the bathtub, she would think of what happened

back then.

Yvette forcefully dispelled those scenes in her mind. She took a deep breath and pushed

Lance. “Lance, you go out.”

Lance stopped teasing her and went out of the bathroom.

Then, the door slammed shut.

After taking a bath, Yvette felt a lot better. She opened the door in a bathrobe and did

not expect Lance to still be there.

Yvette had no choice but to ignore him. She wrapped her wet hair and prepared to sleep. Unexpectedly, Lance grabbed her by the waist and carried her to the bathroom.

“You want to sleep without drying your hair?”

Lance said as he scattered her hair and picked up the hairdryer to dry her hair.

Yvette's heart was like a mess. She looked in the mirror in a daze. Lance's black hair was

wet. It was a different kind of lust and charm.

The familiar smell continued to creep into her nose, making her heart beat faster.

Lance's approach was a torment to her and she was afraid that she would be reluctant to

let go,

After Lance dried Yvette's hair, she looked at him in the mirror and softly said

“thanks“.

Lance was standing right behind her and the two of them were very close.

With one hand on the table, he lazily looked at her in the mirror. His eyes carried a touch of frivolity as he asked, “How will you thank me?”

Yvette almost choked when she heard this. She stared at Lance with her beautiful eyes

speechlessly.

In the past, she would thank him by having sex with him, but she couldn't do it again

now.

They were about to get a divorce!

In the mirror, Yvette had a peach blossom color in the corner of her eyes and a faint pink

on the tip of her nose, which would make a man's blood boil.

Lance only felt restless. He suddenly reached out and pinched Yvette's chin. He turned his face and said a little fiercely, "You are not allowed to look at others like this from now on."

Yvette was completely dumbfounded and did not understand what he meant.

Lance's eyes darkened and his voice was slightly hoarse. "Not everyone is as gentlemanly as me."

Lance thought that Yvette didn't even know how many men would be turned on if they saw her current state.

Seeing that Lance's face was getting closer and closer, Yvette was somewhat at a loss.

She turned her face away and wanted to dodge.

However, her shoulder was pressed down by Lance. His voice was low and hoarse. "Don't move."

Their lips were so close and their gazes intertwined. Yvette thought that he was going to kiss her. Her heart was about to stop and even her eyelids were trembling.

But no, Lance just gently kissed her forehead, like he was branding her.

He then pinched her burning face and said in a hoarse voice, "This is a punishment."

Lance spoke in a serious tone.

Yvette was speechless.

Was this really not nonsense?

At the same time, she felt that she was a loser.

How could she be addicted to the gentleness of a man so easily?

Lance's phone suddenly rang and instantly pulled Yvette out of the drowned tenderness.

She consciously left and gave Lance some room.

Lance picked up the phone and went to the balcony.

After chatting for a few minutes, he hung up and walked over.

Yvette was already lying on the bed, wrapping herself in the quilt.

She knew Lance was going to leave, but she still did not move.

Without waiting for Lance to speak, she covered the quilt and said, "Close the door when you leave."

"Have a good rest."

Lance said as he picked up his coat. After walking to the door, he looked back at the bed

and left.

It was not until the door was closed that Yvette revealed his wet eyes from the quilt

.

She felt as if someone had torn a crack in her heart, and something sour flowed out

.

Everyone knew that Yazmin was the only woman Lance loved.

What did Yvette have to compare with Yazmin?

With this destined unwelcome baby?

Yvette tore the pregnancy report sheet that was hidden in the drawer into pieces.

Now she was a little glad that she did not say it, and there was no need to humiliate herself again.

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In a private hospital.

Lance stood in front of the window. The moonlight shone on his cold and fair face, making his facial features more exquisite and his temperament extraordinary.

“Lance.”

Yazmin weakly called out from the bed.

She wore a purple taro deep V-neck dress under her hospital gown. It was soft and attached to her waist, making her look gentle and charming.

Lance returned to his senses and walked over, and his tone was gentle. “You’re awake.”

“Yes. Sorry to trouble you again.” Yazmin said guiltily, “Lena didn’t have to do that. Just a small problem and she was so worried that she had to ask you to come over.”

When

Yazmin said this, she looked touched and her words reminded Lance that she was special to him.

“It’s fine.” There was no emotion on Lance’s cold face. He asked, “Do you want to eat anything? I’ll get Frankie to buy it.”

“No, I don’t want to eat anything.” Yazmin asked in a soft voice, “Where are you tonight? I didn’t interfere with your business, did I?”

“No,”

Lance replied calmly. He raised his hand and looked at his watch. “It’s late. Have a good rest.”

“Lance, I’m so scared.”

Yazmin suddenly reached out to hold Lance’s waist from behind, her tone choked with sobs. It sounded so pitiful.

“Can you not leave tonight?”

Lance subconsciously took a step back the moment her soft hand touched his waist

.

Yazmin's hand was hanging in the air while she was looking at him blankly.

It was silent in the room, and she felt awkward.

