

Chapter 41 Break Your Legs

Jamie trapped Ellen with his arms and sneered, "Do you want to go outside? Do you want others to know how licentious the daughter of the Robbins family is?"

Ellen felt shocked suddenly. She held Jamie's arm tightly and looked at him imploringly.

Jamie was a devil. He would keep his word.

Last time, when Ellen showed her unwillingness, Jamie immediately got out of bed to make the share price of the Robbins family plummet.

Ellen's father was so angry that he entered the hospital. No matter how Ellen begged, Jamie ignored.

her and did not want to see her.

Since Jamie agreed to see her again, Ellen decided to grasp the opportunity.

Jamie looked at Ellen coldly and thought that she was pretending to be innocent when she was the

sexy type.

Jamie believed many men had enjoyed Ellen when he was abroad.

Without hesitation, he tore her shirt and pushed her skirt up...

Held by the neck, Ellen had to look up at Jamie's handsome face. He showed no pity and only left her endless pain.

Ellen was like a small boat, swaying in the storm.

Two hours later.

Jamie turned and got off Ellen.

He got up and threw a piece of clothing on the ground, motioning Ellen to put it on

.

Ellen picked it up. There was a pungent smell of perfume on the clothing, which was the low-quality perfume used by prostitutes.

Ellen frowned in disgust but had to wear it. Her clothes were torn.

“Ms. Robbins, you are so unhappy. Haven’t I satisfied you?” Jamie asked in a nasty tone.

Ellen’s face was pale, and her legs were weak.

Ellen wondered why Jamie had so much energy. He had done that with someone else.

How could he be so fierce with her?

Ellen said with a trembling voice, “Mr. McBride, can you give my dad a break? He has been in the hospital for several days.”

“A break?” Jamie licked his lip. The scar on his forehead seemed to be his medal. “Had someone given the McBride family a break?”

Jamie narrowed his eyes and continued, “Ellen, do you think your body is worth so much money? Do you know why I did that with a prostitute before you? Because you’re cheaper than them.”

Ellen felt her dignity had been put on the ground and stomped.

She swayed and almost collapsed.

Jamie walked forward to pinch Ellen’s jaw and whispered, “I do not kill your father now. When will I do it? It depends on me. Don’t make me unhappy, understand?”

Ellen opened his mouth but couldn’t make a sound because of the pain in her jaw. “Yes...”

“Scram!” Jamie fiercely swung his arm. Ellen fell to the ground, and blood oozed from her knees.

Her tears fell to the ground. She got up and ran out.

Downstairs, Marvin saw Ellen leave in a hurry and went upstairs.

Marvin went into the room and glanced at Jamie. “Don’t you have time to go to a hotel?”

Jamie sat there, smoking a cigarette. His eyes were ruthless.

Marvin wanted to try to persuade Jamie, but he gave up.

As long as one knew what had happened to Jamie, he could not say anything.

At the underground parking lot.

Yvette was shoved into the passenger’s seat roughly. Then, Lance fastened the seat belt for her.

The door slammed shut.

“Lance, let me get out.”

Yvette was furious. Why was Lance so overbearing?

However, Lance ignored her and started the car. The car flew out.

Yvette was so scared that she didn’t dare to move. She held her seatbelt tightly, fearing being

thrown out.

At that moment, not many cars were on the road to the villa.

Lance drove faster and faster, and the car almost drifted when it turned the corner.

Yvette knew Lance was angry.

However, Yvette did not know why he was angry.

She was the one who should be angry.

Lance framed her and stood on Yazmin’s side to hurt her time and time again.

At that moment, Yvette could not think of that and called with a trembling voice, “Lance, slow

down.”

Lance seemed to hear nothing and did not slow down.

Yvette was **so** scared that she cried. She felt sick in her stomach and said, “Lance, stop the car. I’m

going to vomit.

“Stop...”

Yvette could not help but cover her mouth and retch.

Screech!

The car braked sharply.

The car arrived at the Serenity Villa in no more than twenty minutes.

After the car stopped, Yvette rushed to the bathroom on **the** first floor without hesitation and

vomited.

However, she hadn’t had dinner, so her stomach was empty. Although she felt uncomfortable, she

could not vomit anything.

At that moment, Lance gave her a cup of warm water. Yvette took it and drank a few mouthfuls

before her stomach felt well.

When she recovered, she hit Lance’s chest without thinking and cried, “Lance, you don’t want to

live, but I want to. I am so scared...”

Yvette cried sadly. Seeing that, Lance pulled her into his arms. Tears dripped onto his shirt and

melted into his heart.

Yvette was frightened and felt the pain in her lower abdomen.

She wondered in fear whether the baby would be fine.

Lance saw her pale face and became nervous. He asked in a deep voice, "What's wrong with you?"

Yvette got angry when she thought something might happen to the baby and pushed Lance away.

"It's none of your business."

Lance stared at her coldly. "Is it none of my business? How could it be none of my business?"

Yvette lowered her head and kept silent, which made Lance angrier.

"Yvette, you are so bold. I told you to wait for me at home. How dare you go to the bar?"

Lance gritted his teeth and mocked, "How many men had accosted you before I arrived? It seemed you were popular."

"Twenty," Yvette said suddenly.

Lance was stunned. When he realized what Yvette meant, he wanted to strangle her. However, he

contained his anger when he saw her pale face.

"Do you feel proud?"

Yvette was baffled. "Didn't you ask me?"

"I..."

Lance gritted his teeth in hatred. For the first time, he realized the woman in front of him was

harder to deal with than a contract.

He lowered his voice and ordered coldly, “I will break your legs if you go to that place again.”

Yvette could not stand Lance. She tried to hold back her anger and said, “Lance, we are going to divorce. Isn’t it unreasonable for you to keep controlling your ex-wife?”

Lance’s eyebrows twitched. He was so angry that he laughed. “Why do you want to divorce in a hurry? Is someone waiting for you? Is it Charlie? Did today’s coffee taste good?”

At that moment, Yvette realized why Lance was angry. It was because of Charlie. However, she got

angrier.

“Lance, what’s wrong with you? Why did you follow me?”

Lance did not have anyone follow Yvette. The photo was sent to his phone by an unknown number

when he went to the bar to find her.

In the photo, Yvette and Charlie’s fingers were touching, and there was affection in their eyes.

When Lance thought about it, he became angrier. He supported himself with one hand on the wall and said angrily, “Do you remember your identity?”

Yvette retorted, “And you? Do you remember your identity? Yazmin...”

Before she could finish her words, Lance pressed her shoulder against the wall and pinched her

chin to kiss her hard.

He did not want her to defend Charlie.



Chapter 42 There Is Someone Else

Yvette's back was pressed against the cold bathroom wall, making her at the mercy of Lance,

At that moment, she felt helpless and could only let him do anything to her.

Yvette's tears were salty and sweet, and when Lance tasted them, he felt tempted.

Lance let go of Yvette reluctantly, his eyes filled with anger, suggesting that he had not enjoyed

himself to the fullest.

Yvette raised her hand and wanted to hit him, but Lance just grabbed her arm.

Blue veins were twitching on Lance's wrist, and his voice was cold and heavy. "How dare you!"

If Yvette hit him for another man again, Lance couldn't guarantee that he wouldn't tear her apart.

Lance's embrace was so tight that Yvette couldn't break free. She turned her head in disgust.

As long as she thought about how Lance's lips had kissed someone else, she felt disgusted.

However, Yvette knew that it was not good for her to confront Lance at this time. She could only soften her tone. "Let me go first."

Yvette rarely spoke in such a soft voice. Lance agreed and actually let her go.

Yvette did not want to be alone with him for one more second. She turned in disgust to leave.

But the next moment, a strong arm wrapped around her waist, pulling Yvette back to the wall. The distance between the two was extremely close. They almost pressed together.

“I’ve let you go,” Lance said.

There was no reason for him to give Yvette another chance.

Yvette was at a loss for words. She said hatefully, “How can you be so shameless ...”

Her words were muffled again.

Lance liked the way Yvette looked when she was angry, which was vivid and energetic.

It was much better than the empty, fake, and well-behaved woman Yvette was in the car today.

This time, Lance was extremely patient. He first started from Yvette’s fair neck. Then he worked his

way to her earlobe, gently nibbling.

Lance’s movements were slow, and he knew each of her sensitive spots. The kissing was more like

torture.

In this regard, Lance was truly an expert in manipulating people.

Every time Lance started the second time, the foreplay would be long and patient. He was waiting for Yvette to beg for mercy.

Yvette leaned against the cold wall, angry, ashamed, and trembling slightly.

Lance’s lips moved to her soft lips, which were very fragrant and sweet. A single taste could make

him fall head over heels.

He really wanted Yvette now.

It had been almost a month.

Before he was with Yvette, Lance had always been ascetic. And it wasn't that no one had sent women

to his side, but Lance had no interest at all.

For a time, Lance also thought that he really had no sexual desires.

But since Lance started sleeping with Yvette, he became insatiable.

It wasn't that he didn't need sex, it was that the desires were too strong.

Yvette had no idea what Lance was thinking, only that he was getting further and further over the line judging by where his hands were.

Her struggle was nothing to the strong man.

In a panic, Lance fumbled for something on the washstand and smashed it on Lance's head with her eyes closed.

“Boom!”

A muffled sound rang out.

Red blood dripped down from Lance's temple, flowing to the corner of his eye. Even the end of his

eye was red.

Yvette was stunned.

She looked at her hand and never expected that she would pick up a crystal ornament.

With the sharp edges, if Yvette applied a little more strength, she could have smashed Lance to

death.

Yvette was so scared that her mouth opened but couldn't utter a sound.

She had never expected this to happen...

“What do you see in him?” Lance ignored his wound and stared at Yvette for a moment before asking in a terrifyingly cold voice.

The two of them had been together for two years, and they were incomparably compatible.

But

now that Charlie had returned, even the kiss Yvette loved to pester Lance for the most before

had become unbearable to her.

Lance’s left face and ear were all stained with blood, He did not know where the bleeding was, looked especially bad anyway.

“I, I...” Yvette choked with sobs, tears streaming down her face.

It was deathly silent.

Yvette’s reaction broke Lance’s stone-cold heart, and he became even more enraged.

For the past two years, Lance did not know that there was someone else in Yvette’s heart.

Lance wondered if Yvette’s affection in the past was all faked.

but it

No wonder Yvette signed the divorce agreement so quickly. It turned out to be because the former

lover was back.

Then should Lance give way to them now and let Yvette be with another man?

He would never let this happen!

Lance reached out and snatched the crystal ornament from Yvette’s hand. He raised his arm and

smashed it against the wall beside him.

“Clank!”

With a crisp shattering sound, the crystal scattered and flew in all directions.

Yvette screamed in fear, but her chin was firmly gripped by him. Lance’s eyes were extremely cold.

“Remember, if you dare to see him again, I will make him disappear in New York. I will do what I

say!”

With that, Lance slammed the door and left.

Yvette squatted down against the wall, putting her arms around her knees as she looked forward in a daze. Tears fell down uncontrollably.

The vague pain in her stomach came again. Yvette covered her stomach with her hands and to relieve it.

The door was opened with a bang.

Mary was stunned when she saw the mess on the ground. She hurriedly came over to help Yvette and said in a panic, “Why is there blood? Mrs. Wolseley, where are you injured?”

Yvette shook her head. “It’s not mine.”

“Then...” Mary suddenly shut up and said after a pause, “Mrs. Wolseley, let me help you up and

rest.”

When they arrived upstairs, Mary settled Yvette down and asked, “I just made some soup. Wolseley, do you want some?”

Yvette said in a low voice, “Thank you, Mary. I am good. I want to lie down for a while.”

Mrs.

Mary replied, took a few steps, and turned back to say, “Mrs. Wolseley, recently, Mr. Wolseley asked someone to bring back a lot of tonic food and asked me to make them according to the standard procedure of top chefs. It’s all because he cares about your health. Please don’t mind. I just want to say that you were so well together. Think about it, and don’t let some unimportant things stand in your way.”

“Yes, I understand,” Yvette replied softly.

Mary was also happy that Yvette took her advice. She said, “Mrs. Wolseley, have some rest. Call me if you need anything. There’s food in the kitchen.”

After Mary left, Yvette thought about what she said.

She also missed their old time, but it was all fake.

Lance did not love Yvette at all. He loved someone else.

The moonlight shone down, bringing with it a chill.

Yvette suddenly felt that it was not a bad thing to be hated by Lance.

She closed her eyes, and her mind was filled with the scene of blood flowing to Lance’s ear...

Perhaps it was because that injury was caused by Yvette. She seemed unable to not worry about

Lance.

Lance did not return for the rest of the night.

In **the** morning...

Yvette finished her breakfast and went upstairs to change. She only put on some lip stick and was

ready to go out.

There was a driver on standby at Serenity Villa, who quickly sent Yvette to New York Radio Station.

After getting out of the car, Yvette looked up at the sign of the radio station and felt longing.

She had always felt that it was very meaningful to be able to convey a spirit and warmth through the

voice.

This was a job that Yvette liked, not only for her grandmother but also for herself.

She took a deep breath to encourage herself and walked in.

Because Yvette had already made an appointment, she directly met the chief editor, Shermie. She did

not expect that Shermie was only around thirty years old, who was a cool beauty carrying a

powerful vibe.

After a simple conversation, Shermie asked Yvette to do the audition. Yvette was still a little

nervous since she hadn't broadcast for a long time.

After Yvette came out, Shermie's expression was rather cold.

Yvette's heart skipped a beat. She thought that she did not have much hope.

Shermie asked, "We are launching a new program next week. Will it be a problem for you to start working next week?"

Yvette was stunned for a moment and quickly nodded. "No problem, Ms. Lindley."

"Alright, you may leave now." Shermie turned around and got busy.

After Yvette left, Shermie knocked on the door of the monitoring room and said lightly, "Come out.

She's gone."

The door opened and a tall, slender man walked out.

Shermie glanced at him and joked, “What? Are you afraid that I will eat her alive?”

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Chapter 43 Become the Other Man

It was Charlie who walked out.

He wore a khaki trench coat and a pair of glasses with a narrow frame. His gentle temperament made his handsome appearance even more charming.

Charlie said faintly, “I believe that Yvette is the person you need.”

Charlie was Shermie’s half-brother, and the two had a good relationship.

Shermie nodded with a smile.

The sound test effect just now was amazing. It looked like this girl was a genius.

She continued, “Why didn’t you say hello to her just now?”

Charlie answered in a mild tone, “No need.”

He did not want her to be burdened.

“Have you found your Cinderella?” Shermie laughed at him.

Charlie had always kept a distance from women all these years, and this was the first time he was

being so careful about a girl.

“But her resume shows she is married. Don’t tell me you’re trying to be the other man.” Shermie

frowned.

Charlie hadn't come out of the monitoring room just now, so this girl probably didn't know what he was thinking.

Shermie frowned. "Charlie, you know yourself better than I do, right? I don't want to hear you being described as a homewrecker someday."

"No." Charlie suppressed the surging feelings.

He knew what he should do now.

Now, his concern for her could only be hidden in the dark and could not be exposed.

Shermie shook her head and stopped persuading him.

Charlie always behaved like a gentleman on the surface, but in fact, he was also a manipulative

wheeler-dealer.

It looked easy to get along with him. But once he made up his mind, nobody would be able to stop him until he got what he wanted.

She didn't want to interfere as long as Charlie wasn't known as a home wrecker.

Yvette left the broadcasting station and went to the hospital to see her grandmother Phoebe, telling

her the good news.

Phoebe was very happy to hear that and even had more dinner because of that.

Back at Serenity Villa, Yvette simply packed up and prepared to move back to Spring Bay. There was

a subway station there and it was very convenient to go to the radio station.

She lived here for her health. Now that her injuries were healed, she had no reason to continue staying here.

Moreover, Lance should not want to see her again.

Tanya came to Serenity Villa as soon as Yvette finished packing. Yvette quickly stuffed the suitcase into the cabinet in a panic.

When she got downstairs, Tanya kissed her face and held her arm. Then she said, “Yvette, today is my grandfather’s birthday. Get prepared and come with me.”

Tanya’s grandfather was Lance’s great-grandfather.

Yvette was shocked and quickly waved her hand. “It might not be proper for me to go.”

Lance definitely had to attend his great-grandfather’s birthday banquet. Thinking about last night,

Yvette was a little afraid to see him.

Besides, they were going to divorce now, and it was not appropriate to see the elders.

Tanya smiled and said, “My grandfather heard me talk about you. He really wants to see you. He is already old and I don’t want to have any regrets.”

“But...”

Tanya understood Yvette’s concerns.

She hurriedly said,

“I know that you are not ready yet. Don’t worry, I will only say that you are a friend of my grandfather. No one will know your identity.”

Since Tanya had made the promise, Yvette did not want to make things difficult for Tanya and

nodded.

Tanya took her to get a dress and make her up.

When she came out, Tanya was stunned. The light purple dress made Yvette look like a fairy from

heaven.

She couldn't help but sigh, "Yvette, you are **so** beautiful."

Tanya was thinking that she had to make her ignorant son jealous tonight.

Wasn't it said that jealousy was the catalyst for feelings? Then, as their mother, she should help

them.

Soon, the car drove into the villa.

There were many guests present tonight. Luxurious cars gathered outside the villa. It could be said to be magnificent.

Tanya's family had been known as a noble and powerful family during the time of Tanya's

grandfather. When it came to Tanya's father's generation, it declined a lot.

Right now, the only pride of Tanya's family was Tanya's son, Lance.

Although Lance didn't share his mother's family name, it was true that they were related by blood. Even the famous people of New York were willing to show respect to them.

Entering the hall, Tanya brought Yvette up to the second floor and met her grandfather.

Tanya's grandfather was a hundred years old today. He looked very good and could speak clearly.

Yvette sent him a blessing, which made the old man very happy. He immediately gave her a jade

pendant as a present.

Yvette didn't dare to accept that obviously expensive jade pendant, but Tanya insisted that she should accept it.

Yvette didn't refuse.

Tanya talked about some family matters with her grandfather. Yvette felt that it was inappropriate for her to be here, so she found an excuse to go out and wait.

After coming out, she felt it was not good for her to walk around randomly, so she stayed in the

small hall on the second floor.

This small hall could overlook the entire hall on the first floor. Yvette picked an inconspicuous

corner to stand.

Near the railing, two gaudy women were chatting.

“I heard that the one from the Wolseley family is coming tonight too. We have to seize the opportunity. I wonder what kind of person he likes?”

“Forget it. You don’t have a chance. I heard that he likes Ms. Myers. He has liked her for many years. They have been in a relationship. Recently, Ms. Myers returned home. How many times have they been involved in scandals?”

“I really don’t like that girl. She is so weak.”

“She is his angel. But that boy from the Wolseley family is quite infatuated. I haven’t heard of him

being related to another woman for so many years.”

“Alas, I’m so envious. If I could marry this man, I would be willing to share his family name.”

“Stop dreaming. Haha, if you are **so** unwilling, just let me do it.”

The two of them chatted as if no one else was around. Yvette felt uncomfortable.

Perhaps she was different from most people. She did not want this title.

True love couldn’t be shared by a third one.

She turned around and wanted to leave, but then she met someone she did not want to see.

Emilie was wearing a lake-blue evening dress and looked very good.

She was more like the host here instead of a guest. Most of the people who came were from rich

families. Her mother had told her to seize the opportunity to choose a good husband.

Seeing that Yvette did not seem surprised, she stepped forward and sneered, “Yvette, nice job. Or

maybe I should **call** you Mrs. Wolseley.”

Thinking about how shocked she was the last time she knew about that matter and how

embarrassed she was when she was chased out of the Wolseley family, Emilie wished she could tear

this woman apart.

However, she endured it. Yvette was Lance’s wife. Even if she was not favored, Emilie could not

touch her.

However, that did not mean that others could not target her.

Emilie’s eyes flashed with a trace of malice. It was time for revenge now.

Yvette frowned. She did not want to have a dispute with Emilie and was prepared to take a detour, afraid of breaking the good atmosphere of the birthday banquet.

However, Emilie blocked her way, not intending to let Yvette go.

She continued to say, “Don’t think that I don’t know. It was you who set up a trap for Lance to become his wife. But so, what? He doesn’t love you at all. He only loves Yazmin! Your marriage won’t be blessed by anyone. If you are not that shameless, you should quit quickly and let the lovers.

be **together.**”

Yvette did not want to pay attention to Emilie, but it did not mean that she would allow Emilie to

insult him.

She chuckled, “I find it pretty good.”

Yes, she found these two years she had been through so sweet when she was unaware of the truth.

Emilie was angered by her smile. She pointed at her nose and scolded, “You are shameless! Who do you think you are? Compared to Yazmin, you are just a loser!”

Yvette asked casually, “Oh. Then why didn’t she marry Lance?”

“You!”

Emilie was flustered and exasperated. Just as she was about to continue cursing, she suddenly saw something and sneered, “Look down and see it yourself.”



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Chapter 44 Important Than Your Wife

Yvette followed Emilie and looked down the stairs.

She saw Lance leading Yazmin into the hall.

The man was noble and handsome. The woman was gentle and beautiful.

Standing together, they were the best match.

Her mind went blank for a moment!

Lance?

He came to the banquet with Yazmin.

Thinking about how he was still questioning her yesterday about whether she remembered her identity as a married woman, Yvette was speechless.

What about him? Did he remember that he was a married man?

Wasn't it improper to bring Yazmin to this banquet?

Yvette wanted to laugh but found that she did not even have the strength to pull the corner of her

mouth.

“Lance, you are really a liar!”

Emilie, who was **at** the side, also noticed Yvette's abnormal expression. A disdainful smile flashed across her eyes. “What a pity. It seems that you still don't know that at Lance will also bring Yazmin to

attend the banquet tonight.”

Yvette bit her lip and told herself not to care. Wasn't it just a matter of time before they announced

it?

However, it was as if a big hole had been torn open in her heart, and a cold wind had leaked in.

She felt that she was really useless and still cared a lot...

Emilie noticed Yvette's sadness and was overjoyed.

“Even if Lance marries you, so what? You will always be the one who can't get his heart. He only married you to deal with his grandfather. Who do you think you are?”

Her words were aggressive. She continued, “Look at how compatible Lance and Yazmin are. Do you know what you look like? You look like a clown who is overestimating herself!”

Suddenly, a cold voice interrupted her words.

“Who did you say was overestimating herself?”

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Emilie was proud of herself, and without thinking, she replied, “Of course this bitch.”

Suddenly, there was a loud sound.

Before she could finish, Emilie was slapped on her face.

“Ah!” Emilie went dizzy and she cursed, “Who hit me? You bitch!”

There was another slap on her face.

The sound was even louder than before!

Both sides of Emilie’s face were red and swollen. She directly sat on the ground because of being slapped, looking extremely miserable.

“Ah!”

Emilie let out a sharp cry.

Tanya said in a cold voice, “Shut up! If you scream one more time, I will get someone to drag you

out!”

When Emilie saw that it was Tanya who hit her, her anger instantly disappeared. She got up and

stammered, “Mrs. Wolseley...”

Tanya sneered, “Emilie, long time no see. You are so powerful now that you dare to bully my daughter-in-law in front of me!”

Emilie knew how ruthless Tanya was, and when she saw Tanya, her legs trembled and she broke

out in cold sweat.

“No, you misunderstood. I didn’t...”

Tanya sneered, “Who do you think you are? You really treat yourself as a lady, right? Have you forgotten that your mother is the nanny’s daughter?”

“You!” Emilie was so angry that her eyes turned red. Tanya actually humiliated her like this.

On the way here, Tanya had already told Yvette about the situation of the Hudson family.

Tanya’s father didn’t pay much attention to the business of the company. He only liked hanging out with beautiful women. When Tanya’s mother was sick, he hooked up with the nanny at home. After Tanya’s mother passed away, the nanny took her illegitimate daughter to the position.

And this nanny was Emilie’s grandmother. The illegitimate daughter was Emilie’s mother.

Considering his reputation, Tanya’s father didn’t let others talk about this.

However, Tanya remembered clearly that her stepmother had often made trouble for her in the

past, treating her badly.

If it wasn’t for the fact that Tanya was clever and brave enough, she would have already been kicked

out.

Today was her grandfather’s birthday banquet. Tanya did not want Emilie to ruin her mood, so Emilie had to get lost.

When Emilie left, her eyes were full of malice. If it wasn’t for Yvette, she wouldn’t be humiliated

like this.

Didn’t Tanya say that her grandmother was a nanny?

She was going to find her grandma now to see who could win.

This time.

Tanya was so angry with Emilie, as Emilie bullied Yvette.

Tanya said hatefully, “I will now announce that you are my daughter-in-law. I will see who dares to bully you!”

After saying that, she pulled Yvette’s hand and was about to go downstairs when Yvette hurriedly

stopped her. “Please don’t be rash...”

Before she could finish his words, she saw Lance walking over.

When he got closer, Yvette stared at him for a few seconds. There was a thin wound on his forehead.

It should have been dealt with.

Tanya saw Lance and said angrily, “Where did you go? Didn’t I tell you to come earlier and take care

of Yvette?!!

“I was delayed by something.”

“What is more important than your wife?” Tanya was not in a good mood. Suddenly, she saw the wound on his forehead. “How did this happen?”

“Scratched by a cat.”

Yvette panicked and subconsciously looked at Lance.

They met each other’s eyes.

Lance narrowed his eyes meaningfully.

Tanya did not notice their expression changes. She asked with concern, “Where **did** this cat come from? Did you get a vaccine? Be careful!”

Lance explained calmly, his beautiful eyes looking at Yvette. “I just raised her. Still need to train

her.”

The words ‘train her‘ were emphasized by Lance especially, as if he was doing it on purpose.

Yvette’s head hung down as he looked at her. She didn’t know where to look.

This was the first time Lance had seen Yvette wearing a dress. The color was very matching her, making her look otherworldly and bright like an angel.

Looking at her, he began to frown. What kind of dress did his mom choose? There was a hollow of the dress on her waist, making her figure more charming. It made people want to reach in and explore.

He suddenly took a step forward and took off his suit to cover her shoulders.

“Who chose the clothes for you?” His voice was very low, only Yvette could hear it.

“Is it not good?” Yvette asked. She did not expect him to answer.

Lance was stunned. A few seconds later, he replied, “Very beautiful.”

Beautiful to the point that he wanted to hide her and enjoy her alone.

The sudden straight answer made Yvette’s heart skip a beat.

It was only because she was a little angry that she deliberately asked Lance.

After the surge, she felt that she was really useless.

She knew that this man was only acting in front of Tanya, but she still couldn’t suppress the feeling

in her heart.

Tanya watched the couple interact and felt overjoyed. She said, “Do you know that your wife is

bullied...”

Tanya’s words abruptly stopped.

She frowned at Yazmin, who looked weak and stood behind Lance.

However, Yazmin acted as if she didn't see Tanya's frown and greeted Tanya warmly, "Mrs.

Wolseley."

Tanya's expression was very cold as she berated, "Why are you here?"

"I..." Yazmin's face turned pale when she heard that. She pouted and looked at Lance with a pitiful expression.

"I'm asking you. Why are you looking at Lance? Are you the one who brought her here?" Tanya glared at Lance.

Before Lance could speak, Yazmin answered, "Mrs. Wolseley, you misunderstood. It was Emilie who invited me here."

Tanya's face eased up a little. She wanted to teach her son a lesson, but it was not the time now. She could only wait until she got home to educate him.

Yvette felt cold.

It was clear that Yazmin was helping Lance out.

What a joke. She was actually blushing and her heart was beating fast because of Lance's praise.

"Since Lance didn't bring you here, then please leave us alone. My son has to be with his wife and has no time to serve you!"

Tanya said coldly. Her gaze was like a knife stabbing at Yazmin. She had enough of Yazmin's acting.

"Lance..."

Yazmin was awkward after being scolded. She grabbed Lance's sleeve and lowered her head to cry.

Her shoulders trembled as if she had suffered a great grievance.

However, in her heart, she was thinking, *old witch, just keep going. The more you scold me, the more your son will care about me!*

Yvette looked at Yazmin's movements in front of her, her heart filled with bitterness.

Her heart was broken.

She felt that she must have been an evil person in her last life. Otherwise, she would not suffer like

this.

She had to watch the person she had loved for ten years acting intimately with another woman...

"Let my son go!"

Tanya was so angry that she went forward and pulled Yazmin's hand.

"Ah!"

There was a heavy bang.

Yazmin fell to the ground.

It looked like she had put in a lot of effort. Her knees were broken and blood was oozing out.

She looked weak and pitiful.

Tanya's expression suddenly changed. Yazmin was trying to set her up!

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 45](#)

Chapter 45 Yvette Is Determined to Divorce

Tanya grew up under her vicious stepmother and had seen this trick many times.

In the past, Tanya would fight with this hypocritical woman, but the present was different from the past. Now Tanya did not bother to do that.

To deal with this scheming and shameless person, Tanya would use one method.

Tanya would beat her.

She immediately reached out to pull Yazmin and said in a sarcastic tone, “Stop pretending! Get up!”

But before Tanya touched her, Yazmin cried.

Yazmin said, “Mrs. Wolseley, don’t hit me. Don’t hit me...”

She held Lance’s legs tightly as if Tanya was a devil from hell.

Tanya was about to explode in anger. “Let go of him. You are so shameless. He already got married. How could you stick to him? Are you a pendant? Shame on you!”

Tanya tried to pull her away, but Yazmin dodged. The noise between the two had attracted the

attention of others on the second floor.

“Tanya.” Yvette hurriedly stopped Tanya. She had asthma and could not be too angry.

“Mom!”

Lance also frowned and raised his hand to stop Tanya.

As a result, Yazmin suddenly fell towards Lance. His hand deviated from its position and directly hit

Yvette.

“Ah!”

Behind Yvette were the stairs. She screamed and her face turned pale.

Yvette was falling like a thin piece of paper. She extended her hand in horror to the man in front of her. Yvette wanted Lance to pull her.

Lance panicked. He wanted to reach out...

However, Yazmin hugged him so tightly that he failed to catch Yvette's hand.

The distance of a few steps became an insurmountable chasm.

The light in Yvette's eyes extinguished.

The suit on her shoulder slid down, and her hands fell weakly.

Just when Yvette thought that she would fall down, Tanya grabbed her.

Yvette then stood still.

Yvette grabbed Tanya's hand so tightly that her fingertips became white. And her lips trembled.

The scene just now kept replaying in her mind.

Like a sharp knife, it repeatedly stabbed into her heart and made it bloody.

"Lance, you! Kaff. Kaff. Kaff..." Tanya was so angry that she coughed.

Everything happened too quickly, and Lance did not expect that he would push Yvette by accident.

Lance looked at her pale little face.

His heart suddenly ached.

Lance wanted to hug her tightly.

"Yvette." His voice was hoarse. Lance reached out to comfort her.

However, Yvette took a step back cautiously and took another step.

This scene made Lance's heart ache.

Yvette felt as if her head was stuffed with something, making her dizzy.

Yvette squeezed her stiff palm and felt that standing here was just humiliating herself.

Tanya began to cough again.

Yvette came back to her senses and patted Tanya's back. Yvette said, "Tanya, don't get agitated. I'll take you to have a rest."

Yvette thought it was a mistake to come here today.

Yvette couldn't afford to offend Lance. But she could hole up.

Tanya was utterly disappointed with Lance.

Before Tanya left, she said, "No wonder Yvette wouldn't tell you when she was bullied. My son is really popular with women!"

Lance frowned and thought, *who bullied Yvette?*

Yazmin had let go of Lance's leg. She was still sitting on the ground with her head lowered. Yazmin looked happy because she had won.

Yazmin thought, *Tanya will die of anger as long as I latched on to Lance.*

Thinking of this, Yazmin reached out to Lance with tears in her eyes and said pitifully, "Lance, my

legs hurt so much..."

Lance lowered his eyes and did not touch her hand. Instead, Lance grabbed Yazmin's shoulder and lifted her up.

Yazmin took the opportunity to fall into Lance's arms. There were so many people here today, she

had to find a way to show their intimacy.

However, Lance had one hand on her shoulder, preventing her from getting closer.

Lance said in a cold voice, "If you are not feeling well, go home."

Then, Lance ignored Yazmin's injuries and turned to leave.

"Lance..." Yazmin was crying behind him, but Lance acted as if he did not hear her and did not stop.

Yazmin shook her body. She looked furious.

Lance was clearly heading in the direction of Yvette and Tanya.

Yazmin thought, has he *really fallen in love with Yvette?*

This thought flashed through Yazmin's mind. Her eyes were filled with hatred.

At this time, Emilie came over and supported Yazmin.

"Yazmin, I'll take you to rest."

They came to a guest room. After Emilie closed the door, she stepped forward and said, "Yazmin, were you also bullied by that old woman?"

When Yazmin heard that word, she looked up and saw that Emilie's mouth was still swollen.

Yazmin instantly understood.

Yazmin asked with tears in her eyes, "Did Mrs. Wolseley slap your face too?"

Emilie gritted her teeth and said, "Yes. It's all Yvette's fault!"

Emilie thought, *that old woman wouldn't have slapped me if not for Yvette!*

Yazmin wailed, "Emilie, I'm afraid I can't help you. I'm really satisfied with your investment plan. But you've seen Mrs. Wolseley's attitude. Moreover, Yvette is pregnant now. I have no confidence to

continue waiting for Lance..."

Last time, Yazmin called Emilie over and pretended to be interested in her project. Yazmin gave Emilie 160 thousand dollars as a down payment. Yazmin promised that she would invest with all her might after she married Lance.

"What! That slut is pregnant?"

“Yes... But Lance doesn't know that yet. I think Yvette won't tell Lance before the baby is born. Then

she can use the child to force him...”

“Bitch! I won't let her do that!” Emilie said sinisterly.

Emilie had hated Yvette for a long time. It wouldn't benefit Emilie if Yvette gave birth to Lance's

first child.

Emilie gritted her teeth and said, “Yazmin, you can't give up. You don't need to be afraid as long as

Lance likes you.”

Yazmin covered her face and cried, “What's the use of that? Mrs. Wolseley only likes Yvette and the child in her belly...”

Emilie's eyes flashed when she heard this.

“Yazmin, don't worry. Her child won't survive today!”

Yazmin was extremely happy. She had been waiting for this.

However, Yazmin did not show any excitement on her face. Yazmin pretended to be confused and

said, “Emilie, what do you mean?”

Emilie's eyes were filled with ruthlessness as she sneered, “Yazmin, just wait for a good show. I

guarantee that you will become Mrs. Wolseley!”

Yazmin covered her lips with her hand and said in surprise, “Emilie, are you going to... Don't do anything illegal!”

“Yazmin, you are too kind. That's why that bitch has the opportunity to take advantage of you. Don't

worry about this. Just wait to be Mrs. Wolseley.”

Yazmin lowered her eyes as if feeling sad because of what Emilie said.

However, Yazmin could not hide the **joy** in her eyes. She thought, *it was not in vain for me to spend so much effort to win over this idiot. I just need to speak ill of Yvette. Emilie will immediately fight*

back for me. I don't need to do anything myself.

Anyway, Yazmin did not say anything. Even if Emilie failed, it had nothing to do with Yazmin.

No one could blame Yazmin.

As for Yvette and Tanya.

Yvette had taken Tanya to a room.

Tanya lay on the bed and looked at Yvette's pale little face. Tanya felt sad, but she was also angry

with Yvette's weakness.

Tanya held Yvette's hand and said, "Yvette, I saw it very clearly just now. Lance didn't mean to

you."

"I know." Yvette nodded.

Whether Lance did it intentionally or unintentionally, it didn't matter now.

"I know you are upset, but don't worry. I will only recognize you as my daughter—in—

law in this life. As long as I'm still alive, I will not let you suffer any grievances. Jaden and I will always stand on

your side."

Yvette smiled bitterly. They were really nice to her.

If Yvette just wanted the title of Mrs. Wolseley, she would be happy.

However, Yvette was too greedy.

She actually wanted Lance's heart.

The pain of repetitive heartbreak really made Yvette unable to hold on.

Yvette raised her head and said in a firm tone, "Tanya, I'm sorry. I want to get a divorce. Please

agree to it."

Lance had just walked to the door when he heard this. His face instantly darkened.



[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 46](#)

Chapter 46 Find Another Man

Lance's slender fingers were tightly clenched on the armrest, and his handsome face was gloomy and cold.

In the end, he released his hand and turned to leave.

Inside the room.

Tanya wanted to persuade Yvette, but she didn't know what to say.

She wanted to mediate, but her son really went too far.

And that bitch even dared to use her. She could imagine how many grievances Yvette had suffered.

"Yvette, I know you feel wronged. If it weren't for Jaiden, I would have agreed to it now. Can you bear with it for one more month? Jaiden is trying a new kind of medicine. There can't be any mistakes."

"Yes, thank you, Tanya. I'll get someone to bring some food over," said Yvette, nodding.

She opened the door.

Yvette found a servant and asked the servant to deliver food to Tanya.

She didn't want to continue staying here, but she was worried about Tanya, so she could only wait.

for Tanya so that they could leave together.

As she thought about it, Yvette suddenly saw something in front of her and she almost bumped into

1. it.

“Watch out!”

Yvette's arm was pulled back in time. It was so close that she almost hit the pillar in front of her.

She took a step back and wanted to thank the one who helped her. After Yvette saw who it was, a trace of surprise flashed through her eyes.

“Charlie? Why are you here?”

“I came to deliver a gift for my father.”

Charlie was concise and comprehensive. He sized her up and down. Seeing that she was not injured, he sighed in relief.

His gentleness was mixed with worry as he asked her, “What are you thinking? Can't you see such a big pillar?”

Yvette lowered her lashes and whispered, “It's nothing. Thank you, Charlie...”

“No need to thank me.” Charlie unconsciously reached out and touched her hair with a gentle face.

Yvette was stunned for a second and subconsciously wanted to dodge.

Charlie saw her expression and his fingers froze.

Then, he apologized, “I'm sorry, Yvette. I always think of my sister when I see you. She's cute and innocent like you.”

After Yvette heard Charlie's words, she was a little embarrassed.

Charlie only treated her like a younger sister, yet she thought of something else! It must be Lance's

fault.

How could Charlie like her?

She smiled, "Do you have a younger sister?"

Charlie nodded and looked into Yvette's eyes. "What's **wrong** with you? You don't seem to be in

good spirits."

Yvette didn't tell the truth. "Maybe I am tired."

She suddenly felt that every time she was in a sorry state, she would always meet Charlie.

She didn't even know how many times Charlie had helped her.

But their contact would only bring harm to Charlie.

Charlie frowned, "Since you are not feeling well, why are you still holding on? I will send you back

to rest."

"Charlie, I..."

Yvette was about to refuse when her shoulders were suddenly held.

She was pulled into a slightly hard embrace. A man used his big hand to press her against his chest.

Yvette smelled the familiar fragrance.

Lance's face turned gloomy. He seemed unhappy and his eyes were cold.

It was as if Yvette had betrayed him.

He said coldly, “Mr. Raison, thank you for your help just now, but she’s my wife. I think it’s better for you to keep a distance from other men’s wives.”

Yvette’s face turned pale.

Did he see what had happened just now?

So, was he just coldly watching her crash into the pillar?

“Mr. Wolseley, I don’t mean anything else.” Charlie’s voice was gentle and calm as he said this.

His reputation didn’t matter, but he had to care about Yvette’s reputation.

“It’s best if you don’t. Today is Grandfather’s birthday banquet, so you are lucky. If there’s a next.

time...” Lance’s slanted eyes were cold and ruthless.

“Enough!”

Yvette spoke. She felt cold in her heart. Charlie was innocent and she didn’t want to get him.

involved.

She looked at Charlie and said, “Charlie, I’m sorry for causing you trouble. You can do whatever you need to do.”

Her words were enough to make Lance crazy.

Trouble?

She already felt that he was troublesome and couldn’t wait to go away with Charlie.

Charlie nodded in response and restrained the coldness in his eyes.

He did not want Yvette to be embarrassed and turned to leave.

Seeing Charlie leave, Yvette pushed Lance away with disgust and turned to leave.

Lance's slanted eyes suddenly turned scarlet red. He strode forward with his long legs and picked Yvette up without giving her a chance to refuse.

"Lance! Let me go!" Yvette struggled violently, but she could not shake Lance in the slightest.

Bang!

Lance kicked open the door, put her down, and closed the door.

Yvette looked at him warily and subconsciously retreated.

This was instinctive self-protection action after being hurt by him again.

Lance felt his heart in pain when he saw what she did.

"Aren't you going to explain?"

Lance looked at her with dark eyes and approached her.

Yvette retreated again and again and she almost stuck to the wall. She told herself to calm down

since she did nothing wrong.

"Lance, can you not go crazy? I just met Charlie by chance!"

"By chance?"

Charlie hugged her so tightly just now and he even touched her hair. All these things made Lance

angry.

Lance leaned over, and Yvette raised her arm to block without thinking.

On Yvette's thin arm, there were marks left by Tanya since Tanya held her tightly just now. Lance

suddenly froze and he forced **his** anger back.

"Just now..."

He unconsciously opened his mouth to explain, but Yvette turned away.

She didn't want to listen to him. She didn't want to hear any explanation.

One's subconscious reaction was always the most real one.

He would never abandon Yazmin to save her.

At the thought of that scene, Yvette felt that her heart had broken into pieces.

They were a couple and she thought he would at least have pity for her in his heart. But he didn't. To protect another woman, Lance pushed her away.

She forcefully swallowed her bitterness and said in a trembling voice, "I know you want to divorce. Tanya has agreed. Just endure it for another month."

Yvette could feel Lance's eagerness.

Today, she was pushed. If she was sensible enough, she should divorce him. Otherwise, she might suffer more so that Yazmin could marry Lance.

Lance looked really angry and her face was dark.

"Don't worry, I won't disturb you and Yazmin during this period. If you can't wait for a month..."

Her words were cut off by Lance.

"If I can't wait, what else can you do?" he asked, his eyes cold.

Yvette's lowered eyelashes trembled violently.

Sure enough. He loved Yazmin so much that how could he still wait?

She was the most foolish one. It had been ten years and she was still waiting for him to love her.

She hid the sadness in her eyes and wanted to find a better way.

Little did Yvette know that Lance's eyes were already filled with rage. "You want to divorce so badly because you want to be with Charlie?"

Yvette frowned. What did this have to do with Charlie?

It was clearly Lance who didn't want her anymore!

She had almost been pushed downstairs by her husband just now. She was reasonable enough since she didn't throw a tantrum, okay?

But now, he was still blaming her. No matter how soft Yvette was, she still had a temper anyway."

She sneered, "Lance, do you think I will still wait for you after we divorce? Since you can be with your first love happily, why can't I find another man? I will find another man who is sincerely good.

to me."

These words made the veins on Lance's forehead pop out violently.

He grabbed her chin. His voice was so cold it made one's hair stand on end. "Have you forgotten what I told you? Do you really want him to disappear in New York?"

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 47](#)

Chapter 47 I'll Show You My Crazy

Yvette trembled with anger. She gritted her teeth and said, "Lance, I will tell you one last time. My senior and I are just friends! He thinks of me as his younger sister, that's all!"

Younger sister?

Lance sneered. He couldn't make a mistake as a **man**.

Judging from that person's eyes, he definitely didn't see Yvette as his sister!

Lance's gaze fell on Yvette's curvaceous body. His Adam's apple rolled. The dress that exposed her waist almost drove him crazy.

Moreover, Yvette never liked to attend banquets or gatherings, but today, she acted out of her usual self and dressed up.

When all the signs were put together, they angered Lance.

Lance narrowed his eyes and took a step forward with a dangerous aura.

“So, you came to the banquet because you wanted to meet this man?”

Yvette was about to flare up after hearing this. It was fine if he didn't believe her, but he actually

slandered her.

Why was she hoping that Lance would believe her?

It was not his first time blaming her for no reason.

Supposedly, she had left the impression of a loose woman on Lance.

However, the truth was that he was the one who was unfaithful in his marriage. What right did he have to criticize her?

Her anger which had been suppressed for a long time couldn't be contained any longer.

Yvette did not care about anything else and just wanted to roar.

“Lance, you always tell me not to contact my senior. What about you? Aren't you and Yazmin still in a relationship?”

“We have a normal relationship and didn't do anything shameful, and we are not as sneaky as you!”

“Time has changed, and we all have the freedom to do what we want to do. Autocracy no longer exists. Do you know that?”

Yvette was so angry that she almost cried.

They were the ones in the wrong, but why was she the one being bullied?

Just because she loved Lance?

Because she loved Lance, Lance could humiliate her at will.

If so, she would force herself to abandon this relationship which brought her humiliation.

Yvette clenched her fists and said coldly, "If you let my senior disappear, I will go with him."

"Do you know what you are talking about?"

Lance gritted his teeth, and his narrow eyes turned red as if he wanted to tear Yvette apart.

The grief in Yvette's heart was almost flooding.

In Lance's eyes, apart from Yazmin and his family, other people were not important.

She and her senior were like insects that could be crushed by Lance at any time.

They were ordinary and didn't have a good family background, did it mean that they had to submit?

Never.

"Lance, our divorce has nothing to do with my senior."

She looked up at him and said, "If you have to hurt him, I will compensate him with

Lance was in high dudgeon after hearing this!

He felt as if he was being strangled. He was unable to breathe.

Yvette was willing to die for another man.

He would never allow it!

my life!"

His eyes were filled with anger as he pinched her chin. "Don't even think about it! Let me tell you, even if we divorce, don't even think about marrying another man! I won't allow it!"

Yvette felt pain in her chin because it was pinched by Lance. Yvette struggled and said, “Lance, are you crazy?”

“Crazy?”

Lance pursed his lips and swept everything on the table off with his hand.

The vase rolled on the carpet a few times, and the petals and water stained it.

Lance held Yvette’s waist with one hand, exhaled to her ears, and sneered, “Then I’ll show you my

craziness...”

“Ah!”

After a moment of dizziness, Yvette was lying on the table, and Lance was pressing down on her.

Realizing what he was going to do, Yvette had an extremely pale face, and tears flowed out.

She kept struggling, “You madman, bastard!”

How could he be here?

How could he humiliate her in a strange room at the birthday banquet of her biological grandfather?

Her struggle was useless. It couldn’t affect Lance in the slightest.

“You made me.” Lance’s narrow eyes darkened.

It was followed by the sound of something torn apart.

Lance brutally tore Yvette’s long gown. It revealed her fair and straight legs.

Yvette’s beautiful face was covered in tears, and any man who saw this would become crazy.

Lance's Adam's apple moved up and down. When he thought that another man would see this face,

he was so irritable that he wanted to kill.

Yvette panicked. They were not home! She flustered and refused, "Lance, what do you want to do!"

"Fuck you!" Lance stared at her with his dark eyes. His aura of aggression was about to envelop

Yvette.

Yvette was about to go crazy.

Lance actually said such shameless words in a domineering manner.

There might not be another guy like him in New York!

Lance held Yvette's hands and raised them above her head. His hot breath blew on Yvette's ears.

"You are mine. No one can get their hands on you!"

With that, Lance lifted Yvette's torn dress with both hands and moved his hands up along the

crack...

Outside the door, there was the voice of a passerby.

What was more, the door was ajar.

As long as one passed by, he could see them having sex with a push of the door...

Yvette tensed up, and in desperation, she kicked Lance in his crotch.

Lance was caught off guard. He frowned and snorted, but he was still holding Yvette tightly.

Their eyes met, and Yvette's disgust was caught by Lance.

Lance's eyes suddenly turned cold and his lips curled into a sneer. "Isn't it too late to hate me after

sleeping with me **for** two years?"

"Shut up!"

Yvette gritted her teeth in hatred. Lance could always easily stir up her emotions.

Her eyes were red and her hair was messy. Yvette was trembling from anger, making her look like a fragile beauty.

Lance gulped, "But I haven't had enough sleep..."

Yvette was **so** angry. Was Yazmin not enough for him? Did Lance want to be served by two women at the same time?

That would never happen.

When Yvette thought that Lance had treated Yazmin like this, she felt disgusted.

She stared at Lance for a while, then suddenly turned her head and bit him.

A heart-wrenching pain came from Lance's wrist.

Lance looked down. The woman who he couldn't soften **up** actually bit **him**.

She even used all of her strength.

Before Lance came to his senses, Yvette had pushed him away and ran out.

Yvette got out and found that the dress was torn.

Going out like this would attract the attention of everyone present for sure.

Yvette turned her around and wanted to look for Tanya to help her, but before she stepped into the room, she was stopped by a servant.

The woman sized Yvette up and asked, "Ms. Thiel, are you going to change your clothes? Come with

me."

Yvette didn't think too much about it and thought that the villa had people handle special situations. like the Wolseley family's old mansion.

The servant did not say a word as she led the way, and Yvette followed her for a while, only to find that something was wrong.

They came to a place that was like a backyard.

This was not a place to entertain guests.

Yvette stopped and asked warily, "Where are you taking me?"

The servant glanced at her and said coldly, "Madam wants to see you."

Madam?

Wasn't that the stepmother who didn't get along with Tanya?

Without thinking, Yvette knew that nothing good would happen if she agreed.

"Sorry, I don't want to see her," Yvette refused the servant.

The servant suddenly sneered and clapped her hands. "That's not up to you."

One on the left and one on the right, two bodyguards popped up. They carried Yvette into the room and threw her to the ground.



[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 48](#)

Chapter 48 Die Together

Fortunately, Yvette's hand touched the ground first and supported the body, so Yvette did not fall.

"You are Lance's wife?"

A slightly aged voice came from above Yvette's head.

Yvette looked up and saw a sixty-year-old woman sitting in the armchair in front of her. The woman's face was cold. She was dressed luxuriously.

Just as Yvette was about to speak, a strong wind blew over.

Bang.

Yvette was slapped viciously on both cheeks.

The woman had slapped Yvette very hard.

Almost instantly, Yvette's cheeks swelled.

“You actually ignored Mrs. Naegele's question. You are so rude!”

Emilie blew on her red hand and said with a sinister smile. She looked at Yvette viciously.

Yvette's eyes were filled with anger. She stood up and wanted to hit Emilie.

But before Yvette could do anything, the servant behind her suddenly lifted her knee and kicked her

leg.

Yvette was attacked off guard and directly pounced forward.

Bang.

The porcelain vase on the bench in front of Yvette fell to the ground and shattered into pieces.

“Oh my god!” Emilie shrieked and pointed at Yvette. “Bitch, you broke Mrs. Naegele's favorite

antique vase.”

“It wasn't me.” Yvette frowned.

Emilie sneered, “There are so many people watching here. How dare

you

lie?”

“If she hadn’t kicked me, I wouldn’t have knocked down that vase.” Yvette pointed at the maid beside her with a calm expression.

Yvette felt that Emilie had come prepared, so she could not panic.

The servant said in surprise, “Miss, I don’t know you at all. How can you frame me? You tripped yourself when you tried to hit Ms. Thackeray,”

“Right. Right,” another maid echoed.

Emilie sneered, “With so many people watching, you still dare to lie. Capture her. Beat her until she admits it!”

Two servants came forward to hold Yvette as soon as Emilie finished speaking.

Yvette didn’t know if it was an illusion. She felt that Emilie kept staring at her belly when she commanded.

Yvette wondered, *how did Emilie know about my pregnancy?*

But now,

Yvette didn’t have time to think about that.

“Don’t touch me!”

Yvette forcefully shook off the servant’s hand. Her almond-shaped eyes narrowed slightly. Yvette said fiercely, “I am the daughter-in-law of the Wolseley family! I am a guest at today’s banquet. How would you explain this to the Wolseley family?”

At the critical moment, the identity of the Wolseley family’s daughter-in-law was indeed useful.

The two servants paused and hesitated.

Seeing that it was effective, Yvette calmed down and continued, “I didn’t touch this vase. Even if I did, I would be able to pay ten times its price! If you beat me, you’re going against the Wolseley family. Can you bear the consequences?”

This time, as expected, the two servants were scared. They stood there in a daze and looked at

Veronica Naegele, who was still sitting there.

Veronica turned the rosewood bracelet in her hand. But there was no trace of kindness on her face.

Veronica said slowly, “What are you doing? You are so rude! No wonder Lance didn’t take you to see

me before.

Forget it. Today, I will discipline you on behalf of Lance. I will let you know to behave yourself!”

After saying that, Veronica blinked her eyes.

The two servants had served Veronica for many years and had done many bad things. They immediately understood and kicked Yvette’s calf.

Yvette instantly collapsed and knelt on the ground.

The other servant swung her hand and hit Yvette hard on the back of her head, making her lower

her head. Yvette felt her head buzzing.

The servant said, “Don’t move.”

Emilie stood behind Veronica. Her eyes were filled with disgust. “Mrs. Naegele, Lance doesn’t like

her at all. This bitch tricked Lance into marrying her. And...”

Emilie looked at Yvette’s ragged skirt like a wolf seeing its prey.

“Look. Her skirt is broken. Maybe she has done something disgusting with others at the banquet. You have to help Lance punish her!”

Veronica’s wrinkled eyes narrowed into a line as she snapped, “You’re shameless! How dare you do such a thing at the birthday banquet of Lance’s great-grandfather! Beat her hard!”

With that said.

Another servant brought over a long wooden stick. It was as thick as an arm and was stained with blood. It was unknown how many people had been beaten up by it.

Yvette widened her eyes. “Are you guys crazy? You want to use illegal punishment?”

Even if Yvette could withstand such a thick stick, the child in her belly could not!

Veronica did not say anything. But Emilie could not wait any longer and pointed at Yvette, “Hurry up and hit her. Hit her hard!”

This was a scheme that Emilie had planned for a long time. She first let her great-grandfather see

Yvette as he wished.

Then, Emilie and her mother complained to Veronica. Veronica was partial to Emilie, so she would

teach Yvette a lesson. Emilie just had to bring Yvette to see Veronica.

Emilie thought, *but there is a surprise. This little slut is pregnant!*

It was great!

One corpse and two lives. That was perfect.

Emilie did not believe that the Wolseley family would blame Veronica.

At most, Emilie would give the servants some money and let them take the blame.

The two servants were used to this and were about to raise the sticks.

Yvette kicked the servant's hand and said coldly, "You deliberately hurt people. You will be sent to

jail!"

The vase and her bad manners were just excuses.

The people in this room clearly wanted to frame Yvette.

Whatever Yvette said, the result would not change.

But Yvette couldn't give up. She stared at Veronica and said with bright eyes, "Veronica, even if I have done something wrong, you should inform Lance. You should let him decide whether to

punish me or not.!"

"Humph!"

The rosewood bracelet in Veronica's hand suddenly flew over and smashed onto Yvette's forehead.

Her forehead immediately became bruised.

"You don't have the right to criticize how I handle stuff!"

Without the bracelet as a cover, Veronica's face instantly turned ferocious. Veronica snorted coldly,

"What are you waiting for?"

Hearing that, the servants had no worries.

They pressed Yvette down. One of them raised the stick high as if she wanted to beat Yvette to a

pulp.

Yvette cried out in alarm, "You can't beat me! I'm..."

"Cover her mouth!" Emilie suddenly shouted and said in a panic, "Stuff something into her

mouth!”

If they knew that Yvette was pregnant and still beat her. The Wolseley family would be angry.

And Veronica would also hesitate.

After all, Yvette was pregnant with Lance’s child!

Hearing what Emilie said, the servant stuffed an apron into Yvette’s mouth.

Yvette couldn’t speak now. She struggled with all her might and sobbed.

The servant raised the stick high again, her face full of malevolence.

Two lines of tears fell from the corner of Yvette’s eyes as she closed her eyes in despair.

Yvette thought, *darling*, I’m sorry...

I swear. *I will* avenge your death. *Definitely!*

Bang!

The door was kicked open.

“Stop” Someone said in a cold voice.

Yvette opened her eyes as if she saw hope. But the servant had no intention of stopping.

She directly swung the stick.

Emilie had told this servant in advance that no matter what, she had to beat Yvette’s belly!

Yvette couldn’t move at all. She was frightened. Her almond-shaped eyes were full of tears as she watched the stick fall.

Yvette thought, it’s too late... Too *late*...

Darling...

Thud.

The muffled sound of the stick hitting the body was extremely loud.

Yvette's entire body trembled from the shock.

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Chapter 49 Only I Can Bully You!

However, Yvette did not feel any pain. It was as if she was covered by a shield.

Yvette immediately raised her head.

Lance rushed over and took the smash!

Afraid of pressing her, Lance propped himself up with his elbows against the ground.

Due to the friction, his skin was bleeding.

Then, he stood up, and terrifying viciousness surged in his dark narrow eyes.

“Thump!”

The servant holding the stick was kicked away.

The other two also had one kick each!

“Argh...”

Immediately, the three people were kicked away, screaming.

Their voices were so shrill that everyone present held their breath. They dared not make

a sound.

In the next moment...

Lance pulled Yvette up, took out the rag in her mouth, and held her in his arms.

He pressed the tip of his tongue against his cheek, ignored the pain in the back of his head, and lowered his head to mock her, “Can you only be tough in front of me?”

She hit him, kicked him, and bit him.

No one dared to do such things to him, but she did them all.

But in front of others, she was just a pushover who couldn't fight back at all...

She was certain that he wouldn't do anything to her.

Yvette listened to his ridicule and calmed down. She sobbed a little.

No one knew how desperate she was just now. She thought that she would lose her baby.

She thought that no one would come to save her.

However, the person who came was him.

How could it be him? Why?

Yvette had decided not to have feelings for him anymore.

However, she was still touched.

He protected her and their baby.

Seeing Yvette's tear-stained face, Lance felt as if his heart was stirred up.

He loosened his grip on her waist and carefully sized her up. He said with a little anxiety.

“Are you injured?”

Yvette's mind was now blank, and she could not control her emotions at all. She couldn't stop crying as she trembled.

Seeing her crying so fiercely, Lance became impatient. “Where did you hurt?”

Yvette didn’t feel any physical pain, but she felt her heart in extreme pain.

The grievances that had been suppressed for the past few days were let out at this moment when her life was in danger.

He did not believe her and slandered her, but he saved her at the most desperate moment.

“Why is it you...” Yvette asked, sobbing.

Lance narrowed his eyes. He wanted to ask Yvette why he couldn’t be here.

Who was she waiting for? Her senior?

However, when Lance saw her wrinkled and tearful face, he put up with it and tightened

his grip.

“Only I can bully you!” he said coldly with his brows furrowed.

That sentence was displeasing, but it was warm when Yvette heard it.

Yvette cried even harder. She threw herself into Lance’s arms and held his waist firmly.

She would subconsciously do this after being wronged for comfort.

Lance was shocked by the hug.

The quarrel and suspicion from the past few days seemed to have been turned into nothingness by this hug.

Lance let Yvette hold him, but a thought came to his mind.

As long as she was willing to stay by his side, he might turn the page and not care who

she liked before...

At this time, Emilie made a sound.

“Lance, you don’t know that this bitch...”

Lance shot daggers at her, and Emilie changed her words, “Yvette broke Grandma’s

favorite vase, and she even made out with someone at the banquet. Look at her dresses,

it’s torn. She’s so shameless!!!

Yvette was still curled up in Lance’s arms. She had recovered a lot, and she would not

take the blame.

Yvette pointed at the servant on the ground and said, “She kicked me, so I bent my leg...”

Before Yvette could finish speaking, Lance grabbed her face.

Lance looked down. Yvette had a bruise on her forehead and a red fingerprint on her

delicate face.

His pupils contracted, and his tone became cold and ruthless. “Who did this?”

Yvette was caught off guard by the question and looked up at Lance. She seemed to

sense a sign of heartache in his eyes.

She felt that she must have suffered from anemia again and even had an illusion.

Having no time to think about anything else, Yvette reached out and pointed at Emilie.

Lance coldly looked over, and Emilie could not help but tremble.

Emilie said, “Lance, she showed no respect to the elders and was so shameless. I just

taught her a lesson on your behalf.”

After saying that, Emilie leaned toward her grandmother.

“Really?” Lance spoke flatly with complicated emotions in his eyes. “In that case, should I thank you for helping me discipline her?”

Emilie felt relieved. She knew that Lance would never be strict with her for a woman

who was not worth mentioning.

Moreover, Emilie had her grandmother as her supporter.

Lance had a scary smile as he said, “Alright, let’s solve the problems one by one.”

Before Emilie could understand what Lance meant, Lance looked at the servants on the

ground and coldly ordered, “Break all of their arms.”

He said this calmly, but it sounded so horrifying.

The bodyguards who were outside the door heard it and immediately came in. He grabbed the arms of the servants on the ground and bent them by force.

What followed was a sound similar to breaking tree branches.

“Ouch!”

The servants’ shrill screams filled the room.

Even Yvette could not help but look away from this horrible scene.

However, she did not pity them. These servants looked sinister and cunning. No one

knew how many people they had harmed for Veronica. They asked for this.

“You...!” Veronica slammed the table.

She was so angry that she could not speak. She suddenly coughed.

The bodyguards had dragged the servants out.

Lance did not care about Veronica’s attitude at all and looked straight at Emilie.

With just one glance, the atmosphere became oppressive.

Only then did Emilie understand what Lance meant!

She would be the next!

He was crazy!

Emilie clung to Veronica. No matter how unscrupulous Lance was, he would not hurt Veronica, right?

If Lance did that and word got out, it would be a disgrace to him.

At this time, Veronica stopped coughing. Her face turned ashen and she looked so bad.

Veronica was here, yet Lance crippled her servants, and he even wanted to hurt Emilie.

Lance was way too savage!

Veronica said sternly, “Lance, she is your cousin!”

“You are right.”

Lance did not refute Veronica.

Veronica felt a little relieved and was about to continue the reprimand.

Lance’s dark eyes were cold as he spoke indifferently.

“So, do you want me to break your arms or slap yourself?”

He was merciful enough to give Emilie a chance to choose.

Otherwise, she would end up like those servants.

Emilie was shocked.

She was so scared that she grabbed Veronica's arm tightly and sobbed, "Grandma, save me!"

Veronica was so angry that she almost fainted.

She threw a teacup at Lance, "You monster! Where's your respect for seniors?"

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 50](#)

Chapter 50 Ten Slaps

The teacup shattered under Lance's feet and water splashed.

Lance looked down at the bracelet on the ground and then at the bruise on Yvette's forehead.

They matched.

His eyes were cold as he ordered the bodyguards, "Go and inform my grandfathers that Veronica is suffering from dementia and doesn't recognize us. She has to be sent to the sanatorium today."

"How dare you!" Veronica shouted.

She was eight years younger than Tanya's father, and now she was only in her early

sixties. It was the time to enjoy her life, but this bastard actually wanted to lock her up.

He was an outsider. What right did he have to make decisions for her family?

Veronica snapped, “I’m just teaching your rude wife a lesson. She broke the vase and

didn’t respect her elders. Can’t I do that?”

Lance chuckled.

“Veronica, I allowed Yvette to do it. Today, even if she smashed everything in the room,

I will be on her side!”

As soon as this was said, both Veronica and Emilie changed their expression.

Was this woman so important to Lance?

How was that possible?

Emilie did not believe it.

After all, she had seen how much Lance doted on Yazmin and envied Yazmin for many

years.

Yvette also looked up. The man’s profile was angular under the light. It was delicate and

beautiful.

She looked away and felt her heart pounding.

Lance actually said he wouldn’t blame her even if she shattered everything in the room.

Then, Lance looked at Veronica and shouted, “No one can tell my wife what to do!”

Yvette’s heart sank for a few seconds.

She thought about it carefully. Lance would say this only because his wife was a symbol of his family, and hurting her was equivalent to going against his family.

Naturally, he could not tolerate it.

“You bastard! I’m your grandmother!” Veronica’s hand was trembling from anger.

“Veronica, have you forgotten that my grandmother has passed away?” Lance sneered.

Veronica was so angry that her face was distorted. Lance had never called her grandmother for so many years.

Sure enough, she couldn’t soften up someone who was not related to her by blood.

Lance’s mother already slighted Veronica, and so did he.

Soon, the bodyguard who went to ask questions came back, and Tanya also came over.

When Tanya came in and saw this scene, she immediately became angry.

She asked Yvette angrily, “Who did it?”

Before Yvette could answer, Tanya saw Emilie, who was hiding behind Veronica, and

understood everything.

She suddenly rushed forward, grabbed Emilie by the hair, and dragged her over by force.

Emilie wailed and shouted for her mother all the time. Unfortunately, Rosa was not home.

Tanya didn’t hold back.

“Pow!”

Tanya mercilessly slapped Emilie ten times!

Emilie was stunned. Her eyes were dull, and her hair was scattered as she sat on the ground.

The bodyguard saw that the scent was quiet and went forward to reply, “Mr. Wolseley, your grandfathers said that you can make the decision.”

Veronica instantly panicked as she muttered, “That’s impossible, I want to see my husband!”

However, the bodyguard did not give her the chance and just dragged her away.

Tanya’s father had no intention of coming over.

He didn’t hesitate to choose the company when it was compared to an old lady.

Veronica was dragged and insulted as she walked. She didn’t care about her image at all.

Lance acted as if he didn’t hear anything. He bent down to pick up Yvette and walked out.

Yvette was shocked. She immediately grabbed Lance’s clothes in a panic and looked at him with her red eyes in a daze.

“Go to the hospital,” Lance said coldly as he carried Yvette to the car.

At the hospital, Yvette’s mind was blank.

Everything happened so fast and it was chaotic like a dream.

When Yvette got out of the car, Lance picked her up, but she did not notice it.

Lance looked down and frowned, looking a little worried.

Walking to the door of an office, he instructed, "Tell Marvin to come over now!"

Only then did Yvette come back to her senses and she struggled, "I'll walk by myself."

Lance refused and carried her to the bed in the VIP room and covered her with the quilt.

"Don't move. Marvin will come over to check on you immediately."

Lance's tone was gentle and was completely different from when he was in the Hudson's place.

Yvette almost jumped up to refuse her. "No need for that. I'm fine!"

If Marvin came to check on her, she couldn't hide her secrets.

As Yvette spoke, she lifted the quilt and got off the bed, but Lance pressed her down.

"You're not allowed to go anywhere until the examination is over," he said domineeringly.

"I'm really fine. I don't need any examination."

Yvette shook her arms as she spoke, wanting to prove that she was fine, but her hand was grabbed by Lance as soon as she did that.

Lance held her hand and had no intention of loosening it.

"If you don't want him to check on you, I'll do the job." He scanned Yvette's face as he

sneered.

His words were flirtatious, and Yvette's face turned red.

"If you don't want me to do that, then be good." Lance raised his eyebrows.

The two were close.

Yvette could see her face reflected in his dark and beautiful eyes.

She couldn't help but think of the scene of him pressing down on her and protectin
g

her...

At that moment, he was like a superhero coming out of nowhere.

Up until now, Yvette still couldn't believe that Lance saved her.

Her heart was pounding like mad.

But now, she could not surrender. Lance did not want a baby.

She must not let him know about her pregnancy!

Just as she was thinking of a solution, Marvin entered.

Seeing them holding hands, Marvin teased.

“Should I give you some time?”

The two were at a loss.

“Is two hours enough?” Marvin asked meaningfully.

Lance glanced at Marvin, “Nonsense, hurry up and go through the examinations!”

“Then I'll draw some blood and take her to a CT scan later.”

Marvin turned around and asked the nurse to come over.

Yvette was anxious. Out of desperation, she said, “My stomach hurts. I need to go t
o the bathroom.”

“Really?” Lance seemed to be suspicious.

“Yeah.”

“Alright, I'll go with you.”

Yvette panicked even more and refused, “No, I can do it myself.”

The moment she got up, Lance grabbed her hand and pressed her against the wall.
“Yvette, are you hiding something from me?”

Yvette’s heart skipped a beat!

Suddenly, she smelled a strong scent of blood.

Yvette covered her mouth and suppressed her urge to vomit.

“Yvette, what’s wrong?”

Lance’s gaze

which was filled with scrutiny shifted from her face to her abdomen.

Yvette was so nervous!

Yvette felt like her heart was about to stop.

Lance wouldn’t be suspicious of anything, right?

Yvette’s palms were full of cold sweat.

She couldn’t help but think of the scene of Lance pressing her onto the operating table

and aborting the baby...

“No!”

Yvette screamed, pushed Lance away, and ran out.

