

Chapter 57 I Apologize for Her

On the hospital bed.

The doctor checked Yazmin's body and found she was slightly concussed and needed to rest.

Lance stood by the bed and did not care about the doctor's words.

Yazmin peeked at him from the corner of her eyes. His handsome face was especially eye-catching under the incandescent light.

Lance was really attractive with a cold and seductive aura. Even if he didn't do anything, he could still make people feel a little overwhelmed.

The obsession in Yazmin's eyes was undisguised. She would never let go of such an outstanding man.

When she thought of this, her eyes became wet again. "Lance... Why do I still feel such pain? It's so

uncomfortable..."

Lance frowned coldly. "Still not feeling well? I will ask Marvin to come over and have a check."

"No, no need. I don't seem to be in so much pain. Besides, Marvin is so busy. I don't want to bother him."

Yazmin was a little flustered. She didn't want Marvin to see her. He was smart, and nothing could escape his

eyes.

"It's good that you are fine." Lance's voice was still flat.

"Why did Yvette hit you today?" he asked.

Yazmin instantly cried. “Yvette blamed me for what happened at the banquet. She said that I schemed against her. Lance, how would I plot against her? You can investigate.”

Yazmin was not afraid. She had removed all the evidence that related to her.

“Yvette is too impulsive,” Lance said lightly.

Yazmin paused as she wiped her tears.

Why did Lance make light of it?

That slut slapped me twice, and my face is still swollen.

Shouldn't he drag that slut over and make her kneel and beg for my forgiveness?

Her chest heaved up and down violently, and she felt wronged and resentful. Her tears kept falling.

At this time, Lena came in and was shocked to see Yazmin's face. She immediately cried.

“Ms. Myers, you... Who beat you up? If Mr. Myers knows it, he'll be so worried!

“When have you ever suffered like this? Mr. Wolseley, Ms. Myers' family is not in New York. We are all

relying on you. You have to help Ms. Myers!”

Chapter 571 Apologize for Her

1/4

Lena had heard it all from outside the door. Lance's tone showed that he was partial to that little slut.

But she was older and more scheming than Yazmin. She knew how to use the elders to suppress Lance.

In the face of Lena's crying, Lance was a little angry and impatient.

“Then what do you want to do?” he asked in a cold voice as he looked down at Yazmin.

Yazmin’s eyes flashed with a trace of coldness. Of course, she wanted to peel off that bitch’s skin, get her bones out, and dismember her body into pieces to vent her anger.

But she couldn’t say that. She couldn’t let Lance think that she was vicious.

Yazmin clenched her fists. Although she was very unwilling, she still pretended to be magnanimous and said, “Forget it. It was just a misunderstanding. Let her apologize to me.”

When she apologizes, I can just humiliate her.

Lena could accept that and kept crying out loud. “Ms. Myers, how can you let her go like this? You have been well protected. When have you ever been bullied like this?”

Then she looked at Lance and said, “Mr. Wolseley, don’t blame me for being meddling. Ms. Myers’ family isn’t in New York, so I naturally have to care more about Ms. Myers.”

“Then what do you mean?” Lance asked coldly.

Lena was a smart person and was very good at handling things, so she made a reasonable request.

“In my opinion, we should at least let Ms. Thiel take two slaps as well so that Ms. Myers would not suffer in vain.”

Only then did Yazmin feel a bit more at ease. She could reluctantly accept this request.

She would definitely let Yvette know the price she had to pay since Yvette dared to slap her.

Unexpectedly, Lance glanced at her coldly and his thin lips twitched. “No.”

Lena’s heart skipped a beat.

She did not understand. It was fair. The request was not too excessive. Why didn't Lance agree?

Didn't Mr. Wolseley love Ms. Myers very much in the past?

Even if Yvette is the person sleeping beside him, Ms. Myers deserves justice.

The atmosphere suddenly became cold.

Yazmin was so angry that her palm almost bled, but she did not dare to show it on her face.

She said considerately, "Forget it, Lena, don't make things difficult for Lance. With Yvette's personality, I'm afraid she is not willing to do it. Let her apologize."

These words also pointed out that Yvette was petty and could not be compared to Yazmin, a true lady.

She could also use this to impress Lance.

As for that slut, she could deal with Yvette at any time!

Yazmin would not suffer for nothing.

Sure enough, Yazmin's generosity eased Lance's expression.

"Yazmin, I apologize to you on behalf of Yvette," he said lightly.

What?!

Yazmin's face turned pale and she almost thought that she heard it wrong!

What did he mean by apologizing on behalf of Yvette? She didn't deserve it!

Yazmin really couldn't continue pretending and cried, "Lance, she slapped me twice, making me concussed. You even refused to let her apologize to me?"

Lena cried and shouted, "Mr. Wolseley, you are a little biased. If Mr. Myers knows that Ms. Myers suffered, he

definitely won't let that woman off so easily!"

“If Mr. Myers has any objections, I will personally apologize,” Lance said coldly.

Yazmin cried her heart out. “Lance, you know that I don’t mean that. I am just sad. You said that you would

treat me as your sister. If Tiara was beaten today, would you let it go so easily?

“I know that you have been wronged. I can promise you something that I can do.

“Alright, it’s getting late. Have a good rest.”

Lance still had something to do, so he left without any hesitation.

After he left, Yazmin smashed everything in the ward to the ground like crazy.

After venting, she took a deep breath and said with a gloomy face, “Lena, I want the bastard in that bitch’s

belly to disappear!”

Now, even *Lance has changed.*

That baby must die!

that

Lena’s eyes flashed. “Ms. Myers, I heard that Ms. Thackeray is not willing to go a broad and is causing trouble at home. Let’s talk to Ms. Thackeray again.”

Yazmin’s expression relaxed.

That idiot could indeed be used again.

By the window of the ward.

With a bang, a blue flame sprang up from the lighter.

It outlined the gloom in the man’s slanted eyes, cold and deep.

There was a knock on the door.

Frankie pushed the door open and came in.

“Mr. Wolseley, I didn’t find Mrs. Wolseley.”

Lance pressed the cigarette in his mouth, but he still couldn’t suppress the discomfort in his chest.

In his mind, he always remembered Yvette’s careful expression when he told him not to leave.

“Prepare the car,” he said coldly.

Frankie frowned.

Lance’s wound had split open in the afternoon, and the bandage was soaked in blood.

He was a little worried. “Mr. Wolseley, your body...”

“Go,” Lance said coldly.

In the back seat of the Bentley.

Lance rubbed his eyebrows and asked, “Have you found the surveillance footage?”

“Found it.”

Frankie thought for a while and whispered, “Mrs. Wolseley was taken away by a man.”

In fact, she was carried away, but he did not dare to say that word, fearing that Lance would get angry.

Lance stretched out his hand, and Frankie fearfully handed the tablet over.

In an instant, coldness enveloped the entire car.

Crash!

The tablet was smashed hard, shattering into pieces.



Chapter 58 I Apologize for Her

On the hospital bed.

The doctor checked Yazmin's body and found she was slightly concussed and needed to rest.

Lance stood by the bed and did not care about the doctor's words.

Yazmin peeked at him from the corner of her eyes. His handsome face was especially eye-catching under the incandescent light.

Lance was really attractive with a cold and seductive aura. Even if he didn't do anything, he could still make people feel a little overwhelmed.

The obsession in Yazmin's eyes was undisguised. She would never let go of such an outstanding man.

When she thought of this, her eyes became wet again. "Lance... Why do I still feel such pain? It's so

uncomfortable..."

Lance frowned coldly. "Still not feeling well? I will ask Marvin to come over and have a check."

"No, no need. I don't seem to be in so much pain. Besides, Marvin is so busy. I don't want to bother him."

Yazmin was a little flustered. She didn't want Marvin to see her. He was smart, and nothing could escape his

eyes.

"It's good that you are fine." Lance's voice was still flat.

"Why did Yvette hit you today?" he asked.

Yazmin instantly cried. “Yvette blamed me for what happened at the banquet. She said that I schemed against her. Lance, how would I plot against her? You can investigate.”

Yazmin was not afraid. She had removed all the evidence that related to her.

“Yvette is too impulsive,” Lance said lightly.

Yazmin paused as she wiped her tears.

Why did Lance make light of it?

That slut slapped me twice, and my face is still swollen.

Shouldn't he drag that slut over and make her kneel and beg for my forgiveness?

Her chest heaved up and down violently, and she felt wronged and resentful. Her tears kept falling.

At this time, Lena came in and was shocked to see Yazmin's face. She immediately cried.

“Ms. Myers, you... Who beat you up? If Mr. Myers knows it, he'll be so worried!

“When have you ever suffered like this? Mr. Wolseley, Ms. Myers' family is not in New York. We are all

relying on you. You have to help Ms. Myers!”

Chapter 571 Apologize for Her

1/4

Lena had heard it all from outside the door. Lance's tone showed that he was partial to that little slut.

But she was older and more scheming than Yazmin. She knew how to use the elders to suppress Lance.

In the face of Lena's crying, Lance was a little angry and impatient.

“Then what do you want to do?” he asked in a cold voice as he looked down at Yazmin.

Yazmin’s eyes flashed with a trace of coldness. Of course, she wanted to peel off that bitch’s skin, get her bones out, and dismember her body into pieces to vent her anger.

But she couldn’t say that. She couldn’t let Lance think that she was vicious.

Yazmin clenched her fists. Although she was very unwilling, she still pretended to be magnanimous and said, “Forget it. It was just a misunderstanding. Let her apologize to me.”

When she apologizes, I can just humiliate her.

Lena could accept that and kept crying out loud. “Ms. Myers, how can you let her go like this? You have been well protected. When have you ever been bullied like this?”

Then she looked at Lance and said, “Mr. Wolseley, don’t blame me for being meddling. Ms. Myers’ family isn’t in New York, so I naturally have to care more about Ms. Myers.”

“Then what do you mean?” Lance asked coldly.

Lena was a smart person and was very good at handling things, so she made a reasonable request.

“In my opinion, we should at least let Ms. Thiel take two slaps as well so that Ms. Myers would not suffer in

vain.”

Only then did Yazmin feel a bit more at ease. She could reluctantly accept this request.

She would definitely let Yvette know the price she had to pay since Yvette dared to slap her.

Unexpectedly, Lance glanced at her coldly and his thin lips twitched. “No.”

Lena’s heart skipped a beat.

She did not understand. It was fair. The request was not too excessive. Why didn't Lance agree?

Didn't Mr. Wolseley love Ms. Myers very much in the past?

Even if Yvette is the person sleeping beside him, Ms. Myers deserves justice.

The atmosphere suddenly became cold.

Yazmin was so angry that her palm almost bled, but she did not dare to show it on her face.

She said considerately, "Forget it, Lena, don't make things difficult for Lance. With Yvette's personality, I'm afraid she is not willing to do it. Let her apologize."

These words also pointed out that Yvette was petty and could not be compared to Yazmin, a true lady.

She could also use this to impress Lance.

As for that slut, she could deal with Yvette at any time!

Yazmin would not suffer for nothing.

Sure enough, Yazmin's generosity eased Lance's expression.

"Yazmin, I apologize to you on behalf of Yvette," he said lightly.

What?!

Yazmin's face turned pale and she almost thought that she heard it wrong!

What did he mean by apologizing on behalf of Yvette? She didn't deserve it!

Yazmin really couldn't continue pretending and cried, "Lance, she slapped me twice, making me concussed. You even refused to let her apologize to me?"

Lena cried and shouted, "Mr. Wolseley, you are a little biased. If Mr. Myers knows that Ms. Myers suffered, he

definitely won't let that woman off so easily!"

“If Mr. Myers has any objections, I will personally apologize,” Lance said coldly.

Yazmin cried her heart out. “Lance, you know that I don’t mean that. I am just sad. You said that you would

treat me as your sister. If Tiara was beaten today, would you let it go so easily?

“I know that you have been wronged. I can promise you something that I can do.

“Alright, it’s getting late. Have a good rest.”

Lance still had something to do, so he left without any hesitation.

After he left, Yazmin smashed everything in the ward to the ground like crazy.

After venting, she took a deep breath and said with a gloomy face, “Lena, I want the bastard in that bitch’s

belly to disappear!”

Now, even *Lance has changed.*

That baby must die!

that

Lena’s eyes flashed. “Ms. Myers, I heard that Ms. Thackeray is not willing to go a broad and is causing trouble at home. Let’s talk to Ms. Thackeray again.”

Yazmin’s expression relaxed.

That idiot could indeed be used again.

By the window of the ward.

With a bang, a blue flame sprang up from the lighter.

It outlined the gloom in the man’s slanted eyes, cold and deep.

There was a knock on the door.

Frankie pushed the door open and came in.

“Mr. Wolseley, I didn’t find Mrs. Wolseley.”

Lance pressed the cigarette in his mouth, but he still couldn’t suppress the discomfort in his chest.

In his mind, he always remembered Yvette’s careful expression when he told him not to leave.

“Prepare the car,” he said coldly.

Frankie frowned.

Lance’s wound had split open in the afternoon, and the bandage was soaked in blood.

He was a little worried. “Mr. Wolseley, your body...”

“Go,” Lance said coldly.

In the back seat of the Bentley.

Lance rubbed his eyebrows and asked, “Have you found the surveillance footage?”

“Found it.”

Frankie thought for a while and whispered, “Mrs. Wolseley was taken away by a man.”

In fact, she was carried away, but he did not dare to say that word, fearing that Lance would get angry.

Lance stretched out his hand, and Frankie fearfully handed the tablet over.

In an instant, coldness enveloped the entire car.

Crash!

The tablet was smashed hard, shattering into pieces.

Chapter 58 Stay Together

Yvette opened her eyes.

She could only see black, white, and gray. It was an unfamiliar room.

She frowned and was just about to get up when she heard the door open.

“You’re awake?” Charlie quickly walked over and helped Yvette sit up.

“How would I be here?” Yvette touched her forehead and asked in a hoarse voice.

“You fainted. The doctor said that you were too tired and asked you to go home and rest more. I didn’t know

where your house was, so I brought you to my house.”

Yvette pursed her lips and was still digesting the fact that she had woken up in another man’s house.

Charlie said apologetically, “I’m sorry, Yvette. I knew it was inappropriate, so I called Ellen, but she didn’t

answer.”

Charlie was the one who said this, but only Yvette felt embarrassed.

If not for Charlie, no one would care if she slept on the ground.

“It’s fine. Thank you, Charlie,” she said softly.

Looking at Yvette’s face, Charlie was so worried about her.

“Yvette, when I arrived, I saw your husband leave with a woman. He...“

Charlie frowned and asked, “Does he treat you badly?”

Yvette was silent for a moment and did not know how to answer.

“Forget it. These are not important.”

Charlie stood up and said, “Do you want to rest for a while, or should I send you back now?”

Yvette said that it was already very late, and it was not appropriate for a man and a woman to stay together in

a house.

In front of the car, Charlie helped her open the door like a gentleman.

After getting in the car, he handed Yvette a bottle of water and even helped her open it.

“Thank you.” Yvette took it, took a sip, and put it down.

After he drove for a while, there was a traffic jam.

Charlie looked at the map and realized that there was an accident on the expressway.

He drove slowly and told Yvette about the embarrassing things he had encountered when he was studying

abroad.

L

Charlie was funny, diverting Yvette’s attention. She listened happily.

Yvette couldn’t help but smile when she heard the funny part.

Charlie glanced at her bright smile as if he had returned to school and saw the beautiful girl at a glance.

He looked ahead and raised his eyebrows. “Finally, you don’t look like I kidnapped you.”

Yvette was a little embarrassed. She looked at her face from the window and asked, “It’s not that obvious, right?”

“It’s not, but you look very beautiful when you smile,” he said.

Then, he added, “Even if you don’t smile, you look charming.”

“Charlie, a lot of women must be chasing after you, right?” Yvette smiled.

He was handsome, gentle, and humorous.

Charlie said, “Yes, but I haven’t been in a relationship since I went to university.”

“Why?” Yvette was quite surprised. After all, Charlie was perfect.

Charlie turned the steering wheel and said casually, “The girl I like... She is married.”

“Oh.” Yvette felt that it was a sad thing, so she didn’t ask too much.

“Charlie, you are so outstanding. You will meet someone suitable in the future,” she added.

Charlie said gently, “I hope so.”

After getting off the expressway, they stopped at a red light.

Charlie picked up the water and opened it to drink.

Yvette looked at it. It was the water she had drunk and subconsciously stopped him. “Charlie, that water...”

However, Charlie had already drunk it.

He looked down at the water bottle in his hand and realized. “Sorry, I didn’t notice.”

Yvette was a little embarrassed. Fortunately, the green light lit up and the car started again.

After that, he drove unimpededly and the speed of the car increased.

Perhaps it was because Charlie drove too smoothly that Yvette started to feel sleepy.

Ever since she got pregnant, it had been easy for her to get sleepy. After holding on for a while, she finally fell

asleep with her eyelids lowered.

After arriving at Spring Bay, the gray Mercedes stopped steadily.

Charlie did not wake her up. He just stopped the car and sat quietly.

Get Bonus

He adjusted the air conditioner to a suitable temperature and drew the profile of the girl.

Yvette had actually changed a lot. She was different from when she was at university. At that time, she still had girlish chubbiness and was a pure little girl.

Now, because she was thin, her chin was sharp, making her face look smaller.

She was pure and had a sense of fragility that could bewitch people.

She could easily make a man feel pity for her and have a crush on her.

His eyes darkened for a second. His slender fingers pushed the glasses on the bridge of his nose, and he naturally picked up the bottle of water and drank it.

The water flowed between his lips and tongue.

He suddenly felt that the water today was sweeter than any other day.

Outside the car window, the shadows of trees were mottled.

The girl moved her neck as if she was about to wake up.

Charlie suddenly leaned over to stroke the hair on the girl's cheek. His posture was extremely ambiguous. Through the car window, it was like he was kissing his lover.

Yvette also woke up at this time. The man's dry knuckles touched her hair, and he hadn't taken his hand back.

She was stunned for a second. "Charlie..."

She had just woken up, and there was a little confusion in her cute eyes, which made Charlie's heart skip a

beat.

He retracted his hand and smiled gently, "I'm afraid that your hair will be stained with the ointment of your

wound.”

“Thank you.”

11

Yvette’s eyes dimmed, and she thought of some unhappiness.

The wound on her face was caused by Yazmin’s handbag.

Charlie opened the car door for her. The wind outside was a little strong. He stood by the car and considerably blocked the wind for her.

Yvette was very grateful that Charlie had helped her so much today. Out of courtesy, she should invite him to

go up and have a cup of tea or something.

But it was too late and not appropriate.

“Rest early. I still have to go back and handle some work.”

Charlie spoke in time and helped her say it.

“Thank you for today, Charlie.”

“You don’t have to be polite with me. See you later.”

“OK, be careful on your way.” Yvette stood there and waved her hand.

At this moment.

A black Bentley that had followed them all the way quietly lurked in the dark night like a wild beast that would attack at any moment.

The low temperature in the car made people freeze.

Frankie was drenched in a cold sweat. He felt that what was beneath his butt was not a seat but a torture tool.

This was the first time he had understood the expression, “on pins and needles“.

They followed Charlie’s car from his house all the way to Spring Bay, and Charlie was reckless. After parking the car, he even kissed Yvette in the car...

Just now, he was afraid that Lance would smash a big hole in the car with his bare hands.

Seeing that Charlie got into the car and Lance did not do anything, Frankie became more and more uneasy.

Silence meant trouble was brewing.

The man in the back seat suddenly opened his eyes and said in a fierce and cold voice, “Get down.”

“Huh?”

Before Frankie could understand what was going on, he had already been pulled down. Lance then sat in the driver’s seat.

Through the car window, his face was like a painting and could not be seen clearly, and his eyes were misty.

The next second.

“Bang!”

A loud noise shattered the dark night.

The black Bentley rushed out like a cheetah, running into the gray Mercedes that had just started.

[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 59](#)

Chapter 59 I’ll Never Let You Go

The airbag was activated.

The back of the gray Mercedes—
Benz was smashed, and the car was pushed forward before it stopped when it
hit the railing.

If not for the safety system being activated in time, the car would have turned over.

On the other hand, because the black Bentley was well—
controlled, other than half of its safety bar falling off,
there was not much damage.

All of this happened in the blink of an eye.

Yvette was stunned on the spot. Her hands and feet were cold and her legs were weak.

The deformed car door of the Benz opened.

Charlie got out of it. He seemed to be staggering. He reached out and touched his forehead. Blood flowed out of the back of his hand. It was hard to tell where he was injured.

After a few seconds, Yvette rushed up and held onto his arm, wanting to say something.

However, both her hands and lips were trembling, and she was unable to utter a single syllable.

On the other hand, seeing that Yvette's face was pale, Charlie held the back of her hand and comforted her.

“It's fine, Yvette. I'm alright.”

His arm was scratched by the broken glass from the violent collision. He did not know if he was hurt elsewhere.

At this time, the door of the Bentley was also opened.

Lance approached with a cold face. When he saw the two people holding hands, his pupils contracted.

“Come here!”

“Lance, are you crazy?” Yvette shouted in disbelief with a pale face.

But at this time, Lance’s anger had reached its peak. He grabbed Yvette and took her into his arms.

Then, he looked at Charlie. His eyes were so cold that they made one’s hair stand on end. “You are courting

death.”

Every word was filled with killing intent.

Due to the shock, Charlie’s face was extremely pale, but there was no fear on his face. He only asked, “Do you really care about Yvette?”

“Does it have anything to do with you? Charlie, don’t think that I won’t kill you just because your family is related to my grandma. Yvette is my woman. If this happens again, I won’t be as good–tempered as I am

today.”

Lance’s eyes were as cold as a knife as if he wanted to cut off the relationship between Yvette and Charlie.

Yvette did not expect that Charlie was Lance’s distant relative, but this was not the point. She just felt that Lance was crazy and unreasonable.

“Lance!”

Yvette pushed Lance hard. Lance was caught off guard and was pushed back by her.

“Charlie, are you alright? I’ll take you to the hospital.” Yvette anxiously went over to support him. Her eyes

were filled with concern.

“I’m fine. It’s just a small injury. No other part of my body was hurt,” Charlie comforted Yvette instead.

They cared about each other, which hurt Lance’s self-esteem. Lance almost went berserk.

“Yvette, come here.” Lance’s voice was utterly cold.

Yvette didn’t want to pay attention to this madman, but when she thought of Charlie’s situation, she

patiently explained.

“Lance, Charlie was just going to send me home. Why did you...”

Her words were interrupted by Lance’s rough actions. She was pulled into his arms with one hand, and he bit her lips in retaliation.

“Ugh...”

Yvette’s mouth was sealed, and her pupils suddenly dilated.

What a madman!

Charlie was still around, but what did Lance want to do?

Yvette struggled with all her might, but her hands and waist were restrained by Lance’s arms. The more she struggled, the crazier Lance became.

Lance was like a lunatic as he stretched his tongue deep into her mouth.

On the back, Frankie felt that this scene was so amorous that even an adult would not bear to watch it.

He stepped forward and made a gesture of invitation to Charlie, then said politely, “Mr. Raison, we will be fully responsible for this accident. I will send you to the hospital.”

Charlie frowned. He did not want to leave, worried that Yvette would be hurt by Lance.

However, Frankie smiled and said, “Mr. Raison, Mr. and Mrs. Wolseley will always reconcile after any argument. As an outsider, you’d better not get involved. If you provoke Mr. Wolseley, he won’t recognize you as his family and you can’t bear the consequences, right?”

I

The emotion in Charlie’s eyes that were behind his glasses was hard to read, and there was a hidden chill in them. After a moment, Charlie left.

After the car drove away, Lance released Yvette and let her breathe.

Yvette was trembling, her eyes full of tears. She raised her hand without thinking.

Lance grabbed her wrist, and the coldness in his eyes was about to devour her.

Lance had warned Yvette not to hit him for another man’s sake, but she posed to attack him for other guys again and again.

The tip of his tongue was against his teeth, and the words he spat out were extremely harsh. “Yvette, was your desire so strong? You even dated a man when you were only free for a few hours? Do you think you are

the same as a bitch?”

Each of his words was like a sharp blade that was smashed at Yvette.

Yvette’s face was pale, and she was trembling. Her internal organs seemed to be in pain.

Looking at Yvette’s pale face, Lance felt that what he said was inappropriate, but the scene just now was like a knife stabbing him again and again.

Yvette was his possession. He could not tolerate others touching her even if he couldn’t have her.

No one could do it.

Yvette was about to explode from anger. She felt wronged and painful. Her eyes turned red and she angrily

said, “You are right. I am a bitch!”

If she wasn't a bitch, how would she be reluctant to part with Lance even if she knew that he already had

someone he loved?

If she wasn't a bitch, how could she give in after tasting Lance's sweetness?

She thought, *Yvette, you are a pure bitch.*

Yvette wiped off her eyes and looked at the furious Lance. “Lance, I won't act like a bitch again. I won't have

anything to do with you.”

Hearing this, Lance did not get angry but smiled. However, his smile was very cold.

“Are you going to cut off from me and go to Charlie?”

Lance suddenly took a step forward and grabbed Yvette's jaw. His voice was stern.

“I advise you to stop

thinking about this. Even if I don't want the things I used, I won't let anyone else touch them.”

Yvette was so angry that she reached out to punch Lance. “Lance, what right do you have to do this to me... I

am a human, not an object...”

“Just because you are my wife.”

Yvette wanted to laugh when she heard his words of possessiveness.

So what if she was Lance's wife? She would never be as important as his first love.

Every time she confronted Yazmin, she would be the one lost.

Yvette became exhausted and did not want to argue anymore. She said expressionlessly, “Lance, I’ve made it clear this afternoon. I won’t wait for you. Let’s let each other go.”

After saying this, she turned to leave without even showing any expression to Lance.

Behind her, the atmosphere was cold and freezing.

Before Yvette could walk away, she was carried by the waist. Lance’s tone was ruthless. “I’ll never let you go!”

Then, he got into the car, threw her into the passenger seat, and fastened her seatbelt.

The car rumbled and drove fast. Yvette was flustered and tightened her grip on the seatbelt and asked, “Where are you taking me?”

Lance did not say a word. He stared at the darkness in front of him, and his expression was darker than the

night.

The road was getting darker and darker, and there was no light on both sides of the road at all.

“Lance, where are you taking me?” Yvette asked in a shaking voice.



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 60](#)

Chapter 60 You Will Beg Me

Soon, the car drove into the park.

It was a good place to watch the sunrise here. They had been here before.

However, this park was closed except for the specific sightseeing day.

Lance’s car had an S-Class pass, so no one could stop him.

He parked the car on the hill and then carried Yvette to the hood. He propped his hands on her both sides and asked, "Do you remember this place?"

Yvette blushed in an instant.

On their first anniversary, she had sex with him three times here to return his gift.

What did he mean by bringing her here?

Just as Yvette was thinking about it, Lance pressed her down on the hood. Her back was pressed against the

cold and hard surface.

Yvette pushed Lance hard, but she was pressed down by him.

Then, from her forehead **to** the tip of her nose and her neck, Lance kissed them **all**, and his hand wandered on

her body unscrupulously.

After kissing for **a long time**, Lance raised his head and his beautiful eyes were filled with desire.

"If you want to have sex, I can satisfy you. Why go find another man?"

Lance approached Yvette again and gently bit her earlobe. He said pointedly, "Can others understand you as well as me? Only I know what posture you like for sex."

Yvette's expression instantly changed. Lance wanted to humiliate her.

"Lance, I don't want sex. You can't force me to do that!" She was both angry and embarrassed.

"You will beg me." The corners of Lance's mouth twitched. His eyes were dark and gloomy.

After saying that, he carried Yvette back to the back seat and pressed a button. The sunroof opened and the two seats at the front moved forward. The back seat immediately became much more spacious.

But it made the atmosphere more obscene **as** if they were lying in the wild.

Lance pinched her slender waist, and he looked like a wolf that had been hungry for a long time. He was

determined to have sex with her.

Yvette panicked. She clenched the clothes on her chest and said in a shaking voice, “Lance, don’t go crazy. I can’t. I’m not feeling well, I…”

She almost said it out.

Suddenly, her phone vibrated.

The screen of the phone falling to the ground showed the name “Charlie“, causing Lance’s expression to change.

The corners of Lance’s mouth twitched and he said coldly, “I’ll make you feel better.”

After Lance finished speaking, he lifted Yvette’s skirt, placed the phone at her feet, and pressed the answer button.

The moment the call connected, Yvette bit her lips and let out a muffled sound.

On the other side of the phone, Charlie’s expression changed. He just bandaged himself and was worried about Yvette, so he called.

“Yvette? Are you alright?”

The voice from the speaker sounded so loud in the silent night. Yvette then realized that Lance had connected the call.

Her expression changed and she wanted to push him away, but she was met with Lance’s unscrupulous bully.

Yvette couldn’t help but snort again, but it sounded like she was crying to Charlie.

“Yvette, what happened to you? Did Lance bully you?” asked Charlie anxiously.

Lance snorted and laughed.

“Honey, am I bullying you?”

Yvette frowned. Because she was nervous, her fingers turned white from being clenched.

Lance's eyes carried an evil smile as he continued, "Relax..."

Any adult could understand the conversation between them. They were having sex.

"Beep..."

The call was hung up.

Lance looked joyful. He lowered his head to look at Yvette who was enduring silently and asked in a hoarse voice, "Do you want sex?"

Yvette's face was pale, and her heart was full of shame and anger. She trembled and said, "Lance, you are

crazy..."

"Don't... do this..."

Yvette said with a shaking voice.

"You don't want me to serve you?" Lance asked with a frown.

His clothes were neat, and he looked like he was going to attend some international conference.

Yvette was about to go crazy. She bit her lips until they bled.

Lance helped Yvette tidy up her skirt and carried her to the front passenger seat.

Yvette was like a doll and had no expression on her face.

When Lance returned to the driver's seat, he took out a wet towel and slowly wiped her hands. Only then did Yvette's expression change, and she turned to look out of the window.

The hair above her temples was wet and was stuck to her cheeks. Lance raised his hand to stroke it, but he saw Yvette shrink back in panic with her eyes full of vigilance. "What are you doing?"

Lance's expression froze for a moment. "Still angry? Didn't I satisfy you? It's my apology to you."

Then, he added, "Have you ever thought from my perspective? I am a patient. Holding back my desires will damage my health, but I still did that."

He wanted to have sex with Yvette, but she was crying too much. Although he knew that she was in tears of happiness, he did not have the heart to see her cry like that. He was afraid that she would faint.

"Shame on you! I have nothing to do with Charlie. Why did you connect the call and let him listen to that sound?"

Hearing Yvette say this, Lance just sneered.

"He called you in the middle of the night. Why can't I pick it up? Will you talk carefreely on the phone if I'm not around? Yvette, do you know whose wife you are? You quarreled with me for Charlie time and time again.

I didn't kill him because I wanted to do good things."

Yvette didn't want to continue the argument. The more they argued, the more ridiculous their points became.

Lance never had any scruples. Even though he knew that Yvette wanted to be his wife, he still cared about Yazmin, hugged, and comforted her in front of Yvette. He even abandoned Yvette for Yazmin.

However, Yvette couldn't have his concern even as an ordinary friend.

She didn't know what to say about his action of applying double standards.

She didn't bother to argue and said weakly, "I want to go back to Spring Bay."

Lance wanted to refuse, but seeing her condition, he still silently drove the car to Spring Bay.

He opened the car door and habitually wanted to hug Yvette, but Yvette pushed him away in disgust.

"Don't touch me."

Lance's face clouded over. The anger he had accumulated all the way could no longer be suppressed.

Just because of that phone call, she reacted like this. How unwilling was she **to** let others know about their relationship?

“When I touched you just now, **you** didn't react like this.” Lance raised his eyebrows and said sarcastically.

Yvette's eyes turned red when she thought about what happened just now. She said angrily, “Shame on you!”

Yazmin was right. She was nothing more than a sex **doll** to Lance.

Lance also said that he was addicted to her body.

Her reaction would bring him a sense of achievement.

The more Yvette hated Lance, the more furious he became. He coldly mocked her, “How can I make comfortable **if** I'm not shameless enough?”

Yvette's expression changed, and her lips trembled. She didn't want to speak.

you

“Or, did you feel like having **sex** with Charlie when he kissed you to experience something new?” Lance

sneered.

Yvette was accused for no reason, but she had explained it many times.

Had he ever listened to her?

He had always been preconceived and always believed in what he was thinking and never listened to her explanation.

Therefore, she didn't bother to do anything now and just let Lance think however he wanted.

“Lance, don't think of others as disgusting as you, okay?” Yvette said **coldly**.

Lance was **so** angry that the veins on his forehead bulged. He grabbed Yvette's chin and pursed his **lips**. "I think **I'm too** indulgent with you. **I** shouldn't care if you cry or not just now and just have sex with you!"

Yvette blushed from his pinch and sneered. "Lance, is bullying a woman all you've got?"

Yvette's words made Lance's face change as if she had crossed his bottom line.

"Say it again." He gritted his teeth.

como

Chapter 61 She Thinks You Don't Like Her

"Lance, what do you think I am?

Am I your sex doll, or a toy you can grab when you are venting your lust?"

Yvette was extremely upset.

Lance's expression changed and his eyes narrowed. "You think so?"

"How can I interpret your actions? If you were with Yazmin, would you have the heart to treat her like this?"

"I won't," Lance answered without thinking.

From the beginning, Lance had never thought of having anything to do with Yazmin.

Yvette's eyelashes trembled, and bitterness rose to her throat, making her feel uncomfortable.

How did she forget it?

In Lance's view, she was not worthy of being compared to Yazmin and even being mentioned.

He did not touch Yazmin not because he did not love her. Perhaps just as Yazmin said, he cherished her too

much.

When a man cherished a woman so much, he could not bear to let her suffer when he could not give her the

best.

He could not bear to let Yazmin be called a mistress.

Yvette smiled sadly and suddenly thought everything through.

“Lance, what should I do to make you let me go?”

Yvette changed her tone and her voice was soft. She reached out and hooked her arm around Lance’s neck. Like a small animal, Yvette randomly bit Lance’s lips.

“Do you need sex? Where do you want to do it? In the car, or somewhere else?”

Lance’s face was gloomy.

Yvette seemed to not see it. Her fingers slid across his ear and panted just like he did to her.

“When you are done, let me go.”

Lance reacted quickly, but there was no lust on his face. Yvette only saw gloominess and an expression she did not understand.

But Yvette did not want to understand him.

She accepted her fate and just wanted to live.

It had been two years. She more or less understood Lance.

The more she resisted, the angrier he would be.

