

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.

If she annoyed him, it would become difficult for her to leave.

Even if not for love, Lance would keep Yvette by his side.

Before their divorce, if she wanted to live a peaceful life, she had to satisfy him and let him vent his anger.

Yvette released Lance and unbuttoned the buttons on her chest in front of him, revealing her fair collarbone.

and boobs...

Lance's eyes immediately darkened. Yvette looked skinny, but he knew how plump her boobs were.

Lance frowned and picked Yvette up. “Not here.” His breath was unstable as he said.

Then, he carried her upstairs. Yvette kept her arm around Lance’s neck all the way, and when they got home, she even opened the door with her fingerprint.

She was thrown onto the sofa, and Lance covered her lips almost in a second. He stuck his tongue into her

mouth and was particularly fierce.

He was not a saint, and his desire had been raised on the mountain. He held back until now and was going to

lose control.

What was more, Yvette was seducing him.

She wrapped her arms around his neck, taking an unprecedented initiative. They bit on each other, and the

sound of their moans could make anyone’s face red and heart pound.

Lance unbuttoned Yvette’s shirt, and at the moment when his reason was about to be gone, Yvette held his hand and looked into his dark eyes.

“You promised that you would let me go once you’re done.”

At this time, Lance was on the verge of losing control, so he didn’t have a reason to refuse.

Yvette knew that, and it was why she took the initiative.

Lance narrowed his eyes and exuded chilling coldness. “Are you serious?”

“Lance, I’m not joking.” Yvette looked straight at him, not freaking out in the slightest.

Lance’s eyes darkened, and he asked again, “Have you decided to cut off all ties with me?”

The atmosphere was quiet and oppressive.

It was as if Yvette had reached a critical point where she was about to explode. Her reluctance got stronger, and she released it. She nodded with difficulty.

Lance's face froze for a while, and his eyes were cold. He said, "Yvette, do you think that I can't have sex with

another woman?"

Yvette felt bitter in her heart. She wanted to find some evidence that Lance had to be with her.

Unfortunately, there was none.

She said indifferently, "I know who I am to you. Please don't look for me in the future except for the divorce."

"Okay."

Lance stared at Yvette, and the desire shown on his face faded. He turned over and stood up.

With a bang, the door was slammed.

Yvette lay on the sofa and did not move. A throbbing pain spread through her heart.

After a long time, she murmured, "Yvette, you are the only one left."

After coming out of Spring Bay, the black Bentley drove to a bar.

By the time Marvin arrived, there were already a few empty bottles on the table.

Lance looked decadent. He raised his glass and took a sip. Beside Lance was Jamie, who was drinking with

him.

Marvin looked like he saw two madmen.

He grabbed the glass in Lance's hand with angry eyes. "Lance, do you not care about your life?"

Jamie also drank a lot, and his voice carried a bit of drunkenness, “Such little wine won’t be a problem.”

Before Marvin could speak, Lance knocked on the table with his slender fingers, indicating for the waiter to fill the glass up.

The waiter held the wine and looked at Lance in a dilemma.

“Get out!” Marvin said grumpily.

The waiter was relieved and ran out.

Marvin sat down and said to Jamie, “Do you know that he just finished the operation yesterday? He came to drink today because he overestimates the toughness of his life.”

Jamie did not know that Lance hid the news from others.

“What happened?” Jamie asked with a frown.

Marvin snorted, “He pushed himself and acted like a hero saving a beauty.”

Jamie thought of Yazmin and asked, “What happened to Yazmin?”

“It has nothing to do with Yazmin,” Marvin said.

Jamie frowned. “Then, is it related to Yvette?”

“Correct,” Marvin asked the waiter to bring him some beverage to sober Lance up. He pushed it in front of Lance and asked, “What’s going on? Tell me.”

In the morning when Marvin went for the rounds of the wards and saw the two flirting with each other. But soon after, there was a problem between them.

Lance picked up the beverage and took a sip. He felt bitterness in his throat and he did not say anything.

Seeing that Lance was silent, Marvin mocked him, “Lance, if you don’t like Yvette, you should divorce her as soon as possible. The women who are waiting to pursue you are waiting in line. Just do a good deed and give the single socialites in New York an opportunity.”

Jamie also snorted coldly, “That’s right. It’s not worth it to get drunk for a woman!”

Lance tightened his grip on the cup as he glanced coldly at the two.

Marvin acted as if he had not seen anything and continued, “But Yvette is quite attractive. I like her quite a lot.”

Bang!

A loud sound rang out.

Lance crushed the cup in his hand with his bare hands.

His tone was cold and he looked determined. “Don’t you dare to have designs on her!”

“Hey! Why are you turning your back on her when you care about her so much?”

Marvin raised his eyebrows and asked, “Do you still want to marry Yazmin?”

“No. I have made it clear to Yazmin.”

These words were quite surprising. Jamie also looked over.

“Then, what is there to make a fuss about?”

Lance said in annoyance, “We have agreed to divorce.”

Marvin was stunned. “Weren’t you close in the morning? How could that be?”

Marvin thought for a moment and asked, “Did you tell Yvette about Yazmin?”

Lance was silent. Was there a need to say it?

Yvette now had another man in her heart. Rather than letting her have a grudge, it was better to grant her

wish.

Marvin roughly knew what was going on.

“Since you’ve made it clear to Yazmin, you have to tell Yvette about this. Otherwise, she will think that

don’t like her, so she will fall out with you.’

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Lance said irritably, “No need.”

He disdained to ask a woman who had fallen for another man to stay.

Marvin sensed Lance’s stubbornness and didn’t bother to persuade him. He said, “Just go ahead. When Yvette dislikes you, what will you do?”

Lance frowned and asked, “What did you say?”

[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 62](#)

Chapter 62 He Spits Blood

Lance’s face looked stern.

Marvin was stunned and said, “I want to see what you can do.”

Lance frowned.

“Just be willful like you always do,” Marvin said.

Lance didn’t say a word, and Jamie couldn’t bear to continue listening, so he directly pointed it out.

“He said that Yvette likes you.”

“What the hell?” Marvin was shocked. “Didn’t you know?”

Lance’s lips curled into a mocking smile, which then froze on his face.

“You’re thinking too much. I’m not the person she likes!”

Lance said resolutely, his knuckles turning white as he gripped his glass.

He thought of Yvette's expression when she confronted him because of Charlie.

Then Lance remembered that Yvette had been having another man in her heart for the past two years.

All of this was like a huge rock weighing upon Lance's heart, pressing down on him until he could not breathe.

This was a humiliation for Lance!

He wanted to break Yvette and Charlie's necks.

Marvin was a little dumbfounded. "Yesterday, after you fainted, Yvette cried outside the operating room for three whole hours. When you didn't wake up, she stayed by the bedside and never left for a minute. She didn't eat or drink. How could she not like you?"

Lance was moved for a second, but then he immediately denied it.

"I swear the man in Yvette's heart is you!"

Marvin had been in a serious relationship. He could tell whether a woman liked a man or not.

Lance said coldly, "Your swearing means nothing!"

"You!"

Marvin was so pissed off by Lance. "Let's make a bet! If I say that something happened to you now, Yvette

will come over immediately. Do you believe me?"

Lance did not comment, his thin lips pursed tightly as he remained silent.

To prove that he was right, Marvin directly took out his phone and called Yvette, saying, "Then let's settle the

bet. If I win, I want your offshore yacht."

Marvin had been coveting the yacht for a while, but unfortunately, it was a limited edition that was no longer made.

Lance's eyes twinkled for a second, but he did not stop Marvin either. "Do whatever you want."

Soon, the call was picked up.

Marvin's tone changed instantly, making him the best actor ever. He said anxiously, "Yvette, it's bad! Lance spat blood and fainted again!"

Over the phone, Yvette had already washed up and gone to bed. When she heard this, her stomach tightened instantly.

Yvette hurriedly asked, "How could this be? Where is he? Did you call an ambulance? Please send him to the hospital. I will be there in a minute."

Yvette blurted out a bunch of words, and Marvin proudly raised his eyebrows at Lance, indicating that he had

won.

Lance's frown relaxed for a moment, and he was no longer so intimidating.

Marvin continued to exaggerate. "He drank in the bar until he spat blood. I can see that he was in a bad mood. Come over quickly."

Yvette had already changed and was about to leave with her hand on the door handle.

But when she heard Marvin's last sentence, Yvette suddenly stopped.

Yvette assumed that Lance was in a bad mood, most probably because of Yazmin.

They had just agreed that apart from getting the divorce final, they would not see each other. The person Lance wanted to see the most now should be Yazmin.

Marvin urged, "Be careful on your way. I'm waiting for you here."

He was about to hang up.

"Wait a minute."

Yvette called out to Marvin and said slowly, “Professor Icahn, I’m not going. Please send him to the hospital. If there are such emergencies again, please inform Yazmin directly. There is no need to call me.”

“Hey... Yvette, he spat blood. Aren’t you coming over?”

Marvin was sweating. He didn’t know why Yvette had suddenly changed her mind when she sounded so anxious seconds ago.

“I’m not a doctor either. I won’t help even if I am there. Sorry to trouble you. I’m hanging up.”

Beep.

Yvette hung up first.

Marvin was almost petrified.

The yacht that he almost got just went away like this...

Marvin would not accept the fact!

He wanted to work harder for the yacht. Marvin dialed the number again.

“Anyway, it still counts as long as she comes here tonight.”

“Toot, toot...”

“Sorry, the subscriber you dialed is powered off.”

After trying five times, Marvin successfully made Yvette turn off her phone.

This time, it was Marvin who was speechless.

“Did you upset Yvette again? This is impossible...” Marvin said.

Yvette was so dejected last night. Marvin would never believe that she didn’t care about Lance.

“Crash!”

With a loud smash, the entire table of wine bottles and glasses was flung away by Lance.

His expression was terrifying, and his palm was covered in blood from the broken glass. But Lance didn't care at all.

"Bring the wine over," he said.

Marvin couldn't watch him go crazy and stopped the waiter from serving the wine.

If Lance continued to drink, he would die tonight!

Jamie was unconcerned. He picked up the bottle and said ruthlessly, "You can't indulge your woman. Let's just drink!"

Lance took the bottle and drank up the wine without even pouring it into a glass.

The alcohol burned his stomach!

One bottle, two bottles... When Lance finished the third bottle, he finally could not hold on and fell to the

ground with a bang.

Before Lance was completely unconscious...

He said, "Why... Why don't you want me..."

At Spring Bay...

Yvette lay on the bed, tossing and turning, not sleepy at all.

When Yvette closed her eyes, she would always think of the hurtful look in Lance's eyes when he left.

Yvette smiled bitterly. She was letting her imagination run wild again.

How could Lance feel hurt? Other than Yazmin, there should be no one who could make him feel bad...

Yvette forced herself to sleep, closed her eyes, and opened them again, looking at the snow-white ceiling.

Yvette's mind had already drifted outside.

Marvin didn't sound like he was joking. Lance drank until he spat blood...

Why would Lance do this to himself? He still hadn't fully recovered from his injury.

Yvette thought again about when Lance swooped on her, protecting her in the Hudson's home...

Yvette gripped the sheet and suddenly sat up.

Since she was so uneasy, she should go and take a look.

Yvette said to herself, "Just go take a look and make sure he's fine."

It looked like it was going to rain outside. Yvette hurried to the hospital.

Just as she was about to call Marvin, someone put a hand on her shoulder.

"Yvette, what are you doing here?"

Charlie was a little surprised as he did not expect to see Yvette in the hospital.

"I..."

Yvette was just about to say something when she saw a piece of gauze on the back of Charlie's hand. He

should have just finished the IV drip.

"Charlie, are you feeling better?" Yvette asked apologetically.

Charlie put his hand down to prevent Yvette from seeing it. He said gently, "I'm fine."

Yvette thought of the phone call again and said awkwardly, "Charlie, I'm sorry about the phone call."

Charlie's eyes behind the glasses dimmed for a second. "It doesn't matter. Yvette, you don't have to apologize

to me.”

He looked at Yvette, whose face was pale, and there were dark shadows under her eyes. “Why is your face so pale? Why aren’t you sleeping at home at this late hour? What are you doing in the hospital?”

Yvette was just about to speak when a man suddenly stood before her and separated them.

[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 63](#)

Chapter 63 She’s Hurt Again

“Yvette.

“Come with me now!” Marvin was surprised.

Then, he glanced at Charlie and winked at his assistant.

Marvin thought, if Lance knew that Yvette came to the hospital for someone else, Lance would probably tear down the hospital.

Now, no matter who Yvette is coming for, she has no choice but to see Lance.

He did not care about the others and pulled Yvette upstairs.

Charlie was about to follow him, but Charlie was stopped by Marvin’s assistant.

“Sorry, sir, please wait here.”

In the elevator.

“Why did Lance drink so much?” Yvette asked worriedly.

Marvin said, “Who else could it be? I haven’t seen anyone else who can make him so troubled except you.”

“Me?” Yvette couldn’t believe what she heard.

“Right. You were fine, weren’t you? What happened?”

Yvette looked down and did not speak.

Marvin sighed lightly. “Why can’t you speak out? Yvette, Lance cares about you.’

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Yvette got a little stunned. She did not understand what Marvin meant and was in a daze.

Coming out of the elevator, Marvin pointed to the innermost room and said, “You two have a talk. I’ll go

down first.”

Yvette walked in step by step. When she arrived at the door of the ward, she was nervous and anxious.

After all, they had just said that they would cut off all relations...

However, she could not lie to herself. If she could not confirm the safety of Lance, she would not be relieved.

With a lot of worries, Yvette knocked on the door.

The door was not fully closed. With her light knock, it opened automatically.

But she did not expect that there would be someone else in the ward.

Yazmin’s clothes were mussed up. She was lying on Lance like a snake. They hugged, and their lips almost

touched each other.

If she had not pushed open the door, they would have already taken the next step.

Instantly, Yvette’s pretty face turned pale.

She blinked her eyes forcefully, hoping what she saw was not true.

However, the scene in front of her clearly told her what they were doing...

Yvette stood at the door with her hands becoming cold, and she could not move.

When the two people on the bed saw her, they both looked surprised, which let her know that she had come at

a bad time.

“Hi, Yvette.” Yazmin slowly got up from Lance and asked, still flushing.

Yvette suddenly knew what happened. She took a step back and said stiffly, “I’m sorry I’ve interrupted you.”

Then, she turned around and stumbled away.

She entered the elevator in a daze, and her tears kept falling down.

Her heart wrenched with pain.

She felt pain all over.

It hurt so much that she wanted to curl up.

She regretted greatly that she had come to see him.

Lance had clearly said that she was not the one, yet she came to humiliate herself. She had even got ridiculous expectations due to Marvin’s words.

She thought, Yvette, why are you so stupid? Why can’t you learn to be smart?

Ding!

Yvette just walked out of the elevator when she was stopped by Marvin.

“Yvette, why are you leaving? Have you seen Lance?”

Yvette’s face was pale, and she said lowly, “Yes.”

Marvin was stunned. He thought that they had quarreled again. He quickly pulled Yvette and tried to persuade her, “You can’t leave now. He was seriously injured, and he didn’t tell his family in case they worried about him. You should at least take care of him for a while.”

“Someone is taking care of him.”

Marvin did not understand and thought Yvette was talking about the nurse.

“How can she compare to you?”

Marvin’s words came as a blow to her.

She thought it was herself who could not compare to Yazmin.

Yazmin didn’t even need to show up. Yvette lost because she was not Yazmin.

“Professor Icahn, let me go. I don’t feel well. I have to go back,” Yvette bit her lips and said in a trembling

voice.

Only then did Marvin notice that Yvette’s face was very pale.

He let her go and was about to ask when his phone rang.

Yvette turned around and left.

Marvin picked it up and heard a cold and deep voice.

“Stop Yvette.”

He looked outside and asked doubtfully, “She didn’t leave. She’s waiting for the taxi at the door. How did

you...”

Before he finished, Lance hung up.

Lance put down his mobile phone and jumped out of bed despite his injuries.

Yazmin grabbed Lance and said with great concern, “Lance, you’re injured, and you can’t walk. I’ll explain it

to Yvette.”

“Did you do it on purpose just now?” Lance flung her hand away and questioned her coldly.

She happened to fall on him the moment Yvette opened the door.

She had also coincidentally ruined her clothes.

Yazmin immediately cried. “Lance, how can you think of me like that? I came to see you immediately after

my blood was drawn. My legs felt weak...”

Then she was blaming herself. “It’s all my fault. I shouldn’t have come to see you after drawing blood just because I’m too worried about you. I’ll explain to Yvette and apologize to her.”

After Yazmin said that, she was about to walk out.

“Alright! I don’t need you to explain. Go back to your ward,” Lance stopped her and said coldly.

The door was pulled open. Lance did not look at her and rushed out.

Yazmin was left there, clenching her fists until they turned white.

After a long time, she smiled sinisterly, Yvette, wait for my gift for you.

—

There was thunder rumbling

With a sudden thunder, heavy rain poured down.

The taxi finally got here.

Just as Yvette was about to get into the car, she heard someone call her from behind.

“Yvette, stop!” It was Lance.

Yvette paused.

She wondered, why did he come? Is he mad at me because I broke the promise and came to see him without

permission?

She couldn't think of any other reason.

Whatever the reason was, she didn't want to face him now.

She had been hurt so much just now, and she couldn't bear more.

Without any hesitation, she pulled the door open and got into the car. She instructed the driver, "Please drive

fast."

"Yvette!"

At this moment, Lance had already rushed to the road and was just a little bit away from holding the handle.

However, the blue taxi left quickly.

The heavy rain poured all over him. The gauze on his neck was completely soaked. Blood mixed with the rain

flowed down. The scene was horrible.

Marvin came over holding an umbrella and said angrily, "You're crazy!"

He had never seen such a person who risked his life like that.

He tried to pull Lance back, but Lance pushed him away and opened the door of a taxi that had just stopped. He said to the driver, "I'll buy your taxi."

"Are you kidding?"

The driver closed the door without thinking, but the door was stuck by Lance.

He said coldly, "How much is the car? I'll give you the triple!"

The driver was still confused after he was thrown out of the car. He watched the handsome man driving away.



Chapter 64 He Really Cares About You

“Who am I going to get the money from?” the driver shouted.

At this time, Frankie came over to stop the driver and said, “Sir, come with me.”

Yvette sat in the back seat in a daze.

The sound of the thunderstorm came as blows to her.

She felt so cold.

She had thought that she could accept the fact that Lance was with Yazmin. But when she saw them sleeping

together, she went crazy.

She felt that she was too ridiculous.

She thought she was deceiving herself.

She made herself a big joke!

She had clearly told herself not to be sad for him, but she just could not control herself.

Her heart hurt so much that she tried to cover it with force, but it didn't work.

Crack!

There was an ear-piercing sound.

Yvette suddenly leaned forward. If she had not worn a seatbelt, she would have been thrown out.

After the driver suddenly stopped the car, he shouted at the car in front of him, “Are you crazy?”

In the heavy rain.

The man was tall and straight, and he walked against the storm.

He pulled open the back door and looked at the woman in the back seat with complicated emotions.

“Get off.”

Yvette was a little stunned. She did not expect that he would chase after her.

He was drenched all over, and there was water on his long eyelashes. Even if he looked terrible, he was still

handsome.

She did not speak, and Lance directly grabbed her hand.

Yvette froze for a second and shook him off. “Mr. Wolseley, please go back.”

“Why did you come to the hospital?” he asked, staring at her.

“I was not going to see you,” said Yvette, her eyes dim.

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Yvette pursed her lips. She would not admit it, nor would she regret it.

“Mr. Wolseley, you’re wrong. It’s reasonable that I ran away. Do you want me to sit down there and watch?”

The rain was getting heavier. The driver was impatient and said, “You think you’re in a TV drama? I need to

work...”

Ding!

The man took out his credit card and swiped it. “Is it enough?”

The driver thought, certainly it's enough. With that sum of money, I can stop working for a month.

The driver was smiling. "It's raining heavily. Sir, come in and talk as long as you want. It's no problem for you to stay here for days."

"You!"

Yvette didn't know what to say. She frowned and thought that she couldn't beat the power of money.

She thought, just forget it.

She said, "Excuse me, I'm getting off."

"No." Lance refused coldly.

"Mr. Wolseley, don't waste your precious time here with me. Go back and be with your Ms. Myers."

When she said this, there was no emotion in Yvette's eyes, as if the man in front of her had nothing to do with

her.

For some reason, Lance was in a rage. He asked, "Do you want me to see her again?"

Yvette nodded. "Yes."

"Okay!" Without hesitation, Lance got up and closed the car door. He left.

Looking at his back, Yvette felt pain again.

She thought she seemed to get a disease. Every time she saw him, her heart would feel pain.

She wanted to say something, but in the end, she turned her head away and asked the driver to go.

Just as the car started, the door to the back seat was suddenly pulled open again.

Lance returned and pressed her against the seat. He kissed her fiercely.

Yvette's mind went blank and she subconsciously wanted to dodge, but he forcefully grabbed her jaw. His

thin lips rubbed her lips. The kiss was passionate.

Yvette was about to suffocate and wanted to struggle out, but he was holding her mouth as if his hand was a pair of pliers. She was unable to move, and could only endure.

In just a few seconds, she felt her lips numb and painful.

His clothes were all wet, but Yvette felt very hot when he leaned against her.

She felt hot and cold simultaneously, and it felt like she was going to die.

The old driver even got a little excited by this provocative scene, and he decided to close his eyes and not look

at it.

In the silent car, the sound of their lips and teeth entangled was particularly clear.

Just as Yvette moaned out of pain, Lance suddenly loosened his grip on her jaw. His hands dropped down

weakly.

Then, he fell with half of his body on Yvette.

She subconsciously held him, worried.

She saw the blood on the back of the man's neck flowing down his shoulder to her hand.

Yvette's eyes were red. She was trembling as she said, "Please go to the hospital. Be quick!"

In front of the hospital bed.

The rain caused the wound infection, and Lance had a fever.

Marvin informed her of matters to notice. Before leaving, he could not help but say, “Yvette, I know you

don’t believe it, but in fact, Lance still cares about you very much.”

Marvin knew that when Lance was still young, his parents had been separated. The lack of family affection

made it difficult for him to face and admit his feelings.

However, the subconscious reaction could tell something.

Lance really cared about Yvette.

Yvette sat on the bed and looked at the pale handsome face of Lance. She had mixed feelings.

She wondered, does he really care about me?

If so, why would he be so fierce and mean to me and always do things that would hurt me?

But if he didn’t care about me, why was he not willing to let me go and always protective of me?

As she thought about it, Yvette fell asleep beside the bed.

Outside.

Jamie and Marvin did not leave either.

They were smoking in the corridor.

Marvin spoke first, “Aren’t you a little too harsh on the Robbins family? I just saw the eldest daughter of the Robbins family send her father to the emergency room. She was in such a hurry that her knees were broken

and one of her shoes was lost.”

Jamie hid his straight handsome face behind the smoke and did not say a word.

Marvin put out the cigarette and carefully glanced at Jamie.

Marvin advised, "I'm not opposed to your attack on the League, and I can even help you. Those elder men deserve punishment.

"But the biggest fault of the Robbins family was just destroying the engagement. It is understandable that parents care about their children. Isn't it a bit unreasonable for you to just blame the Robbins family?"

"Moreover, you and Ms. Brown will get married in about ten days, and you are still seeing Ellen. If Ms. Brown

knows, Ellen will be in trouble.

Marvin had known that the daughter of the Brown family was hard to deal with.

However, Jamie doted on her so much that no one dared to say anything.

After all, Ms. Brown had sharp eyes and was able to pick up the buried treasure, Jamie, as her husband.

Back when he was overseas, without the help of Ms. Brown, Jamie would probably have suffered for a few more years and could not have made a comeback so quickly.

However, Marvin's words did not sway Jamie.

"It's none of your business," he said coldly.

Then, he turned around and left.

Those who had not experienced being stepped into the swamp by others could not understand how much

hatred he had.

He hated the person whom he thought he would spend his life with for easily betraying him.

In the dark night, the scar on Jamie's forehead was also invisible, making him look even more fierce.

He looked at the dazed figure in the intensive care unit, and there was no emotion in his eyes.

He reached up to push the door open.

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 65

Chapter 65 Am I Stupid?

In the ward, Ellen breathed a sigh of relief when she heard the doctor say that her father was temporarily out of danger.

She looked terrible and had no time to clean up. She stayed by the bed.

Looking at her father's grey hair, she hated herself even more.

She hated herself for letting her old father pay for her mistake.

She thought, I've made a stupid mistake that I found a man to provoke Jamie.

But he is going to get married in ten days. Why doesn't he let me go? Is he going to maintain this relationship with me and let me be his shameful mistress after he gets into marriage?

This thought made her feel disgusted.

The biggest mistake she made in her life was to fall in love with Jamie, that jerk.

After she got relaxed, she felt sleepy.

In her daze, she felt a chill on the back of her neck. Someone grabbed her waist and pulled her up to his legs.

She suddenly opened her eyes wide, and the man in front of her frightened her into curling up.

Jamie narrowed his eyes slightly, seeing fear in her big eyes.

She was very afraid of him.

This made him very satisfied.

"Why are you here?" Ellen's lips trembled.

“Can’t I be here?” Jamie smiled and caressed her face.

Ellen was in a trance. In fact, Jamie looked very handsome when he smiled. In the past, when they were together, he often looked at her with a sweet smile on his face, which always reminded her of snow in the mountains. They both were refreshing and pleasant.

But now, the scar on his forehead and his buzz cut made him look cold and evil.

This kind of fake smile was terrifying.

“Why hasn’t Mr. Robbins woken up yet?”

”

“Jamie, what do you want to do?” Ellen immediately regained her senses and became alert.

Jamie intimately touched her lips and smiled, “I just want to do it with you.”

He let out these kinds of words casually, but Ellen would not blush and be embarrassed.

Because on the bed, what he said was much dirtier.

face, sil

“Well, what’s wrong with the hospital?” Jamie raised his eyebrows. There was only sexual desire in his eyes.

“Please, my father is still lying here. You can’t...”

Ellen’s eyes were red, but Jamie did not show any pity. He exerted more strength on her.

“You...!”

Ellen took a deep breath. Her face changed, and she turned to glare at Jamie.

Jamie still had a smile on his face and looked quite concerned. He exerted force and asked, “What’s wrong?”

“Oh...”

Ellen couldn't help but moan. She bit her lips to calm herself down and said in a trembling voice, “I beg you... Jamie, please, don't do it in front of my dad...”

Jamie did not stop and asked, “What? You don't want it?”

Ellen's face was abnormally red. There was not much pleasure, but more shame.

“Jamie, are you still human? You jerk!”

She thought, how could he do that in front of my father? He's not a man!

Jamie's face instantly changed. He drew back his hand and pushed her away.

His push caused Ellen to stagger and kneel on the ground.

Jamie got up and wiped his hands with a tissue. Then, he said condescendingly, “Since you don't want to, then I'll come to see Mr. Robbins after he wakes up, and...”

He paused, took out his mobile phone, and tapped the screen casually. There was a strange crying sound

coming from it.

Almost instantly, Ellen's face turned pale, and she was paralyzed.

Jamie smiled coldly. “I'll let him see his daughter's famous work. If he is satisfied, I can also spend some

money to make you a big star.”

“Turn it off! Jamie, turn it off!” She suddenly got up and rushed to Jamie. She wanted to grab the phone in his

hand, but he threw her away.

Bang!

With a loud sound, Ellen hit the angle of the bedside table.

She broke out in cold sweat and curled up in pain, like cooked shrimp..

The hit was very hard.

L

Ellen couldn't stand up for a while. She leaned against the wall, gasping in pain.

There was some emotion quickly flashing through Jamie's eyes, but he regained his cool face. He smiled and said, "You're excited? My friends said you are good, and you know how to use tools. They want to sleep with

you."

Ellen widened her eyes and her face turned pale.

She never thought that Jamie would show this video to his friend.

She wondered, how many people have seen this video?

As soon as she thought of how someone else had watched her video, blood went up to her throat, and she trembled uncontrollably. She felt she was going crazy.

"You... What am I supposed to do to let you delete the video?"

She asked weakly, unaware that she had once again jumped into the devil's trap.

"How about sleeping with my friend?"

Jamie said indifferently as if it was a very common thing.

Ellen was about to go crazy. It was not enough for him to rape her, but to share her with his friends.

This was something that even animals would not do!

Moreover, the friends he was talking about were naturally not people like Lance, Marvin, and other dignified

people.

They were not as shameless as Jamie who slept with any kind of woman. They had no interest in other

people's women.

She had seen his friend when she went to see Jamie. He was a rude person who had gone through hardships

with Jamie abroad.

He was brown and strong, the kind that could crush her with one finger.

He had humiliated her with all kinds of words last time and even touched her before leaving.

She felt disgusted when thinking about it. If she had to sleep with that kind of person, she would rather die.

She gritted her teeth and said hatefully, "Jamie, you are going to get married. Why don't you let me go?"

"Because it is fun. It's very interesting." Jamie did not hide his thoughts of treating her as a toy and said it

casually.

Ellen suddenly jumped up and grabbed him with his nails. She cried and scolded, "Jamie, you bastard! I don't

owe you!"

But within a few moves, he stopped her.

Jamie touched his neck and felt a light pain. There must have been a cut.

When he thought of how Fiona, who could not allow him to get close to women, would cry when she saw the injury, he felt annoyed. He looked at Ellen even more ruthlessly.

"You don't have the right to say you don't owe me!"

Jamie stepped on Ellen's hand which had just touched him. He crushed it a few times and sneered, "Didn't you have fun when fooling me?"

Ellen felt a sharp pain in her fingers and her face was wrinkled. She still said, "Jamie, I went to meet you, I was robbed and knocked unconscious on the way. When I woke up, you were already abroad."

but

"Ms. Robbins, you think I'm so stupid?" Jamie said slowly as he got satisfied with her painful face and let her

go.

Back then, when he had no other choice, Ellen had given up everything to elope with him. It was the last glimmer of light in his bad destiny.

But what did he get?

In other people's videos, he saw Ellen leisurely sitting on the sun chair, smiling and saying, "That fool is still

waiting for me at the port. He is so stupid..."

He was the fool she was talking about.

She pushed him into the swamp and stepped onto him.

He stopped recalling. Jamie grabbed the back of Ellen's neck and lifted her up. His voice was deep. "Ellen, you have to pay the price for lying to me."

Then he bit her hard.

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 66](#)

Chapter 66 Obedience

Jamie ruthlessly bit Ellen's lips, and she instantly bled.

Her tears ran wildly, but she could not tell which part of her body was more painful. Her waist, hands, lips were all injured.

After biting her, Jamie deliberately used his fingers to rub the wound, making her bleed more.

and

Ellen screamed in pain, but she did not dare to dodge because Jamie had hundreds of ways to torture her. Any toy in his room would make her feel worse than death.

“Does it hurt?” he asked her, his thumb still stained with blood.

Ellen nodded. Obeying him would make her feel better, and also make the Robbins family better.

Jamie was boiling a frog in warm water. As long as he felt like it, he would randomly give pressure on the

Robbins family.

If she pleased him, the Robbins family could have a chance to take a rest, and her father would not have his

blood pressure soar.

If she angered him, maybe he would immediately boil the water and thoroughly cook the Robbins family.

Ellen felt that she had been a little too stupid just now for displeasing him.

What she could do now was endure him. After Jamie married Fiona, he would control himself from messing around for her. At that time, it would be easier to find a way to get away.

Ellen’s plan seemed nice, but it was only later that she found out she had made a big mistake.

She had completely misjudged Jamie, who was completely inhuman.

Jamie looked at her blood-soaked lips and instantly felt something.

He grabbed her chin, forcing her to raise her head. He then lowered his head to kiss the cherry lips. He was not in a hurry to kiss with her tongue. Instead, he repeatedly kissed her wound. Her trembles of pain gave

him an indescribable pleasure.

After a long kiss, Ellen's blood dyed his lips red.

He looked particularly flirtatious.

Ellen held his restless hand and kissed him on his lips to please him. "Shall we go somewhere else?"

She knew that she would not be able to escape for the night, but no matter what, she could not stay in her

father's ward.

That would be worse than killing her.

At this moment, Jamie was not as bad-tempered as usual, and he wanted to defuse embarrassment, so he directly took her outside.

He drove her to his apartment.

When Ellen entered, she couldn't help but shiver.

When she was disobedient, she had been locked up here by Jamie for two days and nights, tortured by all kinds of toys. It was like a nightmare for her.

Jamie had been abroad for so long and had learned many new tricks, but he didn't want to directly use them

on Flona.

Now he could practice the new toys on Ellen..

Ellen was very obedient. As soon as she entered the door, she took the initiative to go to the bathroom. Jamie

went inside in the middle of her shower.

When her eyes met his eyes, she froze, holding her chest. When she realized what he was going to do, she powerlessly put down her hands and stopped defending herself.

After two rounds in the bathroom, Ellen's legs went soft, and she knelt on the ground because she had been standing for too long.

However, Jamie only glanced at her indifferently as if he was looking at a dog. He had no intention of helping

her up.

Ellen bit her lips and slowly stood up while leaning against the wall.

Jamie's phone rang. It was Fiona on the phone, crying.

Jamie gently coaxed her, "Don't be afraid. It's just a nightmare. I'll get Jack to pick you up."

Ellen was very happy to hear this.

Fiona's nightmare had come at the right time. Ellen thought she could be released.

She picked up the clothes on the ground and wanted to put them on. However, she heard Jamie say, "Did I tell you to get dressed?"

Ellen's expression changed, and she said in a low voice, "I'm a little uncomfortable. Also, isn't Fiona coming

over?"

She almost collapsed because of two orgasms, and she really couldn't take it anymore.

Jamie walked over with a sneer, pinched the back of her neck, and pressed her against the wall with her back facing him.

"Did you also call her Fiona?"

"Sorry, I don't mean to disrespect Ms. Brown," Ellen quickly said.

Jamie's eyes were cold and ruthless. "Baby, you'd better learn to be smart. Remember, I am the one who set

the rules. You can only obey, understand?"

Ellen nodded with difficulty. She understood.

However, Jamie's approach made her break out in a cold sweat. Why did he start again....

Fiona was about to arrive, but he insisted to continue. He really wanted to mess her up.

With this in mind, her entire body tensed up.

Jamie patted her and said impatiently, "Don't be so tight."

Ellen was speechless.

Not long later, the doorbell rang. Jamie quickly finished. Before Ellen could react, he had already stuffed her

into the wardrobe.

The wardrobe was very dark, and Ellen had been suffering from claustrophobia since she was robbed and fell into the valley.

Fear spread endlessly.

She held her knees tightly and curled up with all her strength.

Her body had not yet been cleaned, and there was still a strange smell that made her feel very dirty.

Soon, she heard the bashful, delicate sound of the woman outside the wardrobe.

"Oh... Be gentle..."

Ellen's toes turned stiff, and she smiled sarcastically.

Didn't Jamie want to give everything best to Fiona? Why did he give her the body that he had just used?

Ellen wanted to cover her ears, but she found that it was useless. The sound could not be blocked.

She didn't dare to make too much noise. If Fiona found her, then both of them would mess with her.

She wouldn't look for trouble.

The cries outside continued, and it was clear that Jamie was very good at serving women.

In just an hour, Fiona had at least three climaxes.

Ellen stayed in the wardrobe until dawn. When Jamie opened the closet, she was still half-asleep.

Just as she was about to speak, Jamie signaled her to go out.

She pursed her lips and climbed out of the closet with her soft legs.

She subconsciously reached out to Jamie's hands, but he only used his foot to catch her and then signaled her

to leave quickly.

At a glance, Ellen saw Fiona lying on the soft bed with her long legs that were as white as cream. Her posture showed that she was loved.

Ellen's thick eyelashes trembled, and she could not say what she felt. She had been very sad recently, and she had been unwilling to show her sadness to him, but now she could not hold it back anymore.

However, she had no time to be upset.

She picked up the clothes on the ground and wanted to wear them, but Jamie refused and pushed her out of the door directly.

The door closed in front of her eyes with a bang.

It was winter the next month, and it was already cold outside.

She was only in underwear.

Fortunately, Jamie's apartment was high-class with exclusive stairs, so she didn't have to worry about being seen by others.

She wiped the corners of her eyes and put on her clothes one by one.

Then, she turned and left.

In the room, Jamie stood at the door and saw her clearly from the peephole.

She never had any self-esteem, and she did not feel embarrassed at all. Instead, she dressed casually, thinking that no one could see her.

Looking at the purple and red marks on her body, Jamie's eyes darkened. Suddenly, he felt something again.

Suddenly, a pair of soft and boneless hands rested on Jamie's back. Fiona said gently, "Jamie, why are you standing there?"



[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 67](#)

Chapter 67 I Won't Mess Him Up

Fiona's hands moved around Jamie's broad back, causing him to stiffen uncomfortably.

His back was covered in hideous scars. He had a handsome face that attracted everyone, but his back was really horrible.

Fiona was actually a little disgusted, but his face made her feel that these scars were not unacceptable. Moreover, Jamie was very skilled in bed and treated her nicely.

How good was he?

She suspected that if she asked Jamie to stab himself, he would not hesitate to do it.

Well, no woman didn't like loyal dogs with impeccable looks and great ability.

She thought that she had really picked up a treasure.

If not for that silly woman, she wouldn't have looked at Jamie in the mud.

However, that fool had given her too much.

The Brown family was now in decline, and it was all thanks to Jamie that they were able to maintain their social status in New York.

Therefore, she counted on him for everything.

Fiona hugged the man from behind and pressed her face against his back. She felt that he was trembling.

"What are you looking at?" she asked again. She glanced at Jamie's neck, and her expression changed. "What's wrong with your neck?"

She knew that Jamie was playing with women outside, but he would never let a woman leave a mark on him.

This mark was obviously caught by a woman. With Jamie's personality, how could he allow a woman to do

this to him?

"Nothing. I was scratched by a stray cat yesterday," Jamie said casually.

He turned around and picked her up. "Why are you awake so early?" he asked.

Fiona did not believe him, but she did not take it to heart.

In any case, Jamie had promised her that he would not touch other women after they got married.

Now, he could play as he pleased.

"I can't sleep without you in the bed." Fiona hooked her arms around Jamie's neck and rubbed her face into

his chest.

"Do you want it again?" Jamie smiled.

“What are you talking about? It’s so early in the morning...” Fiona blushed and rebuked him.

She was still a little unsatisfied and wanted to ask for more, but she didn’t want to be too obvious.

After all, in Jamie’s eyes, she was still a pure little girl.

But how could a woman who had had sex before be so easily satisfied?

“There is no one at home. What are you afraid of?” Jamie did not mind. He carried her to the bed and reached

down, but he was stopped by Fiona.

“Jamie...”

Fiona raised her face, revealing her charm. She rubbed her fingers on his palm and shyly hinted, “Don’t hold back anymore... Come in, I don’t mind.”

She came over in the middle of the night with the excuse of having a nightmare because she wanted to do something with Jamie. But men should take the initiative in this kind of thing.

But for so long, Jamie only kissed her forehead and back. He hadn’t even had a tongue kiss with her.

If Fiona didn’t know that he was playing with other women outside, she would have thought that he was a virgin.

Although Jamie had solemnly promised at the beginning that he would only have her on the wedding night,

she felt a little uneasy for he was so calm even with her obvious hint.

Last night, she was wearing sexy pajamas to seduce him, but he only used his hands to make her happy.

When she reached there, she saw how calm he was as if he was doing business.

But the calmer he was, the more she wanted to get him.

Who didn't want such an extraordinary self-controlled man?

As long as she thought about his expression of abstinence at that time, she would be excited and want to

kneel and submit.

Now that he was moved, it was a good opportunity for Fiona. She wanted to touch him, but she was pushed

away by Jamie.

She was a little shocked. As a girl, she was too embarrassed to take the initiative again.

She turned her face away with obvious unhappiness.

Jamie held the back of her head and kissed her cheek. Then he said in a hoarse voice, "Fifi, I treasure you very

much. I want to give you the best. Now let me serve you with my hand."

After that, his hand moved.

Fiona also liked to hear these words, and she felt like she was cherished.

She just didn't understand why a man like him cared more about the wedding night than a woman like her.

Fortunately, she had repaired her maidenhead. Otherwise, he would be uncomfortable to know that she was not a virgin anymore.

Soon, she had no energy to think. She closed her eyes tightly to enjoy the happiness he brought.

It was after dawn.

Yvette reached out to touch Lance's forehead and learned that his fever had finally subsided.

She let out a long sigh and went to the bathroom to wash up.

Suddenly, she heard a loud sound outside.

Yvette was shocked.

She quickly opened the door and surprisingly saw that Lance had already walked to the front door with a

stool knocked down on the floor.

She called, "Lance?"

Lance turned to look at her, and his beautiful eyes lit up for a moment.

He stepped in front of Yvette and held her tightly in his arms without saying a word. He was so strong that

Yvette's ribs hurt a little.

She subconsciously wanted to break free, but she heard him say, "I thought you ran away again."

Yvette's expression was a little uncomfortable. What did he mean by running away again?

She pushed him. "Let go of me now. You have been injured."

However, he did not let go of her. Instead, he hugged her even tighter.

He circled around her and said gloomily, "I promise you that I won't mess him up."

"What?"

Yvette didn't quite understand what he meant.

"I won't mess Charlie up."

Yvette understood now. But Lance sounded very reluctant, and he was gritting his teeth.

"Oh."

Lance was furious. He already made the biggest concession he could make, and that was all her reaction?

He let go of her and grabbed her mouth with both hands. He said fiercely, “Shouldn’t you say something?”

Yvette did not understand what she should say. She thought Lance never should have touched Charlie. Charlie helped her, but Lance messed him up again and again. She actually felt that Lance should apologize to

Charlie.

But she did not dare to say this, for Lance was too uncertain.

“There is nothing between me and Charlie, so you should not mess him up.”

“Nothing? He kissed you! Doesn’t the kiss mean something?”

“Yvette, when did you become so generous?” Lance could not help but mock her when he thought of that

scene.

Yvette was speechless.

Since she did not reply, Lance thought that she had tacitly agreed. He was even angrier and pressed her against his chest.

“You have to promise me that you won’t see him, Then I won’t mess him up.”

Yvette knew that he would have some requirements for her. She explained, “Charlie has never kissed me, and he has never thought of it.”

She didn’t understand why she had to explain to him, and the atmosphere was so strange.

The two of them seemed to have returned to the past, like a normal couple.

“He didn’t? That day in the car...”

Lance could not continue, and his words were filled with strong jealousy.

In the car?

Yvette finally figured out what he meant.

So this was the reason why he drove the car and bumped into Charlie?

She frowned slightly, unwilling to argue with a patient. She explained patiently.

“He didn’t kiss me at all. Maybe you saw him touching my face because the wound on my face was stained

with my hair.”

“Really?”

“Why would I lie to you?”

Yvette frowned and asked him to lie down. She said, “You shouldn’t stand for too long. Take a rest.”

“Yvette.”

Lance suddenly called out to her with a joyful tone.

His hand was still holding her. Yvette subconsciously felt that they were too close, so she struggled to retreat

a little.

However, before she could take a step out, she was pulled into his embrace.

Lance raised her chin with his finger and looked at her lips with his beautiful eyes. “Your mouth is less irritating today.”

After he finished speaking, he kissed her. He used to be bossy and always bit her, but this time he was extremely gentle as if he loved her.

Yvette was stunned by his kiss and forgot to struggle for a moment.

Just as the two of them were focused on the kiss, the ward door was suddenly pushed open.

“Lance...”

The scene in front of Yazmin made her forget what she wanted to say. She stood stiffly at the door.

Yvette suddenly felt the warmth on her lips disappeared. She felt ironic.

She pushed Lance away and took a step back, saying, “I’ll leave now.”

[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 68](#)

Chapter 68 My First Choice

Just as Yvette was about to leave, Lance pulled her back and said unhappily, “Where are you going?”

Yvette didn’t avoid his question. She looked at him and said, “Someone is taking care of you now.”

“I called Yazmin over,” Lance said.

Yvette was stunned and saw that Yazmin had walked in. “Yvette, I came to say that I just accidentally fell on Lance yesterday. Don’t misunderstand us. We are fine.”

Yvette was a little surprised and did not speak.

Yazmin continued, “I know that you have many misunderstandings because of me. During these years, Lance has always treated me as his sister. Don’t be angry with Lance because of me.”

Yazmin sounded careful and sincere, not like the arrogant and domineering woman she used to be.

“Kaff...”

She suddenly coughed without even saying too much.

Lance frowned and asked, “What’s wrong?”

“I didn’t sleep well last night, so maybe I caught a cold... Kaff...”

“Go back and rest,” Lance said lightly.

A trace of sadness flashed through Yazmin’s eyes. She forced herself to look happy and said, “I wish you happiness. I’ll be excused now.”

The door was closed, but Yvette was still deep in thought. Only when Lance pinched her cheek did she come

back to her senses.

“Lance, what do you mean by this?”

Lance raised his eyebrows. “You still don’t understand?”

Yvette’s heart was pounding. A vague thought was forming in her mind. But she was afraid that she was having some fantasy again.

Holding Yvette in his arms, Lance said in a deep voice, “I’ve said I won’t divorce you, so I don’t want you to

misunderstand me.”

His voice was pleasant to hear, and his embrace was very gentle. Yvette’s heart softened.

She was disappointed in herself, for her stand was not firm.

She pushed Lance away and asked, “Why are you afraid that I will misunderstand you?”

Displeasure flashed in Lance’s eyes, but he endured it and said, “You are my wife.”

It was a subtle word. Today, she was his wife. Tomorrow, someone else might become his wife.

She felt that she had to stay firm. She didn’t want to be Lance’s second choice.

“Lance, I’m tired. I don’t want to be your wife anymore.”

She had been hurt too many times. She didn't want to experience another heartbreak again.

Lance blinked slightly. He reached out to pinch her chin and pecked on her lips.

He was very patient today, using his best skills to seduce Yvette, who couldn't help but groan.

After a while, Lance let go of her and raised his eyebrows. "Doesn't it hurt you to stop being my wife? When I kissed you just now, you felt something. It's difficult for you to find someone who understands your body better than me."

Yvette's cheeks grew hot because of his blunt words.

She said, "Can you be more serious?"

"I'm very serious," Lance said, looking at her.

He was seriously comforting his wife.

"During all these years, I have indeed treated Yazmin as my younger sister. I doted on her because I owed her. After all, she once saved me from being hurt by the knife."

"I don't know if I can trust you or not."

Yvette expressed the worry in her heart.

After all, she had been disappointed too many times. Her heart was riddled with holes, unable to bear repeated injuries.

Lance was silent for a second and said, "Only you will be my first choice."

Yvette widened her eyes and looked at him in disbelief.

This was the first time Lance had given up on Yazmin and chosen her.

She admitted that she was very touched.

But could he really fulfill his words?

Even if Lance didn't love Yazmin, Yazmin was still trying to pursue him. Yvette did not believe that Yazmin was really going to let go.

But in her heart, Yvette wanted to give Lance another chance.

After all, she planned to give birth to this baby. Having a loving family was also important for the growth of

the baby.

"I will think about it," Yvette answered.

Lance was not satisfied with this answer at all.

His thin lips pressed against hers again. He kissed her eyes and then her delicate nose. Every kiss was full of affection.

Finally, he kissed her lips, sucked her tongue, and stirred until Yvette gasped softly. Lance still didn't want to let go. He pressed against her forehead and tempted her, "Do you still need to think about it?"

Without waiting for her to reply, Lance leaned over and gently bit her earlobe. The tip of his tongue swept over her inner earlobe and poked it several times. Yvette suddenly trembled.

Seeing that she was so sensitive, Lance smiled. He hugged her and said, "Don't think about it anymore."

Yvette was not short, but she was only able to reach Lance's throat. At this moment, her face was buried in his chest, and his pleasant fragrance wafted into her nose.

She was nearly seduced again.

She clearly knew that if she was bewitched by Lance's tenderness, what awaited her might be satisfaction or betrayal.

But Lance was the man she had loved for ten years. She wanted to gamble again without regret.

"I'm afraid of getting disappointed again."

“I promise you I won’t let you down.”

Yvette’s mind was completely a mess.

She clearly felt her heart was shaken as if being swept by a storm.

She let out a long sigh and said, “Lance, I only have one heart.”

Don’t hurt my heart again. Don’t forget what you are saying now.

“I know.” Lance agreed lightly.

He kissed her collarbone again and bit lightly. Yvette felt that his body was hot, but soon she realized that something was wrong. She felt his erection.

She quickly pushed him away and blushed. “You are a patient.”

Lance was not satisfied. “You don’t know man will be energetic at this moment.”

Then he leaned over again and lowered his head to suck on her soft earlobe. Then he licked it.

Yvette felt so itchy.

“Knock!”

Marvin knocked politely on the door and pushed it open. He had not expected to see such a sexy scene.

He coughed unnaturally. “I didn’t see anything. You guys continue.”

Although he said so, he didn’t move his feet as if watching a good show.

Yvette hurriedly pushed Lance away. Seeing that Marvin seemed to look for Lance, she panicked and said, “You guys chat.”

Then she ran out without looking back.

Marvin noticed Lance’s deep gaze was fixed on Yvette’s back. He smiled and reminded him, “The yacht?”

“Take it.” Lance was in a good mood and quickly agreed.

Marvin put away his smile and walked forward. He handed the material in his hand to Lance and said

seriously, “Your guess is correct. Your father and your uncle might have started business overseas.”

Lance flipped through the documents, his handsome face turning cold in a second.

Marvin smiled, “On the surface, it doesn’t seem to be any problems, but...”

Even if Marvin stopped, Lance would understand him.

The more normal it appeared on the surface, the bigger the problem would be.

Seeing that Lance was silent, Marvin continued, “I don’t know what your father is thinking. After all, you are his son. What does he mean by doing this to you? Luckily your mother went abroad to keep an eye on him all these years. Otherwise, he might even send the Wolseley Group to others.”

Lance lowered his eyes. It was difficult to tell what he was thinking.

He said simply after a long time, “Keep an eye on him.”

Marvin took back the documents and teased, “After you and Yvette make up, hurry up and give birth to a baby. Perhaps your father will give you the business for the sake of your child.”

Lance shook his head and said, “Her body hasn’t recovered yet. She will suffer if bearing a child. I’ll wait until

she is well.”

“Oh, you’re so considerate.” Marvin smiled.

Yvette took a few steps in the corridor and ran into Yazmin.

Actually, Yazmin was waiting for her here.

Yvette looked at Yazmin expressionlessly, waiting for her to speak.

“Yvette, are you afraid?” Yazmin suddenly laughed.

Chapter 69 Wait and See

Seeing that Yvette was silent, Yazmin continued, "Don't think you won because Lance told me to explain to you. Everyone in New York knows how long he has doted on me. Believe it or not, as long as something happens to me, Lance will immediately abandon you."

"Are you afraid?" Yvette slightly raised her eyes.

"You!"

Yazmin said so arrogantly because she was afraid.

The bitch was more important than her. How could she not be afraid?

However, she thought of something and found it meaningless to threaten Yvette now.

Finally, she smiled and said, "Let's wait and see."

Before Yvette left, Yazmin looked at her belly with resentment.

She thought that the bitch could sleep with Lance in his arms and was even pregnant with his baby.

She wanted to tear Yvette apart.

It was supposed to be her place.

Soon, she would let Yvette know how miserable she would be.

After Yazmin left, Yvette stood in place for a few seconds, calming herself down.

Just now, Yazmin had asked the right question.

Yazmin asked if Yvette was afraid. Of course, Yvette was.

Yvette was more afraid than Yazmin because Yazmin had a family who loved her dearly.

But Yvette only had Lance apart from her grandmother Phoebe.

But people could sometimes be very stubborn and only give up until deeply hurt.

This was also what Yvette understood after the real experience.

Yvette had only taken a few steps when she met Charlie.

Since his arm was tied with a bandage, it was inconvenient for him to bend down to pick up to the ground from his hand.

the

cup that fell

Yvette hurriedly went forward to pick it up and handed it over to Charlie.

“Yvette.” Noticing her, Charlie smiled gently.

He did not ask Yvette why she was in the hospital, but he probably knew the reason.

Yvette felt very guilty. After all, Charlie got injured because of her.

Yvette saw Charlie holding the cup and trying to twist the lid open.

Yvette quickly helped him and handed it over.

“Can I trouble you to feed me?” asked Charlie.

Only then did Yvette see that his other hand was also injured.

She raised the cup to his mouth, and Charlie took a sip.

Not as sweet as last time, but still sweet, he thought.

Yvette screwed the lid of the cup and sincerely apologized, “Charlie, I’m really sorry. I apologize for Lance.”

Charlie's eyes flickered, and he said gently, "It's fine. Yvette, you don't have to apologize to me."

He asked again, "Are you alright?"

Yvette answered, "I'm fine. I haven't introduced Lance to you. He is my husband. He promised me that he would not pick on you again."

Charlie smiled, "It's okay. It was a misunderstanding last time. Mr. Wolseley's assistant Frankie handled it

well."

Soon, they said goodbye, and Yvette walked back to the ward.

In the ward, Lance looked at the photo with an unknown source on his phone. His eyes turned cold for a

moment.

He looked at Marvin and asked, "Who did Yvette come to see yesterday?"

Marvin was stunned. He did not want to say it, but seeing Lance's expression, Marvin knew he couldn't hide

the secret.

"When I saw her, she was indeed talking to that brat from the Raison family, but she didn't necessarily come

to see him. Don't think too much about it."

Marvin was telling the truth. Yvette did not say who she was visiting.

But Lance clearly remembered that Yvette said in the car that she was not there to see him.

When Yvette returned to the ward, there was only Lance inside.

He didn't seem very happy, but he didn't say anything. He just asked Yvette to come over.

Then, he wrapped her in his arms and kissed her for a long time. Yvette stopped him.

Lance was a patient and needed to restrain his lust.

However, he still wrapped her in his arms. His thin lips pressed against her eardrums as he softly said something. Yvette bit her lips, and her entire face was hot.

“Do all men like that?” she asked, a little embarrassed.

There was a faint smile in Lance’s dark eyes, which looked particularly charming.

“Others have tried it, but I haven’t,” he said.

Yvette patted his chest and said angrily, “Then you won’t have a chance.”

Lance covered his chest and frowned. Yvette panicked and quickly asked, “Does it hurt?”

“My heart aches.”

Yvette was stunned.

“I feel like I’m missing a bit of sex pleasure.”

Yvette really wanted to beat him.

When she moved, a small part of her fair-skinned soft waist was exposed. Lance couldn’t help but pinch it.

“You’re a bit chubbier now?”

Yvette panicked and pulled down her clothes a little.

“No.”

She had only been pregnant for two months, and it was not the time for her to start to show. Yvette’s appetite had been a little better recently. She did not vomit or have diarrhea, so she ate more to give the baby more nutrition.

So she was a little chubbier.

Yvette did not intend to keep her pregnancy from Lance. But with their current relationship, Yvette still hoped to wait until the third month to tell Lance.

Anyway, no matter whether he wanted the baby or not, she would definitely keep it.

“Not bad. It feels good to touch your bott

Lance reached out to scratch Yvette’s waist, making her beg for mercy before stopping.

In the next few days, Yvette stayed with Lance at the hospital every day. He was pretty healthy, so he was discharged from the hospital in less than a week.

However, his work was obviously very busy. Yvette had not seen him for three days.

Yvette felt a little uneasy, but she still tried to persuade herself to be calm.

Recently, she would visit Phoebe every morning.

However, Phoebe was sick and liked to sleep, so she often came when Phoebe was resting.

So today, Yvette was going to wait for Phoebe to get up in the afternoon when going over. She could talk to her grandmother.

It was still early, so Yvette went to the company.

She was a little worried that Lance would work so hard before he fully recovered. Under the guidance of Mary, she personally made soup for him.

On the way, she sent a Line message to Lance and asked if he was busy.

But he did not reply.

When she arrived at the company, Yvette directly went upstairs using the president’s special ladder card.

She bumped into Frankie. Frankie was obviously flustered for a moment.

Yvette’s heart sank for a second, but she still asked, “Is Lance busy?”

“Mr. Wolseley is in the office...” Frankie wanted to say something, but Yvette had walked over.

The office window was open. Lance sat in his seat. The black shirt matched him. He looked at the screen seriously. He appeared particularly sexy.

Yazmin was wearing an office-lady style dress. She looked vulnerable and yet capable. Her clothes were more eye-catching than her usual ones.

It was said that men who worked hard were the sexiest. Lance was especially sexy when he was at work.

Therefore, it was not difficult for her to understand Yazmin’s respectful look, but she felt very angry in her heart.

Frankie had sweat on his temples. He explained, “Ms. Myers has just taken over her father’s business in New York. If there are some things that she doesn’t understand, she will come and ask Mr. Wolseley.”

But just as he was speaking, Yazmin pressed her face against Lance’s lower jaw. Although she was looking at the documents, her actions were quite intimate.

Frankie broke out in cold sweat and couldn’t help but look at Yvette. Her face was expressionless, so it was impossible to tell if she was angry or not.

It was easy for Yazmin to see who was standing outside the window from her position. A provocative smile appeared on her face.

In her opinion, Yvette would run away with a sense of inferiority.

It was lucky for a humble person like her to be able to stay by Lance’s side. How could she dare to make trouble with Lance without grabbing the evidence?

Moreover, Lance would definitely not tolerate a moody woman, so Yvette could only suffer in her heart. If this continued, she would collapse soon.

Out of Yazmin’s expectation, Yvette knocked on the door and entered the room.

Lance was highlighting the documents. When he heard someone enter, he did not even raise his head and said coldly, “Get out.”

Chapter 70 Call Me Honey

Lance's voice was full of coldness and harshness.

Yvette paused and felt like turning around and leaving right now.

Yazmin smiled ironically and didn't speak. She watched Yvette bend down to put the soup on the coffee table

and prepare to go out.

Lance caught a whiff of the perfume. He couldn't help but look up and saw Yvette who was going out.

Suddenly, a smile appeared on his cold face as he shouted, "Wait a minute."

Yvette stopped in her tracks.

Lance stood up and said to Yazmin, "I've highlighted the key points in the document. Frankie will take you to Mr. Chance. He will help you with it."

Yazmin still wanted to say something, but Lance had already walked to Yvette and naturally wrapped his arm around her waist. "Honey, why are you here?"

Holding the document, Yazmin froze for a second.

Yvette was originally not used to being so intimate with Lance in front of others, but she noticed Yazmin's undisguised anger in her eyes. She looked up at Lance with her watery eyes and said softly, "I came here to

see you."

Yvette's pure and pretty face was an innate advantage of her. When she acted obedient and tender, no man

could resist that cute side to her.

And neither did Lance. He couldn't help but kiss her rosy lips.

Yazmin gripped the files tightly and felt her nails sink into her palms while a resentful look showed in her eyes. After a while, she calmed down and said softly, "Lance, I will go out first."

Lance nodded and said, "Mr. Hyde won't make things difficult for you anymore. Frankie will arrange

everything for you."

Hearing what Lance said, Yazmin became happy again. She said sweetly, "Thank you, Lance."

Then, she walked out of the room proudly and elegantly.

After the door closed, Yvette quickly wiggled out of Lance's arms and went to open the thermos. Then she

said with a calm and cold voice, "It's still warm. You can drink it now."

Feeling the coldness in her voice, Lance narrowed his eyes. "You look a bit unhappy."

Yvette made no reply. They hadn't contacted each other for the past three days. She didn't know that Yazmin had already changed her way to approach Lance and successfully entered the company.

She couldn't help but think of the images that they discussed work in the same office every day, especially

when Yazmin obviously had a crush on Lance.

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The thought of that made Yvette's throat tighten, and she felt so hurt that she couldn't even breathe.

But she couldn't give vent to her pent-up feelings, and she knew that Lance didn't like anyone to interfere with his work. If she told him about her feelings, Lance would probably think she was pretentious.

"I'm okay. Just drink it quickly," Yvette said slightly.

Lance felt a little uncomfortable. With a cold face, he picked the thermos up and drank it clean.

As soon as he put down the thermos, Yvette got up and cleared away while saying, “Then I’ll get out of your hair. You can continue your work.”

Just as she was about to leave, her wrist was grabbed by Lance. The sudden pull made her accidentally sit on

his thigh.

Lance lowered his head and bit her lips lightly. “Don’t move,” he said gently.

“Yazmin is much better now. Her father handed over the business in New York to her, but she can’t handle it now. There is a project that is related to our company, so her father asked me to help her. That’s all.

“If you feel unhappy with it, I will ask someone else to assist her after these few days,” Lance explained

expressionlessly.

“It’s okay. There’s no need to do that.”

Lance could take the initiative to explain to her, which already meant that he was very frank and honest in

front of her.

Yvette wasn’t an importunate person. Instead, she knew what she should do in separating public from private interests.

Moreover, it wasn’t that one could act as if nothing happened as long as he ignored the feelings of other

people.

If Yazmin really wanted to come, no one could stop her.

Yvette was still sitting on Lance’s thigh. She soon felt that Lance’s body seemed to be burning. She blushed immediately as she pushed him gently trying to get up.

However, it was already too late.

Lance picked her up, placed her on the wide desk, and pressed a button.

The shutters slowly rolled down.

“Yve.” Lance looked at her directly in her eyes. He gently spread her knees apart with his long legs. With desire in his eyes, he pleaded, “May I?”

“But we’re now in the company.” Yvette was stunned.

Suddenly, she felt a cold feeling on her chest as the white sweater she wore was pulled off.

Then, his tender kisses moved from her neck down. Every time his lips touched her skin, Yvette could feel that her skin was burning from his kisses.

“Mm...”

She bit her lips out of nervousness, and she gripped the edge of the table tightly, afraid that she would make another moan.

Suddenly, someone knocked on the door, accompanied by Frankie’s voice.

“Mr. Wolseley, it’s time to go now.”

Yvette was so shocked that her body stiffened. Her eyes were watery as she glared at him. “Lance... Let go of me. You should get down to business now.”

There was no trace of nervousness on Lance’s handsome face as he said hoarsely, “I’m doing my business

now.’

He had been separated from her for so many days that he couldn’t suppress his desire for her.

Although he couldn’t have sex with her right now, he still could do something else.

The knocking continued. Yvette really wanted to cry now. She reached out to push him away, but Lance just pinned her on the table.

Her beautiful eyes were now red with tears, which made her look like a cute rabbit.

There was only one thought in Lance's mind at this moment. She looks so attractive while crying.

An evil idea came into his mind, and he wanted to make her cry harder.

Yvette was still struggling. Suddenly, Lance grabbed her wrist tightly and leaned over to kiss her fiercely.

The person who knocked on the door outside seemed to know what was going on inside, and he stopped knocking on the door.

In the end, Lance gradually calmed down and began to breathe more easily.

He lay beside Yvette's ear and said in a hoarse voice, "Honey, sooner or later, you'll make me crazy.

After a while, he stood up. Yvette was still breathing quickly. Her hair was wet with sweat. Her cheeks were

red, which made her look pitiful and lovely.

When Lance helped her clean up, he looked at her legs. He was a bit rude just now, and Yvette's fair skin

became a bit swollen.

Lance's eyes darkened. He should have been more tender just now.

He pulled open the drawer and took out a medicinal ointment. He let her lie down and then applied the

ointment on her skin carefully.

Lance's slender fingers were cold. As she felt his touch, her face was red again.

Fortunately, she was wearing a pair of soft and loose trousers today, so the ointment wouldn't be wiped out by her trousers.

But it was still too embarrassing.

She said shyly, “Why do you have this in the office?”

Lance put on an evil smile. “My flight is at three o’clock in the afternoon, and I’ll be on a business trip for four days. Even if you didn’t come, I was going to call you over today, so I’ve prepared it in advance.”

Yvette didn’t know what to say.

What happened just now had sapped her strength, and she only thought in her heart that she wouldn’t send soup over in the future.

Knowing that Yvette wanted to go to the hospital to see her grandmother, Lance insisted on driving her to the hospital first.

On the way, he rested his chin on her head and touched her soft earlobe gently.

“When I come back, I will go with you to see your grandmother together.”

Yvette was expressionless. After all, more expectations only caused greater disappointment. Just like last time, he hadn’t been able to go with her.

Lance lowered his head and kissed her earlobe. He said in a hoarse voice, “It was my fault last time. I’ll go and apologize to your grandmother personally.”

He still remembered what happened last time, which made Yvette feel a bit moved. She smiled and said,

“OK!”

Seeing her tamed appearance, Lance was turned on again. He lowered his head and kissed her lips.

Yvette struggled and said, “Lance... There is still someone else here...”

Frankie immediately lifted the partition to separate the two spaces.

He thought in his heart, as long as you two feel happy, you can treat me as nothing.

Now, Lance had no scruples. He reached out and pulled down her sweater, leaving a love bite under her

collarbone.

Yvette had not yet woken up from the pleasing and numb feelings when she heard Lance's strong voice.

“Call me honey.”

