

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 7

Chapter 7 He's Going to Marry His Tantalizing Ex

But soon, Yazmin came back to her senses. She looked at Emilie. "Emilie, it seems that I've left my bag in the restaurant. Will you please fetch it for me?"

Emilie wanted to keep picking on Yvette, but she was resigned to leaving. And when she left, she glared at

Yvette harshly.

Yazmin looked at Yvette with a sweet smile, "Yvette, thank you for taking care of Lance."

By saying that, Yazmin was actually declaring that Lance belonged to her.

Meanwhile, Yvette found what Yazmin said ironic, thinking, she isn't Lance's wife. *I am.*

Yazmin continued, "I was too willful before, fleeing abroad just because of a row. But Lance is so sweet. He has been waiting for me to come back all the while. Therefore, I decided to marry him while I'm back now."

Yazmin kept talking.

But she didn't have Yvette's attention anymore.

That Yazmin was going to marry Lance wrenched Yvette's heart. Yvette almost fainted upon hearing this.

Yvette thought, *we haven't divorced yet, and he is already planning to remarry!*

Noticing that Yvette wasn't listening, Yazmin called her, "Yvette?"

Hearing that, Yvette wrenched her mind back to the present.

"What is the matter, Ms. Myers?"

Looking at Yvette, who wasn't herself now, Yazmin was satisfied.

Then Yazmin took out her phone, opened the Line application, and said, “Yvette, how about I add you on Line? Lance treats me so well. I am thinking that maybe I can give him a surprise sometimes. You’ll have to assist

me then.”

Yvette didn’t want to have Yazmin on her contact, but as Yvette saw Yazmin’s face, which was eager, Yvette

was resigned to it.

Since the sun was shining brightly outside, there appeared beads of sweat on Yazmin’s forehead. Therefore, Yazmin turned to look at Yvette and said in embarrassment, “Yvette, can you please take me there?”

Yvette nodded and pushed the wheelchair. But the wheelchair wasn’t moving.

Yvette then pressed her hand against the armrest while bending so as to check if the wheels were stuck.

But the moment Yvette lowered her head, Yazmin pinched Yvette’s arm hard and asked with a sneer, “Yvette,

did it give you pleasure to sleep with my man for the past two years?”

Yvette had a premonition that something bad was gonna happen.

At that moment, the wheelchair, which was stuck, moved on its own suddenly.

“Help!

“Yvette!”

Yazmin, her face full of fear, screamed and called out Yvette’s name. In its wake, she fell backward harshly.

Yvette’s pupils constricted as she reached out, wanting to pull back Yazmin. But it was already too late....

Bang!

With a muffled sound, Yazmin fell heavily onto the ground.

“Yazmin!”

At that moment, a voice, which sounded familiar, came from behind.

Before Yvette could find out who that was, she was pushed away.

The shove caused Yvette to hit the railing next to her, hence an ache from both her knees and her lower

abdomen.

“Lance, I’m in a lot of pain.”

Yazmin sobbed weakly in Lance’s arms. Her forehead was covered in blood, and her expression was

extremely pained.

Lance frowned as he examined Yazmin’s wounds carefully. He looked quite nervous now.

And all the while, he did not even look at Yvette, who he had pushed away.

That made Yvette’s heart ache as if someone was clutching it fiercely, making her breathless.

“Lance, I saw everything. It was this crazy woman who pushed Yazmin!”

Emilie, who had just come out, pointed at Yvette while blaming Yvette.

Actually, Emilie didn’t see anything at all. But she accused Yvette anyway since Yvette was a pain in the ass

to her.

Lance swiveled to look at Yvette, his eyes overflowing with hostility.

Lance’s gaze stunned Yvette for a moment. But there was still a trace of hope in Yvette’s heart that Lance

might be sensible. “I didn’t...”

“Enough!”

Lance interrupted Yvette mercilessly, his eyes scarlet. “If something happens to Yazmin, I will not let you off.”

Lance had decided that Yvette was to blame.

The hint of hope that was in Yvette’s eyes before had now vanished.

Her heart was bleeding as if a barbed hook was hooking it cruelly.

How laughable!

It turned out that, in Lance’s eyes, Yvette was vicious like that.

Yvette was shivering with cold. Now, both her body and heart were suffering.

Lance then carried Yazmin into his car without a backward glance at Yvette.

Emilie

followed up while glancing at Yvette, who was on the ground, with a sneer, as if Yvette was a poor stray pet.

“Lance is out of your league. You are insignificant to him compared with Yazmin.”

Emilie’s words were unpleasant, but Yvette didn’t listen to her at all.

Instead, she just stared blankly at Lance’s steps, which looked rather nervous, as if she was a soulless robot.

The way Lance took good care of Yazmin was something Yvette had never seen before.

Now, it dawned on Yvette that she was never really close to Lance’s heart.

Then Lance started his black Bentley. A cloud of dust rose as the car drove off.

At that moment, a queer pain came from...tte’s lower abdomen.

Yvette came to her senses and realized something. She then held her lower abdomen. “The baby...”

Then her phone rang. It was Ellen who called to tell Yvette that it would still take her a while before she got out of the garage.

The continuous pain in her body panicked Yvette a lot. And since it was difficult to grab a cab at the entrance of a high-end restaurant, Yvette got up, wanting to stop Lance's car and have him drive her to the hospital regardless.

Then Lance's car passed by before her. Yvette dragged herself with difficulty as she hailed the car with all her strength.

However, Lance did not stop. Instead, he sped right away toward the main road ruthlessly.

Yvette was left staring after the car until it disappeared.

With her stomach in pain, she stroked her lower abdomen while shedding tears of sadness.

"Baby, I'm so sorry..."

Inside the ward.

A doctor was examining Yazmin carefully.

Lance was outside in the corridor, answering the phone. The sunlight fell through the glass onto his face, his

handsome and sharp profile outlined against it.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wolseley. I failed to locate Mrs. Wolseley. She might have left already."

Frankie said frankly over the phone.

"All right."

After hanging up the phone, Lance kept thinking of how dejected and helpless Yvette looked after falling onto the ground.

He knew it was he who pushed Yvette.

But, as he could remember, it wasn't a strong push, and there weren't any injuries. But why did Yvette look so painful?

Lance thought, *since Frankie has not found her, it means that Yvette should be fine, right?*

But somehow, Lance felt restless and uneasy.

Yvette's reddening eyes as well as her tearful face kept flitting through Lance's mind.

Lance thought, *I should not have been merciful to Yvette since she injured Yazmin.*

But Yvette never does anything inappropriate. And even though she and I are married, she never takes advantage of that and always knows her place.

Perhaps it was really an accident.

But *if it was an accident, then what does that make Yazmin?*

He looked at the ward with deep eyes. Something had changed within him, even though he hadn't noticed it.

Back to the ward.

There were still tears on Yazmin's face. Noticing that Lance was approaching, she reached out to hug him.

Lance frowned slightly. Obviously, he did not want any intimate contact like this. But because of Yazmin's

injury, he did not push her away.

"Are you better?" he asked.

Despite Lance asking with concern, Yazmin could hear the coldness in his words.

“It doesn’t hurt that much now,” Yazmin looked up with a face full of tears and said pitifully.

“Yazmin, what happened back then?”

Lance sounded casual. But somehow, his words sent a chill down her spine.

“Yvette didn’t do anything wrong. She pushing my wheelchair was a goodwill gesture. I think there should be

a problem with my wheelchair. That was why I fell. Lance, don’t blame Yvette, okay?”

Yazmin explained, her voice full of guilt.

Lance looked at Yazmin, his gaze softening.

He thought, *I shouldn’t have thought of Yazmin that way.*

Then he held her shoulder while removing his waist from her hand quietly. “Rest yourself.”

With the light pouring down on his face, Lance looked handsome and dazzling.

Yazmin was dumbfounded by that.

It wasn’t until Lance left that Yazmin put away her innocent smile and brought back malice to her face.

She thought, *Lance actually suspected me because of that bitch!*

