

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 70

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."

Chapter 71 Marcus Wolseley

Lance kissed Yvette with his thin lips for a long time until she was forced to call him honey a few times in a

soft voice.

Before he got out of the car, he tidied up her clothes for her. With a meaningful look in his eyes, he said in a low voice, "Wait for me to come back. I will definitely make you beg me in bed at that time."

Yvette's face turned red again. *Is it really necessary to make an advance notice for something like this?*

Before, he had not yet recovered, and the doctor said that it would take at least a week for him to be abstinent.

However, he asked her every day, so Yvette had to promise him that he could do anything he liked after a

week.

She had also consulted the doctor. In these two months, as long as they were careful, it was not impossible to

have sex once in a while.

Therefore, she would ask him to be gentler at that time.

When she arrived at the hospital, Yvette saw the nurse, Kenley Brewin, sitting outside.

Her hair was messy, and her cheek was swollen. When Kenley saw Yvette, it was as if she had seen her savior.

“Ms. Thiel, I was just about to call you. Someone said that he was your grandma’s son and fed the cake to your grandma. I told him that your grandma couldn’t eat the cake, but he just grabbed my hair and gave me a

slap...”

As she heard this, Yvette’s face changed greatly.

She took out 800 dollars and handed it to Kenley. She comforted Kenley and said, “Kenley, go to see the

doctor first. I’ll go take care of it.”

Kenley

couldn’t help but cry when she took the money. She was timid and didn’t dare to cause trouble. She only looked at Yvette and said, “I am afraid that I can’t take care of your grandma anymore.”

Yvette immediately said, trying to keep her stay, “Kenley, you have taken good care of my grandmother. With you here, I also felt much more reassured. I will take care of my family affairs. Besides, I will give you 500 dollars more every month. Can you continue to take care of my grandmother?”

Kenley thought about it with hesitation. Although Yvette’s grandma was sick, it wasn’t very hard for her to

take care of Yvette’s grandma.

Besides, Yvette had a good personality. If she gave up this job, she would probably not meet such a good employer.

She thought for a while and said, "Ms. Thiel, you don't have to do this. I'll continue to take care of your grandma."

After that, she went to the pharmacy to buy ointment.

Yvette pushed open the door and saw that the ward was a mess. There were broken glass and quilts on the floor.

Her uncle, Hoffman Dudley, stood by the bed and forcefully pushed the cake on her grandmother's face.

"Old bastard, we can do it the easy way or the hard way. It's your choice. Come on, eat it!"

Her grandmother was not in good health. She cried out in pain after being treated by him like this.

Yvette stared at him angrily. She never thought that Hoffman would treat his own mother like this.

Immediately, she picked up the cup at the head of the bed and smashed it toward Hoffman.

"Bang!"

Hoffman was attacked all of a sudden and howled at once.

"Fuck, which son of a bitch did it!"

Hoffman covered his head with his hand and roared loudly.

He wiped the blood on his forehead and saw Yvette looking at him angrily.

"Hoffman, if you don't leave now, I'll call the police!"

“Call the police? Do it if you dare!” Hoffman didn’t care at all. He looked totally like a rascal at this time. “It was clearly you who attacked me. I just came to see my mother, but you just hit me! You ungrateful bitch.”

At this time, the nurse Kenley came in. Seeing Phoebe’s face full of cake, she hurriedly went forward to clean

it up.

“You bastard, don’t you hurt Yvette!” Phoebe scolded in a weak voice.

Hoffman covered his head with his hand and laughed sinisterly, “Mom, are you blind? It was she who hurt me just now! If she doesn’t give me the money today, I won’t leave.”

When Phoebe heard this, she was so angry that she almost fainted.

Yvette felt sorry for her grandma and said harshly, “Hoffman, come with me.”

Hoffman thought that Yvette was about to give him the money, so he immediately followed behind Yvette. They walked out of the door and stood in the corridor.

“What do

you want?” Yvette got straight to the point.

Hoffman said with a disgusting smile, “Yvette, I want only money. Then I can let it go that you hurt me just

now.”

Yvette frowned. “The Dudley’s house was sold by you for 160 thousand dollars. Where is the money?”

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“I spent it all. You know, I’m doing a big business now. Don’t worry, I don’t need too much money. You just

need to give me 50 thousand dollars. I’ll pay you back double when I earn the big money.”

“Doing a big business? You’re actually gambling, right?” Yvette sneered.

“What nonsense are you talking about?” Hoffman’s face suddenly changed.

“My grandma’s phone number has been changed by me. Before, your creditor called her and asked for money.”

After his lie was exposed, Hoffman smiled embarrassedly. “I only went to gamble occasionally before. Now I no longer gamble anymore. Yvette, hurry up and give me the money. I promise I won’t disturb you in the future,”

Wette did not believe him at all. Hoffman was a famous scoundrel. When he was young, he did not learn anything good and only fought everywhere to stir up trouble.

Now, he was middle-aged and was even addicted to gambling. He sold the Dudley’s house without telling her grandma, leaving her grandma homeless.

What was worse, he even spent 160 thousand dollars in less than a month.

This kind of person was just a troublemaker who never felt satisfied.

“Hoffman, the Dudley’s house also belongs to my father. Since you sold it for 160 thousand dollars, you need to give me 50 thousand dollars. As long as you promise not to come to bother me and my grandmother again, I won’t ask you for the money, otherwise...”

Yvette said sternly, “I will sue you and ask you to pay it back.”

Hoffman grabbed her arm and threw her away. “Bitch! How dare you say that! I’ll give you a lesson on behalf of my sister today!”

He threw Yvette away with all his strength. Yvette swayed and used one hand to support the wall so that she

did not fall.

“Give me money now! Otherwise, I will beat you to death today,” Hoffman said fiercely.

“I don’t have money.”

“I know that you’ve hooked up with a rich man. The car he drives is worth a few million dollars. How can you

not have money?”

“How do you know that?” Yvette asked.

“I saw you kiss a man in the car more than once,” Hoffman’s malicious gaze landed on Yvette as he said. “How could you have no money, bitch?”

Yvette did not expect that Hoffman had actually been eyeing her for a long time and interrupted harshly, "What nonsense are you talking about!"

Hoffman did not want to waste any more time with her and asked, "Are you going to give me money or not?"

"No way! Even if I have money, I won't give it to you!"

The quarrel between the two attracted the attention of passers-by.

A man walked down the steps. He had a handsome face and wore a gray suit. He looked calm and had an outstanding temperament.

He glanced over casually.

"Mr. Wolseley, this girl seems to have hooked up with a rich man. Her family found out and asked for money from her," the man's assistant said.

"Let's go," Marcus Wolseley said indifferently.

The black luxury car was already waiting at the door. The assistant opened the car door and made a gesture of

invitation.

After the man sat down, the car window slowly rolled up.

He inadvertently glanced at the little girl. Yvette's hair was grabbed by her uncle, and she seemed to have been slapped, looking very miserable.

Hoffman reached out again, and Yvette's whole face was exposed, red and swollen.

"Stop."

Marcus' usually calm voice now sounded a little hurried.

The driver stopped the car. Marcus got out of the car and walked over unhurriedly.

Yvette's hair was disheveled at this time, and she was exceptionally helpless.

Hoffman was very strong. He grabbed Yvette's hair and raised his hand high. He cursed, "Today, I will teach you a lesson on behalf of my sister. You've hooked up with a rich man and now told me that you have no money. If you don't have money, I'll sell you!"

However, before his hand fell, his hand was firmly held by someone in the air.

The man was tall and stood in the dazzling light. His eyes fell on Yvette without concealment.

“Miss, do you need help?”

Chapter 72 A Lesson Learned

Marcus was strong and easily caused Hoffman to suffer and scream *by* dragging him with great force.

Hoffman could not break free and felt so angry. “Who the hell are you? I was teaching my niece a lesson. Why do you get in my way?”

Before Hoffman could finish his words, Marcus made a move and broke Hoffman’s wrist.

It made Hoffman scream miserably.

Marcus was so fast that it took Hoffman a few seconds to react and fall to the ground, cursing.

After Marcus stopped, his assistant handed him a napkin. Marcus took it and slowly wiped his hands. His eyes fell on Yvette’s face from beginning to end, and Marcus did not even look at Hoffman.

But somehow Hoffman could feel an oppressive vibe from Marcus.

Hoffman had never seen Yvette’s lover before, but judging from Marcus’ noble and extraordinary appearance and the luxurious car, Hoffman figured Marcus must be Yvette’s lover. Then he covered his wrist

and hummed.

“You are Yvette’s man, aren’t you? I am her uncle. If you want to save her today, you have to give me money. Give me 160 thousand dollars for my wrist injury and also the nursing fee.”

It was obvious that Hoffman wanted to blackmail Marcus.

Yvette was still in a trance. Just a moment ago, she thought that she had seen Lance, and her tears almost

came out.

But when she looked closer, Yvette realized that there was only a slight resemblance.

Just like Lance, Marcus also had a pair of big eyes with deep emotions, which was quite out of place with his

coldness.

Perhaps it was because of his age, Marcus looked much more mature and experienced.

“I am your uncle-in-law. How dare you hit me!” Hoffman continued.

Yvette did not expect Hoffman would be so unreasonable and go against anyone. So she could not help but scold, “Shut up! I don’t know this gentleman!”

But Hoffman never believed it. He thought he had finally met Yvette’s lover and could not let Marcus get

away easily.

Then Hoffman said, “My delicate and tender niece is a perfect girl. And 160 thousand dollars is nothing for a rich guy like you. So quickly give me the money, and I will spare her.”

Marcus tilted his head and glanced at Hoffman **with** a sharp gaze.

It made Hoffman unconsciously tremble, and he was somewhat scared.

Then Hoffman came to realize that Marcus was not someone to mess up

with.

But Hoffman still wanted the money. He acted up boldly but said in a low voice.

“You are in luck, boy. My niece used to have many handsome guys chasing after her. She got the face, and she got the body. So just give me the money. Otherwise, if I turn to others, they will also send me money.”

As Hoffman said those words, it was as if he were talking about some of his mistresses instead of Yvette.

Yvette was so angry that she wanted to kick Hoffman.

But someone moved a step ahead of her. Marcus gracefully removed the leather gloves on his hands.

Then, he heavily slapped Hoffman on his face.

“Pah!”

And the slap made a loud noise.

Hoffman spat out a mouthful of blood, and even his nose and mouth were bleeding. He screamed in pain.

Marcus threw the dirty gloves on the ground and crushed them with his feet.

Then Marcus put on a long face and looked coldly. "If you don't know how to talk nicely, go learn at school."

Hoffman tilted his lips and shouted, "Yvette, I am your uncle. How could you just watch when I was being bullied?"

"I don't have an uncle like you," Yvette replied coldly.

At that time, the siren sounded.

Hoffman's expression changed greatly. He did not expect that Yvette would actually call the police. He almost stuck out his butt and wanted to run away.

However, Hoffman was still caught red-handed and was detained in the police car.

Yvette followed to make a statement, but she did not expect Marcus to make a witness.

The police told Yvette to relax. Hoffman's behavior was enough to let him be detained for more than fifteen days.

In fact, Yvette didn't want to make things too difficult for Hoffman. She just wanted to teach him a lesson so that he would think carefully next time before acting excessively. And Yvette wanted Hoffman not to dare to

bully her grandmother anymore.

However, Yvette always felt that this matter was weird.

She never mentioned to anyone that she would take her grandmother to New York. So Yvette wondered how Hoffman could find the hospital so accurately and even know which ward.

Even though Yvette faintly sensed something wrong in her heart, she could not get anything from Hoffman.

Just as she was thinking about the matter, a young policeman walked up to her and asked, "Is your name Yvette?"

Yvette looked up at the policeman, and he said, "Do you still remember me? I used to work at the local police station in Pittsburgh. My name is Rocco Presley."

As Rocco mentioned about that, Yvette had an impression of Rocco. She used to go to Pittsburgh police station a lot while dealing with her father's car accident and trying to find the suspect who escaped.

Even when she came to New York later, Yvette would still go back every year. Unfortunately, there had been

no progress.

Rocco joined the local police two years ago. He remembered Yvette because she was pretty, and also because the accident was quite miserable.

Then Rocco continued, "A few days ago, I heard from my previous colleague that a suspect was caught, and the location of the crime was a few hundred feet away from yours. The suspect said that he saw a suspicious car, and the rest was still under investigation."

Yvette did not expect that there would be such shocking news. Although she rarely mentioned the car accident, she had always kept it in her mind.

Immediately, she gave her number to Rocco and asked him to inform her of any further progress.

After everything was settled, Yvette planned to go back to the hospital. But then she saw Marcus' car stop in

front of her.

Yvette was full of gratitude and stood on the side of the road as she kept thanking him.

"You're welcome." Marcus' voice was gentle, which was quite different from his previous dominant manner,

and made Yvette feel so shocked.

"Where are you going? I'll give you a ride."

"I won't trouble you. I'll just call the taxi myself."

Marcus glanced at Yvette.

“No trouble at all. Get in the car.”

Although he sounded gentle, it was difficult to refuse.

Thinking that Marcus had helped her just now, Yvette did not hesitate to get in the car.

In the car, Marcus handed her a handkerchief and pointed to her right face.

Yvette looked out the window. In the reflection, she noticed the blood. There was a faint sandalwood smell on

the handkerchief. It seemed to be of good quality.

Then Yvette was a little embarrassed, so she said, “Sir, just give me a napkin.”

“The handkerchief is fine. Just throw it away after you use it.”

Yvette still returned the handkerchief to Marcus and said it was not appropriate.

Marcus looked at her, took back the handkerchief, and pulled out a napkin for her.

After that, he seemed to be a little tired, closed his eyes, and did not speak again.

After arriving at the hospital, Yvette got out of the car and thanked Marcus.

Marcus suddenly raised his eyes to look at Yvette and said, “You look like an old friend of mine.”

But these words were so old—fashioned and sounded like a cliché accost to Yvette. She felt that Marcus would ask for her number in the next second and had already thought of an excuse to refuse.

However, Marcus did not say anything else. He just closed the window and left.

Yvette did not think too much and turned to enter the hospital.

Inside the car.

Marcus stared at Yvette’s back with deep emotion in his eyes.

“Alena, is that you?” Marcus thought.

After a while, Marcus had his eyes half-closed as he instructed his assistant coldly, “Investigate that girl.”

Chapter 73 Invasion

In the hospital...

"Yvette, it's been hard on you. You didn't enjoy a single day of happiness with me. You even have to worry about these things."

As Phoebe spoke, she shed tears. She was old and couldn't stop being sad.

"Grandma, you used to protect me. Now it's my turn to protect you." Yvette's eyes were red.

Hoffman was a useless person. He was always out. To afford Yvette's tuition, Phoebe picked up trash, sold snacks, and suffered a lot.

Therefore, Phoebe was sick. It was basically impossible for her to leave the hospital.

"I don't worry about anything else. I'm just afraid that after I leave, no one will take care of you. You haven't gotten married. Even if I die, I will not be at ease."

Yvette wiped her tears and said, "Grandma, don't say that. You will live a long life. Besides, we have agreed that we would go back to the Dudley's house and live there for a while."

Phoebe's cloudy eyes showed a glimmer of hope, and she murmured, "Can we go back?"

"Of course. Although Hoffman sold the house, the owner didn't live there. So I rented it. I will buy it back."

Phoebe held Yvette's hand and said, "Good. That's good."

Phoebe paused and added, "Yvette, I don't know if I can wait until that day. Yesterday, I dreamed of your father. He seemed to want me to see him. I estimate that I don't have much time."

Yvette didn't want to cry in front of Phoebe, but she couldn't control her tears.

Phoebe took out a red paper bag with trembling hands and handed it to Yvette. There was a pendant, which

suggested peace.

"This is what you wore when you were young. You can keep it with you. It can ensure your safety."

What Phoebe said seemed to be her last words. Yvette felt very uncomfortable. She hugged Phoebe and wailed.

“Granny, I have married. It was just that the situation was a little complicated that I didn’t tell you.”

Phoebe was shocked and asked when.

Yvette recounted the entire process in detail, only leaving the matter of the contract of the marriage behind.

In the end, Yvette told her grandmother, “He is someone I have liked for a very long time. When he is done,

he will come to see you.”

When Yvette came out of the hospital, it was dark.

Yvette went straight back to Serenity Villa.

Thinking of what she said to her grandmother today, Yvette texted Lance to ask if he had arrived.

Yvette had checked the flight. Lance must have arrived.

After a long time, Lance did not reply, so Yvette fell asleep.

Just as dawn broke, her phone rang.

In a daze, Yvette picked up the call. There came Lance’s voice.

“Honey, did I disturb your sleep?”

Lance’s voice was clear. Through the phone, he sounded quite sweet.

“Are you done?” Yvette replied in a daze.

“Yes, there are many things to do. I just checked my phone.”

The sound of walking came from the other end of the line. Yvette asked, “Are you on the way to the hotel?”

“I’m in the hotel. Do you want to stay with me?” Lance was teasing Yvette.

For some reason, Yvette felt that after the reconciliation, they felt like they were in a relationship.

Before, they missed this step, and Lance basically interacted with her in bed.

“You will come back very soon.”

Yvette turned over as she spoke.

Lance suddenly paused for a moment before saying.

“Yvette, are you seducing me?”

“What?” Yvette was stunned.

“Look at you. I want to fly back and have sex with you.”

11

Yvette was puzzled. She looked at her phone and realized that she was on a video chat with Lance.

In the video, Yvette didn't wear anything under her silk pajamas. It was obvious that Lance could see her

certain part.

They were plump and seductive.

Lance was bending his fingers to unbutton his shirt. His voice was husky. “I feel they've grown bigger.”

In an instant, Yvette blushed. She pulled over the thin blanket and wrapped it around herself tightly.

“On the office that day, I felt they were a lot bigger. Did you secretly eat papaya?” Lance did not give Yvette a

chance to be shy.

Yvette thought of the day in the office. Lance lowered his head to kiss and bite her. Yvette didn't know what to

say anymore. She shouted in embarrassment, “Lance!”

“You should call me honey now,” Lance said seriously.

Of course, Yvette couldn't do that, but Lance didn't push Yvette. Instead, he said, “Wait until I go back. If you call me this way now, I won't stand it.”

Yvette blushed and wanted to tell Lance what happened today, but the doorbell suddenly rang.

Lance walked over and exchanged a few words with the person outside. His tone became serious. Lance didn't put his phone beside his face, so Yvette could not hear him clearly.

Soon, Lance said, "You can continue sleeping. I gotta go."

Then, Lance hung up in a hurry.

Yvette could not fall asleep. She recalled that someone on the other end of the line seemed to have told Lance that a lady was looking for him.

Although Yvette did not hear it clearly, she could not suppress the uneasiness.

After Yvette lay on the bed for a while, Ellen called to invite her for lunch.

When Yvette arrived at the restaurant, she was stunned at the sight of Ellen. Ellen's waist-length hair was cut

to the back of her ear.

"Did you cut your hair?"

Ellen touched her short hair and asked, "Is it not good?"

"It feels different from before, but it looks good."

Ellen was a woman of great beauty. She was good-looking with long hair, and now she was a wild beauty with

short hair.

It seemed to be especially difficult to conquer Ellen.

"What's wrong?" Yvette felt that Ellen was depressed and asked.

"It's nothing. Someone said that he would marry me when my hair reached my waist. Now that no one wants to marry me, then I just cut my hair off," Ellen smiled..

Yvette knew who the person Ellen was talking about **was** and didn't know how to comfort her, so Yvette

didn't say anything.

“Did Lance go abroad?” Ellen suddenly asked.

“Yes, how did you know?” Yvette was startled.

Ellen had been busy dealing with Jamie recently, so she had no idea that Yvette and Lance had made up.

Ellen said, “I saw him in Yazmin’s post.”

4

Yvette’s heart seemed to fall to the ground.

“Where?” Yvette forced herself to calm down.

Ellen turned on her phone and flipped to the main page of Yazmin’s Twitter. There was a selfie of Yazmin, who wore a light-colored beret, looking very good.

Yazmin even wrote, “I feel so happy that he comes to pick me up.”

Yazmin even showed her location overseas.

The release time was thirty minutes after Lance hung up.

Yvette saw Lance holding Yazmin’s suitcase at a glance. Although only his side face was captured, it was not

difficult to recognize him.

There were comments from people who knew them. They said that Yvette and Lance were in a good

relationship.

Yazmin replied with a smiley face.

In the eyes of their common friends, Yazmin and Lance were a couple.

Yvette **was** speechless, and her heart ached as if it was being stabbed by a knife.

Ellen saw that Yvette didn’t look good and knew that Yvette was not comfortable, but Ellen thought it was

better to break it off now and save Yvette the pain.

Ellen was silent for a while and said, "Yvette, do you know what is the most difficult thing to break through in the world? It is one's first love. That is the eternal salvation of a man's heart. Even if Lance likes you now, as long as something happens to Yazmin, you have to give way. Lance had Yazmin in his heart. You can only be

her alternative."

It was just like how Jamie treated Fiona. Even though Fiona's reputation was terrible, he was willing to spend money and energy to cover up those messy things for her.

It was **all** because Fiona was Jamie's first love.

After dinner, Yvette had a driver to send her off, and Ellen drove by herself.

Ellen just took two steps and realized that she hadn't taken her bag, so she went back to get her bag and went

to the bathroom.

However, Ellen soon found a familiar figure in front of her.

Jamie took Fiona to eat here. They seemed to have just arrived and were ready to go to the private room upstairs.

As they walked towards Ellen, Ellen lowered her head and was a little nervous. She almost bumped into Jamie.

16

"Be careful." Jamie's elegant voice rang in Ellen's ears.

Jamie held onto Ellen's arm with his large palm. He rubbed her arm with his thumb and then released it.

Ellen's heart beat wildly. She did not know what Jamie meant *by* touching her in front of his fiancée.

Ellen forced herself to calm down and said, "Thank you."

Then Ellen turned around and went to the bathroom.

Fiona looked at Jamie's eyes and then looked at Ellen. She said thoughtfully, "All men like to play with untamed women, right?"

Fiona's voice was not too loud, just enough for Ellen to hear.

Immediately, Ellen stopped in her tracks, and the color of her little face gradually faded.

Ellen's short hair was indeed refreshing.

Jamie looked away and said lightly, "Men like to play coquettish and cheap women."

Jamie's voice was elegant, but it was like a slap on Ellen's face.

Fiona had a bright smile on her face and did not say anything else. She took Jamie upstairs.

In the bathroom, Ellen patted her face with cold water. Hot tears flowed out of her eyes.

Ellen was not sad. She just felt that she had disgraced the Robbins family. In her circle, rumor had it that Ellen wanted to save her family by selling herself.

It was said that as long as one was rich, Ellen would be good at playing games.

The door was pushed open with a creak.

Ellen quickly wiped the corners of her eyes and picked up her bag, ready to leave.

Ellen turned her head and saw a handsome face. She was so shocked that she could not move at all.

Jamie's eyes were obviously aggressive. Ellen panicked subconsciously. Her mind went blank, and she wanted

to run away.

However, Jamie grabbed Ellen's wrist and then locked the door.

"What are you going to do?" Ellen's eyes were full of panic.

Jamie raised his eyebrows and pushed Ellen to the sink.

Jamie raised Ellen's hands, and his eyes were full of contempt. "You bumped into me. Aren't you just waiting for me, slut?"

Chapter 74 Crawl Out

Ellen panicked. She would not dare to seduce Jamie in front of his fiancée.

It was known that Fiona had a bad temper. Ellen didn't want to lose her life.

She struggled hard and refused, "I didn't. Mr. McBride, please be kind. Your fiancée is here. If she sees..."

Jamie had taken a move and pushed Ellen's clothes up.

A sudden chill made Ellen take a deep breath.

Jamie lowered his head and bit down, sneering, "I'm surprised that you care about your reputation."

Ellen bit her lip, afraid to make a sound. She said vaguely, "Aren't you afraid that Ms. Brown will get angry?"

"Why don't you scream and see if I'm afraid?" Jamie asked Ellen calmly.

A voice came from outside, and Ellen was so shocked that she straightened her body.

Jamie felt it and sneered, "It seems that you are afraid."

"Don't do it here. I beg you." Ellen softly begged for mercy, but Jamie only sneered.

"How about going to the corridor or the hall?"

Ellen didn't know how to reply, feeling that Jamie might do this.

It seemed that he was fearless, he had nothing to be afraid of, and he had no morality or shame.

Jamie liked to see Ellen be speechless. He reached out and grabbed the back of her neck, turning her over. Jamie forced Ellen to look at herself in the mirror in an extremely humiliating posture.

Then, Jamie said coldly, "Why did you cut off your hair?"

Jamie still remembered the agreement about long hair.

Ellen was like a pile of mud in Jamie's eyes now, and he would not marry her.

However, Jamie hated it when others broke the agreement first.

Jamie thought he should be the one to break the agreement..

Only he could humiliate Ellen, but Ellen provoked him with a haircut.

Ellen staggered and spoke in a broken voice, "Long hair is troublesome."

Ellen did not have the time to take care of her long hair. Of course, this was not the root reason.

Ellen did not mean to provoke Jamie. She had no expectations or delusions.

“Troublesome?”

Jamie snorted coldly. He grabbed Ellen’s arm from behind and squeezed his knee over. With just a little force,

Ellen was in so much pain that she bent down. Things were getting hotter and hotter.

Jamie was a little uncomfortable. He gritted his teeth and said, “I think you are the problem that should be solved.”

Ellen felt that Jamie meant to embarrass her. She glared at him from the mirror. “Can you hurry up? I can’t afford to offend Ms. Brown. If she finds it out, I will be the one to suffer.”

“Why should I care about you?” Jamie laughed when he heard this.

He felt comfortable when Ellen suffered.

Ellen knew that Jamie would not care about her, so she could only grit her teeth and resist.

But Jamie was exceptionally fierce today as if he had been celibate for twenty years and wanted to vent his

desire on Ellen.

Looking at Ellen’s painful expression in the mirror, Jamie did not show any mercy. He said coldly, “You better be obedient. Remember who your master is.”

It sounded so insulting, like a sharp knife skinning Ellen’s face.

Ellen’s entire face was devoid of any color.

“Bang, bang, bang!”

The bathroom door was suddenly slapped loudly.

It could be seen that the corner didn’t mean to just go to the toilet from the way he patted the door. It was as if he had discovered something.

Ellen’s entire body tightened up.

Sure enough, the next second, she heard a sharp female voice.

“Jamie, come out!”

Ellen was completely shocked. Her body suddenly trembled.

However, Jamie remained his fearless look as he coldly looked at Ellen trembling in fear

The knocking on the door suddenly stopped.

The next second, Fiona said, “Break the door!”

The manager of the restaurant would not listen to Fiona and kept trying to comfort Fiona not to be so

emotional.

However, Fiona did not listen. She took something heavy and began to smash the door.

Fortunately, the door was solid enough, but if this went on, sooner or later, Fiona would break the door.

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With the sound of smashing the door, Jamie had an ejaculation.

After Jamie left Ellen, he was not in a hurry and slowly adjusted his pants.

Then, Jamie strode to the door and placed his hand on the doorknob, completely ignoring whether Ellen had put on her clothes behind him or not.

“Jamie!”

Ellen called out to Jamie in despair. Her face was pale, and her body was trembling.

“Don’t open the door. I beg you... Don’t open the door!”

The opening of the door meant that the last layer of Ellen’s skin would be cruelly peeled off, and she would become a notorious slut in New York.

Ellen didn’t care about herself, but her father and mother wouldn’t be able to stand it...

Jamie glanced at Ellen and then opened the door without any change in expression.

When the door opened, Fiona scolded, “Jamie, you bastard!”

Then, Fiona raised the chair and smashed it over. Jamie grabbed it and smashed it aside.

Fiona patted Jamie's chest several times and cried, "Why did you do this to me?"

Jamie smiled, "It's just playing with a woman. Don't be angry. It's not worth it."

Fiona's eyes were red. Jamie could play with all women except Ellen.

Fiona recognized that this was Jamie's ex-fiancée, the eldest daughter of the Robbins family, Ellen.

However, Ellen was now in such a dire state. She sold her body everywhere.

Fiona pushed Jamie away and rushed inside. She raised her hand high and slapped Ellen until Ellen's mouth

was full of blood.

"Bitch, how dare you seduce Jamie into the bathroom? All members of the Robbins family are bitches. You

have no shame."

"No, they are not..." Ellen retorted with blood on the corner of her mouth.

Ellen thought she was dirty, but her parents were clean and innocent. They ran decent businesses, but they

encountered misfortune.

Ellen thought, *all of this is my fault...*

"You dare not admit it!"

Fiona reached out and tore Ellen's clothes before beating Ellen's head as if Ellen were a dog. Fiona kept

beating until Ellen felt dizzy.

Seeing that Ellen was about to faint, Jamie moved his feet and held Fiona's hand.

Fiona was uneasy. She could not see through Jamie, nor did she know if Jamie had pity for Ellen.

Fiona pretended to cry and said, "Jamie, do you have sympathy for her?"

Jamie smiled and raised Fiona's hand. He blew on it and said in a gentle and elegant voice, "Doesn't your hand hurt?"

Fiona

felt relieved. She hooked her arms around Jamie's neck and kissed him. Then she said, "Jamie, I am angry."

Jamie held Fiona's waist and said lovingly, "Then how do you want to vent your anger?"

Fiona smiled, "I want to follow my method, okay?"

"Okay." Jamie did not hesitate at all and only said, "But you can't hurt her face. After all, Ms. Robbins has to help me entertain the distinguished guests soon. It'll be bad if you hurt her face."

Ellen suddenly looked up. She understood that Jamie meant to ask her to receive his guests!

In an instant, Ellen felt that she did not know Jamie. His good-looking face suddenly became ferocious, turning into a monster that would devour humans.

But the torture was far from over.

Fiona smiled and said, "Ms. Robbins, since you are so shameless, then I will give you a chance to make a name for yourself!"

"Crawl out from here," Fiona said as she nudged Ellen's chin with her toes.

Chapter 75 Ellen Is Humiliated

Ellen's pupils contracted, and her face paled as she looked at Jamie, who should be to blame for this mess.

Jamie's lips moved lightly, and he said indifferently, "Don't you hear it?"

Ellen couldn't believe her ears. She felt as if she had been struck by lightning, and her entire body seemed to be in great pain.

This kind of pain was even harder to bear than the pain of being abused.

Ellen suddenly trembled with fright, and her eyes were full of tears.

"No..."

She panicked and crawled on the ground to Jamie's feet, wailing, "You... You can't do this to me! I helped you

before..."

Fiona looked pale when she heard that.

Jamie kicked Ellen's hand away and said in a cold voice, "You still have the nerve to mention the past! Everyone in New York knew that the Robbins family are hypocritical and snobbish! But Ms. Robbins, I gave you the freedom to choose. You might not listen to me."

Ellen smiled bitterly and thought, *the freedom to choose?*

To let *the Robbins family be cleared out of the market and be in great debt?*

Thinking this way, Ellen thought that she was quite valuable.

Ellen suddenly felt relieved. She straightened her back and said, "Jamie, I don't owe you anything."

Her eyes were clear and decisive, and Jamie frowned when he saw her eyes.

An idea flashed through his mind. Jamie thought, *is what Ellen said true?*

Has she really never cheated on me?

However, this thought only stayed in his mind for a second before it was dispelled by Jamie.

Jamie forced himself not to believe anything Ellen said.

He had investigated it, and what Ellen had said didn't happen at all.

He believed that Ellen was vicious, and she must be. Otherwise, what he had done would make him regret all

his life.

Fiona dispelled her thought of making Ellen notorious. The more people knew about Ellen, the worse it would

be for Fiona.

Fiona wasn't sure if there was someone else who knew what had happened back then.

Thinking of this, Fiona stepped on Ellen's arm and crushed it with her heel. Then Fiona said viciously, "You

slut, how dare you seduce my man in front of me? Shameless!

"Crack..."

The sound of bones breaking echoed in the room.

After a while, Fiona withdrew her leg and said, "Well. Take her away. I was disgusted at the sight of her."

After Jamie and the others left, the manager of the restaurant sent Ellen to the hospital.

Ellen had her arm broken and needed to be admitted to the hospital.

The manager asked Ellen if she wanted to call someone else. She shook her head. She could not let anyone know that Jamic treated her like this.

Otherwise, the Robbins family would be finished.

Yvette did not know how she had returned home. She was very dizzy.

She called Lance twice, but no one answered.

When she wanted to call him the third one, Yvette suddenly felt that she was a little ridiculous.

In fact, from the moment they made peace, Yvette had always been worried about losing him. She felt that she had stolen Lance from someone else, and her happiness was not real.

Later, Yvette learned that the more she feared it would happen, the more it would happen.

Yvette fell asleep in a daze while holding the phone. The first thing she did when dawn broke was to take the

phone.

But she received nothing.

There were no phone calls or text messages.

Yvette was absent-minded the whole day.

When she went to the hospital the next day, Phoebe asked her to pick some clothes for her, saying that she had to be dressed well to see Lance.

Yvette opened her mouth, wanting to say something. Seeing Phoebe's happy look, Yvette could not bear to spoil her good mood, so she did not say anything.

In the evening, Lance finally called and asked her what was up. He sounded tired.

"Are you coming back tomorrow?"

On the other side, Lance hesitated for a while and said, "No."

Yvette thought for a moment and asked, "Are you not coming back because you want to stay with Yazmin,

right?"

"Who told you that?" Lance narrowed his eyes.

Yvette pursed her lips. There was no need for anyone to tell her about that because Yazmin had almost made it public. Yvette was the only one who was still foolishly kept in the dark.

They did not speak. After a while, Lance said, "Yazmin is indeed here.

"But she is not here to look for me. She is here to talk about business. We are busy with ourselves and have no

contact with each other."

"Didn't you pick her up at the airport?"

"She's busy, and she comes alone, so I have to take care of her."

Lance said it so naturally as if taking care of Yazmin was his habit.

Yvette felt as if her throat was being choked by someone, and she couldn't breathe smoothly.

After a pause, Lance continued, "Darling, I find that you are very jealous now."

"Then I won't ask in the future," Yvette said indifferently.

“Why are you angry again? Stop messing around. I haven’t slept well these past two days,” Lance said with a

frown.

Yvette felt that Lance’s words were quite harsh, making her feel that she was making a fuss.

But she felt that the most important thing between husband and wife was sincerity.

Lance seldom picked up her calls abroad. And Yvette heard from others that Yazmin was with him.

But Lance didn’t want Yvette to feel aggrieved or complain..

Yvette said seriously, “Lance, I didn’t make a fuss. I want you to tell me what happened, and I can accept the worst results. But you can’t lie to me. Even if we are set apart, I hope that we can have a peaceful breakup.”

Yvette didn’t sound nice because she was really unhappy. She didn’t know how to explain it to Phoebe.

Lance was with Yazmin in another country. As long as Yazmin wanted to, it was impossible for them not to

contact each other.

Yvette didn’t want to be a fool. Everyone knew that Lance was with Yazmin except Yvette.

“Yvette, what do you mean?” Lance frowned and said with dissatisfaction.

He couldn’t bear to hear her talk about any topics related to breaking up.

“It’s nothing. Just remember my words,” Yvette calmed herself down and said lightly.

Then, both of them fell silent.

The silence was torturing, like a terrible hint.

Someone from the other side urged Lance, who communicated with others in a fluent foreign language and then told Yvette that he had to go busy himself.

Before he hung up the phone, Lance said, “Don’t think too much. You just need to be taught a lesson on the

bed.”

That night, Yvette did not sleep well.

The next day.

Yvette went to the hospital and explained to Phoebe that Lance would not be able to return for the time being.

Phoebe was quite disappointed when she heard the news, but she still comforted Yvette and said that work

was more important.

Yvette felt a bit sad when she saw that Phoebe was wearing new clothes. She suggested, “Grandma, how about we go back to the Dudley’s house to stay for a night?”

She knew that Phoebe wanted to stay in the Dudley’s house.

“Will the doctor agree?” Phoebe asked in disbelief.

“I will talk to the doctor.”

After coming out, Yvette went to the doctor.

After the doctor looked through Phoebe’s medical records, his face turned serious. “You better be mentally prepared.”

Yvette’s heart sank when she heard that.

Chapter 76 We Are Over

The doctor said, “Phoebe’s latest examination report shows that she was in a bad condition, and she will pass away at any time. In this case, there is no point in staying in the hospital. You and your family can consider taking her home and try to fulfill her wishes.”

Yvette walked out of the doctor’s office with a pale face.

Her footsteps were weak, and she could not muster any strength, so she could only find a seat to sit down. Kenley saw that Yvette’s face was pale and hurriedly went forward to ask, “Ms. Thiel, what’s wrong?”

Yvette was speechless. She took out her phone, and her hand trembled so much that she couldn’t even press

the button.

She trembled and said, "Kenley, help me. Help me make a call. Just call '1'."

That was the shortcut key to Lance's phone number, which was important when she was in an emergent

state.

Kenley was frightened by Yvette's appearance. She took the phone and helped Yvette press the "1" button. The beeping sound rang for a long time, but no one answered.

Kenley made the phone call again, but there was still no answer. She looked at Yvette and asked in a low voice, "Do you still want to call?"

"Yes."

Yvette was extremely stubborn.

She did not have any strength left. She needed Lance to give her some strength and needed him to fulfill

Phoebe's last wish.

When they called the third time, the phone finally connected.

"What's wrong?" Lance asked, a little tired and impatient.

But at this time, Yvette had no time to think about anything else.

Yvette said in a low and broken voice, "Lance, can you come back? Grandma..."

Suddenly, a weak female voice interrupted Yvette.

"Lance..."

In a split second, Yvette's heart sank, as if she had fallen into the abyss.

Yvette thought she had heard it wrong and asked, "Are you with Yazmin?"

"Yes, Yazmin has..."

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"Lance!" Yvette couldn't believe it and asked again with a trembling voice, "It's night. Are you two

together?”

Lance frowned and looked at the weak Yazmin on the bed. He said lightly, “It’s not what you think. I’ll explain it to you when I get back.”

Then came Yazmin’s soft cry. Lance covered the phone and comforted her gently.

Yvette’s heart suddenly twitched, and the pain almost left her speechless.

Tears streamed down her face, falling into her mouth. They were bitter and salty.

But she didn’t want to disappoint Phoebe. She asked again with a choked voice.

“Lance, can you come back... I beg you. Can you come back now?”

Lance’s heart twitched violently when he heard Yvette begging him.

Yvette had always been strong-minded, and she rarely acted like this. She was begging him humbly.

His heart immediately softened.

“I will go back soon. Wait for me at home.”

“No, Lance. Come back now. Grandma...”

“Yvette.”

Hearing Yazmin crying in pain, Lance could not help but interrupt Yvette.

He thought that Yvette was unhappy that he was with Yazmin, so she asked him to go back in such a hurry.

However, there was a priority. With Yazmin’s current situation, Lance couldn’t leave her alone abroad.

“Don’t mess around. Yazmin is in a serious situation. I can’t go back now!”

Then, as if sensing that his tone was rude, Lance softened his tone and said, “When Yazmin passes the dangerous period, I will accompany you for a while longer.”

Lance’s words instantly destroyed all of Yvette’s fantasies.

How ridiculous.

Lance actually felt that she was acting like this because she wanted to compete with Yazmin for his favor.

She felt so painful.

“Lance, my grandma is not important in your eyes because I am not important to you, right?” Yvette said sadly.

Lance just chose to stay with Yazmin without hesitation.

Lance could not stand her to be unreasonable and said coldly, “Yvette, what’s the point of doing this?”

In an instant, Yvette felt that her heart seemed to be torn apart.

The pain made her almost unable to straighten her back.

She wanted to hang up the phone immediately.

But she did not want Phoebe to have regrets.

She begged, almost humbly, “Lance, I’m not messing with you, Grandma is really in poor health. She really

wants to see you...”

”

Lance frowned. He could not see Yvette’s helplessness, so he just patiently coaxed her, “I promised to see Grandma, and I won’t break my promise. Be good and wait for me to go back.”

Yvette bit her lips hard so that she could check her tears.

“Lance, I’m not trying to coax you to come back. What I said is true! Why don’t you believe me?” Yvette

yelled.

“It’s not that I don’t believe you, but Yazmin is indeed not in a good condition. She fell ill yesterday and needs someone to take care of her now. I definitely won’t leave her alone abroad.”

Lance’s firmness left Yvette in despair.

Sure enough, I once again overestimated myself, Yvette thought.

To Lance, Yazmin was the most important.

To Lance, whether Phoebe was sick or not and whether she could manage to see him at the last moment was

not important to Lance at all.

Yvette once again trusted him wrongly.

“Lance, have you ever thought that she might just keep you beside her with her illness?”

“Yvette, don’t talk nonsense. Yazmin wouldn’t use her health to do such a stupid thing.”

“It is very stupid. She has been using her poor health as an excuse to keep you with her, just because you

believe her! Haven’t you ever thought about why she is always ill in front of you but not others?”

Yvette almost shouted at the top of her lungs.

Lance disagreed, “That is just a coincidence.”

“Is it really a coincidence? Lance, I never believe that there are so many coincidences,” Yvette laughed

sarcastically.

On the other side of the line, Lance felt that Yvette was not in the right state.

He rubbed his eyebrows and said, “I promise you. When Yazmin’s condition stabilizes, I will fly back to see

Grandma.”

Yvette lowered her eyelids, looking extremely tired, and she seemed to have been let down. “Lance, you that I am your first choice.”

She thought disappointingly, *you said I’m the most important.*

Why did you go back on your word?

Why did you hurt me?

"I did say that, but we have to set priorities. Yazmin's life is at risk. Do you want me to leave her alone?" Lance said coldly.

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"Lance, what does she matter to you? Only you will believe what she has done. If her life is really at risk, why doesn't her family go to see her? Have you never thought that all of this is just a trap?" Yvette said bitterly.

"Her family members are flying over."

Lance's voice was cold as he said, "Yvette, you have always been kind. Why are you so vicious now?"

Lance's words broke Yvette's heart.

They were like a knife stabbing into her chest, leaving her in great pain.

Her eyes were red, and she smiled as tears flowed down her face. "Lance, I am not kind enough. You should stay by your kind first love for the rest of your life! We....

"We're over."

Chapter 77 Yvette Is Disappointed

Yvette's words caused Lance to lose his last bit of patience.

He didn't know how to coax a woman. It was fine if Yvette played coquettish once or twice, but in his mind, Yvette was really unreasonable.

Moreover, he hated being threatened the most in his life.

He gritted his teeth and said fiercely, "Yvette, can you stop being childish and threatening me with breakup again and again?"

But Yvette was too disappointed to listen to his words.

The beam of light in her heart had gone out forever.

"Lance, I'm not joking. I was stupid before to believe your words."

"Yvette, you!" Lance almost smashed his phone into pieces. He said through his gritted teeth, "You should

calm down!"

“Beep...”

Yvette hung up the phone.

Lance narrowed his eyes fiercely and threw the phone away.

“Bang!”

The phone smashed into the wall and was smashed to pieces.

Frankie came over from not far away. In fact, he had just heard that Lance was quarreling with Yvette.

He deliberated for a moment and asked, “Mr. Wolseley, do you want me to take a look at what happened to Mrs. Wolseley?”

“No need! Don’t tell me anything about her!” Lance frowned and instructed.

Lance thought that he had spoiled Yvette too much, which was why she was so ignorant and did not know what was important!

She even used divorce to threaten him.

Lance thought that he should be cold to her until she realized her mistake!

After Yvette hung up the phone, she seemed to have calmed down a little.

But it was just on the surface.

Yvette dared not leave Phoebe alone, so she had to immediately make arrangements for their return. Even if they could only stay for an hour, Yvette had to fulfill Phoebe’s dream.

39

At this time, a nurse came over and said, “Are you the family member of Room 304?”

Yvette was extremely beautiful. Even though the nurse had only seen her twice, the nurse had remembered

her.

Yvette nodded. “What’s wrong?”

The nurse looked pitiful and wondered, *why would such a beautiful girl do such an indecent thing?*

She said, "Hurry up and go back to the ward. Someone is looking for you. Be careful!"

Yvette did not understand what the nurse meant by asking her to be careful and hurriedly ran to the ward.

Just as Yvette entered the ward, a woman rushed up and slapped her in the face.

Yvette was already exhausted and weak, and this slap directly knocked her down, causing her to fall to the ground.

A fat woman immediately pointed at Yvette and scolded, "You coquettish woman. How dare you hook up with my husband! I finally caught you!"

Yvette did not know these people and immediately refuted, "Who are you? I don't know you! I don't even know your husband!"

However, the fat woman did not listen to Yvette at all and wanted to give her a good beating.

Before Yvette could react, the fat woman pulled Yvette's hair and called her friends to slap Yvette's face until

it was red and swollen.

Phoebe had just been pointed at in the face by this group of women who said that Yvette was a slut. And now, she still couldn't breathe smoothly.

But when she saw Yvette being hit, Phoebe's heart hurt like hell, and she muttered, "Don't beat her... Don't

touch her..."

Then Phoebe got up from the bed in a hurry, but she was too weak and fell to the ground. Phoebe felt so painful that she couldn't make a sound.

"Pa!"

An egg hit Phoebe's wrinkled face.

The fat woman didn't dare to hit Phoebe, afraid that the latter would be killed.

Therefore, the fat woman yelled and fanned the flames, saying, "If the young woman is a slut, then all her family must be bad!"

Phoebe lay on the ground, gasping for breath. She did not even have the strength to wipe her face and only weakly muttered, "Don't hit Yvette. She is not the kind of person you guys are thinking about. Don't hit

her..."

At this moment!

Yvette's heart felt like it had been stabbed!

Then, Yvette suffered from a round of crazy beat of a belt, which made her feel hurt like hell.

Why... *Why did they bully my grandma?* Yvette thought sadly.

The fat woman put her hand on her hips and pointed at Phoebe's face, scolding, "Bitch, you know what? Your granddaughter is a slut who loves to hook up with other men! We are doing justice..."

Before the fat woman could finish her sentence, Yvette pounced on her and gave her a hard bite on the arm.

In an instant, the flesh on the woman's arm was battered, and blood flowed out.

"Ah!"

The fat woman screamed in pain, shocking the people so much that they did not dare to move.

Blood flowed down the fat woman's arm and onto Yvette's face.

After letting go of the woman, Yvette spat at her fiercely.

Then, Yvette went in front of Phoebe to protect her. She was out of control and roared hysterically at those

Women.

"I will kill whoever dares to hurt my grandma!"

Kenley also rushed over. Although she was trembling in fright, she still stood in front of Phoebe and protected her.

Kenley did not dare to confront these women, who dressed like the rich and the powerful. She originally wanted to run away, but she could not bear to leave Yvette and Phoebe alone.

Kenley's face was full of tears as she stared at the people who were watching the show and said in a trembling voice, "They are all bad people. Don't believe them. Ms. Thiel is a pure and good girl..."

The surrounding people who were watching the show began to discuss. Although they didn't dare to go

forward to help, they scolded the women.

Yvette wiped the blood off her face, stood up straight, took out her mobile phone, and took a photo of those women. Then she looked at the women and said word by word.

"You slandered and beat me! None of you can escape!"

The women shrunk back with fear. They only listened to the orders of the fat woman, who promised to give

them 2,000 dollars if they helped her vent her anger.

They did not know whether Yvette was a mistress or not.

Moreover, they were also from rich families, so they did not want to be in jail for the money.

Seeing them retreat, someone began to doubt if these women had hit the wrong person.

These women were over the top to beat the old and young ladies like this.

At this time, a woman with red hair and pink lips walked in. She was wearing a pair of high heels and looked

arrogant.

"Do you have evidence that she is a mistress?"

The comer seemed to be helping Yvette, but Yvette's heart skipped a beat when she saw the comer.

She was Emilie.

The next second, Emilie warmly hugged Yvette and asked with concern, "Yvette, are you alright? Look at your swollen face. These people have gone too far."

The fat woman glared at Emilie and asked fiercely, "You know her?"

“Yes, I know her. What are you doing? You have to have evidence before you scold her!”

Emilie looked like she was upholding justice. Everyone thought that there was a twist.

She smiled like a poisonous snake and said to Yvette in a voice that only the two of them could hear, “Yvette, I will send you a big gift on behalf of Yazmin.”

At this time, a woman with red hair and pink lips walked in. She was wearing a pair of high heels and looked

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Chapter 78 It Is Like Falling Into Hell!

Yvette instantly tensed up and looked over sharply.

“Emilie! You’re the one behind all of this, right?”

Emilie acted as if she hadn’t heard anything as she slowly said, “Although Yvette did seduce someone else’s boyfriend before, she has changed. Don’t talk nonsense.”

As soon as she said this, everyone’s expression changed instantly.

They thought, so she is a repeat *offender!*

She is not worthy of sympathy.

The fat woman regained her confidence. She directly grabbed Yvette's phone, smashed it on the ground, and stepped on it a few times.

She sneered and said, "Don't you want evidence? I'll make you convinced now!"

As she spoke, she took out a stack of photos from her bag and smashed them on Yvette's face.

Countless photos were like snowflakes, falling.

The sharp edges cut Yvette's side face.

Everyone present saw that every photo was unsightly and extremely vulgar.

Then they started to discuss.

"I didn't expect that she is so lascivious."

"She is too shameless. Bah, she deserves to be beaten."

"I also want to give her two slaps. This kind of woman is really disgusting."

Everyone at present scolded Yvette.

Different kinds of unpleasant words came from them with endless malice.

Yvette slowly turned around like a walking corpse. She watched her grandmother trembling as she picked up the photos on the ground. Phoebe's eyes were filled with shock and disbelief.

It was as if something had stabbed into her body!

Yvette wanted to tell Phoebe that these were all fake. They were all photoshopped.

However, looking at Phoebe's disappointed expression, she felt that her mouth seemed to have been glued to the hot glue and her throat was burned by fire. She felt a splitting pain!

At that moment, Yvette felt as if she had fallen into hell!

"Crack..."

It was unknown who was the first to lead the group. Everyone took out their mobile phones to take a picture of this scene and uploaded it onto the social network.

With all kinds of trampling insults, it was a new round of attacking Yvette!

Yvette explained in panic, "No... These photos are all from the Internet... These are all photoshopped..."

However, no one listened to the explanation at all, or they chose not to hear it.

They ridiculed, disdained, and scorned Yvette even more wildly.

These sounds turned into hateful monsters that pounced on Yvette and bit her will and flesh.

Finally, Yvette began to tremble violently.

This was a trap.

At that moment, whether to clarify or not was longer important.

Yvette was able to resist these rumors because she knew that she had never done it before.

But Phoebe couldn't...

That trace of disappointment was like a sharp sword that stabbed into Yvette's heart.

The suppressed emotions rose higher and higher. Yvette couldn't take it anymore and lowered her head to spit out a mouthful of blood.

But even so, there were still people who were unwilling to let her go. Emilie gave the fat woman a look.

The fat woman immediately understood. The order she received was to hit Yvette until she had a miscarriage.

She stepped forward and pulled Yvette's hair, saying fiercely, "Bitch, did you admit it?"

Then, she kicked Yvette in the belly!

At the critical moment...

"Bang!"

There was a muffled sound.

The fat woman was kicked away!

She curled up on the ground as she cried out.

“Who? Which bastard kicked me? Don’t you want to live anymore...”

Two men in black came in like bodyguards and kicked the fat woman twice until she could no longer speak.

The remaining few were much easier to deal with. Even without the black-clothed men making a move, they

were already scared away.

This matter had nothing to do with them. They were only taking money to do things.

Emilie set up such a big trap just to pretend it was an accident to get rid of the baby in Yvette’s belly.

The fat woman, including the photos, had been arranged beforehand.

Then she would say that she had hit the wrong person and spent money to solve this problem.

But someone suddenly appeared at this time.

Emilie said in a voice dripping with sarcasm, “Did this man also be your lover? Yvette, you are really

amazing.”

The man suddenly turned around. His elegant and noble face made Emilie’s words stick in her throat.

Emilie thought, how *could it be*....

She closed her mouth tightly, not daring to make a sound.

The man’s eyes did not linger on her. He said indifferently, “Check everyone’s phone. No one is allowed to leak out today’s video. If there is someone who doesn’t want to delete it, ask the legal department to send a lawyer’s letter!”

There seemed to be no emotion in his voice, but the people at the scene all heard a cold tone.

The man in black did things neatly, and soon there was no one in the ward. The women who made trouble were also dragged out by the men in black.

Only Emilie was still standing in the same place. It was not that she did not want to leave, but her legs were

weak.

“Marcus...”

Marcus glanced at her. “What you did today brought disgrace to the Wolseley family.”

“Marcus, I didn’t... I was just passing by... It has nothing to do with me...”

“Get out. I don’t need to deal with you.”

Marcus’s voice was calm, but Emilie still couldn’t help but shiver and almost cried.

She thought, *what does Marcus mean?*

Who will deal with me...

Then, Emilie was dragged out.

The ward was suddenly quiet.

Yvette seemed to be ignorant of all this.

She bent her back and trembled slightly, crawling to her grandmother’s side.

She carefully hugged Phoebe who was trembling like a withered leaf.

Phoebe was very light as if she could leave at any time.

She looked at Yvette and could not speak. She just looked at her and tried her best to say something....

Yvette’s heart was filled with unprecedented fear.

Tears of fear flowed down her face, blurring her vision.

“Grandma, don’t believe it... Don’t believe it... Don’t believe it...”

“Yve... I know you never did anything embarrassing...”

Yvette’s red eyes were filled with tears.

Phoebe babbled as if she wanted to say something, but what she got in return was an even more urgent and

short breath.

Kenley pressed the call button on the bed, and the nurses and doctors hurried over.

“Prepare for emergency treatment!”

As soon as the order was given, the nurses rushed to carry Phoebe to bed.

But Phoebe’s hand tightly grasped the hem of Yvette’s clothes and used all her strength ...

Yvette hurriedly bent down and put her ear on Phoebe’s face.

She heard Phoebe use all her strength to say, “Yvette... I believe you... Live a good life ... It is me who let you

down...”

After saying what she wanted to say, Phoebe loosened her hand slowly.

The air exuded an oppressive aura, and Yvette’s chest swelled with a huge sadness that pierced through her

eardrums.

Chapter 79 Phoebe Passed Away

Phoebe was pushed into the emergency room.

Yvette was stiff all over. She did not know what to do.

Marcus took off his coat and put it on Yvette. He looked at her and asked, “Is it okay to walk?”

Yvette’s face was so pale that it was almost transparent as if she would faint at any time. But she clung to the edge of the bed and stood up with a strong mind.

Her eyes were very bright, but at this moment, the light was blank.

“Thank you,” Yvette softly thanked.

Yvette thanked Marcus for saving some dignity of her grandmother.

After a while, Yvette walked out step by step.

It seemed that a century had passed.

The doctor in a white coat came out. He bowed to Yvette and calmly said.

“I’m sorry for your loss.”

His deep voice was like a curse of fate, echoing in the empty and cold corridor. Yvette seemed to have suffered a heavy blow and took a step backward.

Yvette grabbed the doctor’s arm helplessly and shook her head. “Doctor, could it be wrong...”

Yvette wondered, it *was nothing that serious*.

The doctor said that Grandma didn’t have much time to live. However, he didn’t say that she would die now.

“Doctor, you made a mistake... Could it be... This morning, my grandma told me that she wanted to eat her favorite cheesecake. She hasn’t even eaten it yet. Why would she die...”

Yvette suddenly fell on her knees, grabbed the doctor’s arm, choked with sobs, and said, “Please try your best to save my grandma... I beg you. I have money... I have money to treat her... At least...”

Her voice became low, sobbing, “At least... let my grandma have a bite of a cheesecake before she died...”

How could her grandmother die on an empty stomach?

Yvette’s hands trembled violently, and she was a bit out of her mind. The nurse beside her quickly came up to

support her arm.

“Miss, sorry for your loss. We can understand your feelings. However, please calm down. You’ll have to see your grandma one last time.”

Yvette was not willing to go. Her red eyes were empty as if she was possessed. She said, “My grandma... is not

here... She is waiting for me in the ward...”

What, she turned around and walked toward the ward, but her arm was grabbed by someone.

Marcus frowned slightly. The arm under the coat was too thin, making Yvette look like a feather, weightless.

“Go to take a look,” Marcus said.

As if her mind had been read, her long dense eyelashes hung down, trembling slightly. Anyone who saw her like this would feel sorry for her.

Marcus’s hand moved down along Yvette’s arm to hold her wrist and took her to the morgue.

On the way, Yvette was obedient. She walked even without a sound, and her footsteps were very light as if she was afraid of stepping on something.

The staff led them in, lowered their heads, and then left.

A person was lying on the cold steel bed, with her entire body covered in white cloth.

Yvette leaned her back against the door and paused for a minute before slowly stepping forward.

Her hands trembled as she lifted the white cloth. Other than her lips being a little pale, Phoebe looked very calm as if she were asleep.

Yvette thought, *Grandma doesn’t look like she has passed away.*

Yvette raised her hopes and smiled bitterly, “Grandma, are you joking with me? Are you blaming me for not

taking you back to the Dudley’s house? I have already arranged a car to pick you up. Get up, we can go now...”

Phoebe’s face was still serene. Yvette held Phoebe’s cold and stiff hands under the white cloth and sobbed,

“Grandma, I don’t want anything. I will stay with you in the Dudley’s house, okay...”

Yvette laid her head on Phoebe’s chest and said in a very soft voice.

“Can you respond to me... I beg you. Please respond to me...”

After crying for a long time, Phoebe still did not wake up. Yvette held Phoebe’s neck tightly and finally cried

out loud.

It was not sobbing or choking, but heart-wrenching.

No matter how hard the heart was, it would be softened by this voice.

“Grandma, you can’t do this to me... How can you bear to leave me alone... I’m not ready yet...”

Yvette’s sad cry echoed in the room, but there was no response from Phoebe any longer.

—

Yvette had been sitting in the corridor of the hospital. She had gone through the report procedure with the hospital and contacted the funeral parlor in Pittsburgh.

She was going to bring Phoebe home.

It was about 370 miles back to Phoebe’s hometown. The van arranged by the funeral parlor would not arrive there until the next day, even if they set off that evening.

Kenley had been accompanying Yvette all the time. She advised Yvette to go to the ward to rest, but Yvette refused and stubbornly sat on the bench in the corridor.

Yvette hoped to be closer to Phoebe.

Marcus came over to say goodbye to Yvette. He had no intention of passing by today and had been delayed for a long time.

Yvette looked up at him. Her eyes were slightly swollen because she had been crying for too long.

She stood up and solemnly bowed to Marcus. She said in an extremely hoarse voice.

“Thank you, Mr. Wolseley. I don’t have my phone with me now. Please send me the bill. I will transmit all the expenses to you when I finish my grandmother’s funeral.”

The accident happened suddenly back then. It was Marcus who had his subordinate pay the various charges.

Marcus looked down at Yvette. When he heard “Mr. Wolseley“, he slowly said, “Don’t mention it. I’m Lance’s

uncle.”

Yvette nodded. "I know that, but this is another matter, I will return the money to you."

Yvette once heard Emilie talk. In addition, his appearance was very similar to Lance's, looking affectionate and fickle, which was a characteristic of the Wolseley family.

Marcus was a little surprised. He thought, she knew *that* but still *called* me 'Mr. Wolseley'. *The meaning was*

self-evident.

I am afraid that her relationship with Lance is not good.

Marcus did not say anything more and left.

Yvette sat on the bench in the hospital for the whole night.

Early in the morning the next day, Yvette went to buy the shroud for Phoebe, as well as some funeral supplies.

The van of the funeral parlor arrived before eight o'clock.

Kenley also went to Pittsburgh with Yvette. After all, she had taken care of Phoebe for a long time like a family. Kenley wanted to send Phoebe off on her last journey of life.

When they arrived at the funeral parlor, Yvette quietly paid the bill and chose the mourning hall.

They no longer had any relatives in Pittsburgh, so Yvette chose a small mourning hall. Anyway, no one would come to pay their respects. However, she had to complete the funeral ceremony for Phoebe.

After that, she went to the street and bought food for the sacrifice, as well as the cheese cake that Phoebe

missed all the time.

Along the way, Yvette did not cry. But when she bought the cheesecake, her tears were like string beads that could not stop dropping down.

Yvette regretted and thought, *I am really unfilial.*

None of *Grandma's* wishes has been *fulfilled*, not even *having a bite of her favorite cheesecake.*

When the cake shop owner saw Yvette crying, he was startled. He gave Yvette an extra piece of cheesecake and comforted her, "Miss, everything gonna be fine. Your life has to move on. This strawberry cheesecake is

for you to taste. It's very sweet."

Yvette thanked him, picked up a piece of cheesecake, and put it into her mouth. She wanted to have a taste of

the cheesecake for Phoebe.

However, after she took a bite, big drops of tears dropped down and fell into her mouth. It was sweet and

salty, but she only got the bitter taste.

The cake shop owner was scared and asked, "Does it taste not good?"

Yvette could not stand steadily, so she squatted on the ground, crying like a child, and sobbed, "It tastes delicious... But my grandma did not taste it..."

Phoebe could never taste it again.

A day later, Yazmin was out of danger, and her father came from Luxembourg via transferred flights.

Lance finally breathed a sigh of relief. He looked at the phone and frowned. It showed that Tanya called five times.

And there was nothing else.

Lance thought, whose DNA *did this little woman take for being so stubborn? Is it so difficult to apologize?*

After smoking three cigarettes in the corridor, Lance took the initiative to give in and called Yvette.

However, Yvette's phone was turned off.

Lance felt a little flustered for no reason, so he asked Frankie to inquire about what was going on.

After making a few calls, Frankie was silent for a few seconds. Then he said, "Mr. Wolseley, Mrs. Wolseley's grandmother passed away. Mrs. Wolseley is holding a funeral right now."

“Pardon?” Lance’s ears buzzed, and he did not catch the words for a moment.

Frankie slowed down and repeated, “Mrs. Wolseley’s grandmother passed away.”

Chapter 80 The Initiator of Evil

According to the policy of the funeral parlor in Pittsburgh, the body had to be cremated before holding the farewell ceremony in the mourning hall.

Yvette looked at Phoebe’s face again and again as she waited as if she wanted to engrave it in her deep heart.

When Phoebe’s remains were cremated, the iron gate was closed in front of Yvette.

Yvette realized in hindsight that she would never see Phoebe from now on.

The person who loved her the most in this world was gone.

Feeling sad, Yvette patted the iron gate and cried, “Grandma, remember to hide from the fire... to hide from the fire, Grandma...”

However, the only answer was the heavy echo of the iron gate.

It took nearly an hour before the iron gate opened again.

The funeral staff placed Phoebe’s ashes into an urn. Yvette carried the urn and went to the mourning hall.

The mourning hall had been set up earlier. Yvette placed the urn on the table and then knelt while holding Phoebe’s portrait.

Yvette knelt straight upright and did not move.

In the middle, Kenley persuaded Yvette to eat something, but Yvette couldn’t eat anything. She only drank

some water.

Kenley felt sorry for Yvette and found a slightly soft cushion for her to kneel on.

When it was close to evening, the first person, who paid respects, came to the mourning hall.

It was Tanya, who rushed over from a travel-worn journey. When she got the news, she hardly believed it.

It was not until she saw Yvette wearing a set of black mourning dresses with a white flower in front of her

chest, Tanya realized it was true.

In just two days, Yvette had lost a lot of weight and had a sharp chin.

After Tanya paid her respects, she had a lot of words to say but didn't know where to start.

In the end, she said with great difficulty, "Yvette, I'm sorry."

Tanya apologized on behalf of her insensible son. She thought, *Lance* is absent at such an important

moment. Will *he* have a chance to get back together with Yvette later?

Fortunately, Yvette did not reject Tanya very much. Although she did not say anything, she acquiesced to Tanya staying.

The next day afternoon, two uninvited guests came.

Rosa brought Emilie to pay respects.

Emilie learned about Phoebe's death yesterday. She was so scared that her legs went weak.

But her fear was not caused by what she had done.

It was because Marcus had said that someone would deal with her. Emilie thought, now *the bitch's*

grandmother is dead. *What* lesson will Lance teach me?

Originally, Emilie was extremely resistant to going abroad, but now she wished to leave for abroad.

immediately.

Emilie told Rosa everything, and Rosa also panicked. She did not expect Emilie to cause such big trouble.

Hiding abroad was not a solution. If Lance wanted to blame them, he could find them anywhere.

After pondering for a while, Rosa decided to bring Emilie to pay respects and then asked Tanya's father, Bryan Hudson, for a favor to say good words for Emilie.

In Rosa's opinion, in any case, the Hudson family had a close connection with the Wolsley family. This matter could naturally be covered up.

Not to mention that Phoebe died of illness but was not killed by her daughter.

Rosa and Emilie made the plan and showed up in the mourning hall in the afternoon.

"Hi, Tanya." Rosa tried to cotton up with Tanya.

"Why are you here?" Tanya frowned.

Rosa smiled but immediately realized that it was inappropriate. She then forced to purse her lips and said, "I

brought Emilie to pay respects here."

Tanya was suspicious. She had not known that what happened in the hospital was related to Emilie.

Yvette had been kneeling calmly. When she saw Rosa and Emilie, she shouted in a hoarse voice, "Get out!

"Don't come to tarnish my grandma's last pure land!"

Emilie was extremely embarrassed. She had already condescended to pay her respects to Phoebe, but why did Yvette treat her like this? However, there was nothing Emilie could do because she was in the wrong.

Emilie then pretended to be sad and said in a grieved voice, "Yvette, when I heard that your grandmother passed away, I immediately came. It was a misunderstanding that day. How would I know that those women behaved like crazy?"

Rosa echoed, "That's true. As soon as Emilie told me this, I scolded her. She always likes to get involved in everything. In fact, it had nothing to do with her."

As Rosa said this, she took a very thick envelope out of her bag and handed it to Yvette

"Here is the money I prepared for you, please take it. On this matter, Emilie had a loose tongue. I'll let her

apologize to your grandma."

Yvette directly threw the envelope to Rosa's face and shouted, "I told you to get out! Didn't you hear me? Get

out of here!"

The money fluttered down, and the sharp edges of the bank notes almost cut Rose and Emilie's cheeks, just

like the so-called "nude" photos of hers that day, showing how sinister the human heart was.

Yvette was furious in her mind, *verbal violence can go unpunished, and a fake apology can make light of it.*

And these *initiators of evil can pretend that nothing happened and move on with their lives.*

WHY?

Emilie screamed in fright and almost forgot herself. But soon, she recovered from the fright and cursed.

"Don't play tough. Your grandma died because of her poor health. What did it have to do with me? Besides, she's over 80, so it's normal to die. She stayed in the hospital every day to waste money. Do you have the money to treat her? On this point, I did you a favor. You should be grateful to me..."

"Shut up!" Tanya said and was about to slap Emilie. However, Yvette was one step ahead of Tanya. She suddenly rushed over and grabbed Emilie's neck fiercely.

Yvette was like a little beast in rage. Her slender fingers were pale, and the blue veins on the back of her hand were bulging. The heartache, anger, and hatred, which had been suppressed in her deep heart, were all poured out.

Yvette wondered, *why? Why do I have to accept such a fate?*

Grandma *is honest and diligent all her life.* She lost her husband when she was *in her youth* and lost her son in her middle age. However, Grandma *had never blamed fate* for being *unfair.* In contrast, she still yearned *for and loved life.* She had raised me *with all her heart.*

Even at the last moment before she *died,* she *did not blame anyone.* Instead, she was worried *about me,* saying that she trusted me and that she was sorry *for me...*

Why did such a loving and kind person deserve such *bad luck?* Even *at the last moment of her life,* she *had to see me being slandered and humiliated.*

WHY? WHY!

Why is it so *unfair*?

Why *does the initiator* of evil free like nothing happened? I am *the* wronged victim, but why do I have to fall into the hell *of* self-blame?

Yvette used full strength with her hand, and her voice was extremely hoarse. She was laughing and crying, "What right do you have to say this? You are the murderer!"

Emilie's face turned from pale to purple, and her eyeballs bulged out. Her hands were from struggling to

hanging down, till motionless.

Rosa wailed as she pulled Yvette's hand, shouting, "Someone is killing! Someone is killing"

However, Yvette's hand seemed to be embedded in Emilie's neck, and Tanya could not pull it away, no matter how hard she tried.

Rosa was so frightened that her face turned ashen. She fell to the ground and wailed, screaming in desperation.

"Ah! Ah... Someone is killing This madwoman is killing-

At the critical moment, Yvette was pulled away in time by someone, which broke the stalemate that was out

of control.

"Yvette!"

Lance cried with great distress.