

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn

Chapter 81 The Late Confession

Lance felt as if his heart had been fiercely grabbed by someone, and he felt sorry for Yvette.

Yvette had always been meek like a little rabbit, but she had actually been forced to this extent.

Emilie, who had narrowly escaped death, regained her breath and began to cough anxiously.

Seeing that Emilie was fine, Rosa felt relieved. Rosa turned to look at Yvette fiercely and scolded, "Little slut, you actually wanted to strangle my daughter to death!"

"She deserves it!" Yvette simply spat out these words. She still looked terrified.

Rosa was actually intimidated by Yvette, fear rising from the bottom of her heart.

Especially at this moment, Yvette still had that appalling killing intent.

Emilie came back to her senses and couldn't be more scared. She cried and shouted, "Mom... Mom, she wants

to kill me. Help me kill her!"

Seeing Emilie like this, Rosa felt extremely distressed. She turned around and wanted to pull Yvette's hair.

However, before Rosa could get close, there was a bang, and Rosa was kicked out of the door.

Lance did not even want to look at Emilie and Rosa. He ordered in disgust, "Drag Emilie out and throw her into the river if I see her again!"

Finally, the mourning hall returned to its usual calm.

Lance knelt and prayed seriously to Phoebe's portrait.

After paying his respects to Phoebe, Lance slowly walked in front of Yvette. Lance looked at Yvette's pale little

face, and his heart, which had always been as hard as iron, was now filled with regret and remorse.

It was as if someone had punched Lance's heart with their fists, causing him sharp pain.

What did Lance say when Yvette begged him to come back to see Phoebe?

Lance said that she was mischievous, childish, and vicious. He even asked her to calm down.

When Yvette was most helpless, he refused her request without hesitation and hurt her with those heartless

words.

Lance had let Phoebe leave with regret!

He felt that he was a bastard!

"Yvette... I'm sorry..."

Lance knelt beside Yvette, his eyes filled with regret and sorry. He wanted to pull her hand.

However, Yvette ruthlessly shook him off..

At this time, Yvette's eyes were red and swollen, her long hair was messy, and her mourning clothes were wrinkled. She looked quite terrible.

But Yvette didn't care. She didn't care about anyone now.

So she didn't care about how others would judge her.

"Mr. Wolseley, you can leave after paying your respects," Yvette said coldly.

Lance's heart trembled.

Lance thought, she called me Mr. Wolseley...

Before she went abroad, she still hooked her arms around my neck and called me honey with her charming

eyes.

Her tone melted my heart.

I just wanted to be with her for the rest of my life.

But now, her tone is as distant as a stranger's as if we have nothing to do with each other once I step out of the door and leave here.

Lance's face turned pale too and he felt his eyes sore. "Yvette... I know you are angry with me. I didn't know if what you said was true..."

Yvette interrupted him coldly, "Mr. Wolseley, why didn't you leave? Do you want me to call the police?"

Yvette's heartlessness made the panic in Lance's heart spread.

Lance didn't want to and couldn't lose Yvette!

"Yvette, I'm sorry..."

His late confession was only exchanged for two cold words from Yvette.

"Get out!"

Tanya regretted that Lance let Yvette down. But she knew that at this time if Lance was here, it would undoubtedly only anger Yvette.

Tanya raised her fist and punched Lance twice. With a cold face, she said, "Go out and kneel outside!"

Lance looked up at Yvette. Her eyes were empty and red, but she resisted the tears and did not look at him.

Seeing that Lance was still unwilling to leave, Tanya had to drag him out and let him kneel outside the mourning hall.

Looking at Lance's rare haggard face, Tanya said angrily, "If you knew this would happen, why would you have done that back then? Kneel here and wait for Yvette to cool down. It counts on your fortune."

Lance lowered his head, not saying a word.

Not long after, it began to rain outside.

Lance knelt at the side door of the mourning hall. The rain soaked his expensive suit, but he still knelt straight and confessed sincerely.

Yvette looked up and saw him just with a glance.

If it was in the past, Yvette would definitely be soft-hearted and choose to forgive Lance, but now she chose to ignore him.

She felt her love for him gradually dissipate.

It was very calm as the love disappeared gradually.

In the afternoon, Marcus actually came over.

When Marcus passed by Lance, he didn't even look at Lance and directly went in.

Marcus sent over many flowers, entered the mourning hall, and mourned for Phoebe.

Then, he came in front of Yvette.

Thinking of Marcus' help several times, Yvette propped herself up to thank Marcus. However, she stood up in

a hurry and felt dizzy. Her body shook. Fortunately, Marcus held her hand in the air and supported her.

This scene deeply hurt Lance.

Yvette and Marcus... How could they know each other?

Marcus did not stay any longer. After paying his respects, he prepared to leave.

When Marcus reached the door, Lance called out to him first, "Marcus."

Marcus stopped in his tracks, his deep eyes falling.

Lance looked sullen. "Marcus, Yvette is my wife."

This was a warning and a test.

Because this man was none other than Lance's uncle.

Outsiders thought that Marcus had not yet entered his marriage at the age of thirty-six because he had not

had enough fun.

But Lance knew that Marcus had someone in his heart.

Marcus even turned against Jaiden for his secret lover.

However, Lance vaguely knew that his secret lover was a noble lady and wouldn't be Yvette.

So at this time, Lance was more probing and testing Marcus's intentions.

Marcus's expression did not change. He only said lightly, "I know that she is your wife now."

Now?

These words could involve many meanings, and Lance's face suddenly turned ashen.

But Marcus didn't intend to talk much to him and turned to leave,

Lance's fist suddenly clenched more tightly.

It was time for dinner.

Yvette just forced herself to drink water to moisten her throat. She still could not eat anything

Outside the door, Lance wanted to say something, but he was not qualified to persuade Yvette to eat anything

At night, Yvette stayed at the mourning hall for the night.

This was the last night she could spend with Phoebe. Tomorrow morning, Phoebe would be buried.

The rain was still falling, and Lance was still kneeling straight outside the mourning hall. This was the last thing he could do for Phoebe.

Tanya looked at the young couple outside the door, and her heart ached.

Lance and Yvette had been a happy couple... How did they end up like this...

She didn't dare to let Jaiden know about this. Jaiden had been trying to keep fit, and she was afraid that it would be terrible if Jaiden knew.

Tanya was not in good health, and she could not last all night, so she changed shifts with Kenley.

They were taking turns guarding Yvette, who only drank a bit of water for three days. Yvette would be able to hold on depending on her persistence.

Tanya felt her heart ache when she saw this.

Soon, it was dawn.

Yvette followed the custom and dressed up in mourning, sending Phoebe off for the last time.

Yvette held Phoebe's portrait in her hands. Her figure was small but firm.

The rain was still falling, but Yvette seemed to feel nothing. Lance held up a black umbrella and tilted it all over Yvette's head to block the rain for her.

There were suddenly many people in the cheerless farewell team.

It turned out that it was Lance who had asked Frankie to inform Yvette's neighbors who had been here in the past. Those who were willing to come could see Phoebe off.

Phoebe had been kind for her entire life and had enjoyed great popularity.

People spread the news, and many of the neighbors came to send Phoebe off.

The cemetery was not far from Yvette's father's grave.

At the moment of casting the soil, Yvette suddenly rushed up like crazy and shouted hoarsely at the urn.

"Grandma, thank you for becoming my grandma..."

"Because of you, I have always felt very happy...."

"Don't forget me. We will meet again in the next life, please..."

"In the next life, we will still be family. In the next life, I will love you and take care of you..."

Yvette cried and shouted at the top of her lungs. The eyes of the people present were all red.

Everything was done.

Yvette seemed to have been sucked out of her last breath. Her face was frighteningly pale, and she did not even have the strength to stand.

Yvette's body shook, and Lance hurriedly reached out to hold her arm and called out, "Honey..."

Chapter 82 Is She Dead?

Hearing that, Yvette felt heartbroken.

Without the strength to pull her arm back, she only said, "Let go."

Noticing the undisguised disgust in her eyes, Lance felt it hurt, but he loosened his hand obediently.

Yvette turned around and walked away weakly like a broken puppet.

The next second.

Bang!

She fell to the ground heavily.

Lance's face suddenly turned pale. Then, he had a feeling that he was going to lose her.

"Yvette!"

He rushed up, picked her up, and shouted, "Prepare the car! Go to the hospital!"

At the hospital.

Yvette slept in a daze, her dreams filled with the intimate appearance of Lance and Yazmin holding hands.

She gave up her self-esteem and pride and begged him to come to see Phoebe, but he only sneered at her coldly.

"I only love Yazmin..."

"Don't overestimate yourself..."

It was as if her heart had been split into four directions.

She felt so painful that she couldn't breathe.

Yvette's forehead was covered in sweat. Then she woke up from her sleep in pain.

"Yvette?" The magnetic male voice sounded in her ears.

She gradually came to her senses and smelled thick disinfectant.

“Yvette, what’s wrong?”

Lance held her hand tightly, his deep and beautiful eyes filled with bloodshot as if he had stayed up late.

“Why are you here?” Yvette immediately withdrew her hand, showing her disgust. “Get lost! I don’t want to

see you!”

“Yvette, don’t be agitated…”

The sadness in Lance’s eyes flashed for a moment. His gaze landed on Yvette’s lower abdomen, and then he smiled.

“You’re pregnant. Did you know?”

No one knew how happy Lance was when the doctor said that Yvette was pregnant.

It was as if he had come back from a dead end.

He had always been reluctant to let Yvette get pregnant, but he did not expect that this thing would come so timely.

With the baby, Yvette would not mention divorce to him again.

He reached out to touch Yvette’s belly through the quilt, but Yvette shook him away coldly.

“This is my baby,” said she.

Lance frowned at her unsurprised tone, and asked in a cold tone, “Have you already known it?”

Yvette pursed her lips without saying anything.

He stared at Yvette. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

Yvette’s eyes flashed with a touch of irony. She wondered, if I tell you, I’ll be dragged to the hospital and

aborted.

Did you want our baby?

You only want Yazmin’s children.

"I can handle it myself," she said indifferently.

"Is this how you handle it?" Lance looked at the infusion tube and said coldly. "If you can handle it well, could you lie on the sickbed?"

She had severe anemia in bad condition.

He did not dare to listen to what the doctor said.

It seemed that Yvette did not take pregnancy seriously at all.

how

Seeing that she stubbornly pursed her lips without words, and her eyes became much bigger because she had lost weight, Lance suddenly could not bring himself to blame her and only said, "It won't happen again."

Yvette paused for a moment.

She thought, Lance said that it wouldn't happen again.

What did he mean? Would he not abandon her again?

However, since he abandoned her once, he might abandon her many times in the future.

As long as it's related to Yazmin, he will never stand firmly by my side.

Never!

Seeing that she fell into silence, Lance seemed to ease up and explained, "I know that you hate me for not seeing Phoebe for the last time, but Yazmin was badly ill. I had to take care of her. She stayed in the ICU for

two days..."

"Interesting."

Yvette laughed sarcastically.

How could a person who had been lying in the ICU for two days make Emilie send her a big gift?

"Is she dead?"

Hearing this, Lance was stunned. In his memory, Yvette was so kind that she could no

How could she say such vicious words so easily now?

bear to step on an ant.

Looking at Lance's expression, Yvette sneered, "Let me answer for you. She is not dead, is she? Since she is not dead, how can you guarantee that it won't happen in the future? If she is like this again next time, will you choose me and ignore her?"

"It's not like that, Yvette. I..."

Before he could finish his words, Yvette said emotionally, "Lance, you won't! You will never do that! Let me tell you, this is my child. I will raise my baby myself. You don't have to worry about it. I have already signed the divorce agreement. I have promised Mrs. Wolseley that we can divorce in a month. In a few days, you will

be free.

"Don't be so hypocritical," Yvette said sarcastically.

He had clearly stated that he did not want children before, but now he acted like he wanted this baby so much.

When he chose Yazmin again, he personally pushed their marriage with cracks into the cliff.

Yvette had thought it through. She just wanted to let herself go and fulfill their wish.

She would leave them.

Lance pursed his lips and only spoke after a long while, "I don't agree."

"What right do you have to disagree?"

Yvette's cold smile and words seemed to pierce his heart.

"Lance, you hurt me."

There was no room for negotiation between them after the call.

This time, no matter what he said, she would not believe him again.

She would no longer get herself humiliated.

Her scarred heart could no longer take any blows.

Yvette's words cut Lance's heart.

He knew that Yvette had made up her mind, but he was not willing to let go.

He could not imagine that she would no longer exist in his life.

Just thinking about it, he felt it ripped him up inside.

He wanted to hug her, but the moment he reached out his hand, Yvette turned her face away in disgust.

Lance held her shoulder and promised seriously, "Yvette, I will make it up to you. I promise you that I will make it up to you. I will stay with you when you need me the most in the future. We don't quarrel any more. We will be together in the future."

"How are you going to make it up to me?"

"I will do whatever you want, okay?" Lance asked as if he had hope.

What a funny thing!

Yvette wanted to laugh. If it were in the past, she would have already fallen into this man's gentleness.

But if he cared about her a little bit, he would not have appeared the third day after Phoebe passed away.

In the end, in his heart, Yazmin was always the most important.

Also, what Emilie said that day at the hospital meant that the hospital matter was also related to Yazmin.

Yvette believed in her intuition.

Yazmin wanted to kill two birds with one stone.

No one could calmly face a person who spared no effort to destroy themselves.

What was worse, the person wanted to hurt the baby in her belly.

That day, if Marcus were not there, her baby would probably not exist anymore.

The baby and Phoebe had always been Yvette's bottom line but Yazmin had stepped on her bottom line.

Yazmin and she had a lot to settle with.

Yvette would not tolerate Yazmin hurting her baby again.

She said lightly, "Yazmin has something to do with my grandmother's matter. Can you get justice for me?"

Lance almost subconsciously denied it. "It can't be Yazmin."

Yvette stared at him with a mocking and meaningful smile in her eyes

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Lance paused for a moment and explained, "When Phoebe was in trouble, Yazmin was still lying on the bed. How could she be involved in this?"

"Lance, your promise is worthless!" Yvette wanted to laugh when she heard this.

It turned out he trusted Yazmin so much.

Even if Yvette clearly said that it was related to Yazmin, his first reaction was not to investigate it but to defend Yazmin.

"Yvette, I can understand how you feel about losing your grandmother. Don't think about it. I will give you a satisfactory answer as for Emilie."

"You can go out."

Yvette thought it was too ridiculous.

In his heart, Phoebe's death was probably not worth mentioning. Yazmin was much more important.

faster.

How did Yvette have delusions in the past that she could replace Yazmin and become his true love?

Looking at her sneer, Lance suddenly felt a little scared, as if something was flowing away

He panicked and no longer cared about her refusal, tightly holding her in his arms.

"Yvette, I will make it up to you. Give me some time."

Yvette tried hard to break free of his embrace but failed, so she simply stopped struggling.

"Lance, please let me go. Divorce is good for both you and me," she said in an icy tone.

“Impossible.”

Lance did not hesitate to refuse and added, “I don’t agree. Don’t even think about it.”

Yvette mocked. “Mr. Wolseley, do you want to own your lover and your wife at the same time?”

Lance frowned. Just as he was about to speak, Yvette pushed him away.

“I’m telling you. I’m going to divorce you. If you still want to save the Wolseley Group’s face, you’d better divorce me as soon as possible. Otherwise...”

Yvette said firmly without any smile, “I’ll get a lawyer!”

What she said meant that she had made her determination.

The case of the divorce of the President of the Wolseley Group would be explosive news.

Lance darkened his face and was heartbroken, “Yvette, do you not even care about grandpa anymore?”

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If Jaiden knew that they had made a fuss, it would be a big blow for him.

Yvette couldn’t bear to hurt Jaiden, but she bet that Lance also couldn’t bear to hurt Jaiden. Now, one of them would compromise first.

She said ruthlessly, “You forced me to do this.”

At this moment, staring at the strange Yvette, Lance thought that he couldn’t recognize her.

Was she so cruel and heartless?

Did she hate him so much?

But no matter what, he would not let her and their baby go.

He wanted to get rid of her idea of divorce.

Lance said coldly, “Yvette, which firm do you think will take your divorce lawsuit?”

“What do you mean?”

“Nothing. I just want you to take care of your baby. My child can’t be raised outside, so don’t think about anything else,” Lance said in an overbearing tone.

Yvette’s heart sank.

How could she have forgotten that Lance was powerful in New York?

A firm could get so much money from the divorce case of rich and powerful families.

But as long as Lance gave the order, no firm would dare to take it head-on.

Thinking of this, Yvette was a little desperate.

The reason why Lance was not willing to divorce was not that he loved her, but he was afraid that his baby would be raised outside.

In this case, even if they were to divorce in the future, he would not let her take the child away.

She clenched her fists and forced herself to say something against her heart. “Lance, aren’t you unwilling to divorce because of the baby?”

Lance seemed to have a premonition as he stared coldly at her.

Yvette gritted her teeth and blurted out, “If you don’t agree to divorce, I will abort the baby.”

After saying that, she used all her strength to apologize in her heart, baby, I don’t mean it. I just feel too painful and want to divorce, so I said so. I didn’t abandon you. Don’t be angry with me.

In an instant, Lance’s eyes were filled with killing intent as he raged. “How dare you!”

“I won’t let you control me anymore. This is my baby, and I can make my own choice,” said Yvette with a

firm attitude.

She was determined to divorce.

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She felt it was so bad to be abandoned by him at his will.

She did not want to be hurt again and again.

With anger, Lance took a step forward and pinched her wrist. His eyes were filled with a fierceness that had never been seen before. "Yvette, I said no, no. Don't even think about divorce."

Outside the sick room.

Yazmin held the fruit basket in her hand, trembling with anger.

Damn it. That fool Emilie didn't abort the child. What was worse, Lance knew about the existence of the child, thought Yazmin.

Yazmin spent a lot of effort to keep Lance abroad for three more days, but before she woke up, Lance could not wait to return home, and then she quickly flew back.

When Yazmin heard that they were in the hospital today, she deliberately came over to pretend to comfort them with the purpose of provoking Yvette.

She did not expect to hear this.

Yazmin wondered, why did Lance refuse to divorce?

And that little slut suspected me..

She was so angry that she threw the fruit basket into the trash can and turned to leave.

"Ms. Myers, are we leaving now?" Lena asked.

"If we don't leave, will we stay here to see how Lance will hold on to this slut?" Her eyes were red as she said fiercely. "Lena, I want her to die!"

Both of them knew that Yazmin wanted Yvette to die.

"Ms. Myers, don't panic. I have an idea." Lena comforted her.

"What idea?"

"Three and a half months ago, Mr. Wolseley was in a branch company abroad for an entire month. He even visited you twice in between. Did you forget that?"

Yazmin nodded. Indeed, Lance was very busy during that time. Even when he went to see her, he came and went in a hurry. He did not stay for more than half an hour.

"If Ms. Thiel happened to get pregnant during that period, what do you think Mr. Wolseley would think?"

Lena reminded her.

Yazmin was overjoyed. What else could Lance think? He must have thought that Yvette had cheated on him

and would kick her ass.

However, she was a little hesitant. "Can this work? This technology is quite advanced now. Will Lance believe

it?"

Lena chuckled. "Ms. Myers, we just need to plant a seed of doubt in them. Even if she does a test during the pregnancy, the result will not come out so quickly. As for how it will develop later, will it be a loss to us?"

In any case, the worst result was that Yvette gave birth to this child.

But she would be pregnant for ten months. During such a long period, no one could guarantee that her child would be born safely.

Yazmin and Lena looked at each other and smiled. The two of them thought of the same thing.

She took out her phone and called her father's old friend.

"Hello, this is Yazmin. I want to ask you for a favor. I am now in your hospital..."

Chapter 84 Cheating on Him

When Tanya entered the door, she felt the tension between Lance and Yvette.

She was so angry that she said to Lance.

"Yvette is pregnant now, so please don't annoy her. Just don't stand here still. Go to the doctor and bring me the colored ultrasound paper."

Tanya had her plans. She thought that men were not as sensitive and meticulous as women.

After taking the blood test, Yvette was found pregnant, and then she accompanied Yvette to take a color

ultrasound examination.

In her eyes, if Lance took the first photo of the baby and saw it by himself, his heart would be softened.

Naturally, he would feel sorry for Yvette.

Seeing that Yvette's face was darkened, Lance did not want to continue the stalemate, so he turned and went

to the doctor.

The doctor gave him a colored ultrasound and said, "She has been fifteen weeks pregnant, but the embryo grows slowly. She has to get more nutrition."

Lance stared at the doctor with a terrible expression. "How many weeks did you say?"

The doctor was frightened by his eyes and was in a cold sweat. He deliberately looked at the color ultrasound paper again and stammered, "Fifteen weeks..."

Lance tightened his grip uncontrollably, his handsome face filled with disbelief.

How could it be fifteen weeks?

At that time, he had been dealing with the matters of the foreign branch company and had not returned for a

whole month.

Back in the ward...

Tanya was helping Yvette with eating the food. When she saw Lance come in, she put down the bowl and said,

"Have you brought it?"

"Yes," Lance responded coldly, and the atmosphere became tense again.

Tanya did not care. When she got up, a burst of dizziness hit her. Lance hurriedly supported her.

Tanya was originally in poor health. In the past few days, she had been suffering in the countryside with

Yvette. Thus, Lance ordered people to send Tanya back to rest.

Tanya was unwilling, saying, "I still have to take care of Yvette."

"I will take care of her," said Lance coldly.

Tanya wanted to match the two of them, so she was naturally happy to see it happen. Soon, she went back.

Before she left, Lance reminded her, "Mom, please don't tell grandpa about Yvette's pregnancy for the time being."

"Why?" Tanya was stunned. "If he knew about it, he would be happy."

Lance answered vaguely, "I'll tell him when Yvette feels better."

Tanya agreed. After all, it was still in the early stage of pregnancy, and Yvette didn't feel so well.

She nodded and left.

Yvette felt strange as she listened. She originally thought that Lance would tell his grandfather about her pregnancy. If his grandfather knew about it, it would be difficult for them to get divorced.

After all, she really could not bear to let his grandfather down.

But she did not expect that Lance would ask Tanya not to tell his grandfather.

For a moment, she did not know what Lance was up to.

Just as Yvette was hesitating, she saw Lance walk over. There was not a trace of warmth in his eyes.

Yvette was stunned by his gaze and subconsciously clenched her fists.

Then, he stopped beside the bed with a cold face.

Soon, a colored ultrasound paper fell in front of her.

"You're fifteen weeks pregnant. Do you want to explain something to me?"

Yvette was a little stunned. She picked up the colored ultrasound paper and took a look. It was recorded that she was pregnant for fifteen weeks.

How could it be...

She remembered that it had only been two months, but why did this colored ultrasound paper show that it was more than three months?

Her period was not that regular. Could it be that she remembered the date wrongly?

But that wasn't right either.

She thought the baby came on the night of the party after he returned from abroad. Because they hadn't had sex for almost a month, they did twice at the entrance, and after that, he even went crazy for an entire night...

When Lance noticed that Yvette did not speak, the anticipation in his eyes gradually disappeared, leaving only disappointment.

"Do you have nothing to say?" he asked coldly.

Yvette looked at the colored ultrasound paper and thought she could just check it again.

Maybe the doctor had made a mistake.

Her hesitation meant a guilty conscience in Lance's eyes. He was heartbroken and his handsome face was full of despair. "No wonder... No wonder you said it was none of my business."

"No..."

Yvette subconsciously wanted to explain, but Lance had already grabbed her shoulder crazily and roared, "Explain it! Explain it to me!"

Her shoulders were tightly gripped by him, and it hurt..

But Yvette bit her lips and endured it.

Judging from Lance's actions, she knew that he didn't trust her.

No wonder he asked Tanya not to tell his grandfather. Presumably, when he got this paper, he had already

chosen not to believe her.

Since he had already made up his mind, was it necessary to explain?

Anyway, no matter what she said, he would not believe it.

"I have nothing to explain." Her eyes were full of tears, and she looked at Lance stubbornly.

"Yvette, do you hate me so much that you don't even want to lie to me? Do you know how happy I was when I heard that you were pregnant?" Lance suddenly smiled bitterly.

He was ecstatic when he learned that Yvette was pregnant, but now he was furious.

He had always thought that he could find a way to get back Yvette's heart sooner or later.

But he didn't expect that she had cheated on him.

Three months?

That was ridiculous!

Thinking about the scene on the bed with her in the past three months, Lance suddenly felt disgusted.

He had mysophobia towards women.

So he felt it was dirty at that moment.

Lance gritted his teeth and said, "Who is that man!"

Yvette held the quilt tightly, and her face was particularly pale.

Lance wouldn't let go of her, and he seemed to have been crazy. "Is it Charlie? Or is it ... Marcus?"

Lance then thought of the scene where Yvette and Marcus held their hands in the hall, and he recalled

Marcus's meaningful answer.

Himisviivery, He Sau coity, why are you so shameless? Can't you even live without men? That's disgusting!"

His words hurt Yvette again.

But she tried to hold back her tears.

After two years of being together, Yvette couldn't believe that he didn't even trust her.

She should not have any expectations of him!

If this misunderstanding could help her break away from this suffocating marriage and prevent her child from being snatched away, then she was willing to be misunderstood.

"In that case, let's get a divorce quickly," Yvette said firmly.

Lance's eyes were red, and he replied indifferently, "You are the one who cheated, and you are pregnant with someone else's child. How dare you say that to me shamelessly?"

Yvette laughed. She asked in a stern voice, "Since you have already determined that the child is not yours, why don't you agree to divorce me? Unfortunately, even if you are willing, it's not your kid anyway."

"

Yvette's words were like a sharp sword that stabbed straight into Lance's heart.

Lance felt as if it was hard to breathe, then he sneered, "What did you say?"

At that moment, he was covered in a bone-piercing chill, and his expression was fierce.

Yvette knew that as long as she dared to say a word, he would grab her neck without hesitation.

But now, Yvette only wanted to divorce.

Even if he wanted to do something to her, it was okay. All she wanted was to end the marriage.

She looked at his ferocious expression and smiled brightly, "Lance, I am tired of you. I cheated on you, and the child is not yours. Let's get a divorce and live our individual lives in the future."

She would never meet him again in this life.

At that moment, it was deathly silent.

The atmosphere in the ward was freezing cold as if they were in a terrifying hell!

"Enough!"

As soon as Lance finished speaking, he stretched towards her neck angrily.

Chapter 85 She Is Not Allowed to Leave

At that moment, Yvette saw that Lance's eyes were filled with ruthlessness.

Yvette did not dodge. Instead, she straightened her slender neck in the air and met it head-on.

If enduring his anger could set her free from the marriage, she was willing to do so.

Yvette closed her eyes as Lance extended his hand toward her neck.

But when his hands were about to touch her neck, he paused for a second and then fiercely smashed into the

wall behind him.

A loud muffled sound came.

One could imagine how amazing the strength was.

Yvette opened her eyes and saw Lance's perfect side face. The joints on the back of his hand were covered in blood, and he held her shoulders indifferently, not allowing her to move.

"Yvette, are you lying to me? Are you trying to anger me?"

His voice was a little hoarse. His face was gloomy, and his back looked tense.

Yvette knew what he wanted to hear. A proud and conceited person like Lance would never accept a woman cheating on him.

He would think it dirty and disgusting.

However, Yvette's face did not reveal the expression he wanted.

She had felt disappointed when Lance had been partial to Yazmin time and time again.

Yvette was even angrier than Lance at that time.

After more than two years of living together, he did not trust her at all.

Just based on a list, he suspected that she had cheated on him and felt that the baby was not his.

He did not even think about reconfirming it.

Now that Phoebe was gone, the baby was her only spiritual pillar.

Yvette wasn't sure if she could survive without a child. She knew that the marriage wouldn't last for long. It would probably be harder for her to take away his child.

Although she didn't know if this misdiagnosis was done on purpose, it actually helped her.

She only wanted to divorce as soon as possible.

Yvette did not hesitate and told him, "This is not your child."

At that moment...

Lance seemed to have suffered a heavy blow, which was so painful that he could hardly breathe.

His mind seemed to be gnawed by thousands of white ants, and the intense pain was so unbearable.

How dare she!

How could she dare to do this?

Lance's eyes were gradually filled with hatred, and he raised his hand high as if he had lost his mind.

Yvette looked at him without any fear.

However, he finally put down his hand.

Even though the frustration in his heart was about to drive him crazy, he was still unwilling to hurt her.

Lance stared at Yvette with anger and complex emotions in his eyes.

"Yvette, do you think I will let you do as you wish?"

Lance gritted his teeth, picked her up, and carried her on his shoulder before striding out.

Yvette's stomach felt so uncomfortable by leaning against his shoulder. She was afraid of hurting her belly, so she did not dare to struggle. She could only beat his back and shout, "Lance, where are you taking me? You madman, put me down."

But Lance ignored her and directly opened the car door. He stuffed her into the car and held her tightly with

the seat belt.

Then, he started the engine and the car rushed out.

Yvette was bounced forward by inertia. Fortunately, she was tied with a seat belt, but she still felt sick.

The black luxury car ran quickly, and Lance had no intention of slowing down.

Yvette instinctively closed her eyes and clutched the handle of the car tightly, failing to make a sound.

The car drove straight into Serenity Villa. Lance got out of the car and carried her horizontally. When he passed by the security room, he ordered coldly.

“From now on, without my permission, Mrs. Wolseley is not allowed to leave Serenity Villa.”

Hearing his words, Yvette looked pale.

He wanted to put her under house arrest!

Soon, Yvette was thrown onto the soft bed by Lance. He bent down and extended his hand directly to her

waist.

“What are you doing?” Yvette was nervous, and she subconsciously tried to stop him.

As Lance’s hand was hit by her, he was stunned.

were close to each other, and although Yvette did not use much strength, Lance was surprised by it.

His eyes were darkened and ruthless. He directly separated her knees and reached out to grab her chin. “What? Now you don’t even want to act. Have you forgotten how many times we have had sex on this bed? It seems that man can’t satisfy you. Otherwise, you won’t be so passionate when having sex with me.”

He said with a sarcastic tone. His words were extremely humiliating and unpleasant to hear.

It was as if there was a fierce beast inside, tearing Lance’s handsome and refined appearance into pieces, and revealing his ruthless nature.

Yvette’s eyes were red. She was so angry that she turned her face to the side and gave his wrist a hard bite.

Lance let out a deep groan out of pain. Then he clenched her jaw tightly, saying viciously, “Let go!”

However, Yvette didn’t seem to give up until it was bleeding.

Her teeth gritted harder and harder until she saw blood gushing out. Then, she let go of it as if she was exhausted.

Her lips were covered with his blood, and she was so angry that her whole body trembled.

“Lance, don’t you think I’m dirty? Why do you still want to disgust yourself and touch me?”

Lance’s handsome face darkened. He took out the phone beside her and smashed it into pieces.

“Why do you think that I’ll touch you after I know about those disgusting things?”

Yvette looked at the broken phone, feeling so hopeless.

Grief filled her heart, and she asked, “Why did you put me under house arrest? The child is not yours. Can’t we just divorce and go our separate ways...”

Lance gritted his teeth angrily.

“Yvette, you’re sure that I won’t do anything to you, so you dare to betray me, right?”

Yvette did not understand why Lance was so angry.

She was not someone important to him, and she did not feel that he loved her.

If they divorced, wouldn’t it be better for him to be with the woman he loved?

As for the groundless betrayal, he could hide it from others since he was such a noble and powerful person in

New York.

Why did he insist on torturing her?

Yvette knew that there was no good for her if she were to clash head-on with Lance at that time, so she tried her best to calm down and said calmly, “Lance, you know what Yazmin is waiting for. Since you love each other, I will fulfill your wish. You don’t have to worry that I will bring you shame. If you are willing to divorce, I will take my baby away from New York and never appear in front of you again in this life.”

When Lance heard this, he thought that she had arranged a way out, which undoubtedly made him even more

furious.

He rubbed her lips heavily with his finger, and wiped away the blood, sneering, "If you want to divorce and leave with that man, then just wait and see if he can take you away."

Chapter 86 Emilie Is Beaten

After saying that, Lance made a phone call in front of Yvette and instructed, "Investigate the movements of Charlie Raison, who works in IA Investment Bank, in the past year. Before that, find two people to follow him, and don't let him leave New York."

Yvette was a little flustered when she heard this.

Because it was a lie. It was impossible for Lance to find anything. That was why she would recklessly provoke him to achieve the goal of divorce.

After all, it was impossible for an arrogant man like Lance to accept a child that was not related to him.

But she did not expect that he would not torture her, but someone else.

"Lance, this child has nothing to do with him. Can you stop messing up with an innocent man?"

However, Lance did not take any of her explanations and directly left.

Yvette was completely panicked. She did not dare to imagine what Lance would do out of anger.

After leaving Serenity Villa, Lance went straight to the bar.

By then, Marvin had already prepared the wine. Lance picked up one glass of wine after another and drank three glasses of wine.

After that, he asked, "Where is the medicine?"

Marvin threw out a box. Lance did not have any scruples and directly took the medicine with the wine.

Seeing this, Marvin frowned. "It's a miracle that you can still live after taking medicine like this."

Lance asked, "Why is there just one box?"

Marvin raised his eyebrows. "Do you think that I produced the medicine? I do have more, but you have to take the medicine reasonably. Medicine can be poisonous. Although it can ease your anxiety, drug overdoses may

also take your life.”

Marvin was not bluffing. Lance was suffering from the severe depression years ago. When he had a seizure, it was quite scary. The normal treatment in the country was completely useless to Lance.

Marvin managed to get him medicine from a professor abroad. The medicine was very useful for depression, but it would greatly impair one’s health.

Lance had never had a seizure again since his marriage. He had stopped taking medicine long ago. It was not a good sign that he took the medicine again.

Once there was a seizure after using the medicine, things would be worse. And in the long run, even the

medicine couldn’t help.

Lance was frowning, and he didn’t say anything.

Marvin could only say, “Tell me what happened. Haven’t you had any seizures for more than two years? Why did this suddenly happen?”

Lance was extremely irritated and loosened his tie.

“Is it related to Yvette?”

Marvin was shocked.

No matter how big the deal was, Lance could stay cold and rational while dealing with business. But when it

came to women, Lance repeatedly lost his composure.

However, not every woman could make Lance lose his composure,

Other than Yvette, Marvin had never seen Lance care so much about any woman.

Marvin waved his wine glass and advised, “I heard about that. Her grandmother passed away, and it was a

big deal at that time. You shouldn’t have stayed with Yazmin.”

When Marvin mentioned her grandmother, Lance felt as if his heart had been stabbed. Lance pursed his thin lips and said, “I know.”

He felt sorry about that.

But it was not a good reason for her to have an affair.

Marvin said, "It's normal for Yvette to be mad. You gotta be patient with women. You have to control your emotions and comfort her. Moreover, when your body is weak, the symptoms will get worse with just a little stimulation. When you can't listen to others, just shut up and don't hurt others. Otherwise, when you have to

sleep on the floor, you will be the one suffering."

Lance tightened his grip on the wine glass. The effect of the medicine flared up, and the intense depression

that brought him great pain was finally mitigated.

He connected everything together and felt that something was wrong, so he asked, "Could there be a mistake with the examination report from the hospital?"

"Usually, no. But there can be mistakes. The machine can't be 100% accurate."

"What about the date of pregnancy? Is it accurate?"

Marvin's eyes lit up, and he became interested. "Yvette is pregnant?"

Lance ignored him and only asked, "Will this be a mistake?"

"Normally, no. But the date can be inaccurate for a woman with an irregular menstrual cycle and a weak

body."

Yvette was weak because she fell into the water when she was young.

Lance recalled the past.

If she was three months pregnant... They had always been close three months ago. They got on well and enjoyed their sex.

Moreover, he had great passion. They had sex every day except during her period.

Lance remembered clearly how she looked when she was in bed, how she moaned in a soft voice, and how she begged him.

It didn't make sense that she would suddenly betray him while he was working abroad.

Moreover, on the first night he came back, he immediately verified that no one had entered the house. He was very clear about it.

It also reminded him that it was her safe period that day. They made love many times without condoms.

Therefore, she probably said so on purpose.

Lance wondered, but why did she say that? Doesn't she really love me at all?

Just because I could not see her grandmother before she passed away?

The more he thought about it, the more his head hurt. He fell asleep in the bar.

"Yvette, you are not allowed to leave me. You are not allowed to leave me for any reason..." he murmured while sleeping.

Marvin sighed and asked Frankie to pick him up.

In the car, Lance asked Frankie to go to the hotel. Lance was afraid that he would do something irrational when he was drunk.

The next day.

Emilie had been on tenterhooks ever since she came back from the mourning hall.

In addition, Rosa had been kicked quite badly and had been sent back by an ambulance. Now, she was still resting at home.

They had told Tanya about this, but Tanya had been busy with his business every day, completely ignoring them.

Moreover, he was now relying on the Wolseley family, so he absolutely could not go against the Wolseley family for a woman.

Even his own daughter had to make way.

At this time, Emilie muttered in front of her mother's bed, "It has been a few days. Lance should have forgotten about this matter."

Rosa said, "He must be fine. I was kicked by him. He's really rude. He even kicked his aunt!"

Emilie glanced at her mother. "If you had found a better man, would I have had to bow to others? It's your

fault. First, you married a gambler. Now you're sticking to a playa. He's already sixty and still took medicine

to have sex.”

“What are you talking about? Both of them are your fathers. Don’t talk nonsense.” Rosa rolled her eyes at Emilie.

“My stepfather is almost the same age as my grandfather. You have the nerve to ask me to call him dad.”

“Your mother is no longer young, so I could only find someone like this. So you have to find a good man. His background can’t be worse than the Hudson family. Did things go well with that guy at the last banquet? His family background is quite good. You should take the chance.”

Emilie smiled and said, “Don’t worry. I got this. I lied to him about my hymen. He likes me very much.”

“Bang!”

The door was kicked open..

It was Emilie’s stepfather, Dylan Thackeray.

Emilie still had to rely on her stepfather, so she naturally had to be nice to him. She went forward and said with a smile, “Dad, look at Mom...”

“Bam, bam!”

His two loud slaps directly knocked Emilie to the ground, and a tooth fell out of her mouth.

Emilie covered her face and cried with a mouthful of blood, “Dad! Why did you hit me?”

Dylan said with a sinister smile, “I’ve shown you enough mercy. Pack up your things and get out of my house immediately.”

Seeing her daughter getting beaten up, Rosa, who was lying on the bed, was naturally unhappy. She did not pretend to be sick and jumped up from the bed, shouting, “Dylan, why did you hit my daughter when you came back? You think you can ride over the Hudson family?”

It was Rosa’s usual trick. Every time she quarreled with Dylan, she would use the Hudson family to threaten

him.

Dylan's business was not even a quarter of the Hudson family's, and he even got some projects from the Hudson family.

But this time, it did not work. Dylan, like a madman, directly raised his foot.

"Thud!"

He kicked Rosa to the wall.

She just recovered from the former injury. Due to the kick, Rosa cried and howled.

Emilie saw that Dylan became so ruthless and also cried, "Dad, what are you doing?"

Dylan spat on Emilie's face, took out a stack of newspapers, and threw it on her face.

"Look at what you have done. I have lost all my face!"

Chapter 87 Hate

The headline on the first page of the newspaper was shocking, "Rumors in New York: The private life of a fake celebrity".

The article was not long, and Emilie was described as Ms. Wolseley. But it introduced her background in

detail.

All her misconduct when she was studying abroad was revealed.

The most ridiculous thing was that the reporter from such a big newspaper only covered her hair with

mosaics.

Her face was clear. Every photo showed her face. She had different postures in the photos. What was worse, there was a photo, where she was intimate with three men. She seemed so bold.

Emilie was so angry that her face was red and then pale. She gritted her teeth and said, "What kind of stupid news agency is this? How dare they invade my privacy? I will sue them!"

Dylan sneered, "Can you sue everyone? There is more shocking news about you on the Internet. I didn't" expect you to be such a bad girl. You bitch."

Dylan's words made Emilie's face change.

On the Internet...

She hurriedly turned on her phone, and her name was on the trending topics.

There were more sexy photos on the Internet.

“These socialites are usually arrogant, but they are actually like whores!”

“Socialite? This ugly woman is called Emilie Thackeray. She had plastic surgery all over her body. Her mother

was the daughter of a nanny. Her mother was a mistress and married that man. No one thinks highly of her.”

“Tell me if you want her sex video. It’s free.”

There were actually more than 8,100 replies, and Emilie was so angry.

The pictures in the comments drove her crazy. In those photos, she looked terrible and immoral.

“Ah! Ah! Ah!”

Emilie was mad.

Rosa was also confused.

She wondered who was messing with her daughter. She hurriedly called the Hudson family to ask for help,

but her number was actually blocked.

At this time, Emilie’s phone rang. It was the person she was preparing to be engaged to.

She hurriedly picked it up and said in a delicate voice, “Honey, listen. It’s all fake...”

“Bitch, fuck you. How dare you cheat me like this? Let me tell you, I’m in the hospital now to check my body. If there is any problem, I won’t let you off no matter where you hide!”

“It’s not like that...” Emilie wanted to explain as she cried.

“Beep beep beep.”

But he had already hung up the phone.

Emilie checked her phone. Even her Line was filled with all sorts of videos and pictures of her. She pulled her

hair and screamed. No matter how hard she tried, she could not dispel the fear in her heart.

She knew that she was finished! She was completely finished!

“Get out of my house with your things!”

Dylan was not in the mood to look at them. His friends now all knew that he had such a cheap stepdaughter, and all of them laughed at him.

The servants moved quickly and threw their things out.

Rosa saw that there were only some clothes thrown out and quickly asked, “Where is my jewelry?”

“Those are all my money. Don’t even think about it. Get the hell out of here!”

“Dylan, are you crazy? Have you forgotten that we have the Hudson family and the Wolseley family behind.

us? Can you afford to offend them?”

But Dylan was even more furious when she mentioned the Hudson family.

The Wolseley family did not recognize him from the beginning to the end.

The Hudson family was related to him, so the Hudson family would give him some chances in business.

But this morning, the Hudson family’s cooperation with him was suddenly cut off. He went to ask them, but

the Hudson family directly said that they did not know him.

When he mentioned Rosa, the Hudson family said that there was no such person.

It turned out that Rosa’s father had already divorced her mother, and Bryan had even directly removed them.

from the Hudson family’s family tree.

It meant that none of the three women were good, and the Hudson family abandoned them.

What he wanted was just the support of the Hudson family. But now the Hudson family did not care about

Rosa anymore. There was no need to keep her.

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Rosa and her daughter were driven out of the Wolseley's house and went back to the Hudson family to plead for mercy. But they were rejected by the security guard.

They wanted to go to the Wolseley family to ask for help, but they were directly driven away by two big dogs

at the door.

In desperation, Emilie had to go to the hotel with her mother first, but each of their bank cards was frozen.

After being kicked by Dylan, Rosa was now unable to move and was unwilling to walk. So she sold her earrings for some money and stayed in a small hotel.

Emilie looked at the cramped small room. She had never lived in such a shabby place in her life. She knew

that she had to find another way out.

After walking around outside for a while, she could not contact any of her previous friends. So she had to call

Yazmin.

The phone buzzed.

Lena saw the name and asked, "Ms. Myers, do you want to talk to her?"

Yazmin just came back from outside and put on a mask. She was in a good mood and said, "Give it to me."

Lena hesitated for a second. "Ms. Thackeray is now in trouble. You better stay away from her. Or Mr. Wolseley may find it out."

Yazmin said, "It's OK. Turn on the speaker."

Lena turned on the speaker, and Emilie's complaint sounded.

"Yazmin, can you lend me some money? I can't use all the cards I have. When I can go home and take out my things, I will return the money to you immediately."

"Emilie, I want to help you too, but you don't even have a card now. How can I help you? I'm not at home

now."

"You are not home?" Emilie repeated absentmindedly.

"Yes, I am abroad."

"Ring."

Suddenly, the doorbell rang.

Lena went to the front door to check. She was shocked to see Emilie standing at the door. She was almost

frightened.

"Yazmin, open the door. I saw you go in."

There was a flash of coldness in Yazmin's eyes.

She hung up the phone and asked Lena to open the door.

"Yazmin, I have nothing now. Are you going to leave me in the lurch? Who did I do all this for?" After she entered the house, Emilie's face was gloomy. She became hysterical.

If Yazmin had not cried in front of her again and again and hinted that she could invest in her if she became Mrs. Wolseley, how could she have done something so crazy?

Yazmin comforted her softly. "Emilie, don't worry. After all, you are the granddaughter of Bryan. They won't abandon you."

Hearing this, Emilie became even more excited.

"They don't care. They stopped giving me money. I can't even enter the Hudson's home now."

She said with tears in her eyes, "Yazmin, you're the only one who can help me now. I can't stay in the country anymore. Lend me some money, and I'm going to hide abroad."

It was said that the man who should've engaged her was diagnosed with a VD and was looking for her now. He said he would kill her.

Emilie was now cornered.

Thinking of this, she trembled. "Yazmin, it was you who told me that bitch was pregnant. I wanted to help you get rid of the child in her belly. You must help me."

Yazmin's expression changed instantly.

Chapter 88 Get Rid of This Bastard

Emilie was threatening her.

Yazmin's eyes flashed with ruthlessness. She knew that this chess piece was completely useless.

Lena interrupted her first. "Ms. Thackeray, what you said is wrong. Did Ms. Myers ask you to go against Ms. Thiel? Ms. Myers just guessed that Ms. Thiel was pregnant and told you about it because she thought you were her friend. She never asked you to hurt her child!"

Emilie suddenly heard this and recalled that Yazmin did not ask her to hurt Yvette's baby.

But Emilie still felt that something was wrong. If not for Yazmin's complaints and implications, how would she go against Yvette?

Yazmin said softly, "Lena, don't say that. Emilie is like my sister. She is in trouble. I must help her."

She signaled to Lena, who went to a room to take out a few stacks of cash. It seemed that there were over

thousands of dollars.

Yazmin touched Emilie's hand, and her eyes turned red. "Emilie, it's not that I don't want to help you. But Lance said whoever helps you will be the enemy of the Wolseley family. But I feel really sorry for you. There are 10 thousand dollars. Take the money. I have put all my money into investment recently. When I have more money, I will help you."

Emilie's face was cold. The money wasn't even enough for her life at home, let alone abroad.

Yazmin said again, "Actually, I heard from a friend working in the hospital that Yvette's grandmother would die soon at that time. I didn't expect her to be so vicious. She blamed her grandmother's death on you and even incited Lance to go against you."

As Yazmin spoke, she raised her hand and wiped away the tears in her eyes. "Emilie, I really want to help you, but Lance is now fascinated by Yvette and doesn't listen to me at all. We have underestimated Yvette."

Emilie's eyes were red, and she said hatefully, "It's all that bitch's fault! If not for her, I wouldn't have ended

like this. I won't spare her!"

up

Yazmin pretended to panic and said, "Emilie, you must not provoke her again. You have already lost everything because of her..."

It reminded Emilie that she had already lost her reputation and had nothing left.

There was nothing to lose.

"That bitch! I won't let her off even if I go to hell!" Emilie gnashed her teeth.

After that, Emilie took the money and was about to leave.

Yazmin revealed a cold smile, but she pretended to be willing to leave Emile. "Emilie, although I can't give

you more money, remember, I will always stand on your side."

Emilie felt warmth in her heart. "Thank you, Yazmin."

When the door closed, Lena looked at Yazmin with a sense of relief.

"Ms. Myers, you did well."

They were both old foxes, so they understood these tricks.

With just a few words, Yazmin squeezed out the last bit of Emilie's value.

Right now, Emilie was just a mad dog that was forced to a dead end. Under such circumstances, she would definitely do something crazy.

They were just waiting to watch a good show.

Yazmin's eyes were as cold as those of a poisonous snake. She was even wondering about killing Yvette and her baby.

But it was not worth it.

At Serenity Villa.

Yvette's phone was smashed by Lance, and she couldn't contact others. She also didn't know if Lance had

gone to Charlie.

Charlie kindly helped her many times, and she was afraid that his career would be hindered or he would be

hurt because of her.

That was why she had been on tenterhooks the entire night, afraid that she would implicate Charlie.

At noon, when Mary saw that Yvette had no appetite, Mary kept urging her to eat more. In just a few days,

Yvette was so thin that she looked weak.

Yvette looked at Mary and thought for a moment before asking, "Mary, can you lend me your phone? I

wanna make a call."

Mary hesitated. Lance's order was not to let Yvette go out. Naturally, she was not allowed to contact anyone.

However, Yvette had been depressed for the past two days. Mary knew it. And she thought that if a phone call

would make Yvette feel better, it would be fine.

Mary handed the phone to Yvette and went to the kitchen to clean up.

Yvette could not remember Charlie's number, but she remembered Ellen's phone number. After she made the

call and learned about Charlie's situation, she was relieved.

Ellen was staying with her father in the hospital. She had just learned that Yvette's grandmother had gone,

and she felt a little resentful.

"Yve, why didn't you tell me? Am I still your best friend?"

Yvette pursed her lips and said, "I'm sorry, Ellen. It happened suddenly. I didn't have time to inform anyone."

But Ellen wouldn't blame Yvette. She hurriedly said, "Yve, what I care about is that when you were so sad, I couldn't stay by your side. I regretted it."

"I know." Yvette nodded.

She would not misunderstand Ellen because she was her old friend.

After hanging up the phone, Yvette was in a much better mood. Mary tried to persuade her to eat some food, so she ate some soup and went upstairs to rest.

When it was almost dark, Lance, who had disappeared for two days, finally came back.

His face was not dark, and he went straight to the second floor as soon as he entered. His mood seemed to be extremely bad.

With a bang, the bedroom door was kicked open.

Yvette was shocked. Just as she was about to speak, he grabbed her collar and took her out of the bed. He pulled her out.

Yvette lost his balance and almost fell. She could only hold his hand tightly and ask angrily, "Lance, what happened to you?"

Lance suddenly raised his head, his face so gloomy that Yvette could not help but shiver.

"Yvette, how dare you lie to me!"

Yvette panicked. Could it be that he knew that the baby was his?

"What did I lie to you about?" She forced herself to calm down.

Lance raised his hand, and a pile of photos fell.

There were photos taken when Charlie accompanied her to the hospital. Charlie went to the gynecology department for her. It was clearly recorded by the surveillance cameras.

Frankie had investigated far more than this. Even the doctors in the hospital had personally confirmed that Charlie had indeed sent his wife for a checkup.

As for that woman, it was Yvette.

When everything was confirmed, Lance felt as if he had fallen into the abyss.

He wondered, am I not nice enough to her?

Why did she betray me?

Lance gritted his teeth and asked, "What else do you want to say?"

Yvette was stunned, and her face turned pale as she said, "It's not what you think. I can explain..."

"Okay, explain it to me. Is this person you?"

Yvette took a deep breath and said, "It's me, but all of this was just a coincidence."

The person in the photo was her. There was nothing to be hidden. But it was indeed a coincidence that Charlie had sent her to the hospital twice.

"A coincidence?" Lance seemed to have heard a joke. He sneered, "So coincidental that even the doctors know that you are a couple?"

"That's just a misunderstanding," Yvette moved her lips and explained weakly.

"Do you believe your own words?"

Lance did not look at her after he finished speaking. He held Yvette's hand tightly and walked downstairs.

Yvette panicked and struggled desperately to shake off his hand. Her voice trembled.

"Where are you taking me?"

Lance stopped in his tracks and lowered his eyes to look down, his gaze frighteningly cold.

"Of course, to get rid of this bastard."

Chapter 89 The Baby Is Yours

When Yvette heard that, her face turned pale, and she held her clothes tightly.

Although her baby was not popular, she wouldn't allow anyone to hurt it.

“Lance, can you be kind?”

Yvette wanted to tell him, “The child is yours.

“If you don’t love it, please don’t hurt it.”

However, Yvette dared not say that.

She was afraid of losing custody of the baby.

Lance’s eyes turned cold. He held Yvette’s wrist tightly and said ruthlessly, “To make it disappear is my

kindness.”

He would never allow the stain to come to the world.

After saying that, Lance roughly carried Yvette downstairs and threw her into the car.

The car was started, and Yvette felt being pulled backward.

Yvette asked with a trembling voice, “Lance, where are you going?”

However, she only heard the whistling of the wind.

Soon, the car stopped at the entrance of a private hospital. Lance pulled Yvette out of the car.

Yvette finally knew what Lance wanted to do. Her face turned pale.

She thought Lance would not stand the baby and divorce her as long as he knew the baby was not his.

However, Yvette never expected Lance to force her to have an abortion.

Yvette roared, “Lance, I disagree. You have no right to make me have an abortion.”

Lance sneered, “Didn’t you think of today when you betrayed me? Do you think I would tolerate a mistake?”

“My baby is not a mistake.” Yvette held Lance’s wrists and pleaded, “Lance, please don’t force me to do

that.”

Lance was indifferent and expressionless. He looked straight ahead and ordered, "Take her in."

The medical staff at the entrance came up to pull Yvette.

Yvette held Lance's hand tightly, and tears streamed down her face.

"Lance, I have never begged you. Can you let go of the baby this time?"

Yvette sobbed and begged Lance over and over again. Her hoarse voice was harsh in the quiet night.

As Lance listened to the heart-wrenching cry, he felt pain as if his heart was mercilessly pierced by an arrow.

Whenever Lance thought of Yvette carrying someone else's child, he wanted to tear her apart.

However, he loved her so much that he could not be ruthless with her.

Lance knew he couldn't let Yvette leave, so he couldn't tolerate the baby.

The baby was like a time bomb.

The Wolseley family would not accept a disloyal woman.

Lance ruthlessly shook off Yvette's hands and coldly refused, "I wouldn't accept this baby."

Yvette was in despair and panic. Everything was beyond her expectations. She wanted to divorce instead of losing the baby.

"Lance, I said that to anger you. It's not the truth."

Yvette didn't want to risk the baby anymore and pulled Lance to explain.

"Yvette."

Someone rushed over and interrupted Yvette.

Yvette looked up and was stunned.

It was Charlie. How could it be?

Charlie pulled Yvette behind him to protect her.

Charlie had been worried about Yvette for the past two days and could not contact her on the phone. Therefore, he asked Ellen and knew Yvette had asked about him. He turned more worried. Charlie went to the

Serenity Villa to see if he could meet Yvette coincidentally.

When Charlie saw Lance carrying Yvette out, he hurriedly followed them.

Then, Charlie saw Lance and Yvette pulling each other from a distance. Charlie thought Lance was about to hit Yvette, so he rushed over on impulse.

Charlie looked at Lance aggressively. "Mr. Wolseley, a man should not hit a woman no matter what

happens."

Yvette broke out in a cold sweat. She explained, "Charlie, you have misunderstood."

Before Yvette finished her words, a punch landed on Charlie's face, and he staggered back.

Charlie wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and fought back roughly, but Lance dodged aside.

Lance was trained in unarmed combat. Although Charlie was strong because of regular exercise, he was

weaker than Lance.

At that moment, Lance was hostile. He grabbed Charlie's collar and fiercely punched him to the ground.

In an instant, blood streamed out from Charlie's mouth. The bloody taste in his mouth did not make him give up. He stood up and continued the fighting.

"Stop!" Yvette stood between them and stretched out her arms.

Lance's fist abruptly stopped in front of Yvette's face. He said fiercely, "Get out of the way."

"Lance, the baby has nothing to do with Charlie. Don't hit him anymore."

"Really?" Lance sneered, "If that's the case, why is he here? He is worried about you, but what should I do?"

Lance pulled Yvette into his arms and held her tightly, not allowing her to say a word. "You are my wife."

Yvette was strangled by Lance, and her face turned pale. She wanted to explain, but Lance was so angry that he would not listen to any explanation.

As soon as Charlie stood up, Lance kicked him and stared at Charlie's hand, which had touched Yvette.

Then, Lance ordered coldly, "Break one of his hands."

Two bodyguards came up and pinned Charlie's head down. Without hesitation, they broke Charlie's right hand, and Charlie couldn't help but groan.

Yvette was stunned. She felt her heart gripped by someone, and it hurt so much that she could not breathe.

"Where else had he touched?"

Lance lowered his head and got close to Yvette's ear. His voice was cold.

"I will torture him little by little."

Yvette's face turned deathly pale. Her teeth chattered, and her face was wet with tears.

"Lance, it has nothing to do with Charlie. Let him go, please..."

Lance looked down at Yvette in his arms. His tone was peaceful. "Why? Are you worried about him?"

His tone was so peaceful that it was hard to tell if he was angry. However, his words were hurtful.

Yvette forced herself to calm down and said with a trembling voice, "Lance, let Charlie go. I will have a talk with you. It isn't what you think."

Charlie, who was suppressed on the ground, suddenly fought back. Even though he could only fight with one hand, he overturned a bodyguard.

It was hard to fight against four hands with one hand. Charlie was once again pressed down on the ground.

Yvette looked with fear and constantly begged, "Lance, tell them to stop. It is something between us. Don't involve others. The baby is not Charlie's."

Lance sneered, "Yvette, you know I can't stand you trying to protect other men."

Lance's eyes were cold and ruthless. "Break his left hand."

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The two bodyguards lifted Charlie's left hand and were about to break it.

"Ah!" Yvette suddenly screamed in pain and shook her head desperately.

"Lance, the child is yours. It's yours!"

In an instant, Lance's heart thumped violently.

Chapter 90 We Are Quits

In the darkness of the night, Lance's eyes looked even deeper.

He wanted to believe Yvette, but the doctor's words, the report, and the man in the bed all demonstrated that she deceived him.

Yvette saw his hesitation, and she couldn't help feeling frustrated.

As she expected, even though she told the truth, Lance did not believe her.

After considering for a while, she made up her mind and tried to make it clear. Anyway, she had to prove Charlie's innocence.

With her watery eyes, Yvette explained, "I was angry that you did not trust me. The child is yours."

She cast a glance at Charlie, who lay on the ground with his face racked with pain, and choked with sobs, "Charlie is injured. He needs treatment. Let's talk later, okay?"

It was Charlie who lent Yvette a hand whenever she was in despair. She felt extremely bitter for him as he was beaten so badly because of her.

The guilt made her tears fall down.

As Lance swept his gaze between Yvette and Charlie, he failed to stop himself from losing his temper.

He grabbed Yvette's chin and made her turn around to look at him. He said ruthlessly, "Yvette, are you so eager to help Charlie? How dare you lie to me again!"

Yvette cried out in pain and tried hard to push him away. She said in a broken accent, "I didn't lie to you."

Charlie shouted out as he saw the pained look on Yvette's face, "Stop! You are a man! How could you hurt a woman like this?"

"What an impressive scene!"

Lance seemed to become even more furious. With his bushy brows lifted, he put on an evil smile and turned to look at those black-clothed bodyguards.

He ordered, "Go all out and beat him up! No matter what happens later, I can handle it."

Hearing his words, the bodyguards began hitting Charlie with all their strength.

There came the muffled sound of fists on Charlie's body.

Yvette couldn't help shivering all over when hearing the sound.

However, Charlie didn't let out a groan. He feared that Yvette would feel even more guilty.

"Stop!"

Yvette's eyes were red, and she shouted. However, the bodyguards did not listen to her at all

She could only turn around and look at Lance. With her tears streaming down, she pleaded, "Lance, please stop them. I will do whatever you want me to do, okay?"

Yvette wondered why she had to bear so much.

She felt as guilty as hell.

Lance's indifference made her despair.

She had no choice but to rush forward and stand in front of Charlie to stop the bodyguards from hurting him.

The bodyguards did not dare to attack Yvette. So, they stopped and waited for Lance's instructions.

Yvette's action directly triggered Lance's rage.

He roared, "Come over!"

Yvette shook her head and stood in the same spot. "Lance, I know you don't care about me. What about our baby? Don't you want to be a kind father? Let go of Charlie."

The latter yelled with his eyes full of anger. "Are you going to leave together with him? It's impossible."

In an instant, Yvette wept with disappointment and despair.

She shook her head in a daze and said helplessly, "Lance, why don't you believe me?"

Yvette was desperate to wish that Lance could believe her, even once.

Lance said coldly, "You want me to believe you, right? Well, let me ask you. Why did the doctor say that you and Charlie are a couple?"

"It was a misunderstanding. Charlie took me to the hospital because I was injured. He knew about my pregnancy from the doctor."

Yvette was afraid that Lance would vent his anger at the doctor, so she told the truth in detail.

She thought, Lance, have you ever thought about my feelings? Where were you when I needed you the most?

You hate Charlie because he helped me. Then, what do you wish me to do? You left me alone in despair. That

was what you did to me.

"What do you mean? I've got you wrong. Although Charlie knew that you were pregnant and pretended to be your husband, you were nothing more than friends. Is that right?"

Lance gave a derisive laugh.

Clearly, he did not trust Yvette's words at all.

Yvette smiled a forced smile and said desperately, "Lance, believe it or not, it was just a misunderstanding. It has nothing to do with Charlie. From beginning to end, you are suspicious of me. You have never trusted me.

"If it were Yazmin, you probably would believe her without hesitation."

At the mention of Yazmin, Lance frowned deeply. "What does it have to do with her?"

It was dark and windy at night.

Yvette was so weak that she became unsteady in the wind as if a withered leaf that would be blown away by

the wind at any time.

She murmured, "I'm just curious. Why do you trust her so much while not believing whatever I said? It's been two years, but you seem not to know about me at all. What exactly do you think about me?"

Yvette's extremely disappointed tone almost took Lance's breath away. He couldn't help feeling distressed.

He was not sure what was wrong with him either. He asked himself if he would be this angry if Yazmin was pregnant. He had to admit the answer was negative. He probably would even be happy for her.

Yvette seemed to be different from Yazmin in his mind. He was incandescent with rage at the thought that there would be another man being together and starting a family with Yvette.

Lance suspected that he fell in love with Yvette.

He had never thought that he would fall in love with anyone else.

Yvette's heart sank as Lance remained silent. She no longer had any expectations.

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What had happened between them occurred to Yvette. She had to admit that she was totally not important to

Lance.

He became furious because he thought Yvette betrayed him. He was utterly humiliated.

She was an absolute loser.

She had loved Lance deeply for a whole decade. It turned out that she was unworthy of trust in his mind.

"It's all my fault. I overestimated myself. What a fool I was! I thought you would be touched by my sincere love one day. I got what I deserved."

She squeezed a smile while her eyes were full of tears.

Her grandmother was gone. She couldn't live anymore if she lost her baby.

"Lance, you don't believe me no matter what I say. Since you refuse to let Charlie off, you can beat me as well. In this way, we are quits."

“No way!”

She would never get even with him in her lifetime.

Lance’s face was extremely gloomy, and his eyes were red. He stepped forward and held Yvette in his arms.

“You’d better give up on the idea as soon as possible. I will never let you go.”

“You bastard!”

Yvette’s eyes smoldered with anger. She couldn’t bear it any longer and fiercely bit his arm.

A sharp pain shot through Lance’s arm. Even though he had his clothes on, he felt that he was bleeding from

his arm.

“Let go!”

Lance gritted his teeth. He didn’t expect Yvette to bite him suddenly.

Soon, Yvette tasted blood and saw it permeating Lance’s sleeve. Even so, she clenched her teeth.

Lance wanted to throw her out. However, when he discovered that her shoulders trembled with anger,

stopped.

he

He was so irritated that his voice turned hoarse. “Is Charlie so important to you? What else can you do to save him?”

Just as he was about to force Yvette to open her mouth with his free hand, the latter wore out and fell to the ground.

Lance grabbed her. With a strained look, he shouted, “Yvette!”