

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn

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## Chapter 91 Save My Baby

Yvette was in his arms and did not weigh at all. Her face was extremely pale, and her forehead got fully

sweaty.

Lance tightened his entire body. He did not even dare to hold her in his arms tightly. He asked nervously, "Are you feeling unwell?"

Yvette grabbed his wrist and begged weakly, "My belly... It hurts. Save my baby."

Yvette then fainted with an even paler face...

Lance suddenly narrowed his eyes. Without hesitation, he picked her up and walked into the hospital.

"Mr. Wolseley."

Charlie stood up, and his eyes were full of worry. "Please take good care of her."

Lance stopped and turned back arrogantly.

"Watch out. The next time you tried to get close to Yvette, I would make you pay a high price for it."

His threatening words made the crowd chilled.

Lance then stepped into the hospital.

The bodyguard looked at the injured Charlie again. After all, they were ruthless just now.

After being broken one arm, Charlie could still stand up as if nothing had happened. They could not help but wonder if he had hidden his power.

Instead, Charlie did not mind and walked steadily toward the car in wind.

He sat in the back seat and made a phone call. There was no emotion in his tone. "Find someone to pick me

up and tell him that I agree."

After the call, Charlie stretched his legs and leaned against the back seat to take a rest.

A man with something that he cared about most was simply too easy to deal with.

Charlie could make Lance go crazy without doing anything. What if he did something?

Charlie put on a faint smile in dark. He felt it was very interesting.

In the hospital.

Looking at Yvette who was lying on the emergency bed, the attending doctor didn't think too much and asked, "Mr. Wolseley, do you want to choose the way that would hurt her the least?"

"Please save the patient. If she is fine, then..."

Lance paused with a dark face.

To be rational, it was the best time to abort the baby.

However, thinking of Yvette's determination to save her baby, Lance hesitated. Once the baby was gone, would no doubt hate him and leave him without hesitation.

Lance was even more unable to accept the fact that Yvette might leave him.

Lance slowly tightened his hand that was hanging by the side. He struggled and said.

"Save the baby!"

After his reply, the doctor and the nurses urgently sent Yvette into the room for an examination.

Lance waited outside the door, recalling what Yvette had just said. He got mixed feelings.

The baby... Could it be his baby?

When Yvette woke up, it was almost noon.

she

There was a slight tingling on the back of her hand. She looked over blankly and found herself under a drip.

Yvette got nervous at once. She looked up and saw Lance in a suit next to the bed.

“Did you wake up?”

Lance was expressionless. He reached out to pick up the pillow and placed it behind her back.

Before Lance could get close, the pillow was knocked to the floor by Yvette.

She looked at him as if she was looking at an enemy and asked angrily, “What did you do to my baby?”

Lance pursed his thin lips, his expression terrifyingly cold.

But Yvette’s eyes were filled with hatred, and she could not see anything. Her lips trembled. “Lance, I won’t forgive you!”

Lance frowned arrogantly and mocked, “What? Do you still want to fight against me to death?”

Seeing him so indifferent, Yvette ignored the drip and directly waved her hand. She roared, “Give my baby

back!”

The needle pulled up a bloody mark on the back of her hand, which got bloody quickly.

Lance’s expression suddenly changed. He grabbed her hand with great anger. “Yvette, are you crazy?”

Yvette’s hand was swollen red, and the needle had flown nowhere. The wound was heavily bleeding, but she

was unaware of it.

She asked him as if she had gone crazy, “How can you be so cold-blooded and heartless? It’s my baby! It’s

mine!”

Lance’s face was dark. He reached out and pressed her down. “No.”

Yvette was shocked for a moment before asking again, “What do you mean?”

Someone slightly knocked on the door twice.

“Number 304, it’s time to dress change.”

Then the head nurse pushed the medicine cart in and paused for a second when she saw what happened.

Then she rushed up and shouted at Lance, “Sir, what’s wrong? Didn’t you know that the patient was weak? Why did you make her so excited? You look pretty good like a gentleman. Why did you hit a girl? If you continued it, I would call the police!”

After the head nurse finished speaking, she was a little scared. After all, he looked very domineering. He seemed to have been in a high status for a long time.

But no matter what, Lance should never hit a girl. In the head nurse’s opinion, Yvette was still sick, but Lance still treated her in that way. Yvette was no doubt more miserable at home.

Yvette on the bed looked to be the same age as the head nurse’s daughter, so the head nurse overcame her scare. She spoke firmly again to Lance, “You can go out now. Don’t make the patient excited.”

Lance’s face instantly turned pale, and he put on a poker face. It could be seen that he was very angry.

But in the end, he did not say anything and turned around to leave.

It became peaceful in the room.

The head nurse relaxed a lot and started to treat Yvette’s injury on the back of her hand.

Yvette was at a loss for what Lance had just said, so she quickly asked, “May I ask if my baby...”

The head nurse disinfected Yvette’s wound with alcohol and replied without raising her head, “The baby is fine. It’s just that your body is too lacking in nutrition. The baby is growing up too slowly, so I’ll give you a drip for nutrition.”

Yvette grabbed the nurse’s arm at once and asked excitedly, “Is my baby still well?”

The nurse glanced at her and got puzzled. “Of course.”

Yvette didn’t come to her senses and couldn’t believe it.

The head nurse continued, "Your husband is out of my expectation. This morning, the young girls at the nurse station were still praising him for being handsome and treating his wife well. I didn't expect that he

was such a man!"

Yvette was a little embarrassed and explained, "He didn't hit me. I hurt myself."

"Didn't he hit you?" the head nurse asked in surprise.

Yvette nodded.

The head nurse smiled in embarrassment, "I wronged him. Then he turned out to treat you well. He guarded you for the entire night last night."

Yvette was wondering when Lance was guarding her, was he so angry that he would like to kill her?

The head nurse kept silent then. She prepared another drip for Yvette and went outside.

After a while, Yvette heard that someone was coming.

Yvette was a little flustered and subconsciously did not want to face him. So she closed her eyes and

pretended to be asleep.

Lance came in and found her eyelashes still trembling. He laughed silently.

Yvette was not good at playing a trick at all.

He opened the chicken soup expressionlessly. A good smell filled in the room immediately.

After a tough night, Yvette got very hungry.

It smelt like the one that she liked most.

"Get up and enjoy your soup," Lance said unhappily.

Yvette did not want to face him and continued to close her eyes, but her stomach made an annoying sound.

Lance snorted, destroying Yvette's plan of pretending to be asleep. She could only sit up and set up a small

table to enjoy her dinner.

Yvette thought it was nothing if she felt hungry, but she had to care about her baby.

But the problem was, it was inconvenient for her to have the soup with both hands.

So Lance poured the soup into a small bowl and picked up a spoon to feed Yvette.

Yvette looked at his unfriendly expression and felt uncomfortable. She hesitated for a second, “Why not ask

the nurse to do it?”

Lance sized her up with anger. He asked unhappily, “Are you hungry or not?”

Yvette was shocked for a moment and then accepted it.

Lance had never served anyone before, and he was patient to feed Yvette.

Fortunately, Yvette was very obedient.

Lance felt it interesting at that moment, and he wondered that if he had a daughter, would she be as delicate

and beautiful as Yvette?

Yvette finished a small bowl and felt full. She shook her head.

Lance put down the bowl and rang the bell. Someone came to clean it up.

When they were left alone in the ward, Yvette coughed slightly and asked, “Lance, how would you agree to

divorce?”

## **Chapter 92 As Long as You Agree to Divorce**

The atmosphere clearly changed.

Lance did not expect that the person who had been eating quietly a second ago would coldly ask him when he would divorce in the next second.

He glanced at her and sneered, “Are you full, and now you have the strength to quarrel?”

“Lance, is there any point in arguing now?”

With so many things happening between them, it was impossible for them to go back to the past.

Yvette pursed her lips. "With our current relationship, instead of constantly arguing and suspecting each other, it is better to settle it peacefully so that we can be apart in a good way."

"Be apart in a good way?" Lance chuckled when he heard this.

Yvette seemed to see hope and said in a spurt of energy, "As long as you agree to divorce, you can raise any conditions."

The baby was the only comfort she had now. She could not lose her child.

If Lance really had this thought, with the legal department of the Wolseley Group, she would definitely not be able to win custody.

Lance's eyes were instantly gloomy. "Yvette, do you really want to dump me and go find Charlie?"

Yvette pursed her lips and did not speak. She was already tired of saying that it had nothing to do with

Charlie.

Since he was determined to think this way, then let it be.

Seeing that she did not speak, Lance got angry. He grabbed her chin and said coldly, "Yvette, are you really this naïve? Do you think I will let you do as you wish?"

Yvette's eyes were sore from being pinched by him. She choked and said, "What are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do?"

Lance sneered. He didn't show any mercy. "I want you to stay by my side. Even if it is torture, you have to

endure it."

Yvette was in great pain. She bit her lips and said weakly, "Two people who don't love each other tie together. Is it really interesting?"

Lance stood up and looked down at her from above. "I have the final say of whether it's interesting."

Yvette completely collapsed. She shouted, "Lance, why can't you let me go?"

She didn't understand.

She only wanted to wait for the child to be born and live an ordinary life. Why was it so difficult?

Seeing her in such pain, Lance could not say what it felt like.

But he could not do as she wished.

"I have already asked someone to do a blood test for you. The results will be out in three days."

Yvette was petrified by this sentence.

"If this is my child, then you stop your thoughts. I can't let go of the child." Lance noticed her reaction.

"If not," he paused for a second and said in a cold tone, "and you want to have it, then give birth to it. I will send it away."

After he finished speaking, he turned around and left without looking back.

Yvette's hands and feet were cold.

She had underestimated his obsession, and she was wrong to think that Lance would be silly about this.

How could he not investigate anything and believe it with just a not-so-accurate report?

For the whole day, Yvette was in a bad mood.

Her mind was full of thoughts about how to get the child's custody.

Sometimes, she felt that the world was really unfair.

The child was clearly the flesh of a woman, but it had to be snatched away when they divorced.

Her heart felt stifled at the thought of it.

At night, Yvette ate a little for the sake of the baby and then went to sleep.

But not long after, she heard the sound of the door being pushed open. She widened her eyes and saw the



person who came in.

She did not expect him to come over at night.

During the day, there were two bodyguards guarding the door, and at night, he had to come personally to

guard.

Was he so afraid that she would run away?

She did not want to think too much. That would hurt her brain cells, so she simply did not say anything. She directly turned her face away and pretended not to see him.

Lance's handsome eyebrows twitched.

He also did not know why he rushed over.

And he was so unwelcome.

Immediately, he was irritated.

He lifted the quilt and went to the bed.

Yvette immediately froze and asked in astonishment, "Why are you here?"

Lance snorted and said naturally, "What else? Do you think I sat by your bed all night?"

Yvette resisted in her heart. They were already in such a mess. It was a little awkward to sleep on the same

bed.

The bed was filled with a refreshing fragrance. She muttered, "Have you taken a shower?"

Lance was surprised. Of course, he had taken a shower.

The bathtub in the ward could not fit him at all.

He went closer to her and hugged her from behind. He asked, "You can take a sniff."

He was so close to Yvette, and she could smell it. It was indeed a refreshing smell after a bath.

It seemed that this man had his own fragrance.

The cold fragrance seemed to seep into his bones, making him always clean and fragrant.

Lance's hot breath sprayed on her ear cartilage.

Yvette couldn't help but think of the things they had done in the hospital bed before, and the blush on her

face stained her earlobe.

She couldn't help but say, "Can you go a little further in that direction?"

The bed was originally big. After he came up, she felt that it was even smaller than a crib.

"No." He did not even think before refusing.

Yvette was speechless.

She endured it because she still had something to discuss with him.

"Tomorrow, I want to..."

"I'll

go

with you to see your grandma," Lance said.

Yvette was stunned. When did he become a mind reader? He knew what she wanted to say.

Tomorrow was the seventh day of her grandmother's death. She must go back to pay respects to her

grandma.

But he also would go...

There was a moment of silence.

Lance suddenly said, "It's my fault. I didn't know that your grandmother would leave so quickly. Otherwise, I would have come back as soon as possible."

Yvette didn't expect him to apologize again.

However, there were no waves in her heart now. The matter of her grandmother had let her know again that the greater the hope, the greater the disappointment.

Perhaps in his eyes, he felt that he had already put down his pride by saying this to her.

But if he missed it, he missed it. Regret wouldn't help.

He did avenge those people who had deliberately caused trouble in the ward, including Emilie.

But it could not change anything.

Her grandma would never come back.

She replied softly, "It's fine."

Lance knew that this matter was not over and that she would always feel sad.

However, he believed that in the future, he would be able to help her get over it.

He hugged her tightly. Even if there would be only torture left for the rest of his life, he would be unwilling to let go of her.

That night, Yvette slept very well.

By the time she woke up, her side was already empty.

She got up and prepared to get discharged. Just as she left the door, she bumped into Lance who was coming in. She staggered.

Lance reached out and held her. He pulled her into his arms and said unhappily, "Why aren't you waiting for me?"

Yvette thought, I thought you had left.

He was carrying breakfast in his hands. It seemed that he had gone to buy breakfast for her.

"There's no rush. We'll leave after we finish eating."

After they finished eating, Yvette followed Lance into the car.

Just as they sat down, Lance's phone rang.

The screen of the car showed clearly that it was from Yazmin's maid Lena.

He did not avoid it and answered the call.

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The car phone was turned on, and Lena's panicked voice came from inside.

"Mr. Wolseley, bad thing! Ms. Myers fell from the stairs."

### **Chapter 93 He Seems to Care About the Baby**

Lance tightened his grip on the steering wheel and asked urgently, "What happened?"

Lena cried out of breath, "Ms. Myers just got up and felt dizzy. She fell down the stairs."

"Did you call the ambulance?"

"Yes."

Then, Yazmin's mournful cry came from the phone.

"Ah... My head hurts, and my legs hurt too... Woo, where is Lance? I want to see Lance..."

It was obvious that the coquettish cry had been planned.

Yvette almost wanted to vomit when she heard this.

But Lance could not tell and even preferred this.

"Which hospital?" Lance asked.

Hearing this, Yvette felt that there was no need for her to continue staying in the car.

Rather than waiting to be driven out of the car by him, it was better for her to take the initiative.

She opened the door, got out of the car, and walked straight ahead.

Her phone was broken by Lance. She couldn't even buy a high-speed rail ticket now. She could only walk to

the public transportation station and prepare to take a taxi to the high-speed railway station.

The eye-catching supercar behind her drove forward with an arrogant buzzing sound.

Yvette stood in the same place and smiled self-deprecatingly.

Sure enough, she was always left behind.

Yazmin was a gap that she could never cross.

Well, she had been abandoned too many times and was now immune to it.

She would not be too sad.

After a while, a taxi stopped.

Yvette reached out to pull open the car door and was about to get into the car.

“Beep!”

Behind her, there was suddenly a loud sound of a horn, and it was pressed incessantly.

Yvette turned around. It was the supercar returning.

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Behind the windscreen, Lance’s handsome features were clearly visible.

He rolled down the window and said clearly, “Get over here.”

Someone behind her urged, “Miss, are you going to take it or not? If not, I will take it.”

Yvette came back to her senses and hurriedly got out of the way.

When the taxi left, the supercar stopped in front of her again.

Yvette was afraid of being noticed, so she got into the car.

After sitting down, Lance leaned over and asked, “Why did you leave?”

Yvette subconsciously shrank back, her fingers clutching the edge of the seat. Her watery eyes widened as she

looked at him.

In the end, he only helped her fasten her seat belt.

However, after fastening her seat belt, he still maintained his posture and looked at her with deep eyes. “Why

are you so afraid of me? Am I a dreadful monster?"

He did not touch her. Just by getting close, he could make her so sensitive.

Yvette did not even dare to breathe loudly. Afraid of any touch with him, she turned her face and said, "No."

Lance did not want to delay the departure time and so reluctantly let her go.

"Didn't you go to see Yazmin?" Yvette was a little suspicious.

Lance glanced at her and said, "Your ears are quite sharp. Did I say I would go?"

Yvette was speechless. The loudspeaker was on, and she could hear things.

"I sent someone else over," Lance explained.

Yvette did not speak. She did not want to trouble him at all.

"You don't have to send me there yourself. It's also very convenient for me to go there myself."

Lance frowned. "Is it? Do you want to take a high-speed train? You are pregnant now. What if you are squeezed and knocked?"

Yvette didn't speak.

She could not respond. For a moment, she felt that he seemed to care a lot about the baby.

But, how could it be?

He didn't like the baby she gave birth to at all.

They were silent for a second. Lance suddenly said, "I promised to go to pay respects to your grandmother with you. I won't go back on my word."

Yvette was stunned. If his promise was in the past, she might have believed it, but now...

His promise was no longer credible.

She did not speak again. She leaned against the back of the seat and gently closed her eyes.

Lance glanced at her and reached out to adjust the driving mode to a comfortable mode.

The car steadily moved toward Pittsburgh.

In the hospital.

Yazmin was lying on the bed, happily drinking coffee.

In order to make it realistic, the skin on her hands and knees had been scratched. It was really painful.

However, she felt that it was worth it to make Yvette suffer.

She had received news a long time ago that Lance was going to accompany Yvette to the countryside to pay respects to her grandmother.

Humph!

How could she let Yvette's wish come true?

At this time, Lena, who was waiting at the door, said, "Ms. Myers, here he is."

Yazmin immediately put down the cup in her hand and lay down. Then she looked sick.

After Lance's assistant, Lucas, entered the door, Lena was still looking around and asked in confusion, "Lucas, where is Mr. Wolseley?"

Lucas cleared his throat and lowered his head. "Mr. Wolseley is busy. He sent me to visit Ms. Myers."

Yazmin was originally lying down. When she heard this, she suddenly sat up and said in a sharp voice, "What did you say?"

Lucas repeated, then added, "But Mr. Wolseley asked me to invite the best doctor for you."

Yazmin only felt like a bolt from the blue!

She could not believe what she heard. She had fallen from the stairs, and Lance only sent an assistant over for

such a big thing.

She picked up the cup at the bedside and smashed it at Lucas. She scolded harshly, "You useless thing! Why didn't you bring Lance here!"

Lucas dodged it and lowered his head. "Mr. Wolseley's decision is not something I can interfere with."

Lena came over and said, "Lucas, don't take it to heart. Ms. Myers is too angry!"

"Lena, why are you explaining to him? He's just a useless thing. He can't even handle a small matter."

Lucas was furious. He answered, "That's right, I can't do Ms. Myers' job well. Why don't you just stop looking for me? Go find Frankie. He is more trusted by Mr. Wolseley than I am."

"You!" Yazmin was so angry that she choked.

It was not that she had never looked for Frankie, but that guy was stubborn and kept a distance from her.

She couldn't do anything at all.

Yazmin changed her tone. "Forget it, Lena, leave us here."

Lena understood and went out to guard the door.

"Why aren't you coming over?" Yazmin crooked her finger.

Lucas stood still. He regretted it so much.

He was just drinking at the bar the last time, and when he woke up, he had somehow ended up sleeping on

the same bed as Yazmin.

Later on, Yazmin told him to check on Lance's schedule, saying that she would keep the evidence of that time and accuse him of rape if he didn't do what she said.

Lucas scoffed in his heart. Who was actually raped? Yazmin liked to have sex and made too many requests on the bed. Every time, she would only end it after she enjoyed it several times.

It was more tiring to sleep with her than an old cow farming.

Going to the prostitutes might have been more enjoyable.

Yazmin could tell his hesitation and reminded him, "Lucas, you are the second in command of the CEO's office in the Wolseley Group. Do you want to give up all this?"



This was Lucas' weakness. His current status was much better than that of a small company.

He didn't want to lose it.

He stepped forward and sat on the bed on his knees in front of Yazmin with ease.

Yazmin panted. "That's... That's right. Oh... You are getting more and more skilled."

Lucas raised his head and grinned. "It's all because you taught me well."

He wondered how many men this bitch had in the past that she knew so many tricks.

Yazmin enjoyed the praise. She had never mistreated herself in this matter.

However, most of the time, she would think of these men as Lance.

Thinking about his excessively handsome face, she seemed to feel that the pleasure was more intense.

After she enjoyed it, she let go of Lucas, turned around, and lay on his body. While gasping for breath, she said delicately, "Lucas, I will serve you today, but you have to do something for me."

## **Chapter 94 She Acts and You Watch**

After Lucas heard this, he was terrified.

He reached out and pushed her down.

"I only promised to help you check on Mr. Wolseley's schedule. You definitely can't ask me to do this. If Mr. Wolseley finds out, I will be very miserable."

Moreover, he was taught by Yvette. Previously, Yvette had been very patient with him in the company and told him Lance's preferences. Otherwise, he wouldn't have been promoted so quickly to reach a position

below Frankie.

But now, Yazmin asked him to do something so immoral. Even if he couldn't be more shameless, he did not want to let Yvette down.

Yazmin was in high spirits. When she heard that, she, who had been pushed down by him, slapped him.

Five bright red fingerprints instantly appeared on Lucas' face.

She sneered, "What, do you want to go to jail?"

When Lucas heard this, he deflated again.

He was the hope of his family and absolutely could not go to jail.

He said resentfully, "I will only help you with this one."

Yazmin laughed at him for being stupid in her heart. He had stepped into this trap, and she would definitely not let him go before draining him.

That was impossible.

She drew circles on his chest with her fingers and flirted with him, "Lucas, I am not satisfied yet. Hurry..."

When the happiness came, Yazmin was so excited that her face was twisted, and her eyes were mixed with

hatred and malice.

Bitch, just wait for me to make you a slut.

They arrived in Pittsburgh.

Yvette bought a large bouquet of white chrysanthemums at the flower shop and then went to the cake shop to buy some cheesecakes.

The cake shop owner remembered her immediately. She had a very deep impression of this little girl who was

nice.

After she packed it, she put it in Yvette's hand and smiled.

"Little girl, this is freshly made, and I will give you one more box. Don't cry while eating like last time."

Lance listened from the side, and there was a trace of unnaturalness on his handsome face.

He handed over a card and said, "Swipe the card."

The owner said, "Our small business doesn't use the card."

"Let me do it." Yvette took out her wallet and paid for it.

When the owner gave Yvette the change, she smiled and said, "Is this your boyfriend? He's so good-looking, looking like a good match for you."

Yvette nodded awkwardly.

After getting into the car, Lance was obviously in a much better mood. He even said narcissistically, "The owner has good taste."

Yvette was speechless.

Yvette closed her eyes, not wanting to speak.

They arrived at the cemetery.

Yvette placed the flowers and cheesecakes in front of her grandmother's grave and sat down.

In the photo, her grandmother was smiling kindly.

As she watched, a line of tears silently slipped from the corners of her eyes.

She choked and said, "Grandma, I will live a good life and live up to your expectations."

Lance on the side also bowed seriously. Then he said, "Phoebe, I will take good care of Yvette."

Yvette felt it was strange when she heard this.

Today, everything Lance did was strange.

It was obvious that he had wanted to strangle her to death yesterday.

Now, he was pretending to be affectionate in front of her grandmother. Those who did not know would think

that he loved her.

After paying respects, Yvette took his car to the town and said, "You go back first. I want to stay here tonight."

She rented the old house. She did not go back for a long time. She was going to stay there tonight.

Lance asked her where it was. Yvette gave him an address, and he sent her to the place and followed her out of

the car.

He opened the door. Because it had not been ventilated for a long time, there was a faint damp smell inside.

“Can people live in this place?” Lance asked with a frown.

Yvette said lightly, “Yes, it’s fine as long as it’s ventilated.”

She had just taken two steps inside when Lance grabbed her arm. He said, “No. If you want to stay here for a

night, I will book a hotel for you.”

Yvette insisted on staying there. “I will stay here. I stay here, and I didn’t ask you to stay here.”

She had once spent a very happy childhood here. He disliked this place, but she didn’t dislike it.

“That won’t do. It’s humid here, and there are many bacteria. You are pregnant...”

Yvette stared at him and finally couldn’t help but say, “Lance, you really don’t have to do this.”

Her words extinguished Lance’s enthusiasm. He narrowed his eyes. “Do what?”

“Don’t pretend to be concerned about the baby.”

“Am I pretending?” His expression changed as if he was suppressing his anger.

“Aren’t you?” Yvette asked.

He clearly hated this baby so much and wanted her to abort it.

Even though she explained that it was his baby, he still wouldn’t believe it.

There was really no need to do this now.

“Yvette, don’t find fault with me.” Lance stared at her with a furious expression.

He didn’t drive more than 60 miles to fight with her in another place.

Yvette didn’t know why she wanted to stay in the old house and was looking for trouble. Why did she have to listen to his arrangements?

Even keeping and sending the baby in her belly away was decided by him.

She really had enough of such a restrained life.

“Lance, who is the one who is causing trouble? If you have so much time, why don’t you go and see the person you love who fell down the stairs? Anyway, she likes to act, and you also like to watch. Don’t make things difficult for me here.”

Lance sneered, “You have been holding back your anger all this time. Isn’t it just to make it even for Charlie who went through so many difficulties just to meet you?”

Yvette didn’t bother to explain. Anyway, he wouldn’t believe it. She said, “Take it as you please.”

Lance was so angry that his veins bulged, and his eyes were bloodshot as he looked at her.

At this moment, his phone started vibrating.

He picked it up to take a look and saw that it was another call from Yazmin.

“Yazmin, what’s wrong?” he asked in front of Yvette.

On the other side, Yazmin cried and said where it hurt and wanted to see him.

When Lance picked up the phone, his eyes fell on Yvette, but her indifferent appearance completely hurt him.

He hung up the phone and left without saying anything.

As the car sped away, the phone that was prepared to give Yvette fell out. He was so angry that he directly opened the window and threw it into the river.

Give it to her?

For her to contact other men?

After Lance left, Yvette felt much more at ease and quietly cleaned the floor.

She took out the bedding and hung it up for a while.

When the house had just been sold, she rented it for three years, thinking about whether she could save up money to buy it back.

Therefore, everything in the house was still the same as when she and her grandmother lived.

Although it was a little old, everything made her feel very warm.

Yvette simply had pasta for dinner.

After dinner, she lay on the bed and stared at the ceiling for a while, regretting that she had forgotten to buy a phone today.

It was inconvenient not to have a phone now.

In a daze, she became sleepy.

Suddenly, the room went dark, and all the lights went out.

Yvette was awakened and thought that there was a power outage, so she got up and fumbled for the flashlight.

When she found the flashlight, she stood by the window and saw a light in the distance, which meant that only she had a power outage.

Immediately after, she heard a rustling sound.

It came from outside the door.

She thought she had heard it wrong and held her breath.

The next second, the sound became louder and louder. It was the sound of someone trying to break into the house.

Yvette instantly broke out in cold sweat, and goosebumps rose all over her body.

## **Chapter 95 Shower With Me**

Yvette was so nervous that her legs went limp. The only weapon she had was the flashlight in her hand.

With a click, the door was pushed open.

Yvette looked around the room. There was no furniture here, so there was no place to hide.

She could only hide behind the bedroom door and raise the flashlight high.

Very light footsteps came outside the door. It was infinitely magnified in this silent night. Every time that person took a step, Yvette's heart would skip a beat, and even her hands would tremble slightly.

She prayed the person outside might just be looking for money. When that person saw no one was living here, he might give up.

But her pray did not come true. She heard the doors next to her open one by one.

Finally, the terrifying footsteps came to the door of her bedroom.

Under the moonlight, Yvette could see the door handle turning gently. Her heart beat wildly as she gripped the flashlight and focused her attention.

She knew that she only had this one chance. Once she failed, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Creak.

The old wooden door made a noise, and the gap was growing.

A bearded and terrifying black face suddenly appeared in front of Yvette.

Bang!

Yvette aimed at the face and smashed it down!

The flashlight fell to the ground.

That person was caught off guard and stumbled backward.

Yvette took the opportunity to pull the door, but before she could step out, her ankle was grabbed by a hand.

“Yo, how beautiful and fragrant.

This person was obviously stupid but strong. He caused Yvette to fall to the ground.

Fortunately, she propped herself with her elbows on the ground and did not hurt her belly.

The man stood up and dragged her feet as if he was going to drag her to the bed.

Yvette was frightened. She kicked hard, and the shoe on her foot fell off. She retracted her foot forcefully, and the man only had one sock left in his hand.

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She immediately got up and ran out of the room, trembling and shouting for help.

The man behind her reacted and chased after her.

Suddenly, she hit a wall and almost fell down but was caught by someone.

She was frightened.

At this moment, Yvette only had one thought in her mind..

They had accomplices!

“Ah!”

Yvette fiercely bit the arm that was holding her hostage. Soon, her mouth was filled with a thick smell of

blood.

The man hissed and stretched out two fingers to pinch her jaw, forcing her to let go.

That hand exerted a bit of force to make her raise her head. His tone was indifferent and impatient. “What’s wrong with you?”

Yvette looked up and saw a face with sharp edges. Under the moonlight, it was so handsome but cold.

She thought that she was hallucinating and looked at him blankly.

When he noticed her little face was covered in tears, Lance’s expression changed.

“What’s wrong?”

A familiar voice sounded. Yvette finally came to her senses. A pair of small hands grabbed the front of his shirt in a panic, and her voice trembled as she said, “You’re back...”

Then she instantly burst into tears, and they were hot.

Did that mean she was waiting for him?

Lance’s heart lurched.

He had wanted to return to New York in the afternoon, but after driving for 6 miles, he could not continue

driving.



Leaving her here alone was not a proper decision.

He turned around and stopped not far from the house, watching her turn off the lights.

In just a short while, he saw the door open and came up to check it out..

Fortunately, he came.

Lance pressed her head onto his chest and glanced behind her. His beautiful eyes became sharp in a second.

He put on his suit and wrapped it around her, saying, "Wait for me."

Yvette wrapped herself up and heard the sound of fists behind her and the miserable screams of the man who

had lost his mind.

At this moment, she felt at ease.

Soon, there was a police siren. A neighbor living not far away heard the call for help.

The policeman came and explained, "This person has a criminal record. He is a disguised tramp. He is looking for beautiful girls and pretends to be insane to wait for an opportunity to take advantage of them."

It was estimated that Yvette was targeted when she was drying the bedding at the door in the afternoon.

After hearing that and looking at the terrifying face, Yvette felt a wave of lingering fear.

When that person was taken away, his face was swollen as he stared at Yvette. His saliva flowed down to his chin as he muttered, "Beautiful... Smells so good..."

Yvette felt a chill all over her body, and she felt nauseous.

Lance picked her up and stuffed her into the car. After he helped her fasten her seat belt, Yvette grabbed his wrist that was taken back and said pitifully, "I still have things to take care of."

Lance patted her hand and comforted her, "You can come back tomorrow to tidy up."

Yvette did not say anything. Her eyes were closed, and there was still a lingering fear in her heart. Her eyelashes trembled slightly.

Lance found a hotel in town. He wanted to bring her back to New York, but now he could see that she was uneasy and uncomfortable.

He could only find a nearby hotel.

After entering the room, the facilities made Lance frown a little. However, there was no other way. It was the most luxurious hotel in this small town.

He ordered someone to change all the toiletries into disposable ones.

Then, he filled the bathtub with water and let Yvette soak in it for a while.

However, Yvette didn't even dare to be in the bathroom alone. The lingering fear was still there, making her

unable to think normally.

She pulled the corner of his clothes and asked something that she usually couldn't say.

"Can, can you shower with me?"

She was really afraid, her fingertips trembling slightly.

Lance turned around, his handsome eyes narrowing slightly. "Are you sure?"

Yvette didn't react. She did not nod or shake her head, but here, no one else could make her feel at ease like

this man.

She thought of the moment he pressed her head against his chest. His chest felt warm.

It was so warm that it made her greedy.

The atmosphere suddenly felt intimate. Yvette felt his intense gaze and wanted to withdraw her hand, but it

was too late.

His large palm easily wrapped around her small hand and then reached out to untie her collar. He carried her into the bathtub without a single piece of clothing left on her body.

When the warm water touched her skin, she grabbed his hand and said with a pink face, "I'll do it myself."

Lance pushed her hand away and said in a hoarse voice, "We won't do anything else except for taking a shower."

To prove his honesty and integrity, the man had a cold expression on his handsome face throughout the whole process, devoid of any lust.

He was very much like a gentleman.

It was just that when he touched some spots on her body. His strength was not proper, sometimes light and sometimes heavy.

Yvette's eyes were watery, and she did not dare to look at him. However, she still protested.

"All right."

Lance raised his eyebrows and directly picked her up. He put her in the bath towel that he had prepared beforehand, wrapped her up, dried her up, and put on the nightgown.

Then, he went to the bathroom and took a cold shower.

When he came out again, the person on the bed had her eyes closed and was breathing heavily.

It was unknown whether she was really asleep or pretending to be.

He lifted the quilt and reached out to hold her from behind, his chin resting on her head.

Feeling the person beneath him tremble, he curved his thin lips and said softly, "Yvette, the child is mine, right?"

## **Chapter 96 Are You a Dog?**

Although he was asking, his tone was certain.

Marvin said that the pregnancy time might be wrong for women whose wombs were fragile.

Although the results of the test were not out, he felt the child must be his.

Because he could not convince himself that Yvette would cheat.

For the past two years, he had known everything about her. It was not just because she followed the rules, but

also because her watery eyes were always affectionate when she looked at him.

He rubbed his chin lightly on her head, his tone magnetic. "Yve, I'm sorry. Let's live our life together, okay?"

Those words were soft and made Yvette's heart pound.

At this moment, her mind was a mess.

It was as if he awoke something soft in her.

It was true that her heart ached when she was hurt by his words, but it was also true that she couldn't let him

go.

She had loved him for ten years.

Everything about him made her happy and sad.

The cracks in her heart were still fresh.

She was now like a quail, shrinking and afraid to respond.

Two little people were fighting in her mind. One said the baby needed a father.

The other wanted to wake her up and tell her clearly.

Don't be silly. He doesn't like you. He is just possessive of you. Do you want to be abandoned by him again?

Soon, she began to feel sleepy.

The man behind her was not sleepy at all. The affection in his beautiful eyes was deep.

In the middle of the night, Yvette suddenly woke up with a scream, her face full of sweat.

Perhaps it was because she had many dreams during her pregnancy.

She dreamed of that terrifying face and being chased after. The pervert kept saying she smelled good.

"What's wrong?" Lance turned on the light at the bedside and reached out to pull her face over to ask her.

Yvette bit her lips. Tears were in the corners of her eyes. Because she was enduring it, she sobbed every few seconds. No matter how hard she tried, she could not stop herself.

Lance looked at her tears and felt distressed. He took a tissue and gently wiped it for her.

He asked, "Are you uncomfortable?"

"Yes..." As she spoke, she could not stop herself from sobbing.

Yvette quickly covered her mouth. Her fair earlobes were red.

It was really embarrassing. Like a child, she could not stop sobbing.

Lance's beautiful eyes were deep, and his voice was hoarse. "Do you want me to help you?"

Yvette thought that he wanted to pat her back, so she nodded and sobbed again.

Under the warm light, her whole body was delicate and fair, especially her fleshy earlobes. They were pink and tender, making Lance want to play with them in his mouth.

Lance's eyes went dim. He held the back of her head and kissed her.

Yvette's eyes widened in an instant. She was as frightened and uneasy as a deer. She wanted to resist and reached out to push his shoulders.

Lance easily pinned her down with his long legs.

He lifted her chin and gently kissed her lips. His movements were gentle, and it felt like he was comforting

her.

A moment later, Lance let go of her and looked down at Yvette's flushed face. He extended his thumb to wipe away a trace of water at the corner of her mouth.

"Does it work?"

Yvette was still in a daze, but the sobbing seemed to have stopped.

"You lied." She frowned.

Lance pinched her mouth and whispered, "You are the little liar. Isn't it useful?"

Yvette could not beat him in fallacious reasoning.

She turned over and unintentionally rubbed against the man's tight thighs. Her face instantly turned red, and

she snarled in a low voice, "You!"

She had thought it was just a simple comforting kiss, but she did not expect it to be like this between his

thighs.

Lance smiled and asked, "Yes?"

Yvette couldn't say it out loud. She blushed and said, "Go sleep on the sofa."

13

If she wasn't afraid, she definitely wouldn't sleep in the same bed as him. Men were different from women,

and their reactions were quite straightforward.

"I'm going to take a shower."

Then he went to the bathroom and took a cold shower again.

When he returned, Yvette used her old trick to pretend to be asleep again.

It was not that she did not want to sleep, but when she had something on her mind, she could not sleep.

She did not know that the breathing sound of falling asleep was different from which of being awake.

The corners of Lance's mouth curled up. He knew she was a little frightened and couldn't fall asleep.

He leaned over and bit her earlobe, thinking of helping her sleep.

Yvette felt a stab of pain. She opened her eyes and said, "Are you a dog?"

He would bite her whenever he wanted.

Lance extended his arm with bite marks in front of her eyes and said in a flat tone, "I think I have been infected by you."

Yvette looked at his arm and was speechless for a moment. Compared to him biting her, she was more

outrageous.

“You should buy insurance for your teeth.” Lance noticed she was silent.

After all, they were good self-defense weapons.

Yvette frowned slightly. She did not know why he did not sleep in the middle of the night and was teasing her.

She simply closed her eyes and ignored him.

Lance suddenly leaned over and wrapped his arms around her waist. His voice was tense. “I’m here to collect my debt.”

Yvette was shocked. “What are you asking for...?”

He couldn’t be thinking... Impossible!

“You bit me four times. I have to bite back.”

Yvette didn’t know what to say. Lance was really stingy.

“Alright.”

She stretched out her arm as if she was brave.

Under the warm light, her arm was thin and fair, and her faint green blood vessels could be seen.

Lance pressed down on her arm, and his other hand went through the back of her head to pull her toward him. Then, he lowered his head and opened his mouth to bite her delicate neck.

Chapter 96 Are You a Dog?

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He used a lot of strength.

For a moment, Yvette felt like he was about to suck her blood, and her blood vessels were about to break.

She hissed and couldn’t help but raise her hand to hit his back.

However, the man grabbed her hand.

The next moment, Yvette suddenly stiffened.

He let go of her and changed from biting to licking. The wet tip of his tongue swept over the red bite mark, causing countless tremors.

Yvette's entire body trembled. This feeling was too strange.

She had never bitten him like this before...

After a long while, he finally let go of her neck.

Noticing that she was lost in thought, he frowned slightly. His possessiveness began to stir up again. He reached his hand into her clothes and pinched her.

"Oh..."

"What are you doing?" Yvette pressed down on the hand under her clothes and looked at him warily.

He looked down at her with his beautiful eyes and said, "Nothing."

Yvette felt there was something wrong with his words, but she couldn't say what was wrong.

He lay down and pressed her head onto his chest, saying in a cold voice, "Sleep."

Yvette was indeed sleepy after being disturbed by him, and she soon fell asleep while breathing evenly.

Lance looked down at the red mark on her neck. It was quite deep, and he estimated that it would definitely be a heavy bruise tomorrow.

However, he did not intend to apply medicine to her. He wanted to leave traces of him on her.

The next day, Yvette slept until noon.

Then she woke up.

"Yazmin, don't mess around." She heard the man's low voice in a daze.

In an instant, she was awake. She was shocked Yazmin was here.

**Chapter 97 We're Going to Divorce**



The door was not closed, and Lance's voice was low and deep.

"I'll come to you when I get back. I can't go now."

Yvette had no idea about what the other party was saying. Lance just listened quietly and didn't say anything.

Yvette finally realized that Lance was answering the phone.

She got up and went to take a shower.

When she wrapped herself in a towel, Yvette found that she had no clothes. The clothes she wore last night

were torn and touched by that pervert. She didn't want to wear them anymore.

Just at that moment, Lance pushed the door open and entered.

He saw Yvette clumsily putting his suit on.

Lance's clothes were oversized for Yvette. The sleeves even reached her knees. Yvette was rolling up her

sleeves, and it was still loose.

When Lance walked over, Yvette felt that her face turned red. She said, "I don't have clothes."

If they were in New York, Lance would have asked someone to deliver the clothes. It was inconvenient here,

and there was no suitable clothing store.

"Take me back to get it," Yvette said.

Yvette had brought her clothes, which were in the Dudley's house.

Lance looked at her and said in a low voice, "Are you going to go out like this?"

"Can't I?"

There was a full-length mirror behind her. Yvette took a look and felt that there was nothing wrong with it. The shirt was knee-length. Anyway, she wouldn't feel cold sitting in a car.

“Is there a problem?” Yvette didn’t sense anything wrong, but the hickey on her neck was too obvious.

Yvette was annoyed that Lance bit her too hard.

She was a little angry and covered her neck with her hair.

Lance carried her from behind and said hoarsely, “What are you hiding?”

Yvette ignored him.

Lance moved his hand down her back and patted her butt. “Do you want to go out with your butt exposed? How dare you!”

Yvette blushed when he said that. She wanted to free herself from his arms but failed.

Lance put Yvette’s hands behind her back and looked at her in the mirror with great desire. Meanwhile, he moved his hand down her body...

Yvette was shocked and wanted to push him away. But she couldn’t move and could only beg in a low voice, “Lance, you can’t!”

Lance lowered his head and bit her shoulder. He lifted his hips to make his crotch close to Yvette and said in a

low voice, “Can’t I?”

Yvette’s face turned red, and they both seemed to be turned on.

“I don’t mean that you can’t do it... It’s...”

Yvette couldn’t say it. She found that Lance was pushing his luck. Last night, the tension just dropped away a

little, and Lance acted as if he possessed her.

She was a little vigilant and said, “Let go of me first.”

Lance rested his head on her shoulder and felt wronged.

“Honey, I know I was wrong. Could you forgive me?”

The mistake Lance admitted naturally had nothing to do with this matter.

Given that Yvette ignored him, Lance bent down and picked her up, letting her sit on his lap and kissing her

face.

“I was wrong about the matter with Charlie, but he obviously coveted you. You are still my wife. I really can’t

stand it.”

“Show some respect.” Yvette frowned when she noticed Lance’s attitude toward Charlie.

Lance couldn’t even stand Yvette mentioning him and said irritably, “Can you stop contacting him?”

Recently, Lance had been taking medicine to hold back his anxiety, but when it came to Yvette, he couldn’t

calm down.

Lance even wanted to kill Charlie, so Charlie couldn’t come to Yvette.

“Lance, we can’t go back. Let’s get a divorce as soon as possible.”

Yvette was shocked last night, and she was very sober now. She added, “And I can’t give you the child.”

“No,” Lance said decisively. “Except for the child and the divorce, I can compromise on anything.”

Yvette also became stubborn. “Except for these two things, I have nothing else to talk about with you.”

Lance frowned. He thought Yvette was better at annoying him and wasn’t as cooperative as last night at all.

He really wanted to push her down on the bed and kiss her hard.

Yvette sat in his arms and felt very uncomfortable. She thought Lance’s muscles were too tight.

“Will you take me back to get my clothes? If not, I will go myself.”

As she spoke, Yvette was about to get up.

Then Lance grabbed her and wrapped her tightly with a towel before carrying her out.

When they returned to the Dudley's house, Yvette went to get her clothes. The mess in the room reminded her

of what happened last night.

Yvette tugged at Lance's clothes and said, "Don't go."

Lance glanced at her and did not say anything, but he did not leave.

Yvette went in to change her clothes. The door was not closed. Lance looked up at her beautiful shoulder.

He took a swallow and turned away.

When Yvette came out, Lance had already started to fix the door lock.

Lance found a screwdriver somewhere. His sleeves were rolled up high, and he was twisting screws.

Yvette fixed her eyes on Lance's handsome face for a while.

Yvette was a little surprised. She didn't expect Lance to do something like that.

Lance didn't turn around and said, "Come here."

Yvette walked over. Lance gave her another screw and continued to twist the other one.

A drop of sweat dripped down his chin and ran down his neck. He looked very charming in that situation.

Yvette's lips were a little dry as she changed the topic.

"You know how to fix the door lock?"

Lance took the screw from Yvette and twisted the last one. He stared at her and snorted. "I can do a lot. Only

you dislike me."

Yvette blushed after hearing that.

Meanwhile, Yvette explained, "It's not like that. I just feel that we're not right for each other."

Even though she loved Lance deeply, Yvette would give up on him, who had a thing for another woman.

“Come on! Can we do it eight times a night if we’re not right for each other?” Lance frowned.

Lance was talking about the past. If he wasn’t afraid that she would faint, Lance would have broken the

record.

“You!” Yvette turned around to the kitchen and stopped talking with him.

Given that Yvette was angry, Lance was happy. He felt it was better than Yvette ignoring him.

Lance followed in, washed his hands, and said, “Honey, I’ll help you wash the vegetables.”

However, there were no vegetables in the kitchen. Only two tomatoes were bought yesterday. Yvette said, “No

need. Wait outside for a while.”

Soon, Yvette finished cooking and brought the food to the table. It looked delicious.

Lance said, “Thank you, honey.”

Yvette blushed and was shocked that Lance was so clingy.

Lance looked very elegant as he ate. Soon, he finished his food.

Yvette had only eaten half of it and was a little full.

Lance directly took her plate and ate the rest.

Yvette was stunned. She knew that Lance was a neat freak. He probably had never eaten others’ leftovers.

After the meal, Lance offered to wash the dishes. He looked elegant as he stood in the cramped kitchen.

When Lance turned around, Yvette turned away in panic, but she was still caught.

Lance hugged her, who was about to leave, and stared at her affectionately. “You have my first time. You have to take responsibility.”

Yvette instantly flushed. She said, “Shame on you.”

Lance lifted Yvette's chin and looked at her. "What are you thinking about? I was talking about the first time I

ate leftovers and the first time I washed the dishes."

"You did it on purpose."

"

Yvette debunked him mercilessly. She thought Lance deliberately led her to think in the wrong direction.

Lance reached out to scratch the tip of her nose, his eyebrows slightly raised. "But that is also the truth."

"What?"

"I gave you my virginity," Lance said directly.

Hearing that, Yvette blushed immediately.

Naturally, she remembered what happened that night. Lance seemed to be not skilled for the first time, and it ended very quickly.

At that time, they were both a little awkward. Though they drank, they were a little sober.

They still knew what had happened.

Though Yvette also did it for the first time, she didn't feel as painful as described in novels.

It was because Lance was very gentle, and Yvette just felt a little sore at the waist. Before she could enjoy

herself, she felt Lance stop.

Lance looked a little defeated, and Yvette guessed what was going on.

At that time, Yvette was shocked and thought that she knew a big secret. The reason why Lance did not approach women was that he was quick.

When Lance saw Yvette get stunned, his face immediately turned sullen.

Lance failed to do it well, because he drank, and it was his first time doing it.

Men were most afraid of others saying that they couldn't do it. So, Lance immediately pushed Yvette down. This time, he must prove that he could do it.

When Lance found Yvette absent-minded, he knew that she was thinking about that matter again, and his face turned gloomy.

Lance tightened his grip on her and said with gritted teeth, "Don't think about it. Just that once."

After that, Lance never failed.

Yvette felt a little uncomfortable being hugged by him. She pushed his chest and said, "Let go..."

Before she could finish speaking, Lance lowered his head and sealed her lips with a kiss.

Lance thought Yvette's lips were very tempting, and he couldn't control himself.

Yvette was completely stunned.

"

She pushed Lance hard. But in front of him, Yvette was very weak and couldn't move by all means.

Lance lifted the back of her neck, changed her posture, and pressed her against the cupboard to kiss her.

In this way, Yvette could lean on the cupboard and feel more comfortable.

Lance kissed her hard, but fortunately, Yvette leaned against the cupboard to support herself.

After a long while, Lance stopped. He held Yvette's hand tight, placed it in front of his chest, and said, "Yvette, I won't agree to divorce."

Yvette felt Lance's strong heartbeat, and she had mixed feelings.

Yvette thought, what should I do? I don't want to be flipped by him anymore.

But I always fail.

Yvette wanted to retract her hand, but Lance held her hand tightly and pulled her into his arms.

“Be good. Don’t always anger me,

Yvette was speechless.

um?”

Yvette did not feel that she had angered him.

It was clearly because he was too possessive that he would always be angry.

If Yvette could speak her mind, Lance would know that she had a crush on him for ten years.

That was why Yvette always felt so painful when he left her.

But this time, Yvette really did not want to feel that pain anymore.

Yvette looked up at him. “Lance, that’s not us.”

Lance knew that she was going to say harsh words. He said softly, “Huh?”

“We are going to divorce,” Yvette said firmly.

Lance was angry, but he said in a low voice, “I don’t want to divorce.”

Yvette pushed him away and walked out. “Let’s wait until you have thought it over.”

After a moment of silence, Lance suddenly stepped forward and hugged Yvette tightly. He said both angrily and helplessly, “Yve, please don’t. I know I was wrong. You have to give me a chance to make up for it.”

Yvette wanted to speak, but Lance did not give her the chance. He directly reached out to lift her chin and

kissed her hard.

Yvette pressed her hand against his chest, but she could not push him away. Instead, Lance held her even

tighter.

When her face turned red, and she could not breathe, Lance reluctantly let go.

He still held her face and said, “You’re a good girl in this way.”

Yvette angrily said with a trembling voice, “You... um...”



Lance kissed Yvette again when she wanted to speak. This time, he stuck his tongue down her throat. Lance

didn't release Yvette until she was almost short of breath.

Lance raised his eyebrows. "Do you still want to speak?"

In other words, if Yvette continued to speak, Lance would kiss her again.

Yvette closed her mouth and did not dare to say a word. She thought, Lance's too shameless!

Seeing that Yvette did not speak, Lance was satisfied. He picked her up and put her into the car. "Let's go

home."

Yvette sat in the car. She felt dizzy due to Lance's kiss.

She allowed Lance to fasten her seat belt and did not even have the strength to resist.

Lance gently pinched her cheek and said, "Don't worry about anything. Leave it to me in the future."

Yvette was already calm, but she was touched again.

But this time, Yvette was a little uneasy. She was really afraid of being disappointed again.

On the way, Yvette was not sleepy and looked at the view outside through the car window.

It was very beautiful in Pittsburgh.

Lance saw her looking out of the window and said, "The place you lived when you were a child is beautiful."

"Have you been here before?" Yvette suddenly asked him.

Lance shook his head. "I have never been here."

Yvette looked a little upset. As expected, Lance could not remember it.

Indeed, at that time, Yvette was only thirteen years old. Who would remember a thirteen-year-old girl?

However, Yvette remembered Lance. She even went to New York to study for him. On holiday, Yvette would

go to the place where he worked for the whole day, to see if she could see him once.

Later, when she was a junior, Yvette became an intern at his company. She was just an assistant and

occasionally saw Lance.

At that time, Lance was cold and unapproachable.

If Yvette hadn't gone to the wrong room after drinking that time, they wouldn't have had any interaction.

Well, Yvette was lucky, but the result was not satisfactory.

Yvette could not be the person in Lance's heart, and she could not accept sharing him with others.

Yvette could not stand being abandoned every time.

Thinking about it, she fell asleep. When Yvette woke up, the car headed toward the Serenity Villa.

Lance glanced at her and said, "You're awake."

Yvette nodded, a little embarrassed. She had been sleeping on the whole journey and did not know how hard

he had been driving.

Yvette was about to say something when Lance suddenly braked and stopped.

Yvette looked ahead and saw Yazmin sitting in a wheelchair, blocking the way back to the Serenity Villa.

Lance frowned. He opened the car door and got out. He strode to Yazmin and said angrily, "Yazmin, didn't I tell you that I would see you? What are you doing here?"

Yazmin's leg was still in plaster. She looked up and said pitifully, "Lance, it's my birthday today. Have you forgotten?"

No data found.

**Chapter 99 Till You Can't Speak**

Yvette coldly looked Yazmin in the eyes.

Yvette thought, don't you play dumb with me? I have a lot of ways to expose you!

I was too docile and careless in the past, so you could take advantage of my grandmother.

How come you, bad guys, can lead a good life?

My grandmother was kind and led a hard life.

However, she had to witness my humiliations before her death. She could not leave peacefully.

Before her last breath, she was still worried about me and wished me to lead a good life.

From now on, I won't be a pushover again! I will allow nobody to hurt me!

I will intimidate you if reasons fail to work!

The fierceness in Yvette's eyes made Yazmin tremble. Yazmin murmured, "Nonsense. What can

you say? Do you have any evidence?"

Yvette smiled. "As long as I expose your bad behaviors on the Internet as Mrs. Wolseley, plenty of

enthusiastic netizens will help me dig up evidence of your seducing Lance.

"After your wrongdoings are exposed, whom do you think those keyboard warriors will side with?"

Yazmin trembled with anger and thought, I did not expect this bitch to become smart.

Look at her fearless expression! As expected, she just pretended to be gentle!

I should let Lance see the aggressiveness of this bitch!

Seeing that Yazmin was lost for words, Lena stood up for Yazmin and pulled Yvette's hand away.

"Ms. Thiel, Ms. Myers and Mr. Wolseley have known each other for years. They are intimate with

each other.

“However, when they were at odds, you took the opportunity to seduce Mr. Wolseley and climb into

his bed.

“How can you accuse Ms. Myers of being a home wrecker? People like you are home wreckers!”

This shameless speech shocked Yvette.

It is rare to see such a shameless and crooked person! Yvette thought.

Yvette sneered and then squinted at Lena. “I heard such a ridiculous interpretation of a home wrecker for the first time. The Myers family is quite open, so it can tolerate the servant who has

such absurd logic.”

Lena failed and got mad because of the ridicule from Yvette.

Lena said scornfully, “Ms. Thiel, I heard that you grew up in the countryside and that your parents died when you were little. Therefore, it is comprehensible why you are so rude. One can’t be well-bred without proper family education. I think your grandmother must be terrible too, so you are disgusting now!”

Clap!

Yvette dashed forward and gave Lena a hard slap on her wrinkled face.

Lena covered her face. It took her quite a long time to recover from the shock. When Lena was about to counterattack, Yvette ruthlessly slapped her again.

Lena fell to the ground because of the second slap.

Yvette blew air on her palm because it hurt. Yvette looked at Lena on the ground and said word by word, “If you mention my family again, I will beat you till you can’t speak!”

Yvette thought, what can I say to this crooked stooge?

I will beat her till she shuts up.

Yazmin instantly flared up.

However, Yazmin was clumsy now. She regretted having put on a cast to seek sympathy from

Lance.

Yazmin thought, otherwise, I will tear this horrible woman to pieces!

How dare she slap Lena!

Right then, Lucas arrived.

Lucas got out of the car, saw the fight, and was taken aback. Then, he braced himself and said to Yazmin, "Ms. Myers, Mr. Wolseley told me to pick you up here."

"Get lost! Yazmin said with anger.

"Go, invite Lance here to see what this bitch did!"

Lena cried out.

"Ouch... Ouch... Why did you beat me? What did I do? My head hurts. My face hurts..."

Yvette was tired of the farce. She intended to leave.

Right then, Yvette saw Lance coming.

Yvette felt bitter.

He is still worried about Yazmin, Yvette thought.

Yazmin saw Lance and instantly moved her wheelchair to him as if she saw her savior.

Yazmin began to complain with sobs after stopping before Lance.

Lena cooperatively raised her head and wailed in the direction of Lance.

Both Yazmin and Lena looked miserable.

Yvette stood there stubbornly and held her head high.

She looked like the victor in this fight.

Lance walked over and asked casually, "What's going on?"

Thinking that this question was for him, Lucas quickly said, "Mr. Wolseley, I just arrived and saw

nothing.”

Lena knelt on the ground, crawled to Lance, and then complained with a red and swollen face.

“Mr. Wolseley, Ms. Thiel called Ms. Myers a home wrecker. She said that Ms. Myers shamelessly

seduced you. She even threatened to expose Ms. Myers on the Internet.

“I tried to reason with Ms. Thiel, but she beat me. It doesn’t matter that my face hurts, but she slandered Ms. Myers! Please help Ms. Myers!”

“How did you reason with her?” Lance asked.

“What?” Lena was taken aback.

Lena thought, I told you that Ms. Thiel had slandered Ms. Myers. Shouldn’t you express your

concern about Ms. Myers first?

Why did you ask what I had said?

Lena stammered, “No, nothing...”

“Tell me, what did you say to her?” Lance asked with a long face.

Lance’s gaze made Lena shiver with fear. Lena did not dare to speak.

Yazmin realized that something was wrong. She tried to smooth things over by saying in a soft

voice, “Lance, Lena just tried to stand up for me. Never mind. I won’t blame Yvette. I know that she acted on impulse.”

Yazmin tried to overshadow Yvette with her magnanimity.

“I didn’t ask you.”

This reprimand made Yazmin turn pale in the face.

Lance was expressionless but looked intimidating.

Yazmin pouted with grievance and did not dare to say anything else.

Lance stared at Lena. "Repeat every word that you said to her. Do not miss one single word."

"I..." Lena opened her mouth and looked at Yazmin for help.

Lena thought, how can I repeat those words that I used to belittle Yvette?

We will be at a disadvantage if I do!

Lance didn't yield.

He pulled his tie and said casually, "Lena, I remember that your son works in the Wolseley Group,

doesn't he?"

Lena must be a fool if she couldn't tell that this was a threat.

Lena immediately repeated what she had just said to Yvette without one single word missing.

Lance looked gloomy and said, "Great."

### **Chapter 100 Break Your Legs if You Run Again**

Great?

What did Lance mean?

Lena and Yazmin looked at each other and did not dare to speak. They did not know what Lance.

meant.

The next second, Lance said, "One slap for one word. Lucas, keep an eye on them."

"Lance..."

Yazmin said in fear.

She didn't expect that Lance would choose to protect that bitch. Slapping Lena was the same as slapping her.

If Lena was really beaten today, then Lance wouldn't show any respect to her.

Yazmin would not allow it!

Absolutely not!

With a bang, Lena knelt on the ground and cried for mercy, "Mr. Wolseley, I know I was wrong. I'm

not qualified to teach Ms. Thiel a lesson. Please forgive me..."

"I think you still don't know where you were wrong."

Lance's gaze became colder. "Yvette is my wife. No one is qualified to teach her a lesson!"

He said this indifferently, but his words brought people a lot of pressure.

Yazmin's expression suddenly changed.

She felt that Lance not only said this to Lena. He was also warning her.

She thought, it's all Yvette's fault. Bitch!

She suppressed the hatred in her eyes and said tearfully, "Lance, Lena has been taking care of me

since I was born. She is more than sixty years old. More than one hundred slaps will kill her."

Lance seemed to hear her words, but he didn't take them seriously. He looked straight at Yazmin and said in a cold voice, "Yazmin, I don't think you should still keep her. With someone like her beside you, the reputation of the Myers family will be ruined one day."

Yazmin had complex emotions in her heart, and her face turned gloomy.

She never expected that Lance, who doted on her so much, would say something so ruthless to her.

Did he really not care about her at all?

Lance withdrew his gaze and went forward to hold Yvette's hand. Seeing that her palm was red, he frowned and said, "Didn't I tell you to leave everything to me? Does your hand hurt?"

Yvette didn't know how to answer for a moment. She shook her head and said, "It doesn't hurt."

Lance held Yvette's hand with their fingers interlaced and touched Yvette's head with the other hand. "Let's go home."



“Okay,” Yvette answered obediently. A strand of hair fell on her neck, making her skin look fairer.

Lance’s Adam’s apple rolled, and he reached out to put the hair away. Then they left hand in hand.

Behind them, the sound of Lena slapping herself under Lucas’ watch was heard. Lance requested\_\_\_. that he must hear the sound.

Then Lena had to slap her loudly.

For the sake of her son’s future, Lena naturally did not dare to cheat. Every slap landed on her face.

hard.

Yazmin looked as Lance and Yvette left, her heart in pain.

She did not believe that Lance would really ignore her like this!

“Plop!”

Yazmin got up from the wheelchair as if she wanted to chase after Lance, but she tripped and fell to the ground, looking very miserable.

She cried loudly, “Lance...”

She felt that since she had fallen like this, Lance must feel her pitiful. And he would definitely come

back to hold her..

A few steps away, Lance really stopped.

He glanced at Yvette and released his hand. He said, “Wait a minute.”

Then, he quickly walked towards Yazmin.

Yazmin was lying on the ground, with tears in her eyes. And she saw Lance walking toward her.

She knew that her plan worked.

She pressed down the corner of her lips and continued to wail, “Lance, I... I’m in so much pain ... so much pain...”

In order to make it look real, she really fell just now. Now, her elbow was scratched and bleeding.

She looked miserable.

Lance squatted down and picked her up without hesitation. He told Lucas, "Open the door."

Yazmin held Lance's neck tightly and smiled at Yvette, who was standing behind her.

Yazmin was telling Yvette with a contemptuous look that Yvette would never beat her in this life.

Because Lance would never leave her alone.

The wind was very strong outside. Yvette only felt that her warm palm was once again blown cold.

She stood there like an outsider, watching Lance's reluctance to leave Yazmin behind.

She also saw the provocative smile on Yazmin's face when Yazmin was picked up.

She felt that her heart should be like before, broken into pieces and in pain.

But now she felt that she could still bear it.

Maybe it was because she tried her best, or because she was used to Lance's leaving her behind...

No matter which case it was, it should be considered a good thing, right?

She crossed her arms and held her shoulders, giving herself a little warmth. Then she turned to

leave.

When Yvette got home, she went upstairs wearily and found the suitcase she had already packed.

As soon as she pulled up the lever, she was held tightly by a big hand.

Then, her waist was also held tightly from behind.

"Where do you want to go?"

Lance's low voice sounded above her head. Yvette was stunned.

Didn't he go with Yazmin?

Lance held her waist and turned her around. They stood there face-to-face. And Yvette could see a

dangerous light in Lance's eyes.

"It seems that I have to buy a chain and tie it to you!"

Otherwise, she would run away when he wasn't with her.

His possessiveness was strong, and he didn't hide it.

Yvette subconsciously took a step back and looked at him with clear eyes.

"What the servant said is true. I said all those things. If you can't bear it, you can go and coax her

now."

She did not like to lie, so she told the truth about what she had done.

If Lance wanted to punish her because of this, she would accept it.

Lance's eyes were deep and cold. It was hard to tell what he was thinking.

Yvette put her hand on her suitcase again since he didn't reply to her. The feeling of waiting for a

verdict was really torturous.

She wanted to leave, but just as she moved...

Lance suddenly exerted force and tightened his grip on her lower jaw. He pulled her toward him and lowered his head to kiss her lips.

Yvette almost couldn't breathe as he kissed her so hard.

His kiss was always fierce and ruthless, just like his style of having sex with her. She was always under his control during sex.

She couldn't take it anymore, and her face was red. She tried hard to push him away.

"Is this enough?" Lance let her go, and he curled his lips.

"What?" Yvette did not know what he meant for a while.

“Is this answer enough?”

His voice was magnetic, clear, and a little hoarse, quite pleasant to hear.

Yvette was in a trance. Then she blushed. She was a little shy now, though she seldom got shy.

Lance’s slanted eyes were filled with smiles. He continued to hold her wrists and pressed her

against the door, wanting to continue what he planned to do just now.

Before the kiss fell, he said, “If you run again, I’ll break your legs.”

“Oh... no...”

”

Yvette’s soft lips were totally under Lance’s control. As they kissed, Yvette could only make some

moaning sounds. She couldn’t say anything.

After a long time, the long and romantic kiss ended.

Yvette’s clothes went loose at the neck part because of the passionate kiss just now. Her fair skin was exposed, and hickeys could be seen.

She looked even more bashful.

Desire appeared in Lance’s eyes bit by bit.

He bent down slightly and picked her up. He took a step back and sat on the bed. But he didn’t put

Yvette down.

In this position, they were at each other’s eye level. If Lance opened his mouth, he could bite her

earlobe.

When his lips touched her earlobe, Yvette recalled the kiss just now. The desire for him arose in her

heart.

She tightly grabbed his shirt to keep a distance from him. There was panic in her eyes.

However, Lance realized what she wanted to do first. He pressed her neck and pulled her closer to

him.

The moment Yvette turned her face away, Lance kissed the flesh on her neck under her earlobe and sucked hard. Then he bumped her with his chest once, as if to punish her.

This move made Yvette's cheeks turn red, but she did not dare to lean back. She could only hold

Lance's neck to support herself.

"Buzz!"

The vibration of the phone broke the romantic atmosphere.

Lance frowned, not wanting to answer the call.

Yvette, however, saw that it was a call from Lucas. She reminded him, "It's Lucas."

Lance frowned. He answered the call and heard Lucas' panicked voice.

"Mr. Wolseley, Ms. Myers passed out."

## **Chapter 101 I Will Let That Child Disappear**

Hearing that, the desire on Lance's face instantly dissipated.

The two of them were so close that Yvette could immediately detect it.

Yvette withdrew her hands from Lance's neck and propped them on his legs, wanting to get off his

laps.

However, Yvette's hands were pressed against Lance's legs by him. Yvette was unable to move and got off his laps.

Lance said, "Lucas, if you can't take good care of her, you will lose your job."

Then, Lance hung up the phone.

Lance wrapped his arms around Yvette's waist. Lance then used some force and Yvette fell uncontrollably into his arms.

The two of them were so close that their chests were pressed together.

Yvette subconsciously wanted to resist, but Lance held her back tightly. He turned around and pressed Yvette down on the bed.

Lance ran his hand down Yvette's calf to her ankle, holding it heavily and rubbing it gently, as if he

was measuring the size.

Then, Lance said in a low voice, "Do you want to run again?"

What Lance did made Yvette's heart beat faster. Lance was always able to accurately find Yvette's sensitive spot, making her unable to control herself.

Yvette gasped for a moment. She said with a soft voice, "I just want to get off your laps."

Lance slowly moved closer to Yvette. Lance fixed his eyes on Yvette's red and swollen lips. "You are a liar," Lance said with a slightly hoarse voice.

Immediately after, Lance kissed Yvette on the lips.

Lance pushed his hand through the hem of Yvette's dress and caressed her breasts. Lance then thought of something and stopped kissing Yvette. Lance stared at Yvette and asked, "When will you

have breast milk?"

Yvette's face suddenly turned red. She wanted to push Lance's hand away, but her body was soft and

powerless.

"When will you have it?" Lance asked again.

Yvette's face became redder. She didn't know it either. She could only say vaguely, "I'm supposed to

have it after I give birth."

"OK," Lance said thoughtfully.

Somehow, Yvette figured out what Lance meant by his words. Yvette hurriedly said, "No, you are not allowed to think about it."

Lance pinched Yvette heavily. Lance said, "What won't you allow me to do?" Lance's tone was

stained with lust.

Being pinched, Yvette raised her face and let out a soft gasp. She bit her lips and said with a trembling voice, "You know what I mean. You are not allowed to do it."

"Are you

afraid that I will snatch breast milk from the child?"

Lance leaned closer to Yvette. Lance said with a bewitching voice, "Don't worry. I will definitely not

do that until the child is full."

"Don't say it!"

Yvette wanted to reach out to block Lance's mouth, but her hands were stopped by him. Yvette could only use her lips to block Lance's mouth.

Lance also bit Yvette's lips. He moved his hand elsewhere, wanting to force Yvette to surrender.

Yvette felt as if her soul was about to leave her body, so she could only call out Lance's name,

"Lance! Lance!"

However, Lance completely ignored Yvette. Lance moved his fingers around and continued to do

what he wanted to do.

Finally, Lance stopped. Yvette seemed to have lost all of her energy, lying limply on the bed.

Lance pulled back his fingers, but he did not let Yvette lie down. He turned her over so she was on top of him and brought her hands down...

Lance said, "Now it's your turn to do your duty as a wife."

Yvette's face was still red, and she looked delicate and charming, making Lance have a strong

sexual passion.

Lance leaned forward slightly and kissed Yvette's earlobe, saying in a hoarse voice, "Yve, can you

do it faster?"

After some time.

Lance carried Yvette to the bathroom to take a bath. Although Yvette was in a trance, she still knew

she should resist. She pushed Lance away and said, "I will do it myself."

Lance asked, "Do you still have strength in your hands?"

Yvette's ears were red as she hurriedly said, "No."

Lance raised his eyebrows and said, "It didn't take a long time. You have to practice more. After all, you need to do this for a few more months."

Yvette was flustered and did not answer positively.

After taking a bath, Lance asked Yvette to wear clothes suitable for going out. Lance said, "Grandpa

asked us to go back."

On the other side, in the car.

After Lucas hung up the phone, he was slapped.

The corner of Lucas' mouth was bleeding.

Lucas didn't respond to it immediately and did not speak for a long time.

Yazmin said angrily, "You're useless. You can't even handle such a small matter. You couldn't even

get him to come over. What can you do?"

As Yazmin spoke, she raised her hand and wanted to slap Lucas again, but Lucas held her hand tightly and slapped her instead.



Yazmin was stunned. She thought that Lucas was an easy target, but she didn't expect that he would

actually dare to hit her.

Yazmin turned on Lucas like a madman and scratched him. Yazmin said, "Do you want to die? You

bastard. How dare you hit me? I'll skin you!"

Lucas avoided Yazmin and did not let her hit him. Lucas sneered and said, "Ms. Myers, don't keep talking dirty. Have you forgotten what happened between us?"

Yazmin was so angry that she could not speak. She gritted her teeth and scolded, "I think you want

to go to jail."

Lucas said mockingly, "If you dare to sue me for rape, I will tell Mr. Wolseley that you seduced me.

He doesn't even want to be with you when you're a virgin. What do you think he will think of you when he knows what happened between you and me?"

"You...!"

Yazmin wanted to scold Lucas again, but when she thought of what Lucas said, she fell silent.

Yazmin didn't expect Lucas, who she thought was a chess piece, to be so hard to control.

Emilie, however, was a lot more stupid.

Yazmin bit her lips and her eyes welled up with tears. "Lucas, I am just too angry. I was just too excited. Don't take it to heart."

Lucas knew Yazmin well. He wouldn't be fooled by her looks.

Yazmin thought that she had to discuss it with Lena. Seeing that Lena was still standing there, slapping herself, Yazmin reached out and shook Lucas' sleeve, saying, "Lucas, can you ask Lena to stop it now? She is already so old, and she can't take it."

"No. I must do what Mr. Wolseley instructed me to do," Lucas said with a serious face.

Yazmin hated Lucas because she thought he was hard to deal with.

Yazmin reached out to untie Lucas' buttons and asked delicately, "Did you handle that report?"

Being flirted with, Lucas was not as serious as before. He said, "Yes."

Yazmin was very happy when she thought that she would be able to watch a good show tomorrow.

Yazmin had waited for so many years before Lance agreed to marry her, but because of Yvette,

Yazmin's hopes were dashed.

Yazmin hated Yvette to the bones.

Yazmin thought, Why can Yvette get Lance's recognition?

Isn't it all because of the child in her belly?

Then I should let the child disappear.

Yazmin was eager to see what Lance would look like when he saw the report.

Yazmin couldn't wait any longer. She threw herself into Lucas' arms and said, "Lucas, we are in the

same boat. Don't worry. I will definitely treat you well."