Chapter 17

Yvonne couldn't help but smile at the thought of that as she took her bath a lot quicker than usual.

By the time she came out from the bathroom, there was no sight of Henry in the room, only the coat he had casually thrown on the sofa.

"Where did he go?" Yvonne mumbled to herself. She adjusted her bathrobes, then went out of the bedroom.

Sue was still sweeping the floor in the living room downstairs and greeted Yvonne warmly when she saw her coming down the stairs. "Madam."

"Sue, have you seen Henry?" Yvonne clutched the collar of her bathrobe and asked.

Sue paused her work to answer, "I did. Mr. Lancaster just went out."

"Went out?" Yvonne raised her eyebrow in surprise.

Where was he going at this hour?

Sue nodded. "Yes, he received a phone call and then left hurriedly. You didn't know, madam?"

Yvonne forced a smile but was unable to hide the disappointment in her eyes. "He didn't tell me..."

"Then it was probably some urgent matter and he didn't have time to inform you. Don't think too much about it, madam."

"I know. I'll return to my room now."

Yvonne turned around and slowly went up the stairs with her hand on the railing.

She laid on the bed and stared at the ceiling in a daze until her eyes got tired. She turned to her side and picked up the phone next to her pillow. It was ten minutes to half-past ten.

At this point, Yvonne wasn't even sure if Henry would be coming back tonight.

Since he was always a man of his word, he would probably be back.

Yvonne sat up on the bed, then grabbed the novel that she always read from the bedside table. While waiting for Henry's return, she read the book to keep herself occupied.

By the time she was fighting to stay awake, Henry still wasn't back so she gave up and turned in for the night.

When she woke up the next day, the other side of the bed was cold. The pillow was still neatly arranged. She could tell at first glance that no one had laid in it.

So Henry didn't return at all last night?

Yvonne bit her lips, feeling upset. After washing up, she went downstairs. She set her cutlery down after taking a few bites of her breakfast and went to work.

As soon as she got out of the elevator at her workplace, she saw a few secretaries standing at the corridor chatting and deliberately lightened her footsteps.

"I heard from Mr. Woods that Mr. Lancaster won't be coming to the office today."

"Why not? Where is he going? I might lose my motivation to work today without seeing Mr. Lancaster's handsome face!"

"I know, I heard Mr. Woods spoke to the CEO on the phone half an hour ago. Mr. Lancaster asked him to deliver a fresh change of clothes to the hospital."

"Hospital?" Yvonne quickly went up to the ladies upon hearing that and interrupted them.

"What happened to Hen... Mr. Lancaster?" she asked anxiously.

He didn't return last night. Did he get sick?

"Isn't it strange for you to be asking us? Aren't you his personal secretary? Didn't he tell you anything?"

The three secretaries looked back at her with contempt and jealousy.

Yvonne shook her head slightly.

"If you didn't know, there's no way we would know anything either. If you're that worried about Mr. Lancaster, why don't you give him a call yourself? Let's see if he'll tell you. Alright, let's go, it's time for work."

The three secretaries walked past her in their high heels.

The last one to walk past her even bumped into her shoulder. Intentional or not, it caused Yvonnne to stumble two steps before she regained her balance.

Yvonne clutched her painful shoulder and sighed softly.

Ever since she was suddenly promoted to the position of the secretary, she was ostracized by the other secretaries.

It had been so many days since then and she was almost getting used to it.

Yvonne rubbed her shoulder as she tried not to let the trivial matter get to her. She took out her phone from the bag and found the number that she had saved in her contact list for three years but never had the guts to dial to it.

Staring at the familiar yet unfamiliar number for a long while, she clenched her hands and mustered up the courage to press dial on her phone out of her concern for Henry.

"Who is it?" The man's deep and cold voice came through the other end of the line.

The light in Yvonne's eyes dimmed. "It's me..."

So he didn't even save her number in his phone.