Chapter 20

Lynette gave her the side-eye. "You wouldn't be hiding it if it's nothing! Something smells fishy here! Let me see!"

"No!" Yvonne shook her head.

Lynette ignored her and snatched the paper from the desk. "Self-reflection?"

Yvonne rubbed her neck awkwardly.

"What's going on here? Why are you writing a self-reflection report?"

"Well..."

Since the cat was out of the bag, there was no point for Yvonne to hide it so she told Lynette everything.

Lynette looked at her with admiration and gave her a thumbs up. "Amazing! You just got appointed a secretary and got caught red-handed for sleeping on the job by Mr. Lancaster! You're lucky that he didn't fire you on the spot. Carry on writing then, I'll go down now."

Worried that she would be caught slacking off here, Lynette shoved the paper back to Yvonne and quickly slid out of her office.

With a sigh, Yvonne smoothed out the wrinkles on the paper before picking up her pen and continued writing. When she was done, she reviewed the report before submitting it to Henry.

"Mr. Lancaster, I'm done with the self-reflection report." Yvonne stood in front of the man's desk and submitted the report with both hands.

"Leave it on my desk." Henry didn't even look at her and carried on approving the documents in his hand.

Yvonne acknowledged his instruction and placed the report on his desk. She took a step back then stared at Henry from a distance.

He wore only a black shirt without his coat and necktie. The two buttons at his collar were left unbuttoned and his sleeves were rolled up, leaving a small patch of his bronze chest and strong arms exposed. Yvonne's imagination couldn't help but run wild.

Even now, she still found it hard to believe that such a perfect and sexy man was actually her husband for three years.

Henry finally sensed Yvonne's burning gaze on him. He lifted his head and was greeted by the foolish grin on her face.

"What are you standing here for?" A hint of disgust flashed across Henry's eyes.

It had been three years since Yvonne married into the Lancaster family. Yet, she was still crude and hadn't grown as an individual.

Yvonne snapped back to her senses when she heard Henry's slightly impatient voice, and quickly readjusted the expression on her face. "My apologies, I'll take my leave now."

She turned around and walked toward the door.

"Wait!" The man called out to her from behind.

Yvonne turned her head around in confusion. "Is there anything else, Mr. Lancaster?"

Henry lowered his gaze and quietly said, "Go to the hospital with me in another few days. We'll do a full physical examination on you."

"Physical examination?" She blinked in surprise. "But I was just in the hospital..."

"You are to listen to my orders!" Henry's face turned sour as his voice grew louder.

He must assess her physical condition to ensure that nothing would happen after she donated her bone marrow.

Knowing that Henry was upset, Yvonne lowered her head and accepted it without another word. "Understand."

The expression on Henry's face softened a little. "I have something to do this afternoon, so go home by yourself later."

"Are you coming back to the villa tonight?"

Henry frowned and didn't answer her.

Thinking that he probably wouldn't be coming back tonight, Yvonne tried her best to conceal the disappointment on her face. "I'll be leaving now then."

"Yeah," Henry responded faintly.

In the afternoon, the other secretaries targeted Yvonne and gave her a tall stack of accounting data from the past few years to sort out.

Although she was angry, she suppressed her feelings and accepted the job for the sake of quickly getting acquainted with the duties of a secretary, then ended up working until late.

By the time she returned to the villa, it was already nine at night.

The villa was so silent that she could hear a pin drop. Sue was nowhere in sight either.

Yvonne only recalled that the housekeeper had gone back home when she saw the vacation slip Sue left on the coffee table in the living room.

"Guess I was up to my ears in work!" She scratched her head and muttered to herself, then rolled up her sleeves and went into the kitchen to prepare some food.

It was quite late already, so she decided to just make a bowl of noodles since she wasn't in the mood to make anything complicated.

Henry could smell the food aroma coming from the kitchen as soon as he stepped into the villa, and his stomach instantly rumbled.

Who was still cooking so late at night?