

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 1

Chapter 1 His Sweetheart Returns

“Congratulations, you are pregnant.”

Yvette was a little absent-minded.

Her mind was occupied by the words that the doctor said in the afternoon.

Suddenly, Lance pinched Yvette hard, and his voice was low. “What are you thinking

about?”

Before Yvette answered, he grabbed the back of her head and kissed her hard.

Then, Lance got up and went to the bathroom.

Yvette lay on the big bed weakly. Her hair was wet, and her eyes were **full** of tears. She

looked exhausted.

-After a while, Yvette opened the drawer and took out the pregnancy report.

In the afternoon, she went to the hospital because her stomach was uncomfortable.

After the blood test, the doctor told her that she was five weeks pregnant.

Yvette was stunned. They wore condoms every time.

Yvette racked her brain to recall that there seemed to be an exception last month when

Lance sent her home after the party ended. When she reached the door, Lance suddenly

asked, “Is it safe?”

Yvette didn't expect that the rhythm method was unreliable...

The sound of water dripping came from the bathroom. The man inside was Yvette's husband, whom she had married secretly for two years, and her immediate superior,

Lance, the president of the Wolseley Group.

Because of an accident after getting drunk, Yvette, who had just joined the company,

had sex with Lance.

Later, Lance's grandfather suddenly fell ill. Lance proposed a fake marriage to fulfill his grandfather's wish that the latter wanted to see him get married.

Lance and Yvette signed the pre-marriage agreement that their marriage could be terminated at any time.

Yvette felt that she was so lucky.

She never expected that she could marry the man she had a crush on for eight years and readily agreed.

After they got married, Lance was very busy, and he might be away from home for twenty-five days a month.

But in these two years, Lance never had any other women around him, nor had there been any affairs.

Although Lance was a little cold, he was a perfect husband!

Yvette looked at the pregnancy report in her palm, feeling both sweet and nervous.

She decided to tell Lance!

Yvette wanted to tell him that it was not the first time they met two years ago. She had loved him for a decade.

In the bathroom, the sound of water gradually came to a stop.

As soon as Lance came out, his phone rang. He only had a towel on him as he went to the balcony to answer the phone.

Yvette looked at her watch. It was already past midnight.

She felt inexplicably uneasy. Who would call Lance so late?

After the call ended, Lance walked over and untied the towel without any hesitation.

Lance's figure was extremely superior, his abdominal muscles were distinct, and his muscles were tight and strong. Lance's long legs and butt were extremely sexy.

Even though Yvette had seen Lance's naked body countless times, she blushed, and her heart was pounding.

Lance walked to the bed, picked up his shirt and trousers, put them on, and tied his tie with his slender fingers. His handsome face was distinctively outlined and elegant.

Lance was pleasing to the eye.

"Good night," Lance said.

Was Lance leaving?

Yvette was a little disappointed. The hand holding the pregnancy test report unconsciously shrank back. After thinking for a while, Yvette could not help but say,

"It's late."

Lance stopped tying his tie and reached out to pinch Yvette's plump earlobe. Then he said with a faint smile, "Don't you want to sleep tonight?"

Yvette's face instantly flushed red, and her heart beat faster uncontrollably. Just as she

was about to say something, Lance released her and said, "Be good. I have something to

1. do. Don't wait for me."

Then, he walked out.

"Lance."

Yvette chased after him and stopped him.

Lance turned his head and looked straight at Yvette.

"What's the matter?"

His voice was stern. Along with the cold air outside, Yvette felt the temperature seemed to drop a bit.

Yvette felt somewhat stifled as she asked softly.

"Do you have time to visit my grandmother tomorrow?"

Yvette's grandmother, Phoebe Cassell, was in poor condition, and Yvette wanted to take

Lance to see Phoebe so as to make Phoebe feel at ease.

"Let's talk about it tomorrow." Lance did not agree or refuse and then left.

After taking a shower, Yvette tossed and turned without any sleepiness.

She had to get up and heat a glass of milk for herself.

There was entertainment news on the phone page.

Yvette was not interested in these and was just about to close it when she saw the familiar name. She could not help but click it in.

"The famous designer Yazmin Myers returns and appears at the airport with her mysterious boyfriend."

Yazmin was wearing a bucket hat, and the man with her was blurry, but it could be seen that he had a perfect figure.

After Yvette enlarged the photo, her mind went blank.

The man turned out to be Lance!

Did Lance cancel the meeting in the afternoon to pick up his ex-girlfriend Yazmin?

Instantly, Yvette panicked, as if a stone had been stuffed into her heart.

Her hands trembled, and she did not know why she dialed Lance.

Yvette was just about to hang up when a voice came from the other side.

“Hello.”

The woman’s voice was exceptionally gentle.

Yvette paused for a second and abruptly dropped the phone.

Then, as if her stomach was being stirred up, she could not help but rush to the bathroom and vomit.

Dawn broke.

Yvette went to work on time.

After they got married, Lance wanted Yvette to stay at home, but she wanted to earn her own living.

Lance let Yvette be, but he did not allow her to go anywhere else. Yvette stayed by his side and served as his assistant. She was responsible for serving coffee.

Lance left the core matters to his special assistant, Frankie Sainsbury.

In the company, no one knew Yvette’s identity except Frankie.

Lance only hired male assistants. In the past two years, Yvette was the only female assistant, so everyone thought Yvette had an affair with Lance.

After a long time, they found that Lance was not special to Yvette and they despised Yvette even more.

How could one always rely on her beauty?

A colleague handed Yvette a document and asked her to hand it to the president's office.

Last night, Lance did not return, and Yvette did not sleep the entire night.

Yvette had been thinking about who exactly that woman on the phone was and whether she stayed with Lance all night.

The answer was obvious, but Yvette didn't dare to or want to admit it....

Perhaps Yvette needed to be slapped before waking up.

Now Yvette was extremely calm. She thought that no matter what, she wanted to give her ten years of crush an explanation.

Yvette calmly pressed the elevator button and went up. Before getting out of the elevator, she tidied her hair to ensure that she was in good condition.

When she reached the entrance of the president's office, the male voice that came from

the wooden door that was not closed made her stop.

"Do you like Yvette or not?"

The one who spoke was Lance's friend, Marvin Icahn.

"What do you want to say?" Lance's voice was cold.

Marvin said, "I think Yvette is pretty good. Is she not your type?"

"How about me introducing her to you?" Lance replied casually.

"Forget it."

Marvin's disdainful laughter from inside sounded especially harsh.

They were discussing Yvette as if she were an object...

Yvette took a deep breath and tightened her grip on the documents, her palms cold.

Soon, Marvin's voice rang out again.

"You are Yazmin's 'mysterious boyfriend', right?"

"Yes."

"Ah! You're willing to sacrifice anything to make her happy."

Marvin let out a sigh and continued to tease, "You were with Yazmin for a night. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. Did you... Huh?"

It came as a big blow for Yvette.

Yvette's face was pale, and her body was cold.

A night!

Absence made the heart grow fonder.

Every word was like a knife, stabbing into Yvette's heart.

A lot of voices rang in Yvette's mind. She suddenly felt dizzy, unable to see or hear anything.

Just as Yvette wanted to escape, the door opened with a click.

"Yvette?"

Marvin opened the door. He seemed to be leaving.

Yvette clenched her fingers, adjusted her expression, and nodded. "Hello, Mr. Icahn."

Then, Yvette passed him and sent the documents in.

In front of the luxurious desk, Lance was in an expensive suit. He was exceptionally handsome.

However, Yvette could tell that this set of clothes was not the same as last night.

Yvette lowered her eyes. "Mr. Wolseley, please sign the sales report."

Lance was expressionless as he signed and handed the document back.

Yvette received it and walked out. Marvin, who had a surprised expression, was still at the door.

It was not until Yvette's back disappeared from the elevator that Marvin said, "Fuck. Did Yvette hear anything?"

