

## Chapter 161 She Is Not the Same Person

Looking coldly at the man who changed his face, Yvette finally felt satisfied.

But this was far from enough to offset the pain she had suffered before.

She said sarcastically, "Anyway, the person I should thank the most is you, Mr. Wolseley. If you hadn't been so generous to divorce me, I wouldn't have had the chance to be with Charlie justifiably."

Seeing the man's darkened face, Yvette smiled brightly from the bottom of her heart.

"Charlie likes children very much. We'll give birth to two and live a peaceful and happy life."

"Impossible!"

Lance reached out and grabbed her shoulder, his eyes almost spitting out the fire. "I won't let you have a child

with him!"

Yvette looked at him with a sneer. "Mr. Wolseley, are you qualified to say this to me? My ex-husband doesn't allow me to have children. Is there such a rule?"

Lance gritted his teeth. "I said no."

Yvette stared at him with unwavering determination in her eyes. "Lance, you can't control me!"

She was not the same person.

The obedient Yvette, who only had eyes for him, no longer existed.

Lance pinched Yvette's shoulder harder and harder without words.

Yvette endured the pain and fear. Then she reminded him. "Mr. Wolseley, if you don't let me go, someone will

come to find me later.”

She thought that she could stop Lance from going crazy after saying that.

However, she underestimated how Lance would become after he was angered.

His gaze was dangerous as he said, “Yvette, something I don’t allow will never happen.”

Although the man’s voice sounded calm, Yvette felt like she was being targeted by a wild beast.

Her pupils contracted as she asked warily, “What do you want to do? This is the men’s bathroom, and

someone will come in anytime.”

All of a sudden, Lance kissed her before she finished her words.

He forcefully pressed Yvette against the partition and with a strong possessive kiss as if he would tear Yvette apart.

Yvette could not resist and could only fiercely bite the man’s lips. Then the man smelt the blood between his lips and teeth.

However, it didn’t stop Lance. Instead, he wanted to possess her more.

Just a kiss was far from enough.

Yvette kept constantly pushing him but her hands were raised above her head by the man. The collar of her clothes was torn very wide and she was a hot mess,

She struggled to say, “Lance, we are divorced. You can’t do this.”

Filled with desire, Lance stuck close to her ear and said word by word, “Do you think that you are not mine

after the divorce?”

Hearing this, Yvette shuddered with fear.

“Don’t you remember how many times I’ve fucked you?”

As if he wanted to recall her memories, he bent his elbows, restrained her, and groped her.

Gradually, with Yvette's forehead covered in sweat, she restrained her expression and said coldly, "Don't try to

force me!"

"I won't force you," Lance smiled, but his eyes were icy cold.

"Then let me out!" Yvette gnashed her teeth.

"Alright."

Yvette wondered why he agreed so easily. Without time to think too much, Yvette let out a long breath and

reached out to push the door.

"Yvette?"

Hearing that, Yvette immediately stopped.

She turned around in disbelief and saw that her phone had fallen into the man's hands at some point in time.

Moreover, it was connected.

Yvette reached out to grab her phone, and Lance threw it back to her with a nasty smile.

Just as she was about to speak, she froze with shock after hearing Charlie's voice.

"Yvette, I'm at the door of the bathroom. Are you inside?"

"Yvette?"

She hurriedly hung up the phone and turned it off.

Outside the door, when Charlie saw that she did not answer, he asked a waitress to look for her.

“Please help me see if my girlfriend is inside. Her name is Yvette,” he said to the waitress.

Hearing that, Lance narrowed his cold eyes.

Lance thought, girlfriend?

Good.

Very good.

Without caring about the meaning of Charlie’s words at all, Yvette did not dare to breathe loudly with her heart pounding fast.

Meanwhile, the waitress came out and said that there was no one inside.

Just as Yvette thought that it was time for Charlie to leave, the door of the men’s bathroom was pushed

open.

Hearing the heavy sound of the door pushing open, Yvette felt that her heart was going to pop out.

Lance lowered his head to look at her meaningfully as he was saying, “Why haven’t you gone out yet?”

Yvette glared at him fiercely.

Her present appearance was reflected on the light-colored tile. Her face flushed and her clothes were in a mess. She seemed to have had sex just now..

Only now did Yvette feel how vile Lance was.

He did it on purpose, deliberately making her unable to see anyone.

She was not afraid of seeing Charlie, but she felt that no one could see her like this.

Noticing her nervous expression, Lance was particularly unhappy and directly reached out to push the door.

Yvette was so scared that she held his arm tightly and shook her head vigorously.

With his eyes colder and colder, the man effortlessly shook off her hands and was about to step out.

Yvette could not think of a way, so she suddenly hooked her arm around the man's neck and kissed him.

However, in Lance's eyes, her kiss meant a lot, which seemed to pierce his chest.

He avoided her lips, pressed his lips against her right ear, and said in a hoarse voice, "Are you so afraid that

he will know?"

Yvette was about to go crazy. Charlie was still there, but he spoke at that time.

Fortunately, his voice was covered by the sound of washing hands outside.

"Don't talk!" Taking advantage of the sound of water, Yvette also warned him.

Because of nervousness, Yvette's forehead was covered in a cold sweat. A few strands of messy hair were stuck to her crimson cheeks, which gave off a sweet fragrance.

She looked delicate and beautiful in such a state.

Yvette was completely unaware of how alluring she was in Lance's eyes.

She leaned against the door, carefully listening to the movements outside.

Suddenly, the man bit her slender neck ruthlessly like a wolf that had been hungry for a long time. He wanted to eat her flesh and drink her blood.

Yvette was shocked.

In a second, her heartbeat seemed to go out of control.

She covered her mouth hard, afraid that a strange sound would leak out.

But how could a man let her do as she pleased? He licked every inch of her neck and face, again and again, deliberately making her lose control.

Yvette angrily pinched his waist, forcing the man to groan.

This sound attracted the attention of the outside.

Charlie, who had already walked to the door, suddenly turned around, staring at a certain strange and noisy

room.

He darkened his face as he walked towards the room step by step

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### **Chapter 162 Is It Enough?**

In the bathroom, it was unusually quiet.

The sound of the man's leather shoes falling on the ground was exceptionally clear.

Yvette froze as if the footsteps were beating against her nerves like a drum.

Meanwhile, the man in front of her was not flustered at all and showed no fear.

Yvette clenched her fists and gritted her teeth in anger.

Although she only acted as Charlie's girlfriend, Lance did not know about this. How could Lance be so calm without a guilty conscience?

But it was not the time to argue with him. No matter who saw her like this, she would feel extremely ashamed.

After thinking about it, Yvette thought only Lance had a way.

Yvette raised her face with her beautiful eyes, pleading.

Lance got it and silently mouthed, "Beg me?"

At this moment, his expression was unusually cold. From his expression, Yvette understood what he meant.

He was waiting for her to make a decision and she knew how to please him.

She was used to that.

Bang!

Charlie knocked lightly on the door and asked, "Is there anyone inside?"

In a split second, a chill quickly rushed up to Yvette's back.

Without time to think more, she was so shocked that she put her arms around the man's neck. Her legs.

hooked around his thin waist, and her rosy lips bit the place under his Adam's apple.

She felt that the man's breathing sound and weird moan were about to be heard.

She was so scared that she quickly blocked his mouth while she subconsciously slid down, almost falling.

Fortunately, she was held by the man's dry big palm.

Outside.

Charlie was impatient, placed his hand on the door handle, and was about to push it open.

Suddenly, a cleaner came in. She looked at him and said, "Sir, the room is being repaired. You can use

another one."

After saying that, the cleaner pushed the cart in and politely asked him, "Sir, do you want to take the

bathroom now? If you don't, I will start to clean it."

Charlie's expression was cold.

Although there was a gap under the compartment, he could not squat down in front of people to check

inside.

He suppressed the discomfort and could only leave.

The cleaner began to clean the place, sucking the dust and dragging the floor with a buzzing sound.

Yvette finally breathed a sigh of relief and her body softened.

She did not want to hang on Lance for a second. When she was about to get down, the man touched her butt and pressed her against the door.

His eyes turned cold. “You want to run after using me?”

Yvette said, “When did I use you? It was a cleaner who came in just now.”

Bang!

Lance slammed his fist on the door, making a deafening sound.

Yvette suddenly paused, her eyes wide open in shock.

There was a cleaner outside.

Is he crazy? wondered Yvette.

The next second, she found that the cleaner seemed to have not heard it.

It was obviously a loud sound, but the cleaner pretended not to hear it, which could only prove that Lance gave some order to her in advance.

However, it also meant that the moment he dragged her into the bathroom, he had harbored malicious intentions and deliberately embarrassed her.

Anger rose bit by bit. Yvette tried to repress her anger. “Put me down. I want to go back.”

“Go back?” Lance narrowed his eyes. “Are you going to go back like this?”

Yvette was pissed off when he looked at her with contempt.

Of course, she couldn't go back to the table like this. She could only go back and think how to explain.



She was now like a flower bud that had been ravaged. Compared to her, Lance was dressed neatly and looked calm, showing a sense of coldness.

It was as if her mess had nothing to do with him.

She said angrily, "It's none of your business."

"Heh. Do you think that I can't do anything to you?" Lance burst into laughter.

Yvette furrowed her brows and was about to retort.

The man said coldly, "Why are you always so disobedient?"

Then, Lance leaned over to kiss her with cold lips as he fiercely sucked her lips into his mouth.

Yvette panicked and wanted to turn away, but the man forcefully twisted her face, accurately grabbed her lips, and ruthlessly bit her, trying to teach her a lesson.

Yvette felt itchy and painful because of the bite.

However, the lesson he wanted to teach her was not limited to this.

He fondled her and tried to take off her clothes.

An unnatural flush appeared on Yvette's face as she felt hot and went blank. She tried to push his hands

away but failed.

He wanted to seduce her.

He did not believe that he would fail to turn her on.

It was like they were having a tense boxing match, and Yvette was the one who had been defeated.

Gradually, she stopped struggling and let him bite her lips and kiss her.

She closed her eyes and just went brain-dead, only feeling the tip of his tongue stirring in her mouth.

She tried hard to stay awake. When he finished the kiss, she said weakly, “Lance, you are shameless. What

can you prove by doing this?”

Of course, Lance had something he wanted to prove, and the truth was obvious.

“What do you think I want to prove?”

He stood still, panted slightly, and pressed his fingers against her lips heavily.

“You still dare not admit it? You still have feelings for me?”

Yvette turned her face away and didn’t want to see his ostentatious appearance, but he grabbed her by the

chin and straightened her face.

The man’s angular handsome face was covered with a little sweat, and his shirt was also wet, which made

him look sexy.

He raised his eyebrows and asked her, “You are with Charlie just to anger me, right?”

It was true that she said that to infuriate him, but Yvette would not admit it.

She had made a mistake once, and she would never make more mistakes.

Yvette stared at him with a sneer. “Mr. Wolseley, what kind of person are you to me now? Are you qualified to

make me anger you at the cost of my reputation?”

Lance’s face turned pale as he frowned. “Yvette, your body can not lie.”

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Yvette slightly raised her face and tried to calm down. “I admit that I have feelings.”

Lance's expression subtly changed as he heard this.

But then, Yvette's lips curled into a mocking smile. "It's all because your kissing skills are good. I can't take advantage of you, Mr. Wolseley."

Yvette picked up the purse that had fallen to the ground, took out 200 dollars, and stuffed them into the collar of Lance's shirt. "Is it enough?" she asked in a frivolous tone.

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### **Chapter 163 Be Cheeky When You Chase Someone**

Lance's handsome face turned sour in an instant.

Yvette snorted, "I can't give you more even if it's not enough. I won't hire a male prostitute that costs more than 200 dollars."

This was the first time she had said something offensive like this, but he disrespected her first.

He knew she was attending an important occasion, yet he still tore her clothes and took advantage of her in the bathroom. Which one of them was not humiliating?

Not only did she have to fight back, but she also needed to humiliate him harder.

"Yvette!" Lance's face was ashen, and his black eyes could not suppress the anger surging within them.

"You're angry now? Mr. Wolseley, your tolerance isn't that great."

Yvette covered her chest and chuckled, "I'll give you a piece of advice. If you want to make money, it's not enough to look handsome. You have such a bad temper. You won't be able to make money."

The man's face was as cold as snow, and his eyes looked like they were going to break her neck in the next second.

Yvette had no fear and stubbornly looked up at him.

Every time, she was so angry that she couldn't speak. Today, she could finally beat him, and this kind of feeling was indescribable.

Lance also stared at her, and the two confronted each other in silence.

After a long time, he smiled, pushed open the door, and walked out without a word.

Yvette finally relaxed and sat down on the toilet lid, her heart pounding uncontrollably.

Lance had just made her collapse.

He was right about one thing, though. Bodies could not lie.

However, they had only been apart for more than a month, and she was already excited by him to this extent. It was really embarrassing.

It made her doubt herself whether anyone could stir up her emotions.

This was not a good thing.

Although on the surface, she had the upper hand, if she really provoked Lance, she might not be able to walk out calmly.

After thinking for a while, she dispelled the crazy thoughts in her mind.

The most important thing now was to work hard to earn money, pay off his debts, and save up enough money to study abroad.

This way, she could stay far away from him, and no one could disturb her mind.

She stood up and was just worrying about how to get out when she looked up and saw the suit jacket that Lance had hung on the hook and had forgotten to take away.

It was exactly what she needed.

His suit jacket could cover half of her legs if she wore it.

She could not be bothered to dislike this man. She wrapped the suit jacket around her and went out of the hall to hail a taxi.

After getting in the car, she dared to call Charlie and said that she had to go back early because something happened to her.

On the phone, Charlie's voice was particularly gentle. He asked her to tell him if she was uncomfortable.

In an instant, Yvette's guilt increased several times.

Compared to that jerk, Charlie was an angel.

She couldn't help but apologize to Charlie again.

Little did she know that he was standing at the entrance of the hotel, looking at the taxi that had driven her

away.

His eyes were cold, but his tone was as gentle as ever. "Go back and have a good rest, Yvette."

The call ended.

The warm smile on his face froze for a second.

He had actually thought about treating her well.

However, he realized the little white rabbit was about to be dirty.

He should speed up.

After Lance left, he drove directly to the bar.

Marvin was also there. After a few glasses, he was no match for Lance.

Marvin lit a cigarette and held it between his fingers. "Your father is quite well-informed. When he heard that

you were divorced, he came back to force you to go on a blind date."

Lance's face was cold. "Did you find that woman?"

Marvin shook his head. “There was no clue at all. Why did a person disappear into thin air? Could it be that she really died?”

Lance was silent for a few seconds and then said, “Even if she died, that child definitely did not die. Colton

was now determined to earn something to give that woman’s child.”

“He has put in a lot of effort to hide that child. You must be obedient to him and wait for him to give himself away.”

“I don’t believe that they have no contact at all.” Marvin’s beautiful eyes stirred.

Lance didn’t say anything and raised his head to drink.

Marvin saw him drink one glass after another and teased, “What? Is the chase not going well?”

Instantly, Lance’s face turned cold.

Not only was it cold, but it was also sour.

Marvin became interested, “The look on your face is telling me Yvette has refused you a lot, right? Do you need me to teach you some tricks?”

Marvin understood Lance too well.

After all, Lance was used to being high and mighty and had never lowered his head for a woman in his life.

Even if he chased a girl, he would probably piss her off.

“Do you have a wife?” Lance looked up at him coldly.

Marvin didn’t reply.

Lance was really mean. He was laughing at Marvin for having no wife.

Lance deserved to be refused by Yvette.

After drinking enough, Lance got up and prepared to leave.

Lance had spent quite a lot of money, so Marvin taught him something.

“Mr. Wolseley, you have to be sincere when chasing a girl. Most importantly, you must be cheeky.”

It was not up to Lance to figure it out.

After Lance left the bar, he returned to the company and made it for the night.

Since his divorce, he had not returned to the Serenity Villa for a long time.

When he went there, he would think of Yvette, and his obsession for her would grow.

He was afraid that he would use some methods to force her back.

He did not want to treat her like that.

The next morning, Colton brought Kali to find Lance.

When the girl saw him, her eyes were red.

Yesterday, she had chased Lance’s car for half a mile but couldn’t catch up with him.

She had been treated like this on her first blind date. How could she accept it?

Then she complained to Colton.

Colton acted like he doted on her very much in front of her father and immediately brought Kali to demand an

explanation.

When Lance saw Colton with a girl, he frowned and asked, “Who is this?”

When Kali heard that, she cried out.

Wasn’t this humiliating?

She had just gone on a blind date with him yesterday, but this man did not recognize her today.

Colton had just promised Kali's father she wouldn't be upset again, but now Colton felt embarrassed.

Colton scolded in a low voice, "This is Kali. Didn't you just see her yesterday?"

Only then did Lance remember. Yesterday, his mind had been focused on Yvette, so he hadn't looked at Kali

at all.

Colton whispered to Kali, "Kali, you go to the lounge first. I'll ask the secretary to get you something delicious. I have something to say to him. Later, he will take you to play and apologize to you."

Kali looked at the man who was extremely handsome on the seat, blushed, and left.

The door closed, and Lance said coldly, "I don't have time for her. You can hang out with her."

Colton saw Lance's stubborn look and said coldly, "Don't tell me you are still thinking about that woman?"

Lance looked up at him with a cold look in his eyes.

Colton had a plan. "Lance, everything I do is for the company. Don't force me to make a move to an outsider

at my age."



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### **Chapter 164 Draw a Line With Him**

Lance suddenly clenched the pen in his hand, and his eyes were cold. "You can try."

The pressure in his eyes overflowed, and for a moment, Colton felt a little creepy.

This was not the first time he had seen his son's fierce aura.



Only Lance's grandfather and mother could be protected by him, and now there was another woman.

In the end, Lance didn't care about Colton.

Colton felt disappointed. Back then, Colton had been defeated by Lance and had been driven abroad.

Therefore, no matter what, Colton had to fight for his other son.

"Lance, as long as you don't force me, we won't have to come to that."

Lance looked up and said with an indifferent expression, "Leave if you are done!"

"You!"

Colton was so angry that he almost couldn't breathe. Thinking of his goal, he endured it. "You should get along with Kali first. I won't force you to marry her. If I can nail the energy project, it will benefit the company."

Colton meant Lance should lead Kali on. When the cooperation was achieved, Lance could break up with her

saying they were not right for each other.

Lance declined to comment, pressed the number 1 button, and ordered, "Frankie, see the guest out."

When Colton was invited out of the office by Frankie, he was so angry that he snorted. When Colton saw Kali,

he said, "Good girl, Lance has a cold personality. He needs a passionate girl like you to warm him up. You can

chase him instead. Do you understand?"

Kali nodded happily. "Yes."

Kali's eyes lit up, which made Colton satisfied.

Not to mention anything else, Lance's appearance was attractive. Basically, all girls liked him, so how could they let go when they had the chance to chase him?

Colton praised, “Good child, I only recognize you as my daughter-in-law. Don’t disappoint me, understand?”

Kali nodded, her heart filled with hope.

After Colton left, she went directly to Lance’s office. As a result, she was stopped outside by Frankie before

she could even enter.

He said tactfully, “I’m sorry, Ms. Pruitt. Mr. Wolseley is having a video conference.”

Kali said, “Then I will wait for him here.”

Frankie was a little embarrassed because Kali insisted on sitting outside the office and waiting.

Recently, the Pruitt family had become popular because of the energy project. Frankie could not chase Kali

away, so he asked Kali to wait in the office and prepared delicious food for her.

On the other side, Yvette had just completed the transaction with the new householder.

The housing payment minus the loan and her savings were still not enough. It was only 450 thousand

dollars.

She had no choice but to borrow 50 thousand dollars from Ellen to have 500 thousand dollars in total.

She would rather owe her best friend than Lance.

After putting all the money in on the card, she went to the company to find Lance to exchange for the IOUS.

She had told Frankie in advance, so she arrived at the president’s office very smoothly.

When she was almost at the door, she was still mentally preparing herself. What should she say to Lance

later?

It was mainly because Lance had just been humiliated by her that day, so he might not want to see her now.

As soon as she turned the corner, she saw a girl standing by the blinds, staring at the office without blinking.

Yvette immediately recognized that it was the girl who accompanied Lance at the coffee shop that day.

Yvette paused and remembered that this should be Lance's blind date. When she hesitated to go over, she

heard Frankie call her.

"Ms. Thiel, hi."

Kali heard the voice and turned to see Yvette standing there. Kali froze.

The next second, Kali realized that this was the girl from the café that day.

Immediately, Kali walked in front of Yvette and asked her, "Who are you? Why are you looking for Lance?"

The atmosphere was tense in a second.

It was no wonder that Kali was vigilant. Yvette was so eye-catching that it made her jealous.

Frankie felt something was wrong and immediately helped Yvette out. "Ms. Pruitt, do you want to drink fruit

juice? I'll get someone to squeeze a glass for you."

"Okay." Kali had been eating for a long time and was a little thirsty now.

"But what exactly are you here for?" she asked Yvette again.

Frankie had a headache. He did not expect Kali to be so persistent. Just as he was about to speak, he heard Yvette say.

“I am here to find Frankie.”

“Really?” Kali was a little doubtful.

Yvette nodded and handed the card in her hand to Frankie without saying much. She asked him, “Are those

IOUS in your hands?”

Frankie nodded.

Yvette said, “Here are 500 thousand dollars. Check it and then give me the IOUS.”

Frankie hesitated. “Do you want to wait for Mr...”

“No need. Frankie, please take care of it.”

Yvette refused. She did not want to be misunderstood by Lance’s new girlfriend.

Kali was still staring at them. Frankie did not want to cause trouble, so he took Yvette to deal with the IOUS.

After settling the IOUS, Yvette went home.

Meanwhile, Lance was busy in the office until it was dark before he came out.

When he came out, Kali had already fallen asleep on the sofa.

Lance frowned and asked, “Why is she still here?”

Frankie said helplessly, “Ms. Pruitt wouldn’t leave.”

Lance frowned. Frankie didn’t handle it incorrectly.

The Pruitt family was in the limelight. If they chased Kali out, others would think that the Wolseley family and

the Pruitt family had a bad relationship, and it would affect the stock market.

Frankie asked again, “Do you want to wake Ms. Pruitt up?”

“No need. Just leave someone to open the door for her.” After saying that, Lance was prepared to leave.

“Mr. Wolseley.” Frankie stopped him and told him about Yvette coming over in the afternoon to return the money.

He handed the card to Lance and said, “Please take a look at this card.”

In fact, Lance’s original words had been that as long as Yvette came to take the IOUS, he would give them to

her, and she did not need to return the money.

He had also explained it to her, but she had still given him this card.

Stared by Lance, Frankie felt this card was hot.

Lance felt angry. He stared at the green card for a long time, then gritted his teeth, and said, “Throw it away.”

After saying that, he left.

Lance sat in the car furiously, and his stomach ached from anger.

He took another phone and dialed the familiar number.

After the call was connected, Yvette’s voice, which was as gentle as ever, came, “May I know who this is?”

Get Bonus

Hearing those words, Lance somehow wasn’t angry anymore.

He softened his tone and said lightly, “It’s me.”

Yvette paused and then said, “Sorry, you called the wrong one.”

The phone was immediately hung up, and Lance called her again.

Beep!

Lance was too familiar with that sound. It meant he had been blacklisted.

Immediately, the anger that had dissipated surged up again, and he fiercely smashed the steering wheel.

She drew a line with him because she had a new boyfriend, right?

The money must have been given by another man.

Good! Very good!

On the way home, Yvette's stomach was uncomfortable.

She had a premonition that her period was coming.

She had suffered from dysmenorrhea. After the miscarriage, she felt even more pain.

After lying on the bed for a while, she received a call from an unknown number. When she heard that it was

Lance, she knew he would be mean to her.

She had no energy to deal with him due to her stomach ache, so she simply hung up and blacklisted him.

Ding-dong.

The doorbell rang.

Yvette thought the painkillers were delivered, so she got up and went to open the door.

When she opened the door and saw Lance's handsome face at the door, Yvette almost thought that she had

hurt her brain and had an illusion.

How could it be Lance?

She froze for a few seconds before she reacted and immediately closed the door.

However, before the door could be closed, he strode in, and his beautiful eyes seemed to be covered in ice as he stared at her.

“Lance, what do you want to do?”

This kind of gaze made Yvette feel flustered, and she could not help but question him.

“You forced your way into a private residence. I can report you.”

Before she could finish speaking, Lance took a step forward, held her face, and kissed her.

He kissed her fiercely. Realizing that Yvette did not cooperate, he ground his teeth and bit her tongue.

Yvette felt the pain and frowned.

Lance acted as if he didn't notice it and continued to hold the back of her head. His thin lips were pressed against her tender ones as he sucked them.

After a long time, Lance finally let go of her when he felt that she couldn't breathe.

“Lance, are you sick?”

Yvette was so angry that her chest heaved. “You forcefully kissing me is harassment. Do you understand?”

Lance raised his finger to unbutton his shirt and sneered, “Okay, wait until I'm done, then you can give me a

lesson.”

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**Chapter 165 Get You With 500 Thousand Dollars?**

Yvette was thrown onto the sofa by him. Because of her abdominal pain, the words she said were also weak.

“What are you trying to do?”

“What do you think?”

Lance had a cold expression on his face. Half of his chest was exposed, revealing his well-defined abdominal muscles. His slender and beautiful fingers were still unbuttoning his shirt.

It was self-evident what he wanted to do.

“You dare!” Yvette became agitated.

“It seems you don’t know me enough.”

Lance curled his lips and leaned forward, pressing her against the soft sofa. His voice was hoarse. “I’ll let you see if I dare, hmm?”

Yvette was trapped on the sofa by the man and had nowhere to run.

His lips were pressed down, and Yvette turned her face away. Her eyes were red, and she said in an extremely hateful tone, “Lance, if you really dare to do this, I will definitely not let you go.”

Hearing her say that, Lance suddenly curled his lips and smiled.

However, there was a hint of self-mockery in his smile.

“Then remember your words. Don’t let me go.

He lowered his head and bit her sharp chin, wanting to leave a mark on her face.

The one that would let others know at a glance that she was his woman.

Lance felt he especially hated her now for leaving so quickly.

He had never seen a woman who was more cold-blooded and heartless than her.

She suddenly stopped loving him and found a new boyfriend quickly.



She wasn't sad or reluctant. She forgot about the past and started over.

She was really ruthless!

Lance bit her chin and looked carefully at it. He asked, "Did he give you the money? He can get you with 500 thousand dollars?"

Yvette clenched her fists and felt that it was a little ridiculous.

He was angry because of the 500 thousand dollars.

He thought the money was given to her by another man.

How sad. Even if they divorced, he still looked down on her.

She looked up and met his angry gaze. With a mocking smile, she replied, "Back then, you didn't even spend a cent when you got me. Now that I can get 500 thousand dollars, doesn't it mean my value has risen?"

Her words angered Lance until he couldn't breathe properly.

Lance actually laughed in anger and said in a low voice, "Have you recovered? You've found a new man so quickly. Since that's the case, I'll give you 1.6 million dollars. Does it mean you are okay with any postures

with me?"

Those words were even more ruthless than hers. He basically meant she sold her body for money.

"Lance, you are a bastard."

Yvette's eyes were red, hating herself for not swearing more.

Looking at her reddened eyes, Lance was moved. He felt pity for her and hated her.

He forced down his reluctance and said coldly, "I am not a good person. It is not too late for you to get to

know me again."

As he spoke, he kissed her again, like a wild beast. He kissed her neck and collarbones, sucking and

gnawing.

Yvette only felt pain in her lower abdomen. Her whole body was shaking, and she was powerless to resist.

The man's eyes were red, and his whole body was full of restless anger. He had not touched her for a long time. At this moment, it was as if a beast was awakening in his heart, and he could not suppress it.

He tore her nightdress apart that was in the way, but when he looked up, he saw her face full of tears.

In an instant, his heart seemed to be moved by something, and his handsome eyebrows could not help but

tremble.

Thinking of how disdainful she was towards him, he could not help but mock, "Now you know to be afraid. Didn't you feel powerful when you slapped me with money?"

Yes, the money made him even angrier.

She had said he was a sex worker and his service was only worth two bills.

If he really was what she had said, women would line up to buy his service.

Only this woman did not cherish him at all.

He said hatefully, "At that time, I should have done what you paid for."

Yvette didn't want to quarrel with him. She was so uncomfortable and in much pain.

She covered her aching belly, buried her head on the sofa, and curled up her body. She snorted, "My stomach

hurts."

When he saw her curl up in pain, Lance's expression instantly changed.

Without the slightest hesitation, he bent down to pick her up and walked out.

Yvette grabbed his sleeve, her face covered in a cold sweat. "Put me down. I'm going to the bathroom."

"To the hospital," Lance refused without thinking.

"I... It's my period."

Yvette pursed her lips and explained weakly, "Let me go to the bathroom."

Lance froze for a moment. He did not let her go and directly carried her to the bathroom.

Pushing open the door, he put Yvette down and reached out to lift her skirt.

Yvette was so frightened that she gripped his sleeve tightly and asked, "What are you doing?"

"Can you do it yourself?" Lance frowned as he glanced at her.

Yvette didn't say anything.

Even so, she did not need him to help her take off her underwear!

She blushed, and her ears were also red. She lowered her head and said, "Get out!"

Lance did not insist. He turned around and went out. While he waited outside, painkillers were delivered.

More than ten minutes later, Yvette came out of the bathroom. Before her feet touched the ground, she was

picked up by Lance.

She was shocked and raised her head abruptly.

"Lance..."

"I'll carry you to the bed," Lance said.

Yvette was still not feeling well, so she did not struggle and let him be.

Lance placed her on the bed, helped her take off her shoes, and handed over the medicine and hot water.

The painkiller did not work quickly, so Yvette covered her belly with a sullen expression and lay down on her

side.

Lance placed the pillow properly and made her into a comfortable position. He looked down at her and asked, “Was it so painful before?”

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## **Chapter 166 I Am at Your Door**

She said softly, “It was not that serious.”

The pain used to be minor. She would be prepared before her period came, so Lance didn't know.

Moreover, every time it had come, she would hug Lance to sleep. His body was hot like burning charcoal. It had been warm and comfortable.

This time, it came so suddenly that she wasn't prepared. In addition, due to the poor recuperation from her miscarriage, the pain was especially intense.

She looked down and saw that the cuffs of his shirt seemed to have been stained red by her. Immediately, her face burned a little hot. She pointed at his sleeve and said, “Wash that spot.”

Lance lowered his head and only then did he see that it was a little red.

He was actually a little obsessed with cleanliness, but he did not pay much attention to it. He nodded and said, “I'm going to take a shower.”

Yvette looked at his back, her long eyelashes gently going down.

She knew he was obsessed with cleanliness and would be unhappy if he was a little dirty.

But now, he actually didn't mind her blood.

Thinking about it, she fell asleep perhaps because of the medicine.

In the middle of the night, Yvette turned over and rubbed her forearm against something.

She was shocked and suddenly opened her eyes. She found that someone was sleeping next to her.

Yvette stretched out her hand and turned on the light at the head of the bed. Her body froze and she blinked. Only then did she confirm that it was Lance who was sleeping next to her.

He seemed to have been woken up by her and stared at her unhappily.

“You...”

Yvette grabbed the quilt and wrapped it around her body. After a long time, she said, “You're a pervert!”

“Huh?”

It seemed like Lance hadn't returned to his normal state, and his voice was lazy.

Yvette's face was as red as an apple as she pointed at him. “Why aren't you wearing clothes?”

Lance looked down at himself and remembered something. He said righteously, “The clothes are dirty. How do I wear them?”

He even pulled the quilt to the side, revealing his strong and enticing abs.

“It's so hot.”

“What nonsense are you talking about? It's December now. Is it hot?”

Lance had a superior head-to-body ratio. His waist and legs looked like they were perfectly designed. He was seductive when he was wearing clothes. But now he was only wearing a pair of boxers.

His figure was even better than a model.

Yvette took one more look, and her face turned redder.

No wonder she felt so warm and comfortable.

It turned out he had been hugging her to sleep without wearing any clothes.

“I always feel hot,” he answered bluntly and flipped over to get out of bed.

After a while, he brought a cup over and said to her, “Drink it.”

Yvette looked at the tea and smelled ginger, freezing for a moment.

“You made it?”

Lance reluctantly agreed.

After he took a shower, he noticed her hands and feet were a little cold, so he called Frankie to buy materials and made them according to a recipe online.

He had never done this before and had even scalded his hand for it!

It was for a woman who despised him. He felt angry just thinking about it.

“Hurry up. It’s not hot.” Lance seemed to be a little impatient.

Yvette took it, and her face was a little red.

He had never done this for anyone before because he had servants.

In addition, it was late at night, and the scantily-dressed handsome man was serving her tea, making her feel

like she was being served by a professional.

After she finished drinking, Lance took the cup away. Yvette then discovered that the back of his fair hand

was red.

Lance's skin was even better than a woman's.

"What's wrong?" Yvette asked.

"It's fine."

Lance didn't want to say more. He couldn't say that he had scalded himself. It would be embarrassing.

He took the cup and walked to the door. He suddenly turned his head and looked at her while leaning against the door frame, smiling, "You feel sorry for me?"

Yvette instantly gave a fake smile and said, "You think too much."

Lance snorted coldly and went out.

Yvette was so regretful that she wanted to bite off her tongue. What had she said just now?

She would be unlucky for caring about a man.

The wise saying must never be forgotten.

Also, how could she have slept so soundly, to actually let Lance sleep in her bed?

They were not in a relationship where they could sleep in the same bed!

When Lance returned, Yvette regained her calm. She said indifferently, "Mr. Wolseley, thank you for tonight.

It's getting late. You should go back."

Lance stared at her and sneered, "Now you know it's getting late."

"In the middle of the night, a man and a woman being alone in a room will be misunderstood."

Yvette had wanted to mention his new girlfriend, but she was afraid that he would be narcissistic enough to

think that she was jealous, so she changed to a euphemistic way to remind him.

Lance took the wrong idea.

He said coldly, “You are afraid Charlie will misunderstand? He has spent 500 thousand dollars, but I slept

with you instead.”

Those words were somewhat harsh, making Yvette clench her fists.

She did not want to waste time with him, so she urged with a cold face, “You should leave quickly.”

But Lance did not retreat. Instead, he advanced, pulled the quilt, got on the bed, and pulled Yvette into his

arms.

His body was very hot, sticking to Yvette like a stove.

Yvette struggled, but he held her hands in front of his chest from behind and threatened, “Be more careful. Don’t keep trying to seduce me.”

Yvette really had nothing to say.

She was already suffering from abdominal pain, so she was even more unwilling to argue with him.

She found that his body was hot. His large palm kept rubbing her belly. She felt as if a warm current entered her body, It was soft and comfortable, and she felt better.

In the quiet night, Lance looked down at her slender, fair neck for a moment. His Adam’s apple bobbed a little,

and his eyes showed that he was determined to win.

He said slowly, “Yvette, you won’t be together.”

No one could take away a woman he has marked.

After a while, he turned off the lights.



Yvette did not fall asleep, but she did not say a word. Her nerves were tense until she could not resist and fell into a deep sleep.

In the morning, Yvette was woken up by the ringing of her phone.

Everyone would get a little angry waking up in the morning, so she let her phone ring longer.

Suddenly, a man's voice came from the phone.

“Yvette, are you awake?”

She suddenly opened her eyes and met Lance's deep eyes.

He supported his head with one hand and held her phone with the other. He answered the call.

“Yvette?”

Charlie asked over the phone.

Yvette's heart skipped a beat. She replied after a pause, “I'm here.”

As she spoke, she reached out to grab her phone. Lance did not tease her and directly handed her phone to

her.

Yvette made a 'shh' gesture at him fiercely.

It was fine if she hadn't done it, but now Lance narrowed his eyes dangerously and stared at her.

Yvette did not care and was still talking on the phone. She asked, “What's wrong?”

“I want to ask you out for breakfast,” Said Charlie.

Yvette did not have time to reply before her body suddenly stiffened.

Lance turned over and pressed down on her. His eyes were cold as he pinched her chin, gently sucking along the marks left by his bite. His other hand was pinching her full buttocks. He massaged her, and his

movements were extremely lustful.

Yvette's breathing became heavy in an instant.

After a while, she gritted her teeth and asked with a trembling voice, "Where are you?"

Those words, dissatisfied Lance. He reached out to unbutton her pajamas. The kisses were dense. It went from her chin to her neck to her delicate collarbone. Everywhere he touched, there was a moving pink mark.

Charlie said, "I am at your door."

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 167](#)

## **Chapter 167 Your Love Isn't Precious**

At the door.

Yvette immediately got nervous. She was obviously flustered.

She was just about to say that she was not at home when she heard Charlie say, "Sorry, I asked Ellen. She said you were at home. I am waiting for you at the door. No hurry. Take your time to get up and wash up."

Suddenly, Yvette shivered all over. Her scalp was numb, and her blood seemed to rush to her head.

"Hmm..."

An abnormal voice leaked out. Yvette hurriedly covered her mouth and said okay, then she hurriedly hung up the phone.

The next second, she pushed the man away from her and held her pajamas tightly. She was so angry that she tried to slap him.

She was so angry.

It was his fault to do this to her so early in the morning.

She had only raised her hand halfway when Lance grabbed her wrist.

He looked at her with a mysterious gaze. “Only my woman has the right to slap me. Do you still want to do

that?”

Yvette immediately let go, not willing to slap him, and not even willing to touch him.

This made Lance even angrier. He sneered, “What, you chicken out? You are so enthusiastic about seducing

another man.”

His eyes and tone were as if she was cheating.

Yvette found that as long as she was with Lance, her emotions would always be out of control.

This was not a good thing.

Since they had already divorced, she should not let other emotions affect her.

“Mr. Wolseley, you misunderstood, that’s not ‘another man’. He’s my boyfriend,” Yvette said with a smile.

“Boyfriend. But you’re passionate about me.”

Lance said with a smile, “You seemed a bit like a slut.”

Yvette slowly clenched her fists. His humiliation made her very angry, but she was more puzzled about one thing.

“Mr. Wolseley, why are you so unhappy about that?”

Her beautiful eyes blinked. She seemed to find a fact that she couldn’t believe.

Get Bonus

“Mr. Wolseley, don’t tell me that you find yourself in love with me after the divorce.”

In the previous scene, when he said that he wanted to love her, she did not believe it at all.

But at this time, she began to doubt.

There was an awkward silence.

Lance pursed his lips tightly. The answer was about to be said, but he was unable to say it.

His pride and self-esteem would not allow him to be humiliated again..

Yvette gently pursed her lips, as if she was trying to guide him to say it out. “Mr. Wolseley, is it so embarrassing to admit that you love me? I won’t laugh at you.”

Lance looked up, his thin lips slightly opening as if he was about to say something.

But Yvette said before him, “Because your love isn’t precious at all. I don’t care.”

The damage had already been caused. Wouldn’t it be ridiculous to say love now?

Moreover, even if he loved her, it did not stop him from flirting with others.

But then again, who was the real culprit?

If she had not liked him that much, these injuries would not have existed.

So now, she did not want to care about who she should blame. She did not want to and dared not fall in love with him again.

Yvette got up and went to the bathroom to change her clothes. When she came back, she found that Lance had already put on his clothes and it was still that set..

Her eyes flashed. He was like a rogue.

Frankie must have brought him clothes when he came, but Lance would not wear them.

Even if he did not sleep well the night, Lance still did not show any fatigue. His eyes were deep and charming, and his facial features were exquisite and distinct. In terms of appearance, there were probably not many men in New York who could compare to him.

He had the appearance of a playa.

Yvette did not want to pay attention to him, but there were some things that she had to make clear.

“Mr. Wolseley, don’t forget to close the door when you leave. Also…”

She paused and said, “Don’t come to me. I don’t want to move anymore.”

Since she wanted to break it, she liked to break it cleanly.

Lance’s eyes turned cold. He looked at Yvette, and the pain in his heart could not be ignored.

Was she giving up completely and never liking him again?

Yvette walked past him and was about to leave, but Lance grabbed her wrist.

“You are right. I think I have fallen in love with you. You know that after I confirm something, I will not change

it.”

Lance reached out and stroked Yvette’s fair and delicate cheek. He said clearly, “I advise you not to refuse it. In this life, you can forget about escaping from me.”

Yvette was stunned on the spot and was a little at a loss.

She never thought that after being deliberately humiliated by her, he would admit that he loved her.

She stared at him and said through her teeth after a long time, “You’re a pervert.”

The arrogance she had displayed to him just now was gone, and all that was left was her fear.

What the hell was he saying?

“Didn’t you know before?” Lance replied casually.

Lance acting like this really scared Yvette.

She knew that he had the power to use tricks against others, but he had never used them on her before.

“Lance, don’t go crazy. Do you think that I will return to your side just because you say you love me?”

Yvette didn’t know whether she was angry or scared. Her body trembled a little as she said, “Let me tell you,

even if the sky falls down, I won’t go back.”

“Okay.”

Lance responded indifferently. He became the insufferably arrogant Lance that no one dared to offend.

His eyes were full of ridicule as if he was laughing at her overconfidence.

“Maybe you will come to beg me and come back to my side.”

Yvette’s hands were shaking. Looking at this overbearing and rude man, she couldn’t say a word.

Lance only smiled lightly. Then, in front of her, he swaggered to open the door and bumped into Charlie

outside.

Charlie did not expect Lance to be there, not to mention that Lance opened the door for him. Charlie was

stunned for a moment.

Lance greeted Charlie in a leisurely manner and said meaningfully, “Don’t come so early next time. You are disturbing our rest.”

Then, he raised his beautiful and slender fingers and lifted Yvette’s chin. He looked around and said, “Don’t

forget to apply for the medicine.”

After saying that, Lance turned around and left without caring about Charlie's and Yvette's expressions.

Yvette was speechless.

Yvette thought, is he a devil?

Charlie looked at her, his expression a little unnatural. He cleared his throat and asked, "Have you had

breakfast?"

Yvette came back to her senses. She had originally wanted to go out with Charlie to have breakfast and

explain to him about her leaving early last time.

But now...

She invited him in. Both of them were absent-minded during breakfast.

After eating, Charlie took the initiative to clean up the dishes and washed them before coming back to sit

down.

"You..."

"I..."

They spoke at almost the same time.

After looking at each other, Yvette said, "You speak first."

Charlie's eyes flashed. He asked, "Are you going to get back together?"

[Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 168](#)

**Chapter 168 I'm Here to Save You**

Yvette shook her head. “We didn’t get back together, and we didn’t plan to in the future. I didn’t feel well last night, so he stayed here to take care of me.”

It seemed that Yvette was explaining to Charlie. In fact, she murmured to herself.

Ever since they got divorced, Yvette didn’t mean to get back together, and she had held that she and Lance were done.

However, what Lance just said still scared her a little.

Lance could even greet Charlie calmly. It meant Lance was determined to win. That was why he was so calm.

The more Yvette thought about it, the angrier she became. In her eyes, Lance loved her appearance more than her inner beauty.

Charlie felt much better for no reason, and it was wonderful.

Charlie flipped this idea and put on a smile. “What did you want to say just now?”

Yvette took a deep breath and apologized, “Charlie, I think we should stop seeing each other.”

Charlie’s face instantly became gloomy. He pinched her wrist and asked, “Why?”

Yvette was a little surprised by the sudden change in Charlie’s expression.

Moreover, Charlie pinched her hard, and it hurt her very much.

Yvette could not help but say, “Charlie, you...”

Only then did Charlie realize it. After letting go, he smiled gently. “Sorry, Yve, it’s my fault.”

Upon his smile, Yvette recovered from the shock and said, “It doesn’t matter.”

“This is the second time you dumped me. Is it because of Mr. Wolseley again?”

“I’m afraid it will affect your career, so we should keep our distance.” Yvette did not deny it.

Charlie forced a smile. “What if it’s already been affected?”



Yvette was dumbfounded and asked, “What do you mean?”

“I was fired by IA Investment Bank. They said that I manipulated the transaction, and I’m not allowed to work in the investment bank in the future,” Charlie said casually.

But it dealt a great blow to Yvette.

Yvette thought, Charlie has been studying hard for many years but lost his job because of me, and he’s

banned by the entire industry. It must be hard to accept it.

No wonder Lance could greet Charlie so calmly in the morning. Lance must have known about this matter long ago, or he made that.

Yvette didn’t know how to comfort Charlie. She said seriously, “Charlie, I’m sorry.”

“It’s fine.” Charlie chuckled. “I might have to return to Luxembourg in the future. My family’s business is over

there, and others won’t be able to reach that far.”

Charlie pretended that it didn’t matter. Given that, Yvette felt bad and apologized, “Charlie, I’m sorry. I’m really

sorry. It’s all my fault.”

Charlie smiled gently. “I really don’t blame you. In other words, I would go back to inherit family property. Do

you feel better?”

Yvette thought, if Charlie really wanted to go back and inherit the family property, he should have gone back

long ago.

Now he’s forced to do this.

“Yve, do you want to go with me?” Charlie suddenly asked.

“Me?” Yvette was surprised.

Although she had plans to go to Luxembourg to study, it was very strange to be together with Charlie. At

best, they were just friends and classmates.

“Why?” Yvette asked.

In fact, Charlie had his own ideas. His father handed the company abroad over to him, and he had to go, but

Charlie thought it was a good idea to bring Yvette with him.

In terms of appearance, Charlie admitted that he and Lance were not the same type. They had their own

advantages and could not be compared.

As for status, Lance was powerful at home, so he might not be able to win against Charlie abroad.

Thus, Charlie thought it was easy to persuade Yvette.

Most importantly, Charlie had to admit that he seemed to care more and more about Yvette.

This made him very unhappy.

In Charlie’s eyes, women were all as lowly as the woman who gave birth to him.

That woman gave birth to him, but she did not cherish him and treated him badly.

So, when that woman was on the verge of death from taking drugs, Charlie did not shed a single tear, nor did

he help her call an ambulance.

Charlie just watched that woman, who deserved it, struggle to the last moment.

Charlie hid his feelings and explained, “Because I feel that you are not happy staying here.”

Although Charlie's suggestion was very tempting, Yvette shook her head and refused him.

"I don't have that idea for now."

Yvette wanted to go abroad, but she didn't want to trouble anyone.

She could make it on her own.

Charlie smiled very gently and said, "Take your time. There is still half a year. If you want to go, I will take you away."

Yvette did not speak. She felt that she couldn't leave with Charlie.

She got up and said, "Charlie, wait a moment."

Then, Yvette went into the room, took out the gift given by Rebecca, and handed it to Charlie.

At the sight of that, Charlie said, "No need, Yve. You worked hard that day. You deserve this."

Yvette insisted on giving him that. She would not accept anything that did not belong to her.

After Charlie walked out...

Charlie's face turned gloomy instantly.

Thinking back to how Yvette rejected him without hesitation, Charlie felt pain in his heart.

Charlie thought, it's impossible.

Do I really have a thing for Yvette?

His phone vibrated. Charlie picked it up and heard quietly.

He turned back to look at Yvette's window and said coldly, "Tell her the whereabouts, and let her take the

bait.”

The Shoal Mental Institution in New York.

Yazmin was locked in a small dark room.

It was airtight, and the stench was filling the room.

Rats ran around, and some of them would even climb onto Yazmin’s feet. She could only try her best to endure, afraid that she would step on the dead rats.

Yazmin failed to escape again, and this was her punishment.

When she first arrived at Shoal Mental Institution, Yazmin had been complaining that she was not crazy and

that she was forcefully sent in.

In the beginning, the nurse would ask Yazmin who sent her in.

Yazmin blurted out, “It’s the president of the Wolseley Group, Lance!”

The doctors and nurses were all stunned. Soon after, they thought that Yazmin must have gone crazy. They kept a closer watch on her. Yazmin had to watch some videos for two hours every day to enhance the

thought that she was crazy.

Over time, Yazmin learned to cooperate.

However, she never gave up on escaping. Yazmin wanted to escape and get back at Yvette.

Yazmin thought, without Yvette, I would have long been Mrs. Wolseley. How could I be reduced to such a

state?

After a long time, the heavy iron door was pushed open, and a person walked in gracefully.

It was dark in the room, and Yazmin could not see the man's appearance clearly. She could only tell that he

was very handsome.

Yazmin wondered, can it be Lance?

Yazmin burst into tears and rushed up to hug the man, but she was kicked away by the man.

Squeak...

There was a shrill scream, and it felt furry. This made Yazmin roll on the ground.

Yazmin screamed.

She fell on the dead rats.

That wasn't the case. Yazmin crushed the rat to death.

There was the flesh and blood of the rat on her body. It was so smelly and dirty.

Yazmin screamed hysterically and crawled forward.

She cried, "Lance, save me. Please save me.

"Lance, you can't do this to me. I saved you before. If you treat me like this because of that bitch, you will

regret it.

"Ah, I want to kill Yvette. I'll kill her."

Yazmin was in a crazy state, and it was not wrong to say that she was a madman.

"Idiot..."

In the quiet dark room, a man's voice came. He showed great disdain.

Yazmin was stunned when she heard that. The man's voice was clear, but it was not Lance's voice.

She immediately realized it. “You’re not Lance. Who are you?”

“Me?” The young man chuckled. “I’m here to save you.”

Yazmin asked in shock, “You saved me? Why did you save me?”

The young man did not answer. He only asked, “Do you know you’re pregnant?”

“I’m... pregnant?”

Yazmin was astonished.

No wonder she had nausea recently. Yazmin thought that it was because it was smelly here, but she did not expect that she would be pregnant.

Well, this child’s father must be Lucas.

Moreover, during that period, to deceive Lance, Yazmin got a lot of shots to pretend to be sick. Even if this child was born, it would be deformed. Yazmin thought she could not want it.

Yazmin knelt on the ground to beg the young man.

“Help me. I don’t want it. Please help me!”

The man snorted. “From now on, keep the child well. I don’t care if it’s deformed or not. Remember, it can bring you back to the top.”

“Can I? Can you really let me go back to my previous life?” Yazmin asked with tears all over her face.

“Yes.” After that, the man turned and left.

The heavy iron door slammed shut.

Yazmin found the silver lining.

Her family had given up on her, and now she could only rely on herself.

Even if it was hard, Yazmin had to bear it.

She wanted to go out and kill Yvette.

Yazmin thought, it's all that slut's fault.

That slut deserves to die!

On Tuesday.

Yvette went to the villa on time.

Marcus was not there, and there was only a maid at home.

Knowing that Joseph was upstairs, Yvette directly went there and knocked on the door. No one answered so she kept knocking.

She even called Joseph's name.

No one had ever dared to provoke Joseph when he was sleeping. He was very angry when he got up. Joseph opened the door with a bang.

“Are you crazy?”

Joseph's blue hair was a mess, and he had obviously just gotten up from his bed.

Yvette smiled gently. “Let's start the class.”

Joseph rolled his eyes at her. “You're crazy.”

After that, Joseph lay down on the bed casually. “Whatever, I won't take it.”

Yvette directly entered the room and played the recording that had been prepared in advance. Then she took a book and sat quietly at the side to read.

It was so noisy, and Joseph couldn't fall asleep. He sat up and shouted, “Can you stay away from me?”

Yvette ignored him, and Joseph reached out to grab her player.

Yvette took the player directly and covered her chest. She said calmly, “If you reach out, I will say that you

want to harass me.”

Joseph was immediately stunned and felt this move so familiar.

Joseph chased away the previous three teachers with this excuse.

He complained to Marcus that the teachers wanted to take advantage of him.

Joseph was pissed off in an instant. He was so irritable. “Who the hell is harassing you? Don’t you look in the mirror? I am so handsome. I’m not addicted to you. Don’t slander me. I even want to say that you are harassing me.”

Hearing this, Yvette calmly sized Joseph up. “Don’t you think that it’s more appropriate to say that you want

to harass me?”

Joseph was speechless.

He didn’t know how to argue back.

Joseph wondered why Yvette sized him up. Wasn’t he handsome?

He thought he was the most handsome person in the world. Why did Yvette look at him mockingly?

“Come on. Tell me. Am I not handsome?”

Many girls in the school were his fans. Now, Joseph’s pride was shattered.

Yvette was particularly calm. “Don’t worry. You can ask Mr. Wolseley to test my character. I have no interest in

brats who have no balls.”

Before she came here, Yvette had found how every teacher who had taught him was dealt with, and she had

long been prepared.

So, Yvette knew very well how to handle Joseph before he made a move.

In short, Joseph would have no way to fight back.

Joseph was furious. “I have my ball. Don’t talk about nonsense. Do you want to take a look?”



Yvette turned around and glanced at Joseph as if she said that he was harassing her.

Joseph was speechless. It was the first time he had encountered such a tough opponent.

“You!” Joseph pointed at Yvette and said, “Shame on you!”

“You wanted me to take a look.” Yvette glanced at Joseph.

In other words, Yvette thought Joseph was the shameless one.

Joseph was completely defeated. How could someone be more shameless than him?

Joseph got under the covers. It would be embarrassing if he cried. He was so angry and just hid under the sheets.

Yvette, who was behind Joseph, looked at him and chuckled. She asked, “Kid, do you want to work with me?”

“I’m not a kid!” Joseph suddenly stood up and walked over. He seemed to be taller than Yvette.

But when he thought of Yvette saying that he was harassing her, Joseph immediately took several steps back.

Yvette smiled. It seemed that Joseph would listen.

Yvette had just entered Wabon Education Company and did not have any performance, and few parents would choose her.

Getting Joseph was the fastest way to increase her popularity.

Yvette said, “My previous suggestion still works. Do you want to bet?”

Joseph rolled his eyes and thought for a while. “Okay, don’t regret it.”

“I won’t regret it.”

“Okay, next Friday, wait for me to tell you.” Joseph agreed.

Why would Joseph choose next Friday? Because on that day, Marcus would go abroad and no one could

control Joseph.

At that time, Joseph would try his best to deal with Yvette.

“OK. Finish these exercises now.” Yvette took out a stack of papers.

Joseph looked at the papers and felt that he had suffered a loss.

But thinking that he would fool her and vent his anger, Joseph gritted his teeth and sat down to start doing

the exercises.

Soon, Joseph finished the paper.

Yvette took it and had a look. As expected, Joseph scribbled on it.

She snorted. “Even a kid can do better than you.”

Joseph originally thought that Yvette would be helpless, but in the end, his confidence suffered again.

Joseph thought, how dare this woman!

After taking the paper, Joseph began to take it seriously. He wanted to prove something in front of Yvette.

When he was done, Yvette took the paper and checked it carefully. Then she said with a faint smile, “Not

bad.”

Joseph was in a good mood instantly and looked proud.

The next second, Joseph became alert and put on a long face.

Joseph wondered, what’s going on? Why do I feel like I want to curry favor with her?

The more he thought about it, the angrier Joseph became. When it came to an end, he said casually, “Go to

the study and get me a book of literary history.”

Yvette refused. “I am your tutor, not a nanny. It’s time, and I have to go.”

Joseph was furious and thought Yvette was too vigilant.

“If you bring it to me, I’ll do two more papers tomorrow.”

“Really?”

“You have my word.”

“Okay.”

Yvette felt that Joseph was not stupid, but he was left behind, so he had to practice more.

If Joseph was willing to learn, Yvette thought she could do something for him sometimes.

Hearing Joseph’s words, Yvette went to the study on the second floor.

Because Joseph said that this was his study, Yvette did not overthink it. She pushed open the door and went

in.

It was too dark inside, and Yvette turned on the light.

It was bright, and Yvette immediately saw the man sitting behind the book table. His shirt was half open, and

so were his pants.

Moreover, a woman squatted next to him.



## **Chapter 169 She Wants to Earn Money From Him**

Marcus stretched out his long legs and his pants were loosened. His shirt was unbuttoned until there was

only one button left. What entered her eyes was his muscular chest.

Yvette was stunned for a moment and forgot to react.

Until the woman whose clothes were in a mess scolded her, "Get out of here."

Only then did Yvette react. Her face turned hot, and she apologized before walking out.

As she closed the door, she heard Marcus call out to her.

"Wait, don't go."

Yvette was stunned again, and she stood there with her back to the door.

Should she leave or not?

Marcus looked at her slender figure and almost laughed.

"Go down and wait for me," he said in a deep voice.

Yvette blushed and quickly ran down.

In the study, the woman who had been interrupted saw the door close and then leaned over again with her

soft body.

But Marcus was sitting indifferent and cold.

In the blink of an eye, he became so cold. She clearly felt that Marcus had some feelings.

Immediately, she cursed Yvette who had barged in from the bottom of her heart.

“Melaine, get out.”

Marcus stood up coldly, straightened his clothes, and fastened his belt. His eyes were very cold.

It was as if the slight passion just now did not exist.

Melaine Hall was unwilling!

She was a top student at New York University and had been introduced to be Marcus's domestic assistant.

From the moment she saw Marcus at the airport, she had been deeply in love with this experienced man.

Although his resume said that he was 35 years old, his appearance looked like he was a bit more than 30.

His facial features were handsome and noble to the point of being impeccable. His superior family background and good education made him even more elegant than others.

He was like a strong wine whose fragrance was mellow and tempting.

Later, because of work, she accompanied him to the turf or to the hot spring club and saw his sexy

muscles.

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She was even more obsessed with this excellent man.

Today, she wore a seductive perfume. She used the excuse of sending important documents to enter the

forbidden area of the study. Everything was designed in advance by her.

She smoothly untied his shirt and pants. Just as she was about to succeed, she was interrupted by Yvette.

All for nothing!

Melaine gathered her courage again and placed her hand on Marcus's leather buckle. She said softly, "Mr.

Wolseley, I can help you..."

She was afraid that if she said those words, Marcus would look down on her, so she deliberately said them in

a lower and lower voice. However, her actions were obvious. She half-knelt at her feet.

"No need," Lance said with a frown and hesitation.

As he spoke, he pushed away Melaine's hand which was still moving.

He didn't know what was wrong with him today that he was so agitated. Just now, Melaine somehow took off

his clothes.

Melaine was already in a half-kneeling position, and this push caught her off guard and she fell to the

ground.

Her face was facing the front of the desk, and she saw a golden frame on the desk. It was a woman.

Her face suddenly turned pale!

A bold idea formed in her mind.

Could it be that Marcus's slight passion just now was because of this photo?

Marcus noticed that her gaze had landed on the photo, and his face immediately darkened, revealing a rare

look of anger.

"Get out." He did not hesitate.

In a split second, Melaine turned blue in the face, and she was extremely embarrassed.

Ever since she started working, Marcus had always been polite to her. He had never said this before.

She couldn't stay any longer, so she could only leave first and wait for the next scheme.

She got up and tidied up her clothes. Her face was pale as she apologized to Marcus, "Mr. Wolseley, I'm sorry. I'll be leaving."

Melaine looked at Marcus's handsome face affectionately before she left. In her heart, she was expecting him to ask her to stay, but he didn't.

Marcus did not look at her at all.

Crack.

Her heart was broken.

Melaine went downstairs and saw Yvette sitting on the sofa waiting for Marcus.

The soft cashmere sweater highlighted her thin waist, her fair and beautiful cheeks were smooth, and her

eyes were attractive.

Melaine had to admit that Yvette was gorgeous.

Yvette had a face that could make men fall in love at first sight.

The two of them looked at each other. Yvette did not speak, and neither did Melaine.

A sense of familiarity suddenly filled Melaine's heart. She suddenly thought of the photo on the desk.

The woman in the photo and this girl's eyebrows were exactly the same!

However, the age was not right. Yvette was obviously younger.

Melaine heaved a sigh of relief. So that was how it was.

Stepping on her heels and walking past Yvette, she said arrogantly, “What are you doing at Mr. Wolseley’s house?”

Yvette knew that it was not good to disturb others, so she also felt a little apologetic and explained, “I’m a home tutor.”

“A home tutor?”

Melaine repeated and said, “I’m afraid that home tutor is fake, and it’s true that you want to seduce Mr. Wolseley.”

Yvette was speechless.

Marcus was really popular. Everyone thought that she was trying to seduce him.

But she swore that she really just wanted to earn money from him.

Seeing that Yvette did not speak, Melaine thought that Yvette had tacitly agreed, and the words she said

were even more impolite.

“I’ve seen many girls who pretend to be innocent like you. Using the name of work to do illicit things. You’re really despicable!”

Yvette felt speechless. “Ms., please don’t impose your own thoughts on others.”

Melaine was stunned by Yvette’s refutation and didn’t have much to say. She could only say hatefully, “Do you think that Mr. Wolseley has a fancy for you? You are just a substitute, and your face has some advantage.”

When Yvette heard the word “substitute,” she asked warily, “What do you mean?”



Melaine blurted out, “You and the one in the study...”

Before she could finish her sentence, she was interrupted by a gloomy voice.

“Ms. Hall.”

It was Marcus who came down the stairs, dressed in a suit and well-built.

Melaine immediately stopped talking, thinking that Marcus was trying to ask her to stay. She stood there obediently.

Marcus approached and said, “Remember to get your salary from the finance department tomorrow.”

“What?”

Melaine thought she had heard wrong. She raised her head and revealed a charming smile. She asked again, “Mr. Wolseley, what did you say?”

Marcus played it down. “Starting tomorrow, you will no longer be my assistant.”

Melaine bit her lip, looking pitiful. “What? Mr. Wolseley, what do you mean?”

Marcus almost ran out of patience. “Ms. Hall, can’t you hear things clearly?”

Yvette wanted to laugh when she heard this, but she knew that it was not the right occasion, so she lowered her head.

Melaine’s eyes were red. She wanted to say something. But when she saw Marcus’s impatient expression, she instantly did not dare to say anything. She was afraid that she would anger him even more.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Wolseley.”

After saying this, she covered her face and cried as she left.

At this time, Marcus’s eyes fell on Yvette’s face, and his Adam’s apple rolled.

Yvette was very self-aware that it was time for Marcus to scold her.

She did not want to lose her job and admitted her mistake quickly.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Wolseley. Joseph asked me to get the book. I did not know that it was your study.”

Joseph, who was leaning against the railing on the second floor watching, gritted his teeth.

He didn’t expect her to confess so quickly.

Marcus’s study was a forbidden area, and he had never entered it before.

So he deliberately asked Yvette to go in and wait for Marcus to come back to complain, so Yvette could be

fired.

But who would have thought that Marcus had been back with a woman in the study?

He couldn’t predict the future.

If he had known earlier, he wouldn’t have done it!

Marcus seemed to have eyes on his head. He didn’t even look up when he ordered, “Come down.”



[Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 170](#)

## **Chapter 170 I Have Nothing to Do With Him**

Joseph did not dare to resist. After coming down, he used his usual tactics and refused to admit it.

“I never said that. Marcus also knows that I don’t like to read books. How could I let you go there and get the

books?”

He turned his back to Marcus and made a face at Yvette.

“Ms. Thiel, you framed me.”

In the face of Joseph's sudden betrayal, Yvette did not panic at all and directly waved her phone.

"I just recorded it."

With a swish, Joseph's face changed.

"Damn! You are a vicious woman. You tricked me!"

Yvette said calmly, "If you hadn't wanted to frame me, where would I get the chance to trick you?"

Joseph was furious. He looked at Marcus with a rare look of anticipation. "Marcus, do you believe her?"

Marcus's expression was indifferent and he spoke after a long while.

"Apologize."

Immediately, Joseph looked like a deflated rubber ball. His face fell.

He shouted, "I won't!"

Marcus looked at him quietly and asked, "Then you want to go back to Luxembourg?"

With one sentence, Joseph gave up. He slowly lowered his head.

Marcus turned Joseph to Yvette quickly.

Swoosh.

Joseph didn't stand steadily for a moment.

It didn't hurt.

It was just that it was too embarrassing!

Joseph had just turned eighteen a few days ago, and he thought he was a real man.

He didn't expect to be caught lying.

And in front of the home tutor!

He apologized. Thinking about it, his eyes were about to turn red, and he roared angrily, "I didn't provoke any of you."

Then, he trotted all the way back to his room.

Yvette didn't expect that Marcus would educate Joseph like this. However, when Joseph did this, she also wanted to let him apologize.

It was over, and it had nothing to do with her.

"Mr. Wolseley, if there is nothing else, I will be leaving," Yvette said in a low voice.

Marcus put on his coat and walked in front, saying, "It's on the same way. Let's go together."

Yvette was thinking about how to refuse.

After all, he was the parent of Joseph and also Lance's uncle. She didn't want to be involved with him at

either level.

When she reached the door, his luxurious car had been half-activated.

The window rolled down, and Marcus looked at his watch as if he was in a hurry. He said, "Get in the car."

It seemed that it was really the same way, and it would be unreasonable to refuse again, so Yvette got in the

car.

In the two-seat car, she could only sit in the front passenger seat. After fastening her seat belt, the car sped

up.

While waiting for the red light, Marcus suddenly said, "Is it convenient to talk?"

Yvette was slightly startled and thought that he was going to talk about Joseph.

“How much did you see just now?”

Yvette did not expect him to ask so directly. Her face blushed and she did not know how to answer.

Marcus’s voice was calm as usual. He asked this kind of question as if he was saying “the weather was

good.”

The light in the study room was too bright. She saw the muscles on Marcus’s thighs, his excellent abdominal

muscles, and below. All.

She saw all of it!

To be honest, he had the right to boast.

However, she couldn’t admit this. It was too embarrassing.

“I didn’t see it clearly.”

After she finished speaking, she felt that something was wrong. Even if she didn’t see it clearly, she could still

be considered to have seen it.

Yvette hurriedly modified it and said, “I didn’t see anything.”

Judging from Marcus’s eyes, he obviously didn’t believe it, but the green light was on, and he had to start the

car.

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Yvette’s ears were hot, and she took the opportunity to add, “Don’t worry. In the future, other than Joseph’s

room, I won't go anywhere."

Marcus looked ahead and said lightly, "I don't have any women by my side, but I occasionally need to solve my physiological needs."

Yvette was confused. They were not close enough to talk about this topic.

There was no need to explain it to her. She did not want to hear it either.

Yvette did not like things to be ambiguous, so she asked directly, "What do you mean?"

Marcus paused for a moment and explained, "After all, you are Joseph's tutor. It is always right to maintain a

good image."

Yvette looked at him with pure eyes. "Mr. Wolseley, I only care about the student. I don't care about how

parents are. You don't have to care about me."

Students were students, and parents were parents.

This line must be drawn clearly.

Marcus gripped the steering wheel tightly and said in a calm tone, "Joseph is a bit mischievous, but his

nature is not bad. Please kindly be more patient with him."

"Don't worry. I will." Yvette nodded.

"Not only study, but I also want you to take care of his character, Ms. Thiel."

"Of course. I haven't come to thank you for the matter with my grandmother last time. I will seriously teach

Joseph as a way to express my gratitude."

The red light was on and the car stopped.

Marcus turned his head to the side, his eyes obviously observing her. Suddenly, he smiled softly, “You are so distant that I thought you didn’t remember me.”

Yvette said sincerely, “Yes, I am very grateful to you for what happened at the hospital. I always remember it.”

Marcus was not here to ask her to pay him back. He changed the topic and said, “You are not with him now, and you don’t have to be so distant.”

“What?” Yvette did not expect him to mind this.

After thinking about it, it made sense. After all, they were too polite to each other.

Marcus glanced at her. “Or is it you and Lance...”

When Lance was mentioned, Yvette couldn’t help but shiver, and she quickly denied it.

“No, I have nothing to do with him.”

Seeing her reaction, Marcus was quite sure that she hadn’t gotten over it.

“I did not say that you were related,” he replied faintly.

The latter half of the journey was silent.

Yvette turned her head to look at the stars outside the window. The half of her face illuminated by the moonlight became fairer and more tender. Like jelly, it was clear and beautiful.

Marcus glanced sideways and saw such a scene as a painting.

That face gradually overlapped with that in his memory.

He remained calm and slowly retracted his eyes.

When they reached her destination, Yvette got off the car and thanked him politely.

It was just a lift, so she didn’t feel too burdened.

After waiting for a while, she saw that Marcus still hadn't left, so she followed his gaze and looked ahead.

She was stunned when she saw him.

A black Maybach stopped at the intersection of the community. The lights of the car were out, like a dormant beast.

Lance leaned against the car, one of his long legs bent and the other straight, his slender fingers holding a cigarette.

Seeing Yvette come down, he got up and walked over to her. He was wearing a gray long suit and was handsome and striking.

Yvette's heart could not help but beat quickly.

She had clearly done nothing, but she felt a sense of guilt.

Under the dim night, Lance's face was extremely fair. He walked over without saying a word, which was really

a little scary.

Anyway, he was too tall. Standing beside him, Yvette felt the pressure.

Yvette looked calm on the surface, but in her heart, she had the urge to turn around and leave.

But it was too late.

Lance predicted her movements. His arms were long. He suddenly grabbed her shoulders and pulled her into

his embrace.

“Why didn't you call me to pick you up?”

His voice in the night was more pleasant to hear.

Yvette muttered in her heart. She had just said that she had nothing to do with him, and now he appeared.



And he was acting so intimately.

They looked as intimate as a couple.

Lance hugged her and lowered his head slightly to look at Marcus in the car. He greeted politely, "Marcus."

Marcus nodded slightly in response.

Lance said again, "Yve is having a quarrel with me. Since she is teaching Joseph, please take care of her."

These words made Yvette's hair stand on end. He had clearly found out what she was doing!

Moreover, it was not a quarrel. They had divorced!

Marcus smiled and said, "Okay."

Then he left.

Lance straightened his body, an obscure smile on his lips.

When he turned around again, the faint smile disappeared.

"Let's go." As he spoke, he walked forward.

Yvette stood rooted to the ground and did not move. Lance turned back to grab her hand. "Waiting for me to

carry you?"

Yvette pulled back her hand and looked at him. "Lance, what are you trying to do?"

Lance stood opposite her. He looked down at her for a moment and suddenly bent down to carry her up.

Yvette's heart trembled. Her small hand grabbed his shirt and she shouted angrily, "Lance!"

"Aren't you asking me what I want to do?"

His thin lips held onto her soft ears, and his voice was hoarse. “Isn’t it obvious?”

