

Chapter 291 - Secretary's Secret Lover

Chapter 291 How Dare You Touch Her?

Obviously, the usher was bluffing. The restaurant was not allowed to make decisions on its own without evidence.

It turned into a confrontation between the three against Yvette. Yvette was at a disadvantage.

However, Yvette's expression did not change. She straightened her back and glanced at the three people. "You have no right to check my phone."

Yvette had a strong vibe and did not fear them at all.

Yazmin felt that Yvette seemed to have changed..

Yvette seemed much more confident than before both in her tone and manners. The calmness and confidence made her look even more beautiful and striking.

Yvette was like a noble princess.

Moreover, five years had passed, but time had not left a trace on Yvette's face. Instead, she was even more delicate and beautiful than before.

But Yazmin began to age rapidly after the abortion. Her skin was also loose. It was all because of cosmetic medicine that she was able to maintain her current state..

Yazmin was not bad-looking. However, compared to Yvette, Yazmin looked much older.

Yazmin didn't look the same age as

Yvette.

Yazmin got jealous.

Yazmin saw that the usher was trying to curry favor with her, so Yazmin deliberately asked, "Is this young lady your customer?"

The usher got her meaning and immediately said, "I'm not sure. This young lady said that she was waiting for someone."

"Waiting for someone?"

Yazmin sneered. "Are you waiting for a man to hook up with?"

The usher understood it immediately and continued, "Excuse you, you are not here to eat, right? Please don't cause any trouble if you're not eating here. Hand over your phone and delete the photo, I can let you go."

"Why do you think I'm not here to eat?"

The usher saw that Yvette was very confident. If Yvette really came here to eat, she would be somebody. The usher could not offend her. After all, she was still working here.

Immediately, the usher's attitude became less tough. She asked, "OK. Since you are eating here, which room are you in? I will check it out."

"I have to ask "

Yvette was just about to call Frankie when she heard Yazmin laugh.

"Are you going to check online the layout of the restaurant?"

Yazmin reminded the usher. The usher thought that Yvette was definitely not here to eat.

Yvette must come here to find a rich man.

So the usher shouted into the walkie-talkie, "Security, come to the door. Someone is making trouble here."

"Got it."

Yazmin looked at Yvette and sneered, "You'd better give me your phone. Otherwise, when the security guards come, you'll be pressed on the ground and searched."

"Miss, please don't embarrass yourself."

The usher added, "Otherwise, I will put it on the internet, and you can't hook up with any man."

Paul also said, "Why do you do so at such a young age? Be good. Take out your phone to delete it. It's good for everyone."

While Paul said so, he eyed Yvette up.

Yvette was much more beautiful than Yazmin. Yvette hadn't had any plastic surgery.

Paul would ask his assistant to find out her contact information. Paul was sure that he would have sex with her as long as he gave her money.

Seeing that they were all against her, Yvette was nauseated.

If they wanted to check her phone, Yvette would satisfy their requirement.

"OK"

Yvette smiled and walked to Paul's wife, Sophia Kipling, who did not say a word. Yvette said, "You must be Mrs. Kipling. Since everyone has doubts about my phone, you are the most impartial one here. How about I give my phone to you for inspection?"

It wasn't like her husband wanted to cheat on her, so it was better to leave the family matters to Paul's wife.

If his wife was willing to live with it, Yvette had nothing to say.

Sophia didn't think that Yvette was the kind of person they talked about.

Yvette was indeed beautiful and dressed appropriately. She was unlike the director of Tide Studio, whose butt was almost exposed.

"Since you believe me, I'll check your phone."

The expressions of both Yazmin and Paul changed instantly.

They were not sure what Yvette had just taken. If she really took a picture of what they did, it would be disastrous if it was discovered by Sophia.

Yazmin had heard of Sophia, a strong and fierce woman.

Paul gained a lot of benefits from their marriage. His wife loved him very much, so he had power in his hands.

However, none of the people who seduced Paul dared to let Sophia find out. Otherwise, they would be screwed.

Sophia reached out to pick up the phone. She also felt that there was something fishy.

What the girl took was none of her husband's business.

Yazmin's face turned pale. How could this happen?

Yazmin winked at the usher. The usher immediately understood that whether she could successfully win Yazmin's favor depended on this.

The usher stepped forward in a second.

Clap!

She knocked Yvette's phone to the ground.

Then, she began to distort facts.

“Do you think I don't remember you? It's not your first time hooking up with a man in our shop, right?”

Yvette asked coldly, “Have you seen me?”

Yvette had only been back for a few days, and this was the first time she had come to this restaurant. This usher was lying through her teeth.

The usher didn't know what she was talking about. She had thrown caution to the wind.

“You can't deny it. You'd better leave as soon as possible. Don't wait until the security comes, and you'll get embarrassed!”

Just as the security guards came over, the usher pointed at Yvette and said, “Take her out.”

“I'll say it again, I'm here to eat!” Yvette scolded coldly.

The security guards didn't care about it. They came over and attempted to take her away.

Bang! Bang!

Two loud sounds rang out before they touched her.

They were kicked over one by one.

Behind them, a man's voice sounded. It was a cold voice.

“How dare you!”

Silence fell.

The tall and handsome man walked to Yvette and asked her in a low and sexy voice.

“Are you OK?”

“I’m fine.” Yvette shook her head.

Even so, the man was still worried. He inspected her carefully and confirmed that she wasn’t injured before he let out a sigh of relief.

Then, Lance looked at the usher coldly and asked, “Who is getting embarrassed?”

The usher was intimidated by the man’s superior vibe and immediately stuttered.

“No... I didn’t say so. It’s her. She said that this lady took a picture of her.”

She pointed at Yazmin.

Yazmin saw the man turn around and trembled with fear.

She never thought Yvette would be together with Lance, and this damn usher betrayed her.

Lance’s eyes turned cold. He asked Yazmin, “Did she take a photo of you?”

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Chapter 292 Are You Satisfied?

Yazmin had not seen Lance for a long time, but she was afraid of him from the bottom of her heart.

After Yvette “died“, Lance behaved as if he had forgotten about Yazmin and had no dealings with her..

Later, when Marcus came to find her, she immediately told him about Lance’s plan against Marcus.

Marcus made use of the information and defeated Lance. After taking back the leadership, Marcus gave Yazmin the benefits he promised, which was 15% of the shares

of Tide Studio.

After the abortion, Yazmin heard that Lucas had died in an accident in the detention center. Everything was exactly what Yazmin wanted.

However, Yazmin's dream of being Lance's wife also stopped at that time.

Because Lance had a hard time and was almost kicked out of the shareholder meeting of the Wolseley Group, which was under Marcus' control. Lance's future was grim.

Who would have thought that Lance would rise again one year later?

Lance had a terrifying capacity.

Yazmin hadn't seen Lance for a long time. She feared him. At the same time, her heart raced when she saw him.

This man had become even more handsome and charming than before.

That obsession began to stir again.

Yazmin played the victim as she did in the past. "Lance, I don't know why Yvette wanted to take a photo of me."

As Yazmin spoke, she looked at Yvette and said with a choked voice, "Yvette, if you want to shoot me, you can just shoot me. I

won't reject you. Why are you so sneaky..."

It was as if Yazmin had become a completely different person.

The corners of Yvette's mouth twitched. Although Yvette had no memory of Yazmin, Yvette was annoyed by what Yazmin did.

Yazmin was simply disgusting.

Is Yazmin really Lance's sweetheart?

Even though Yazmin knew that this man had a wife, Yazmin still hooked up with him.

Yazmin is a home wrecker.

Lance looked at Yvette and said, “She is right.”

What?

Yvette was furious!

Lance was still defending his sweetheart.

Yvette was sure that she must have suffered a lot in the past.

Her eyes

flashed.

Since Lance cares so much about Yazmin, I will embarrass Yazmin deliberately. It would be best if Lance can’t stand it and immediately divorce me.

Yvette smiled. “Do you care about a home wrecker?”

These words made Yazmin’s face darken in a second.

Yazmin was now a director of Tide Studio, but Yvette actually said that she was a home wrecker in front of others!

“Don’t talk nonsense!” Lance said coldly.

Yvette said with disdain, “She knows this man has a wife, but she still hooks up with him and flirts with him. Isn’t she a home wrecker?”

“I didn’t hook up with him. I didn’t flirt with him.”

Lance lowered his voice and said gently, “I mean, if you really want to take a photo, you can take it. I will let her go to the company so that you can take a photo of her. Is that OK?”

Yazmin was stunned!

Is he still that arrogant and conceited man?

How could he possibly use such a humble tone to coax a woman?

And what does he mean by this?

It sounds as if I am a toy that can make Yvette happy.

“I don’t want to take a picture of her.”

Yvette did not want to argue with him. She wanted to pick up her phone that had just been knocked out.

Lance bent down earlier than she did, picked it up, and took out a handkerchief to wipe it clean before handing it to her.

Yvette took it and thanked him.

Paul recognized who the man in front of him was and went forward to flatter him. “Mr.

Wolseley, is this your secretary? The

usher is a fool. How could your secretary come here to hook a man?”

In an instant, the usher’s face changed.

It seemed that she was in big trouble.

“She is not my secretary,” Lance said.

Yvette recalled that her brother had said that they had been secretly married. Lance did not want to admit their marriage.

However, she did not expect that he would avoid suspicion to such an extent that even being his secretary was denied.

What a bastard.

The next second, Lance said lightly, “She is my wife.”

Breaking news.

Not only the others but Yvette herself was also shocked.

This man admitted it so easily.

Yazmin was so jealous that her face was distorted.

Yazmin couldn't believe her ears.

Lance had publicly acknowledged Yvette's identity.

Yazmin had dreamed of it for years. Now, this slut made it so easily.

Paul immediately changed his lecherous expression and said in surprise, "So you are Mrs. Wolseley. I didn't recognize you."

Paul smiled at Yvette with a flattering smile. "Mrs. Wolseley, I'm sorry for the offense. Please forgive me."

Yvette felt a little sick. Yvette showed the phone to Paul's wife and said, "Mrs. Kipling, I accidentally took this photo. You might want to take a look."

In a split second, both Paul and Yazmin changed their faces.

Sophia saw that Yazmin was rubbing her leg against Paul's leg and that Paul was holding the back of Yazmin's hand.

All of this happened right under her eyes.

Sophia returned the phone to Yvette and said in a calm tone, "Thank you."

The next second...

Clap.

Sophia slapped Paul several times.

Sophia roared, "You horny bastard!"

Paul was most afraid of Sophia getting angry. At this time, he forgot about anything and

pointed at Yazmin. “Don’t blame me. She was the one who seduced me!”

Suddenly, Yazmin’s face paled.

“Mr. Kipling, don’t talk nonsense and accuse others!”

Sophia looked at Paul and then looked at Yazmin. Sophia sneered, “You didn’t reject her when a bitch made a move on you.”

So Paul and Yazmin were the same kinds of people.

Sophia was a well-bred person. If there was a problem, she would deal with her husband before she deals with other people.

“Ms. Myers, so this is how you do business. I’ll remind my girlfriends to watch out.”

After saying this, Sophia turned around and left without even looking at Paul.

Yazmin panicked.

Many of Sophia’s friends were VIP guests of Tide Studio, and Yazmin also slept with some of their husbands.

It would be disastrous to be discovered.

Yazmin hurriedly said to Paul, “Mr. Kipling, explain to your wife.”

Paul was worried that Sophia might get mad at him and remove him from his position.

So Paul began to shift the blame.

“You seduced me. You touched my thigh first.”

“I didn’t, you old bastard!”

In an instant, they began to quarrel and even pulled at each other’s hair.

Yazmin was no match for a man. Some of her hair was torn off by Paul, and her mouth was also bleeding.

Yazmin lay on the ground and reached out toward the man. “Lance, please help me...”

Yvette saw that the man's handsome face was cold and he did not say a word.

Yvette thought of how her brother told her that Lance didn't like scheming women.

Then Yvette decided to gloat over Yazmin.

Yvette deliberately raised her voice and said, "Mr. Wolseley, didn't you hear that your sweetheart is asking you for help?"

Unexpectedly, Lance ordered expressionlessly, "Kick them all out."

He said "them"!

Frankie gestured to the bodyguards and kicked out the three guys, including the usher.

The hall finally regained its silence.

Yvette had miscalculated.

Depressed, she followed Lance into the private room.

After entering the room, she didn't see anyone else. So, she asked curiously, "Where are the guests?"

Lance said calmly, "They can't come. Let's eat first."

Yvette was speechless.

She suspected that Lance was lying.

"Since the guests can't come, I will go back first."

But the food smelt good.

Yvette had just finished speaking when her stomach suddenly growled.

She was so embarrassed.

Lance pointed at the dishes on the table with his slender fingers, his voice low and sexy.

"Are you sure you want to leave?"

Yvette hesitated.

This man knew her so well

All the dishes on the table were her favorites.

She reluctantly said, “I don’t want to waste it. I’ll eat some.”

The man suddenly leaned over, his eyes full of passion. “Can you answer me a question before eating?”

They were so close that she could feel the light but pleasant smell of Lance.

Yvette couldn’t help but feel her heart beat faster.

Why is he so close when he talks to me?

“What’s the problem?” she asked.

“Are you satisfied?”

“What?”

“Are you satisfied with my performance just now, Mrs. Wolseley?” the man asked, pressing Yvette against the wall.

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Chapter 293 My Husband Is Amazing!

Yvette felt his hot breath.

Lance put his right arm on the back of the chair, his thin lips only a finger away from her cheek.

She was so scared that her heart skipped a beat.

She could not help but think of how he kissed her roughly the last time. The teeth marks had not disappeared yet, and she could see them every time she took a shower.

Instantly, her small face became hot.

She wanted to step back, but what was behind her was the wall cooled by the air

conditioning.

She looked at the man's thin lips that were getting close, swallowed, and said in a nervous voice, "If... if you come closer, I will sue you for sexual harassment and have you punished by labor arbitration law!"

Lance laughed. He raised his long finger and knocked at her forehead.

"Ouch!"

Yvette's beautiful face wrinkled. She covered her head and glared at him. "What are you doing? Can this be considered domestic violence?"

The corners of Lance's lips curled into a smile, and he intimately rubbed her nose.

"Well, you can think so."

He smiled gently and said that in a sexy voice.

Yvette's face instantly turned red.

She realized the expression implied that they were in a close relationship.

But it wasn't the kind of relationship between her and Lance.

"Are you still going to eat?" she pretended to ask in a loud voice as she shifted her gaze to the table.

Lance walked away, and Yvette could finally enjoy the food.

The dishes on the table were to her liking. Yvette had eaten delicious food before, and the chef of the Lynn family was also at the top level domestically.

But the dishes made from the ingredients there always failed to fully satisfy her.

She preferred the ingredients and cooking methods at home.

Lance rolled up his sleeves, put on the special gloves, and slowly peeled the crabs.

Yvette loved eating crabs very much, but it was difficult to peel them, and she might hurt her fingers. She wasn't in good

health, so a small wound could easily cause an infection.

Therefore, she only ate the crabs peeled by the servant at home.

She did not even order them for fear that others would consider her pretentious.

Lance's movements were graceful, and he quickly peeled a few crabs.

The crabs in this season were plump with rich crab roe. The strong fragrance made Yvette drool a bit.

She didn't expect that Lance also liked eating crabs.

She was crazy about shellfish and couldn't stand it when others ate it in front of her.

Yvette swallowed again, not looking at the plate of crab meat. She stood up and said, "I've finished. I'll go back first."

Lance took off his gloves, grabbed her wrist, and made her sit down.

Then, he pushed a plate full of tender crab meat and gold crab roe in front of her.

He said, "Finish it before you leave."

Yvette was surprised. "Don't you eat?"

Lance looked a little frustrated and then remembered that she had lost her memory and naturally did not remember that he had an allergy to crabs.

"My throat has an allergic reaction. I can't eat it."

Yvette sat on the chair, feeling a prickle of disquiet.

She did not expect Lance to peel these crabs quietly for her.

Looking at the full plate of crab meat, she thought that considering their current

relationship, she should be decisive enough to pour it into the trash can.

She wanted to infuriate the hateful man!

However, looking at the delicious crab meat, she hesitated.

The most important thing was that she couldn't waste food!

"Thank you," Yvette said with a gentle smile.

After that, she sat down and began to eat.

Lance looked at her smiling face and was momentarily lost in thought.

Memories from five years ago came to his mind. Yvette lived an unhappy life then and never had such a bright and innocent smile.

Marlon was right. Yvette's memory loss was good for everyone.

Everyone wanted her to forget her unhappy days and look to the future.

Lance was the only one trapped in the past, struggling to move on.

Now he only wanted to make it up to her as much as possible. Whether she considered him overbearing or greedy, he would keep her by his side every day.

Yvette quickly finished the crab.

Lance handed her a tissue to wipe her mouth, his eyes filled with affection. "If you like eating crabs, I'll peel them for you next time. But the crab meat is cold food, and you can't eat too much."

Yvette showed a much better attitude after eating the crabs.

She said with a smile, "Alan used to peel crabs for me too."

Lance's fingers froze as he tightened his grip on her slender wrist.

Her words wrenched at his heart like two invisible steel wires.

At the thought of the days when she left, fell in love with someone else, and even had a child, he felt extremely heartbroken.

Fortunately, that man died early. If he were still alive, Lance might do something out of impulse.

“Mr. Wolseley, Mr. Wolseley...”

Yvette frowned and called him twice. Lance finally reacted and released his grip.

His handsome face showed an obviously gloomy expression.

Yvette thought for a moment.

She wondered if Lance lost his composure because she mentioned Alan.

She thought, is that true?

If that’s the case, it’ll be wonderful!

She was worried at first.

Today was her first day at work, but she had cost him so much money and even acted against the woman he like.

She was clearly trying to be hateful, but Lance didn’t look angry at all.

It was said that he hated people who showed off their wealth and were unkind.

She had done her best, but it seemed that he didn’t hate her at all.

He even smiled at her as if he enjoyed whatever she did.

She even began to doubt if her brother provided the wrong messages.

Now it seemed that it was all because she had not made it to the point!

There was another message.

That was Lance was highly possessive and hated when others tried to steal whatever belonged to him the most.

It could be his career or his woman.

Therefore, when she mentioned Alan, he lost her composure.

Yvette figured it out!

On the way back, she told him almost everything about Alan.

Alan once gave her sunflowers, took her to the beach, and carried her home...

She kept talking about Alan.

Lance listened with a cold face.

Seeing this, Yvette felt a sense of accomplishment.

She thought, you must be furious!

It would be best if you rush to the City Hall and divorce me in anger!

Just as Yvette was talking, Lance parked the car at the roadside.

Yvette looked out of the window and saw that it was a desolate place, without knowing where she was.

She quickly asked, "Why did you stop?"

Lance reached into the cigarette case and took out a cigarette. He wanted to light it, but thinking of the woman beside him, he gave up on the idea of smoking.

He put the cigarette in his mouth and narrowed his eyes. "I'll stop and listen. You can continue."

He couldn't drive the car when he got angry.

Yvette was so shocked by his words that the corners of her mouth twitched.

She didn't expect him to be so gossipy!

She pretended to say shyly, "But I can't tell you the rest..."

Instantly, a silence fell.

Lance raised his hand and rubbed the space between his eyebrows.

He thought, you can't tell me the rest....

How dare you say that!

He bit back the dirty words he was about to say and raised his eyebrows to ask.

Something you can't tell me?"

Yvette didn't feel the strained atmosphere and even added, "It's something intimate between couples."

Although she said that, she didn't remember anything like that..

She only remembered that Alan was very good to her. Except this, she couldn't even remember Alan's appearance unless she often looked at his pictures.

She could only lie, "Anyway, my husband Alan is amazing!"

Lance suddenly laughed in anger.

He threw the cigarette in his mouth to the side, unbuttoned his shirt, put his forearm on the center console armrest, leaned over.

A large shadow was cast over Yvette's head.

She looked up and met his deep, dark eyes.

Her entire body froze. She was stuck in the car seat by him, unable to move at all.

Lance looked at her for a moment and said in a slightly hoarse voice, "Is your husband amazing?"

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Chapter 294 This Jerk Isn't Worthy of Sympathy!

Lance leaned down and stared at her menacingly. "How good is he?"

"Just... Just..."

After stuttering out two words, Yvette got speechless.

She was making it up. How could she know how good he was?

The man's handsome face drew close, and his voice was also deep and husky. "Do you need a ruler to measure mine so that you can find out who is better?"

Yvette was speechless.

Her face stiffened and then she blinked her eyes. "What do you want me to measure?"

"You tell me," the man said in a hoarse voice.

Yvette's eyes widened. Was he talking about that...

What a pervert!

"You remember so much about Alan and nothing about me, right?"

Lance grabbed her hand and took it downward. "Shall I help you recall it?"

Yvette sensed that something was wrong and instinctively retracted her hand, but her hand was firmly held by the man. She was pulled toward him forcibly.

Something was wrong!

He was gonna.....

Yvette was so scared that her voice was trembling. "You perv!"

"How can you say that?"

Lance gave a half smile, but it was even more terrifying than not smiling.

“Don’t you like to recall the past? In that case...”

The man raised her chin with his slender and beautiful fingers. “I’ll help you recall what we did when you called me honey, huh?”

Yvette forced herself to be calm and almost couldn’t compose herself. “Lance! You...”

Then, her lips were captured by the man.

“Umm...”

Yvette snorted and wanted to escape, but the man pulled her into his arms and deepened the kiss.

There was an imperceptible forbearance and restraint in this hot kiss.

Even so, Yvette still felt pain. She tried to push him away several times, but the man just raised her hands and pressed them against the window.

Yvette’s chest was pressed and she found it hard to breathe. Just as she was about to lose her breath, the man slightly drew a little distance from her.

He asked in a husky and deep voice, “You can’t even breathe?”

Lance had found out last time that this woman had forgotten to change her breath after not kissing for a few years.

His eyes darkened as he thought about the key information.

She didn’t know how to kiss...

This realization made him feel happy out of the blue.

He said, “I’ll kiss you every time I hear you refer to another man as your husband!”

Although it was ridiculous, he really had a big problem with the dead Alan now!

Yvette was still immersed in the anger of being kissed by him. She pushed him away, saying, “You are crazy! Alan is my husband!”

Lance pulled a long face and said menacingly, “You referred to that guy as husband ten times and called him ‘husband’ just now, so I’ll kiss you 11 times!”

Yvette was lost for words.

What a lunatic!!!

“If you call me hubby, I’ll kiss you less.”

Yvette was so angry that her face turned red. “Dream on!”

The man held her in his arms and chuckled. “Let’s do it then.”

Yvette failed to resist. She widened her eyes and said, “You bastard! This is sexual harassment!”

Lance lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers. “I’m kissing my wife. It’s legal.”

His retort just rendered her speechless.

Yvette was pressed in his arms and kissed passionately by him. Every kiss lasted long.

As this went on, they wouldn’t finish kissing even when the day broke.

Yvette only felt that she couldn’t breathe anymore, and then shouted with an unstable breath, “Stop it. Umm... Stop it...”

Lance was turned on and tried his best to stop himself.

He hadn’t had any women for five years except that the last time he met her, he kissed and bit her unrestrainedly.

The kissing was far from enough for him.

His Adam's apple bobbed, and he gasped in a low voice as he asked her, "Are you gonna?"

Yvette had no memory of sex in her mind.

Yet, she had only lost her memory rather than being stupid.

His question was too flirting.

Her face turned red and she said angrily, "Shame on you!"

The man smiled and loved her bashfully embarrassed look.

That just reminded him of those hot nights they had spent before.

"What are you so shy about?"

Lance pursed his lips and chuckled hoarsely. "We have done many more intimate things.

We've also done it in this car many

Times..."

"You are shameless!" Yvette scolded him through gritted teeth, her hands restrained by him.

The man was not angry at all and pressed down again. "If you don't call me hubby, I will continue."

Yvette turned her face away in fear and had no choice but to shout, "Hubby..."

It suddenly became silent in the car.

There were complicated feelings in his eyes. He grasped her jaw and turned around, ordering, "Look at me and call me again."

Yvette was speechless.

Yvette only wanted to call him a bastard!

However, in the current case, she had to yield.

She stared at the man's face, gritted her teeth, and called him hubby six times.

Yet, it seemed that Lance was not satisfied and wanted to say something.

Yvette said angrily, "If you go too far, I won't do it then!"

She didn't care if they had to stay married for five years or ten years. Neither did she care whether she could get a divorce or not.

She just couldn't stand being harassed by him anymore.

He just stared at her with sparkling eyes.

"It sounds so nice," he said.

He had waited five years to hear her call him this way. He thought he wouldn't hear it anymore.

Yvette was stunned.

There seemed to be a second when she found the sorrow hidden behind his words.

In an instant, her heart softened a little.

However, in view of his nasty behavior just now, Yvette's soft heart became hard again.

This jerk was not worthy of sympathy!

West Lake Villa,

As soon as Yvette got out of the car, a small and soft body pounced on her.

Yvette quickly squatted down, hugged her tightly, and kissed her little face.

"Belle."

"It's Mommy!"

With a happy smile on her pretty little face, Belle hugged her mommy tightly.

Kamila explained, "Belle has eaten some fruit, so I took her out for a walk."

“Mommy, is it Uncle Marlon who drove you back?”

“No...”

Before Yvette could finish speaking, Isabel got into the car by herself.

She saw clearly the man’s handsome face.

Belle’s eyes sparkled. She blurted out in a cute voice, “Daddy!”

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Chapter 295 You Can’t Call a Stranger Daddy

When Lance saw Isabel’s beautiful little face, he was stunned for a second.

It turned out that his guess was right that day. Isabel was really Yvette’s daughter.

It was her and that man’s daughter.

This fact made his heart break a little, and he could hardly even breathe.

The soft and cute little girl directly jumped into the man’s arms from the seat of the car.

Isabel had twined her chubby arms around Lance’s neck and asked in an incomparably natural manner.

“Daddy, are you here to see me?”

Isabel’s closeness surprised Lance a little.

To be honest, other than Yvette, he didn’t like to be touched so intimately by any adult or child.

Unexpectedly, Isabel stared at Lance, making no attempt to disguise her love. Isabel suddenly hugged Lance closer.

“Bah!”

Her red and soft little mouth touched Lance’s cheek.

Isabel was really satisfied with the “Daddy” she had chosen for herself.

Isabel really wanted to go to kindergarten now and tell Anna that she had the most handsome father in the world!

Her father was not like Anna’s father, who looked like an old bucket covered in mud.

Although her mother had taught Isabel not to give people bad nicknames...

But last time when Anna laughed at Isabel for being an illegitimate child without a father, Anna’s daddy also laughed at her together with Anna.

Humph!!!

Isabel decided to call Anna’s father an old bucket in her heart!

She asked the man in a cute voice, “Daddy, are you here to take me to the amusement park?”

Lance looked at Isabel with mixed feelings. His thin lips twitched a bit, but he could not say a word.

He could still feel the soft kiss Isabel had given to him just now, and there was still Isabel’s saliva left on his cheek.

However, he unexpectedly did not hate it. Instead, an intimate feeling rose from the bottom of his heart naturally and uncontrollably.

He was trying to push Isabel away before, but when he touched Isabel, he changed his mind, and instead, he put his hand on her back, in case she would fall. For the first time, he felt at a loss for what to do with the little girl in his arms.

Isabel stared at Lance with her big round eyes without blinking, full of admiration.

Lance looked at her in his eyes and could see his own reflection in Isabel’s bright eyes.

Suddenly, an inexplicable thought arose in his heart. How good would it be if this child was my and Yvette's?

Although it was very ridiculous, he really thought so at this moment...

And Isabel was also very dependent on Lance, even though she had only seen him once.

She stubbornly thought that Lance was her father!

Lance really looked very similar to the vague man in her dream.

There was an indescribable match in the way Isabel nestled in Lance's arms as if they were really father and daughter.

Yvette felt her heartbeat quicken as she saw this scene, and her face turned pale for a moment.

An awful thought had just struck her, and she suddenly thought that Lance would take Isabel away from her.

The very thought brought her out in a cold sweat!

Lance was clearly not Isabel's father...

"Belle!"

Yvette cried out anxiously and grabbed Isabel from Lance's arms.

"Don't call him like that!"

Isabel was scared by her mother's overreaction. She was stunned, and her little mouth tightened, looking extremely aggrieved, as if she was about to cry the next second.

For some reason, Lance felt a bit sorry for Isabel. He was so afraid that Isabel would cry.

He opened his mouth and just as he was about to say that it was alright, Yvette squatted

down and looked at Isabel. She softened her tone a little and said to Isabel.

“Isabel, he is not your father. You can’t call a stranger Daddy. It’s not right. You understand?”

A stranger!

What Yvette said really reminded Lance!

He was now just a stranger to Isabel!

If they didn’t lose their child before, he should also have a child as beautiful and cute as Belle.

Unfortunately, it wouldn’t happen...

Isabel was confused. She raised her head to look at Lance and Yvette, about to cry.

In her eyes, Lance was clearly her father!

He was her father that she had chosen for herself at the airport!

Yvette sighed a breath and coaxed Isabel in a low voice, “Belle, he isn’t your daddy. If you call him Daddy, it will cause trouble for him. Do you understand?”

Isabel was still too young to understand what Yvette said, but she still knew that causing trouble to others was not a good thing to do.

Maybe he doesn’t like being called Daddy by me, Isabel thought.

She was so sad.

At this moment, Isabel felt like she was refused when she was trying to be nice to someone.

Her eyes darkened, and she lowered her head unhappily. Then, she said sadly, “Oh, I see...”

Yvette touched Isabel’s head and taught her to be polite patiently. “Then say goodbye to

him.”

At this time, Lance had already gotten out of the car and stood in front of them.

He had heard everything that Yvette had told Isabel.

She said that it would cause trouble for him to be called Daddy by Isabel.

He thought that even if it would, he would like to have such “trouble”.

Isabel was very reluctant, but she still pouted unhappily and waved to Lance obediently.

“Then, goodbye.”

Her voice was very soft and sounded like she was about to cry.

Instantly, Lance’s heart jumped when he heard Isabel’s sad voice.

He really wanted to hug her and coax her.

There was something indefinable in Lance’s eyes.

He didn’t understand why he would have such mixed feelings for other people’s children.

Yvette saw Lance staring at Isabel, and the uneasiness in her heart deepened.

She did not want Lance to have too much contact with Isabel in her heart.

She held up Isabel’s small hand and nodded slightly at Lance before turning to leave.

“Wait a minute,” Lance called out to her.

Yvette stopped and turned to look at him.

Lance gulped and then said, “Remember to come to work on time tomorrow.”

“I will,” Yvette said with a frown.

Right now, there was nothing more important than getting a divorce.

Looking at their backs as they left, Lance faintly felt hurt again, but he didn’t know why.

He leaned against the car and relaxed for a moment before getting into the car.

On the way back home, Isabel was obviously in a bad mood.

She lowered her head, twiddling her thumbs, without saying a word.

Yvette knew that Isabel was unhappy, but there was nothing she could do.

No matter what, Lance was not Isabel's father, and Yvette couldn't let Isabel call him Daddy just as she liked.

Yvette had to correct Isabel.

Meanwhile, Yvette made a decision in her heart that she wouldn't let Isabel see Lance again in the future.

As time went by, Isabel would soon forget that man.

Late at night.

Yvette worked in the Wolseley Group during the day and dealt with some orders from the studio at night.

Although the studio had not officially opened yet, Yvette still received many orders from the old guests from overseas.

It was almost twelve o'clock when she finished her work

At this time, there was a sobbing sound coming from Isabel's room.

Kamila was about to take a look, but Yvette stopped her. She told Kamila to go to sleep, and then, she went to Isabel's room to take a look.

Isabel didn't wake up. It seemed like she was dreaming, and she sobbed from time to time.

Yvette leaned next to her and gently patted her back, humming a song to comfort her.

Isabel grabbed Yvette's finger with her small hand and tightly relied on her.

Yvette felt that her heart softened in an instant, although she had a bumner of a day

because of Lance.

Isabel was the most precious gift she had that could fill her with power all the time.

Not long after, Isabel fell asleep deeply.

There were still tears hanging on her eyelashes as she slurred, “Daddy...”

There was a little grievance in her voice, as well as an indescribable expectation.

Yvette paused for a moment.

She touched Isabel’s soft hair and asked softly, “Belle, do you want a father?”

The Novel will be updated daily. Come back and continue reading tomorrow,
everyone!

About Secretary’s Secret Lover - Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 295

Chapter 296 Snatch the Child From Her

Belle fell asleep.

Yvette returned to her room but could not fall asleep.

Perhaps, Yvette should find Belle a father, who could be there for her as she grew up.

Yvette believed that Alan would agree with her if he were alive.

However, Yvette could only start choosing a man when her marriage ended.

Thinking of her husband, who appeared out of nowhere, Yvette was even more
distressed.

She buried her head under the pillow and rubbed her head against it hard.

Jerk!

Enter title...

At the bar.

The three men were seated, drinking hard to drown their sorrows.

After the first round, Marvin kickstarted the second round.

“Why are you drinking so much today?” Marvin was a little surprised when he saw Lance downing one shot after another.

Lance remained silent with a long face.

“Isn’t Yvette coming back a good thing? Why are you still upset?” Marvin asked.

Lance asked out of nowhere, “Can a woman be pregnant for two years?

“What?”

Marvin burst into laughter, wining coming out of his mouth.

“Come on, buddy. This isn’t a fairy tale.”

Marvin said, “Very few women are pregnant for eleven months, let alone two years. I mean, the baby could go to kindergarten upon birth if the mother was pregnant for two years.”

This dashed Lance’s hope.

He gloomily picked up the wine glass and drank it all.

“Have you met Yvette’s child?” Marvin asked.

Lance nodded expressionlessly.

Marvin asked casually, “Who does Belle take after?”

Lance tried to remember the kid’s face.

Her round eyes, long eyelashes, and tiny face. The girl looked like Yvette when she smiled.

“She takes after Yvette.”

Lance had investigated Alan and seen his photos.

As much as Lance hated to admit it, Alan and Yvette looked a bit similar. So, Lance

couldn't tell if the girl was more like Alan or Yvette.

But Lance felt that Belle was more like her mother.

"Have you never suspected that the child is yours?" Jamie suddenly spoke.

Strange things like resurrection could happen. Maybe there was a chance that the girl's father was Lance.

Distressed, Lance gulped a mouthful of alcohol.

Of course, he thought of that possibility and investigated it.

Lance searched for information when he was told Yvette had a daughter.

He found Belle's birth certificate, the birth record of the hospital, and even a birth video clip.

Everything was clear. No loopholes.

Lance finally realized after Yvette left that Charlie could not be the girl's father..

Charlie, a sinister and cunning man, might trick Lance into doubting Yvette.

But before Lance could talk to Yvette and clarify his doubts, she suddenly left.

Looking at Lance's expression, Marvin knew that Lance must have investigated it.

Marvin leaned back on the sofa. "You and Yvette haven't divorced, have you? What do you think about the child?"

After all, the Wolseley family had not yet had a grandson. If Lance did not want to divorce, custody would be a major problem.

Now that Colton's father had passed away, Colton became an influential figure in the family.

The man loved drama and chaos. Whether the girl was the biological daughter of Lance, Colton just wouldn't accept her.

Thinking of Belle, Lance felt a trace of warmth in his heart.

It got stronger and spread to his entire body.

“If Yvette doesn’t refuse, the girl will be a Wolseley,” Lance put an arm on the armrest, as he said calmly.

Marvin tutted. He hadn’t expected that Lance would accept the child of Yvette and another man.

This was beyond his expectations.

He clinked the wine bottle with Lance’s. “Don’t tell Yvette about it.”

“Why?” Lance raised his eyebrows.

“Are you stupid?”

“In that case, Yvette will think you are snatching the girl from her,” Marvin said.

What Marvin didn’t say was that Lance’s expression made it more convincing that he wanted to snatch the girl.

Marvin raised his eyebrows. It seemed that Yvette’s daughter was very cute.

When he got a chance, Marvin would go see the girl.

Halfway through, Jamie’s phone rang.

What the other side said was unclear, but Jamie’s face fell.

After hanging up, Jamie got up and left.

Staring at his back, Marvin sighed softly.

After Ellen passed away, Jamie started tormenting himself.

Others tried to talk some sense into him, but nothing worked.

Later, another man joined Jamie.

Seeing his two friends so dispirited, Marvin had no choice.

Fortunately, Lance had pulled himself together for his mother.

Finally, he moved on.

Jamie survived because he was determined to take care of his mother in her old age.

Jamie arrived at the clubhouse.

He kicked the door one by one.

All those who were indulging themselves behind the doors were caught off guard. They cursed Jamie for being so rude.

Jamie turned a deaf ear and kept on kicking on the door as he didn't find the person he was looking for.

When Jenny Green, the manager of the club, saw the man making such a fuss, she hurriedly came forward, lit a cigarette, and appeased Jamie.

"Mr. McBride, why are you so mad?"

Everyone was intimidated by Jamie's aggressive expression.

With a half-lit cigarette in his mouth, Jamie said coldly, "Where's Miranda?"

Jenny broke out in a cold sweat.

That slut dared to call for help.

"Miranda..."

Jenny stammered for a while, "Miranda asked for leave tonight. She said that her friend is celebrating her birthday.""

"Birthday?"

"Yeah, birthday. She went to a birthday party."

The waiters were busy giving out wine to appease the guests.

Seeing that, Jenny was pissed off.

Jenny just asked Miranda to serve Mr. Baker for a night. How dared she cause so much trouble?

She did not dare to offend Jamie, that formidable man. But Jenny could give Miranda a hard time.

She would make Miranda suffer.

“Are you sure?” Jamie sneered.

“Of course. She really is...”

Before she could finish, Jenny’s fake smile was replaced by horror.

“Ah!”

Jenny screamed.

Jamie strode into a private room.

He casually shoved the head of a fat man who was groping a girl into an ashtray!

“Bang!”

The man’s head started bleeding-

His howls echoed in the private room.

The cigarette light cast a shadow on Jamie’s face, making him look scarier to the outsiders.

“Do you want to continue with your birthday?” he asked.

Jenny’s heart almost stopped as she screamed, “No more birthday. Miranda is in Room 8.

“Please, McBride.”

Jenny was in a panic. She screamed, “Please stop it and forgive me. I just have a small business. I don’t make enough to compensate all the guests!”

Jamie let go and left.

Private Room No. 8.

An old man was stripping a woman's clothes. But before he could make the next move, he heard a loud noise.

The next moment, the man was thrown out the door.

The girl was curling up on the sofa. Seeing the man, she almost cried.

"Jamie, you're finally here."

"Yeah, I'm here."

Looking at her face with infatuation, Jamie reached out to touch her face.

Feeling more aggrieved, Miranda cried silently.

Suddenly, the man's hand froze in the air, making the atmosphere a bit awkward.

When Miranda was confused, she felt a sharp pain in her chin.

Jamie's icy gaze fell on her, as he grabbed her chin and forced her to look up.

"Don't cry."

When Miranda cried, she was no longer like that woman.

Update Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 296 of Secretary's Secret Lover
Chapter 297 That Face!

Miranda's chin hurt so much that it almost broke under the force.

Miranda's forehead was covered in thin sweat. Her heart skipped a beat because Jamie was so cold and ruthless.

Miranda managed to stop her tears from falling down her cheeks.

Jamie carefully examined the woman's face. Why did Miranda look so similar to Ellen?

Because of her eyes.

Both of them had slanted eyes. The only difference was that Ellen carried a sense of arrogance in her gaze. She refused to show any sign of weakness when the odds were against her..

Miranda started making a living at a young age and developed an obedient personality.

Enter title...

Her eyes were beautiful, but they were full of flattery and obedience.

Miranda was the most similar and the least similar to Ellen.

Miranda endured for such a long time that her chin was almost crushed by the man.

Before she could plead, Jamie looked down and let go of her, dispirited.

Miranda collapsed, her heart pounding.

She was glad that she hadn't done any plastic surgery on her chin. Otherwise, it would have broken.

The man sat upright with his legs casually crossed.

He ordered in a cold voice, "Pour me some wine."

Miranda trembled as she poured the wine. The man drank one cup after another.

The wine had a strong aftereffect.

The man drank so much that his vision became blurry. The woman in front of him was increasingly similar to the one lying beside him every night.

He called out vaguely, "Ellen..."

This was not the first time Miranda had heard this name.

The first time Jamie bought her service, he asked her to stay by his side and stared at her in silence for an entire night.

Jamie didn't let her laugh, cry, or make a sound.

From that time, Miranda knew that she looked like that woman when she didn't make any sound.

When the man looked down, Miranda noticed that he had deep eye sockets, long eyelashes, and a neat brush cut. He exuded charm.

Jamie was attractive. No one doubted that.

He was way out of Miranda's league.

But in every woman's dream, there was a Prince Charming, who would save them in a dangerous situation.

Miranda poured another glass of wine and handed it over.

Jamie did not take it. He half-opened his eyes.

He saw Miranda's complexion. The woman carried an irresistible charm. Jamie lowered his head and drank from the glass in her hand.

Miranda turned around to pour another glass.

Clank!

Jamie threw the glass out.

Then he reached out, grabbed her neck, and pushed her down. Their position changed.

Miranda was right beneath him.

Everything happened in a split second. Miranda was scared, staring at the man with her eyes wide open.

Jamie's cold expression disappeared as he leaned towards Miranda and said hoarsely, "Ellen, Ellen."

He didn't say anything else except for the name.

He kept repeating, one time after another. His voice was hoarse and sexy.

The drunken man had so much affection in his eyes that no woman could resist.

Although he was calling another woman, Miranda got lost in his affection.

Miranda didn't mind that she was a substitute.

Unable to sense the danger, Miranda stretched out her hands, wrapped her arms around the man's neck, and leaned forward.

There was only a finger's distance between them.

They exchanged breaths.

The unfamiliar fragrance made Jamie frown.

This unfamiliar smell didn't belong to Ellen.

Jamie pushed the woman away and got back to the sofa, rubbing his temples.

Surprised, Miranda did not want to miss this rare opportunity.

If she slept with Jamie, she would no longer have to serve those stinky and fat old men.

Perhaps, Jamie would take her away and leave here.

She plucked up her courage, undid the buttons, and revealed her tender skin.

Then, Miranda knelt in front of Jamie.

As soon as she reached out, Miranda heard the man bellow.

“Get lost!”

Miranda froze on the spot.

“Bang!”

The wine glass flew past Miranda's cheek and shattered on the LCD screen behind her.

The man opened his drunken eyes, but his voice was so chilly.

“Get out!”

Jamie's expression was so terrifying that Miranda's legs went weak.

Having no time to do her buttons, she crawled out.

Miranda was kicked by Jenny the moment she got out.

“Bitch, do you think you can leave here just because the man favors you?”

“Jenny, I didn’t think so. I didn’t.” Miranda crawled on the ground, shivering all over.

“You should have known better. It’s time to wake up from your sweet dream!”

Jenny took out a stack of bills and threw it on Miranda’s face. “The losses tonight are all on you. Pay off the debt! Otherwise, you will suffer.”

Seeing the astronomical figures, Miranda was so scared that her tears burst out. She kept pleading.

“Jenny, this is my fault. I beg you! Please forgive me.”

Miranda couldn’t pay back the debt even if she worked until death.

“You asked for it! Don’t be too greedy. You could have just been an escort girl. But you are too greedy!”

Jenny showed no empathy. “He doesn’t belong to such a lowly woman like you.”

If it hadn’t been for Miranda, who dreamed about leaving here, Jenny wouldn’t have had so many losses.

In the clubhouse industry, one couldn’t afford to offend the big shots.

Even if Jamie caused so much trouble, Jenny was still nice to him.

Jenny looked at Miranda’s innocent face and scoffed, “If you became his lover, you would be even more miserable.”

Jamie was a man who could share his bed with the corpse every day. Miranda was no match for him.

Miranda was dragged away by the security guard.

Looking at the man's handsome face, Jenny still felt that, just as everyone else said, the attractive man was a bit gloomy and terrifying.

Jenny shook her head and left as if a ghost was chasing after her.

When Jamie came out of the clubhouse, it was late at night.

His mind was fuzzy. He was so dizzy that he couldn't walk properly.

Leaning against the car, Jamie lit a cigarette and called Jack.

"Pick me up."

He had to go home and sleep with the woman.

Hanging up, Jamie looked up at the sky and saw the big, round moon, which was the same as the night when Ellen left.

Suddenly...

A slender figure appeared and got into a blue luxury car.

Jamie froze, as his cigarette dropped to the ground.

That face.

That face!

The man rushed out like a torpedo.

The blue luxury car started and drove far away. Jamie chased after it desperately.

Jamie was not sober now. If he had been sober enough, he would have found that the woman was driving the car slowly enough for him to catch up.

Every time he got near enough, the car would speed up.

Finally, he tripped on the ground as he was out of strength. His knees were bruised.

He struggled to support himself and get up. But due to the hangover, his vision was blurred.

The blue car stopped.

When the door opened, a woman stepped down, her legs slender. She walked towards him in high heels.

The woman stopped in front of him.

Jamie was lying on the ground with his face down. He opened his eyes, sizing the woman up from her slender legs to her charming face.

“Ellen!”

He didn’t call her the second time. Jamie shook his head, trying to tell if this was an illusion.

Was it true?

The woman didn’t show up in his dream for five years.

Ellen was so cruel that she didn’t even want to enter his dream!

The man knelt at the feet of a woman like a pious follower.

The woman opened her red lips.

“Jamie.”

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Chapter 298 She Is Back

The voice.

Jamie’s eyes turned red in a second!

He put his hands on the ground to support himself and wanted to hug the woman in his arms.

The woman lifted her leg and stepped on Jamie’s hand with her black high heel.

The woman’s voice was so chilled, “You look like a…”

She paused while summoning up more strength. It was as if she was going to penetrate the man's palm.

"You look like a stray dog that no one wants!"

With this, the woman went away.

"Ellen!"

The man's voice cracked.

"Don't leave me!"

His mouth was full of the scent of blood. His voice was so hoarse.

The tail lights of the blue car flickered as if they were mocking him.

"Don't leave me."

But his voice was drowned by the roars of the car.

"Don't leave me. Please don't leave me."

Jamie's tears brimmed in his eyes. The next moment, they trickled down his cheek, fell to the ground, and evaporated in the wind.

However, no one responded.

Until Jack came looking for him.

That night, Jack drove Jamie to every corner of New York to find Ellen. It was dusk.

"Mr. McBride, you drank a lot last night. Do you want some hangover relief tablets?" Jack said hesitantly.

In fact, Jack felt that Jamie had hallucinations because he drank too much.

Ms. Robbins passed away five years ago. Jamie sat in the back seat gloomily, with his black shirt covered in dirt.

Staring at the bloodstain on the back of his hand and muttered, "She's back."

Jack still thought that Jamie was hallucinating.

Ms. Robbins couldn't be alive.

Otherwise, who was the one in Mr. McBride's house?

Jack did not dare to think about it.

Yvette needed to go to the studio in the morning.

When she got in the car, Yvette found that it was not the driver, but Marlon, in the driver's seat.

"Are you free today?"

"Yeah, I will take you there."

Marlon seemed to be in a bad mood. The skin was rubbed off the corner of his lips.

Yvette asked in surprise, "What's wrong with your mouth? Did Belle accidentally scratch you?"

Marlon's eyes flickered, as he said casually, "I wasn't paying attention and got myself hurt."

Taking his word for it, Yvette said in distress, "Why were you so careless?"

Marlon touched the corner of his lips and felt a slight pain..

Marlon was still in regret. He shouldn't have drunk wine last night.

He stopped his random thoughts and asked Yvette, "Are you able to deal with the man properly?"

Yvette knew that Marlon was asking about Lance. She nodded. "I'm fine."

Other than being a bit capricious, Lance was still easy to deal with.

A month was rather short. Yvette didn't think that the man would go back on his words.

When the time came, they would divorce. Everything would be fine.

Marlon thought of the man's determination and felt a bit worried.

The image of Yvette lying on the sickbed was still lingering in his mind.

Marlon wanted Yvette to stay away from Lance.

Yvette was his sister and the youngest member of the Lynn family.

She should have had all the love in the world. But due to a mistake, Lance brought

Yvette too much suffering.

It was because Yvette wanted to finish her mother's unfinished business.

Otherwise, Marlon would never have allowed her to return to New York.

"Yvette, why don't I find a lawyer for you? The Wolseley family has a strong team of lawyers, but they are not invincible,"

Marlon said, looking down.

Taking them to the court was easier said than done.

Yvette had learned about the lawyer team of the Wolseley family. They had never lost a lawsuit over the years.

Put the outcome aside. The long duration of the lawsuit made Yvette upset.

Yvette had no memory of Lance now, but she was still his wife.

This drove her mad.

"Let me try again. If it doesn't work, I will hand it over to you."

"Okay."

Marlon cast a gentle look at Yvette. "Just tell me if you run into any trouble. Do you understand?"

"Don't worry. I will be fine."

Before getting out of the car, something came into Yvette's mind.

"Do you know any single men?"

"Why?"

"Set them up with Susana."

"I didn't know Susana wanted a boyfriend." Marlon frowned.

"I mentioned it to her before. She didn't refuse it." Yvette nodded.

Not knowing if it was an illusion, Yvette felt Marlon was unhappy. He said grimly, "You should solve your problem first before caring about others."

He meant that Yvette should stay away from Susana's business.

Yvette was just afraid that Dominic, that lunatic man, would find Susana again. By that time, no one would protect Susana.

When Yvette got out of the car, she thought of something.

"Has Stephen returned from his business trip?" Yvette asked Marlon.

Stephen, a good friend of Marlon, was rich, handsome, and single.

Since Marlon didn't want to find Susana a boyfriend, Yvette decided to help Susana out.

"Yeah, he came back yesterday. Why?"

Yvette had a plan. She said with a smile. "Nothing. Drive safely."

Then, she turned around.

Yvette took out her phone and sent a message to Stephen.

"Stephen, are you free?"

Stephen texted back.

"Yeah, I am."

"Anything I can do for you?"

Stephen sent two messages in a row.

"Would you like to have dinner with me? I have a friend who is still single."

Stephen did not reply.

He didn't text back until evening.

"Sure."

Yvette heaved a sigh of relief, as she thought Stephen would turn her down.

She didn't expect him to say yes.

"See you soon."

A notification popped up. Yvette saw a text message.

It was from Lance. “What are you doing?”

Yvette gave a curt reply. “Busy.”

After that, she didn’t check her phone anymore.

At night.

Yvette and Stephen met in the restaurant. Susana was still on the road due to heavy traffic.

They waited for a while. Susana called Yvette and said she couldn’t come for dinner.

Hanging up, Yvette looked at Stephen apologetically.

“Stephen, I’m sorry. My friend won’t be here.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

Instead of feeling disappointed, Stephen looked relaxed.

Yvette said with a smile, “As you just came back from a business trip, the dinner is on me.”

“Okay.”

They chatted gleefully during dinner.

Halfway through, a waiter brought a bottle of wine and placed it on the table.

Yvette recognized the brand and knew it was very expensive.

When Yvette was still in confusion, she heard the waiter say, “It was a gift from the gentleman in the private room upstairs.”

Yvette looked up and saw a pair of cold eyes staring at her

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Chapter 299 Do I Meet Your Conditions?

Yvette did not expect Lance to also be here for dinner. She did not know what he meant by sending a bottle of wine.

Most likely, he was here to cause trouble!

Stephen also saw the handsome and tall man upstairs looking in their direction.

“Yvette?” Stephen said.

Yvette came back to her senses and looked at Stephen. “Yes?”

“What’s wrong?”

He was asking if she needed his help.

Yvette shook her head. “It’s fine, Stephen. Let’s continue eating.”

Stephen wasn’t a talkative person. If Yvette didn’t want to tell him, he wouldn’t ask.

The waiter stood at the side and asked, “Miss, may I open this wine for you?”

Yvette took a sip of warm water and said carelessly, “Throw it away.”

The waiter did not understand for a moment and thought that she was asking to pour it into the wine cup. He immediately opened the wine and prepared to pour it into the wine cup.

“I mean throwing it away.” Yvette raised her eyes.

Seeing that the waiter still did not understand, she added, “Throw it in the trash can.”

“Throw, throw it in the trash can?” The waiter stuttered.

“Yes.”

Yvette knew that Lance was watching.

Then let him watch the wine being thrown into the trash can.

The waiter wanted to do as she said but finally did not throw it. He was asked to throw this bottle of wine into the trash can.

His hands trembled because it was worth millions of dollars.

Yvette took the wine from the waiter’s hand and said, “Let me do it.”

Then, she threw the bottle into the trash can.

Upstairs, Lance witnessed everything. His expression was as cold as frost.

Yvette had told him that she was busy, but in fact, she was dating another man!

Now, she even threw the wine he sent into the trash can.

Her expression was as if she disliked everything from him. She even wiped her hands, particularly disgusted.

Good job!

“Lance, looks like Yvette really doesn’t want to save your face at all!” Marvin laughed.

He rubbed his chin and commented, “The man sitting opposite her is also pretty good– looking. It seems that without you, Yvette can also have a happy life!”

Lance’s handsome face was as cold as ice. “If you don’t want your mouth, you can donate it. It’s noisy to keep it.”

Marvin was not angry. He had long been used to Lance’s bitter sarcasm and even felt pity for him.

What was the use of having a good-looking face? Lance really didn’t know how to communicate with girls. Let alone getting along well with his wife.

Marvin coughed lightly, looked downstairs, and said, “Lance, you have to say some warm words. You have to express your love in a more direct way. Don’t always be overbearing. She will only be driven farther and farther away by you, understand?”

Marvin completely forgot that he was also a single man, and he still wanted to teach Lance. Lance walked downstairs without looking back.

“Hey, what are you going to do? If you don’t listen to me, you will suffer!”

Lance slowly went downstairs with a cold expression.

Downstairs.

Yvette and Stephen had already finished more than half of their meals.

Stephen peeled a crab for her and removed the meat from the crab pincer.

It was believed that it was not suitable for women to eat that part.

Yvette felt sorry and said, “Stephen, it’s all my fault. I said that I would introduce you to a girl, but she never showed up.

Susana couldn’t come and then she sent a message to Yvette, saying that she didn’t want to find a boyfriend yet.

She clearly didn't object to it two days ago, so why did Susana suddenly change her mind?

Yvette made up her mind that she must find the reason when she got back.

Stephen said gently, "Yvette, actually, I don't need a girlfriend."

Yvette looked up, a little confused.

Why didn't he want to be in a relationship?

Stephen smiled and said, "I want to get married."

"Stephen, you mean real?"

"Yes, I'm not a young man anymore."

"No, Stephen, you look very young."

"Really?" Stephen asked.

"Of course, it's true."

Yvette saw the look of disbelief on Stephen's face and smiled, "You look like a college student."

Yvette praised without hesitation. She had always treated Stephen as her brother.

Normally, she would do whatever she wanted with her brother. Anyway, the effect was the same.

"What kind of man do you like?" Stephen asked casually.

"Me?" Yvette was puzzled.

"Well, what kind of father do you want to find for Belle?"

Belle's future stepfather....

Yvette immediately thought of the man that Belle had chosen.

She dispelled this idea. It must not be him.

"Just one request. As long as he is good to Belle."

"What about you?"

"Me?"

“Don’t you have any requests?” Stephen nodded.

Yvette thought for a moment and said, “He should have a good temper, positive values, and be responsible.”

Stephen served a cup of hot drink to Yvette and asked with a serious expression, “Do you think I meet your requirements?”

“Cough...”

Yvette almost choked on the hot drink she had just drunk.

Stephen got up to pat her back, but Yvette waved her hand and calmed down.

When Yvette was drinking water awkwardly, Stephen asked directly.

“Marlon told me that you wanted to find a stepfather for Belle. What do you think of me?”

Yvette took a deep breath and was particularly surprised. “Stephen, you....”

“Yvette, I have no special desire for love. As I said, I think it’s time for me to have a family. We are in line with each other from all sides. Belle also likes me quite a lot. I think it is very suitable.”

Right!

It was just suitable!

Stephen concentrated his efforts on scientific issues and had always been less enthusiastic about romance and affairs. He enjoyed living his life in a step-by-step way.

Now that he was at the age where he should get married, he felt that if the marriage partner was Yvette, it would be acceptable.

Yvette also understood what he meant. It couldn’t be said how much he liked her.

Perhaps he was more familiar with her. And that was why he used the word “suitable”.

She was silent for a while and thought about it carefully. She felt that Stephen was the most suitable man.

At least she was familiar with him. There was no need to worry that he would not be a good father.

But it was too abrupt!

She was prepared to let him and Susana get together, but in the end, she actually got herself involved.

Moreover, she still had a thorny problem that she had yet to solve.

She said, “Stephen, I am now...”

Before she could finish speaking, she was interrupted by a cold and ruthless voice.

“Are you done eating?”

Lance walked to the side and dragged a chair between the two of them.

When he saw the crab that Stephen had personally peeled for Yvette on the table, his eyes turned cold.

Yvette was a little speechless.

This guy was disturbing others, so how could he be so self-righteous?

When Stephen saw that it was the man who had sent the wine upstairs earlier, he narrowed his eyes and asked, “Yvette, this is?”

“My ex-husband.”

“Her husband.”

The two of them spoke almost at the same time.

Hearing Yvette’s words, Lance’s face darkened, as if he was saying that he needed an explanation.

Stephen looked at the surging emotions in their eyes and did not say a word.

Yvette remembered that Lance was a madman who carried the marriage certificate with him. She took a breath and said reluctantly, “Will be my ex-husband soon.”

Lance was speechless.

This explanation was not what he expected.

Stephen was a steady person. Although he had doubts in his heart, he would not ask about them.

“Finished?” he asked Yvette.”

After Yvette nodded, Stephen stood up. The two of them seemed to be planning to bypass Lance and leave.

In an instant, there was a hint of gloom flashed in Lance's eyes, and his face was cold.

Yvette didn't even look at Lance, as if he didn't exist.

Lance couldn't hold it anymore. He tugged the collar of his shirt and strode forward, grabbing Yvette's slender wrist from behind.

Yvette glanced at him and struggled, but Lance held her tightly.

Lance threatened in a low voice, "If you move again, I will definitely kiss you until your legs go soft."

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Chapter 300 Make This Man Mad!

Yvette believed that Lance could do this and did not struggle anymore.

Stephen turned his head and looked at the hands of the two. He asked, "Yvette?"

Lance's eyes made him look like a wild beast that was ready to attack.

Yvette was afraid that the two of them would get into an argument. Stephen was a scholar. His strength could not compare to this barbarian. Stephen would definitely suffer a loss.

"Stephen, wait for me in the car first. I'll have a few words with him."

"Do you need my help?" Stephen was worried and asked.

These words made Lance clench his fists tightly as if he would beat the man in front of him in the next second.

Yvette hurriedly took a step forward, trying to stop the fight with a protecting posture.

Her action made Lance feel like his heart was being pricked by needles, somewhat suffocating.

Yvette said to Stephen, "Don't worry, Stephen. I will go find you later."

Stephen looked at Lance's expression and thought that he wouldn't hurt Yvette.

Stephen believed that she could handle it, so he nodded slightly and walked out.

After Stephen left, Yvette swung her hand unhappily.

“Can you let go?”

Lance only loosened his grip and did not let go.

He asked, “Is this what you meant by being busy? Going on a date with another man?”

The jealousy in his words was obvious.

If Marlon had not told Yvette how crazy this man had been for Yazmin, she might think that Lance was jealous because he loved her.

She smiled and deliberately did not explain. She asked, “Mr. Wolseley, are you jealous?”

Lance pursed his thin lips and was about to say something when Yvette continued, “If you are jealous, you can go on a date with another woman. I don’t mind.”

She would be more than happy if he really did that.

In this case, with the evidence of his cheating, she should be able to finish the divorce lawsuit faster.

She could also get rid of this awkward identity sooner.

Lance’s eyes went gloomy. He gritted his teeth and said, “Other than you, I will not date any other woman!”

Yvette could not help but disdain his hypocrisy in her heart.

He really knew how to pretend to be affectionate.

“Unfortunately, I am not as affectionate as you, Mr. Wolseley. I can date whoever I want.”

“Yvette, do you know what you are talking about?” Lance narrowed his eyes.

“Didn’t I make it clear enough?”

“It is my freedom to date any man.

“If you can’t stand it, can we get a divorce then, Mr. Wolseley?”

“Yvette, have you forgotten what you promised me?” Lance asked coldly.

“I remember. I promised not to avoid you. I should be in contact with you for a month, and then we would divorce peacefully, but...”

Yvette paused and said faintly, “The terms don’t seem to indicate that I can’t interact with other men.”

In several seconds, the man’s face darkened.

Yvette felt extremely comfortable.

This bastard!

Since you use the agreement to control my freedom. I can also use it to fight against you.

Lance’s entire body was filled with a cold aura, and his tone was also cold.

“Then do you know who you are now? Do you want me to remind you again? Mrs. Wolseley!”

“Isn’t it just an extramarital affair?”

Yvette’s words were shocking, and she said indifferently, “I don’t care at all. Besides, didn’t you, Mr. Wolseley, cheat on me in marriage in the past? You can’t use a double standard!”

Yvette spoke of immoral things in an extremely natural manner. She believed that this would definitely make this man mad.

In this way, if he could still endure it, she would really admire him.

In an instant!

Lance’s face went cold as if he was about to break out, but he tried his best to endure it.

“I didn’t have an extramarital affair. Other than you, I haven’t slept with any other woman.”

Yvette was not moved by his confession at all. Instead, she sneered.

“What? Mr. Wolseley, do you want me to praise you for being affectionate?”

“Since you are so affectionate to me, answer my question then. What happened to our child?”

At the mention of the child, Lance’s domineering aura weakened a bit.

He said in a slightly hoarse voice, “That was an accident.”

If time could turn back, he would never make the wrong decision again.

For their first child, his pain was no less than Yvette’s.

“Mr. Wolseley, you unexpectedly went to save Yazmin, and then unexpectedly left me in danger, right?”

What an accident...

Yvette curved her lips and laughed sarcastically, “Then isn’t it also because of the same reason that I unexpectedly dated a man to do intimate things with him?”

“Everything was just an accident. Mr. Wolseley, please don’t mind so much!”

With every word Yvette said, Lance’s face became gloomier.

“It seems that you are determined to go against me for that man just now?”

“Even if that man loses his job and reputation, you will not hesitate, right?” Lance said coldly.

These words revealed his intention. It was purely a naked threat!

That was right. He did not want to hide it anymore.

He just wanted to ruin this man’s reputation and made him not be able to get any closer to her.

Yvette’s expression did not change, and she was not nervous at all. She asked indifferently, “Mr. Wolseley, is this a threat again?”

The word “again” caused Lance’s expression to change slightly.

However, he did not deny it and readily admitted, “That’s right.”

Watching Yvette go on a date with another man would definitely be a heart-wrenching scene.

It was nothing to be hated by her.

Lance felt slightly bitter in his heart. He did not know how to reduce this kind of hate. He did not mind adding another one.

“Mr. Wolseley, do you know how many men there are on Earth?”

Lance frowned, not knowing what she was trying to express.

“It’s 3.5 billion,” Yvette told him.

She smiled and said, “Tell me. How many can you influence?”

Instant!

Lance's face went gloomy and cold as if he couldn't believe that Yvette would say such words.

His black pupils went clearly scarlet red, and his eyesight was like a blade. He said,

"Yvette, this isn't funny."

"I'm not joking. If you don't believe me, then we'll wait and see!"

"Let's see if you can really stop me!"

Lance's expression stiffened, and he said with difficulty, "Yvette, don't talk nonsense."

"Since you, Mr. Wolseley, like to deceive yourself, just take it that I am talking nonsense."

After that, she ignored Lance's expression and directly stepped away!

This was the first time Lance had found that Yvette was so difficult to deal with.

At this moment, he had to admit that Yvette had really changed.

She had become a woman that he couldn't control.

His eyes were red and he was about to go crazy. He chased after her and grabbed her.

"What do you want?"

"What I want is very simple!"

Yvette smiled sweetly and said gently and firmly, "Divorce!"

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