Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 3

Chapter 3 Let's Divorce

Lance's tall and straight figure approached Yvette from afar and strode past her without.

stopping.

Yvette didn't know if it was because Lance didn't see her or because he ignored her.

But Yvette saw that the girl in Lance's arms was the one on the news.

It was Yazmin.

Yvette dragged herself out of the hospital.

She was in a daze, at a loss for what to do.

In the taxi, the driver asked Yvette where to go.

Yvette got stuck on the simple question.

She didn't want to go back to Serenity Villa. Maybe it would not be her home soon.

After a short pause, Yvette said, "Sir, Spring Bay, please."

Yvette bought an apartment there after she got married.

Yvette planned to take her grandmother, Phoebe, over for her retirement, so Yvette bought a 700–square–feet apartment. Although it was small, it was enough for two people to live in.

Lance did not understand and said that he wanted to give Yvette a big house, but she

refused.

Now, Yvette thought this could be her only correct decision.

When Yvette arrived downstairs at the apartment building, she sat alone in the park and enjoyed the cold wind, wanting to keep her mind clear.

She recalled her old days. There was sweetness and sourness.

It had been two years.

More than seven hundred days had passed.

Yvette thought that no matter how cold Lance was, she would melt his heart.

But now, there seemed to be countless ridicule ringing in her ears, telling her that all of this was j ust her foolish wishful thinking...

Late in the night, Yvette went up.

Just as she stepped out of the elevator, she saw Lance standing in front of the door.

Lance's sleeves were casually rolled up, and the collar of his shirt was loosened,

revealing his slender neck and half of his handsome collarbone. He stood there, handsome and c harming.

Yvette was stunned.

Lance went to the hospital with Yazmin.

Why was he here?

Their eyes met. With his coat on his arm and hands in his pocket, Lance was squinting

at Yvette.

"Why didn't you answer the phone?"

Lance's expression was indifferent as **if** he had not rested well, carrying a hint of hostility.

Yvette took out her phone. It turned out that she accidentally placed it in silent mode.

There were five missed calls, all of which were from Lance.

This was the first time in the past two years.

Lance called so many times because he could not find Yvette.

In the past, Yvette would be overjoyed, even happier than winning 16 million dollars.

But now, Yvette threw her phone back into her bag and stood against the wall, her voice

a little hoarse. "I didn't hear it."

Lance raised his hand and looked down at his watch. There was a hint of impatience in

his voice. "I have been looking for you for two hours."

After Lance settled Yazmin, he returned home and found it empty. Lance searched for

Yvette for a long time without any results. He even asked Frankie to check **the** surveillance video s along the way after she left the company.

Unexpectedly, Yvette returned to Spring Bay without even telling Lance.

"Tell me where

you

will

1. go. Let's go." Lance turned around and did not even look at

Yvette as he walked towards the elevator.

Lance meant to go back to Serenity Villa.

Yvette watched Lance's broad back. A bit of reluctance to part with him and greed arose inside her.

Yvette wondered, can I...

Do we have a future?

Lance turned his head and saw that Yvette was standing still. His brows furrowed. "Are you waiting for me to carry you?"

Against the sensor lights on the top, Lance's delicate face was distinctively outlined and perfect. There was not a single flaw.

Yvette took a deep breath and looked at Lance. "Lance, let's get a divorce."

"What do you mean?"

Lance's tone was cold, and his handsome face darkened.

"I want to move back, and we'll have nothing to do with each other soon..."

Yvette forced a smile, but her heart ached as if someone was tearing her heart.

"Have nothing to do with each other?"

Lance pursed his lips and smiled coldly, "Yvette, what is our relationship in your eyes?"

Lance's question caused Yvette to stop breathing.

That was right. From the very beginning, Lance knew his role. There was nothing between them but an agreement. They had sex, but they did not love each other. **In** other people's eyes, they h ad nothing to do with each other outside the company.

Lance was the most famous bachelor in New York, and many socialites were trying their

best to chase after him.

Lance reminded Yvette again. Was he afraid that she would cling to him?

Yvette bit her lower lip and held back her bitterness. She nodded. "I'm sorry, Mr.

Wolseley. **It** is just my wishful thinking. Please go back. You don't have to come to Spring Bay ag ain."

After saying that, Yvette could not hold back her tears.

How could she not be sad? She had loved Lance for ten years...

But even if it was difficult, Yvette would learn to let

1. go.

Yvette would not reduce herself to being a laughing stock.

The sensor lights in the corridor kept flickering.

Lance narrowed his eyes and pursed his thin lips tightly. His body was emitting a dangerous sign al.

He would indulge Yvette's occasional temper, but Yvette had gone too far this time.

When Lance saw the tears in Yvette's yes, his anger almost dissipated. He lowered his voice and said, "If it is because of Emi lie..."

"It has nothing to do with her. Mr. Wolseley, please leave."

Emilie was not the only one between them.

Yvette felt tired, and she passed by Lance to open the door, ready to go in.

Lance was unhappy with Yvette's stubbornness,

He pulled his tie in frustration, then took a step forward, and grabbed Yvette's wrist, holding her firmly.

"Can

you stop making a fuss?"

The next second, Lance frowned more tightly. He put his arm on Yvette's shoulder,

turned around, and pressed her into his arms.

Yvette was hot, like a piece of red-hot coal.

"You have a fever."

Yvette felt dizzy and leaned weakly against Lance's chest. Even her legs went limp.

Somehow, romance filled the air.

Lance lowered his head to check. It was as if he was going to kiss Yvette the next second.

Yvette

was slow. When she realized that this posture was too erotic, she subconsciously reached out to press against Lance's chest and wanted to retreat.

However, before she could even move her feet, she was grabbed by the waist and pulled back. L ance had a cold expression on his face, and his voice was very deep. "What are you doing?"

The lamp on the top swayed, and Yvette was picked up.

Lance walked to the elevator without hesitation.

Yvette's mind was a little muddled from the fever. She whispered, "What are you going to do?"

"Let's go to the hospital," Lance said with a frown.

"No!"

Yvette cried out in alarm, and she was much more clear-headed.

If Yvette was on a drip, she would lose the baby in her belly.

Although this baby might not be welcomed, as long as he was in Yvette's body, Yvette was its m other, and she had the obligation to protect it!

Yvette struggled to get out of Lance's arms, but he was too strong. His arms held her tightly, lea ving Yvette unable to break free.

Lance ignored her struggles and spoke in a strict tone, "If you're sick, you have to see a doctor."

Lance carried Yvette and walked towards the elevator. Yvette's heart was about to jump out of h er chest. She grabbed his arm and blurted out anxiously.

"I can't go to the hospital!"