

Chapter 301 - Secretary's Secret Lover

Chapter 301 I Hate You!

In an instant, it was like a certain scene overlapped.

Lance's Adam's apple bobbed, and memories of the past flashed through his mind.

The last moment they spent together five years ago was also like this. At that time, she wanted to divorce, and he wanted to force her to stay.

At this time, a waiter passed by with food.

Lance saw this and was afraid that the waiter would bump into Yvette, so he quickly reached out to pull her over.

Unexpectedly, Yvette saw him reach out his hand and habitually dodged backward. Her slender waist collided with the corner of the dining table. She frowned and let out a low groan.

Enter title...

Lance held his breath, and the back of his hand froze in the air.

He lowered his hand and suppressed the bitterness in his heart. "You hate me so much?"

She hated him so much that she would rather hurt herself than let him touch her.

The man's beautiful eyes were slightly red, and his injured expression was particularly attractive.

Yvette gently raised her eyes and said mercilessly, "Of course, Mr. Wolseley, I hate you more than you think!"

Her words and the look of disgust in her eyes were like a sharp sword that fiercely pierced the man.

Yvette did not care about his emotions at all and said, “Since you have nothing serious to say, please make way. I’m leaving.”

The man’s eyes were gloomy as he stood there like a mountain, blocking her way.

“Mr. Wolseley?” Yvette called again.

“Why?” Lance’s voice was filled with endless coldness.

“What do you mean?”

Yvette asked.

“Why do you hate me so much?”

The man’s face was cold as he carefully recalled.

After Yvette returned, he had only seen her two or three times.

She had no memory of him, so why did she hate him to this extent?

For a moment, he even wondered if Yvette had pretended to lose her memory just to avoid him.

Yvette felt that Lance’s way of thinking was different from ordinary people’s. He was too straightforward.

She said, “I don’t like people forcing me regardless of my wishes. Not only that, I’ve been hating you from the beginning.”

She thought, I’ve lost that memory.

However, the rejection and resistance to this man in my bones have not disappeared.

Before she lost her memory, her brother did not tell her much.

Yvette vaguely knew that she had suffered a lot because of this man.

There was a deep depression and pain in the bottom of Lance's eyes, and the veins on the back of his hand emerged because he clenched his fists.

"I'm your husband," he said patiently.

What he meant was that he should be intimate with her.

She was his wife, so he was not forcing her.

"Mr. Wolseley, don't you know that I have lost my memory?"

Yvette pointed at the busy waiter and said, "In my eyes, you are no different from a stranger passing by. Do you understand?"

When Lance heard this, his cold and thin lips were pursed into a straight line..

Suddenly, he reached out and grabbed her wrist, walking to the side.

"Hey."

Yvette had no time to resist as she was pushed into a private room.

"Bang!"

The door was violently closed and locked.

Lance pushed Yvette to the wall, one hand on her waist, and the other hand next to her ear.

In an instant, the narrow space was filled with the refreshing fragrance of the man, and it drilled into her nose.

The posture was so intimate that it was suffocating.

Yvette suddenly panicked, and her breathing became a little faster.

"Lance, what are you trying to do now?" she asked, trying to push him away.

Lance's arms were extraordinarily strong, and the hand that was holding her waist was like iron, not moving at all.

Yvette couldn't help but feel that she was being controlled by him.

She was angry and annoyed. She raised her eyes to glare at him.

“Get off me!”

Lance lowered his head and looked down at her, his tone dangerous. “Am I a stranger?”

Yvette was really speechless. She didn't bother to answer him, but now that she was confined by him, she couldn't break free.

His palm tightened around her waist as if he wanted to force her to speak.

“Lance, are you mad?” Yvette frowned in pain.

Anger spread to the bottom of her heart. Yvette wanted to bite him a few times to vent her anger.

Lance looked at the person in front of him for a long time. His voice suddenly lowered.

“Am I really just a stranger?”

He said in a low voice as if he was very hurt.

Yvette could not get rid of him, and her heart was filled with rage. She said with a calm face, “Even if you ask me a hundred times, you are a stranger!”

The atmosphere was dead silent.

The man's eyes narrowed slightly. He looked terrifying.

“Please let go of me.”

Yvette slowed her breathing to calm herself down and said lightly.

She regained her composure and knew that the angrier she was, the easier it was for her to fall into the man's trap.

“You don't want to kiss me again, do you?”

She sneered, “Mr. Wolseley, are you so short of women? If you are so horny, I can go

find you a prostitute and ask her to come to serve you.”

Yvette deliberately taunted him. According to Lance’s arrogant and proud personality, he would definitely not touch her when he heard this.

Sure enough, the man’s eyes turned cold, and he let go of her.

“In your eyes, is it because I lack women?”

His voice was deep and cold. He was suppressing his anger.

Yvette’s violent heartbeat slowed down. She knew that she had guessed right.

She said in a lazy tone, “You’re worrying too much. I don’t know you. My guess is just based on your behavior.”

In her eyes, he was nothing.

“Mr. Wolseley, can you get out of the way?”

Yvette rubbed her wrist aching from being gripped and said impatiently.

The man looked at her silently with no expression, but his eyes revealed many emotions.

Yvette was not interested in what he was thinking and turned to leave.

However, her shoulders suddenly became heavy, and her body was pressed against the wall again.

His cold thin lips quickly covered hers.

Lance lowered his eyes and kissed her uncontrollably.

He intruded into her mouth and intertwined his tongue with hers, trying to get back something.

Yvette’s eyes widened in shock. She could only see the man’s cold and handsome face right in front of her.

She reacted, her anger rising as well.

How dared he forcibly kiss her again!

His thin lips were not satisfied with just clinging to hers. As he kissed her passionately and deeply, Yvette hooked his tongue and bit it with her eyes closed.

Instantly, a bloody taste spread in her mouth.

What followed was a smack.

The sound of her palm hitting his skin was crisp and loud.

Everything around them seemed to become stagnant..

Yvette was still furious. She stepped hard on the man's leather shoe.

Unfortunately, her attack was not fierce enough, and there was no strange expression on the man's face.

She was a little regretful that she was wearing flat heels today. She should have worn a pair of high heels and stepped on him.

“Mr. Wolseley, if you are horny, go to your true love. Don't disgust me, okay?”

Lance's handsome face was covered with finger marks that could not be ignored, and the tip of his tongue was bleeding.

He narrowed his eyes slightly and said in a sullen, husky voice, “I don't want anyone else. I only want you.”

“But I don't want you. I don't like you. I don't know you. I hate you. Do you understand?”

Yvette's eyes were filled with hatred and annoyance.

There was no affection in her eyes.

Seeing this, Lance felt like his heart had been hit hard by a heavy object.

Her eyes used to be full of feelings for him. Yet now, there was only disgust.

Yvette's hands were still tightly held by him.

“Are you going to let go of me or not? If not, I’ll call the police.”

The burning pain in Lance’s heart continued, and he laughed in anger, “Just go ahead.”

Update Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 301 of Secretary’s Secret Lover

Chapter 302 I Agree to Divorce

Yvette paused.

She was just too angry.

He didn’t hurt her, so she knew that calling the police was useless.

Yvette looked at him coldly and asked, “Mr. Wolseley, do you like me?”

This topic suddenly changed.

“Of course.” Lance was slightly stunned.

If not, how would he, a busy businessman, have been looking for ways to meet her?

Yvette smiled slightly, her eyes full of mockery. “But in my eyes, you are just enjoying the novelty. Even though I used to be your wife, you feel a sense of novelty after five years

Enter title...

of separation. What will happen after this novelty disappears?

“Will you throw me away like trash or treat me as a pet you’re tired of, lock me at home, and make me wait for you every day?”

The heartache made his voice urgent and hoarse.

“Yvette, it’s not a sense of novelty, and I will not throw you away like trash. You are my wife. No one can replace you.”

These words made Yvette’s head suddenly hurt again.

She took a deep breath and said in pain, “Mr. Wolseley, in your memory, I am your wife, but in my eyes, you are just a stranger.

“You feel it’s normal for a husband to do all this to his wife, yet it is very annoying to me.

“In this case, do you really think that it is fair to force me to be with you?”

Her cold and flat voice made Lance feel heartbroken.

His eyes were somber, and he could not speak for a long time.

“Is this how you like me?”

Yvette’s eyes were full of mockery as she said sharply, “So your affection is selfish importunity, regardless of other people’s wishes.”

An unprecedented sharp pain hit the man.

Lance weakly released his grip on her. His heart was heavy, and he could not breathe.

He looked extremely hurt.

“Yvette.”

He wanted to explain. He wanted to speak. He thought too much.

Yet those words were all nonsense to Yvette, who had lost her memory.

She could not understand and did not want to listen.

The pain for no reason made Yvette almost unable to hold on.

“Mr. Wolseley, I am unfamiliar with you now. I do not have any other feelings for you. No matter how many stories we had in the past, I have no memories of them. I hope you will not force me to hate you.”

After saying this, Yvette no longer looked at him and turned to leave.

Her footsteps were hurried, and she did not want to show the slightest embarrassment in front of this stranger.

When she reached the door, Yvette felt more and more confused.

It was like an unknown beast was rampaging in her brain.

It caused her head to throb and her vision to blur.

The conversation with the man was like a tsunami that caused a tremor.

It reminded her of something, but she couldn't remember anything.

The unbearable feeling continued to spiral and didn't disperse.

Yvette was about to go crazy from the buzz. Her body swayed uncontrollably and went limp..

Just as she was about to fall to the ground, a warm palm caught her shoulder in time.

Following that, Stephen's voice sounded.

"Yvette, are you feeling unwell?"

Stephen supported her shoulders from behind, his broad chest blocking the strong wind.

It looked like he was hugging her from behind.

Yvette raised her head slightly, and the street lamp illuminated her eyes, making them look like diamonds. She was so beautiful that she did not look like a human being.

"Stephen."

She said weakly as if all the energy in her body had been drained just now.

Stephen said calmly and steadily, "It's fine. Take care. I'll help you get in the car."

His gentle, unhurried voice and his refined aura slowly calmed Yvette down.

He supported her politely and stood behind her like a tall partition.

He immediately blocked all the noise.

It made her feel calm and secure.

Yvette did not say anything else and let him help her into the car.

The scene of them hugging each other was caught by the man who had hurried out.

In an instant, it was as if his heart had been mercilessly crushed by someone.

As if he were drunk, Lance staggered back a step, two steps, and countless steps.

He backed off until he couldn't move.

It was dark

Lance's car was parked outside Yvette's house.

He followed them, watching the man send Yvette home. Lance was tortured every minute and every second.

He kept controlling himself and enduring, not letting himself rush up.

Finally, seeing the man leave soon, Lance felt relieved.

However, he was still sad.

His heart was still very painful as if it were tied up tightly. He felt depressed.

Late at night.

The man sat in the car, almost smoking constantly until the ashtray was filled up.

There was no longer a high-spirited look on his face. He looked dazed as if he had lost his soul.

The way things had developed was completely different from what he expected.

He had thought that if he did not give up, he could wait for Yvette to change her mind.

However, he had never thought about how Yvette felt about him.

She was unfamiliar with him.

Her eyes and movements showed that she really felt that he was very strange.

And his coercion would only make her even more disgusted.

Lance sat in the car and thought in a daze, perhaps all of this is a cycle of retribution.

He smoked for the whole night. Just like that, he stopped at the door of Yvette's house and quietly sat until dawn.

At eight o'clock.

Yvette had just left home when she saw a black luxury car parked in a conspicuous place.

Their eyes met. The man opened the car door and got out.

Yvette didn't know that he hadn't left, and she thought that he had come to pester her early in the morning, so she immediately felt a little unhappy.

She didn't hide the emotions on her face, which made the man's heart hurt again.

"Yvette, let's talk."

Perhaps because he had been smoking all night, the man's voice was hoarse and gloomy, and speaking made his throat painful.

Compared to yesterday's arrogant man, he now looked like a different person.

Yvette took a step back and frowned. "Mr. Wolseley, I have to go to work."

Lance could not ignore her instinctive rejection. It was as if his heart had been stabbed again.

He agonized.

"I only have one question."

"You and that man are..."

"No."

Yvette answered firmly.

She let him misunderstand her because she was angry yesterday. Now that she was sane, she did not want to cause trouble for Stephen.

Anyway, she had made it clear that even if she did not have a boyfriend, she would not like him.

After answering, she did not have the desire to chat with Lance.

She turned around and walked towards the car.

Looking at her turning around and leaving, Lance let out a long breath and gritted his teeth. “Yvette, I agree to divorce.

Read the hottest Secretary’s Secret Lover Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 302 story of 2020.

Chapter 303 Happy Divorce!

The man’s words successfully stopped Yvette in her tracks.

She turned around and asked in surprise, “Really?”

The joy in her eyes was too dazzling.

Lance nodded bleakly, sadness flashing across his eyes.

Yvette did not expect to encounter such a good thing early in the morning. She said happily, “Then wait for me.”

She did not bring the documents for divorce, so she had to go back and get them.

The woman turned around and walked happily as if she had been freed.

This scene made the man’s heart ache again,

Enter title...

Recently, his heart had been throbbing with pain from time to time. It was difficult to suppress it.

He wondered if there was something wrong with his heart.

Yet he had just had a physical examination, and there was no problem with his body.

When Yvette came out happily with the documents, the man’s eyes darkened, and he loosened his tie, which made him unable to breathe. His tone also became heavy.

“I have two conditions.”

The smile on Yvette’s face froze for a second as she said angrily, “You tricked me!”

Lance had no expression as he said, “If you agree, I won’t go back on my word. I will immediately go and divorce you.”

“Go on.” Yvette had no choice.

“You are not allowed to hide from me after divorce or remarry within half a year.”

“Is this all?”

Yvette was a little surprised.

She had thought that he would say something incredible, and she didn’t expect his requests to be so simple.

Even if Lance had not said this, she would not get married again within half a year.

Even if she was in a hurry to find a stepfather for Belle, she had to investigate the candidates carefully.

How could it be so easy?

He asked her not to avoid him. They wouldn’t have many interactions anyway.

It wasn’t like she had a deep grudge against him, so she could still greet her ex-husband and maintain her politeness.

“Yes.” Lance pursed his lips.

Yvette felt that it was too simple. Just as she was about to nod, she heard the man continue.

“I’m not giving up. Don’t you want fairness? I’ll give you fairness and pursue you again.

Just don’t hide from me.

“But you have to be fair to me too. Let go of your prejudice against me and treat me as

an ordinary pursuer. Do you dare?"

He was gambling.

After thinking for a night, he gave her the fairness she wanted. Since she could fall in love with him in the past, she could do it again.

At this moment, Lance was like a gambler, throwing out everything to bet on whether he could win back her heart..

If he really lost in the end, as long as she was happy, perhaps he would bless her.

However, even if he said this, he would not believe it himself.

Yvette knew what the man meant. It was not that simple. She began to hesitate about whether she should agree or not.

"You don't have confidence in yourself. Are you afraid of falling in love with me again?"

Lance chuckled.

These words provoked Yvette.

"You narcissist! Who would fall in love with you? If you want to chase me, just do it.

Anyway, I won't love you."

For some reason, Yvette felt a sharp pain in her heart when she said this.

It seemed to be reminding her of something, but her mind was empty, and she could not remember anything.

"Let's go."

When Yvette arrived at the courthouse, there were few people there.

Before he signed, the man's hand that was holding the pen paused.

"I will give you eight percent of the shares of the Wolseley Group and Serenity Villa. I will arrange for someone to transfer them to you soon."

Yvette did not expect Lance to be so generous.

“I don’t want any shares or the villa.” She shook her head.

Although the Lynn family was not as rich as the Wolseley family, the Lynn family was not short of money.

“Just sign it. I will take nothing from you.”

Yvette didn’t want to get involved with him anymore.

Lance frowned. She didn’t say it clearly, yet he could tell that she didn’t want to get entangled with him.

“You can refuse the shares, but Serenity Villa is yours. You used to live there. I will arrange for someone to transfer it to you.”

Yvette saw that he insisted and was afraid of causing trouble, so she nodded.

As long as they could get a divorce, she would give in..

The procedures were done very quickly. The moment they got the divorce decree, an image suddenly flashed through Yvette’s mind.

The familiar scene made her head hurt for a moment, but she quickly returned to normal.

The man clenched the divorce decree in his hand. His heart ached as if something were slowly peeling off.

Outside the door.

“Shall I send you back?” Lance asked.

Yvette was in a good mood and only wanted to celebrate. She waved her hand and said,

“No. Marlon will pick me up.”

Of course, she told Marlon this good news immediately.

The dark blue luxury car stopped.

The car window was rolled down. Marlon looked at Yvette and asked her to get in.

Before Yvette raised her foot, she thought of something. She turned and smiled playfully,

“Mr. Wolseley, happy divorce.”

In an instant, Lance recalled the past.

Once upon a time, he smiled and said, “Happy remarriage.”

When he thought of the scene from before, Lance felt as if his chest had been pierced by a blunt weapon. There was a tearing sensation.

It made him wish he were dead.

After Yvette got in the car, Marlon’s voice could be heard clearly.

“Yvette, congratulations on recovering your singlehood.”

Then, the car started. When they passed by Lance, Marlon deliberately slowed down the car and slightly glanced sideways.

Looking at Lance’s sad face, Marlon rested his arm on the window frame, feeling that he had not seen enough.

Compared to what his sister had suffered, Lance’s sadness was not worth mentioning.

At night.

Yvette invited Susana to go to the bar to celebrate the divorce and Sue’s return.

At the booth.

The three girls had their own charm. Yvette was pure. Susana was quiet, and Sue was sexy.

Yvette slammed the divorce decree on the table and smiled, “Have you seen a divorce decree?”

The other two people had heard about what had happened.

They didn't expect it to go so smoothly.

Sue said, "I didn't expect that Mr. Wolseley would be so easy to talk to."

Yvette and Sue met at a party four years ago. At that time, Yvette was harassed by someone and was helped by Sue.

Sue told Yvette that they had been good friends in the past. Although Yvette did not remember it, the tacit understanding she had with Sue made them once again become inseparable good friends.

Yvette knew that Sue was from an upper-class family in New York, so Sue must have heard about Lance.

"He misunderstood that Stephen and I were a couple, so I used this to give him a blow and persuaded him to compromise."

Yvette originally thought that she would have to deal with him for a few more days, but unexpectedly, Lance was so decisive.

It had to be said that this made her feel Lance was not so annoying.

But that was all.

In Yvette's eyes, he had just become a stranger that was not annoying.

Sue raised her wine glass with Susana and said happily, "To celebrate our princess being single again!"

After putting down the wine glass, Susana took out a diamond brooch and handed it to Yvette.

Yvette didn't expect Susana to prepare a divorce gift for her, but it had a good meaning.

Yvette smiled and kissed Susana's face.

Sue raised her slender fingers and rested her chin on her hand. She said regretfully,

“How did I forget about this?”

Yvette was just about to say that it didn't matter when she heard Sue's shocking words.

“Let me choose a man for you.”

“Kaff, kaff, kaff!”

When Yvette heard this, she almost choked on her wine.

Sue had already raised her hand and said, “Waiter, I want the most expensive and most handsome man here.”

In a split second, the corner of Yvette's mouth twitched, and she covered her face to refuse.

“I don't want a man.”

Sue teased Yvette, “That's true. You don't even like Lance's face. Compared to him, the men here are indeed much worse.”

Yvette smiled, “What's the use of having good looks? He's just a jerk.”

These words caused the handsome man on the seat behind them to change his expression.

Read Secretary's Secret Lover Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 303 - The hottest series of the author Yvone Zabielski

Chapter 303 Happy Divorce!

The man's words successfully stopped Yvette in her tracks.

She turned around and asked in surprise, “Really?”

The joy in her eyes was too dazzling.

Lance nodded bleakly, sadness flashing across his eyes.

Yvette did not expect to encounter such a good thing early in the morning. She said

happily, “Then wait for me.”

She did not bring the documents for divorce, so she had to go back and get them.

The woman turned around and walked happily as if she had been freed.

This scene made the man’s heart ache again,

Enter title...

Recently, his heart had been throbbing with pain from time to time. It was difficult to suppress it.

He wondered if there was something wrong with his heart.

Yet he had just had a physical examination, and there was no problem with his body.

When Yvette came out happily with the documents, the man’s eyes darkened, and he loosened his tie, which made him unable to breathe. His tone also became heavy.

“I have two conditions.”

The smile on Yvette’s face froze for a second as she said angrily, “You tricked me!”

Lance had no expression as he said, “If you agree, I won’t go back on my word. I will immediately go and divorce you.”

“Go on.” Yvette had no choice.

“You are not allowed to hide from me after divorce or remarry within half a year.”

“Is this all?”

Yvette was a little surprised.

She had thought that he would say something incredible, and she didn’t expect his requests to be so simple.

Even if Lance had not said this, she would not get married again within half a year.

Even if she was in a hurry to find a stepfather for Belle, she had to investigate the

candidates carefully.

How could it be so easy?

He asked her not to avoid him. They wouldn't have many interactions anyway.

It wasn't like she had a deep grudge against him, so she could still greet her ex-husband and maintain her politeness.

"Yes." Lance pursed his lips.

Yvette felt that it was too simple. Just as she was about to nod, she heard the man continue.

"I'm not giving up. Don't you want fairness? I'll give you fairness and pursue you again. Just don't hide from me.

"But you have to be fair to me too. Let go of your prejudice against me and treat me as an ordinary pursuer. Do you dare?"

He was gambling.

After thinking for a night, he gave her the fairness she wanted. Since she could fall in love with him in the past, she could do it again.

At this moment, Lance was like a gambler, throwing out everything to bet on whether he could win back her heart..

If he really lost in the end, as long as she was happy, perhaps he would bless her.

However, even if he said this, he would not believe it himself.

Yvette knew what the man meant. It was not that simple. She began to hesitate about whether she should agree or not.

"You don't have confidence in yourself. Are you afraid of falling in love with me again?"

Lance chuckled.

These words provoked Yvette.

“You narcissist! Who would fall in love with you? If you want to chase me, just do it.

Anyway, I won’t love you.”

For some reason, Yvette felt a sharp pain in her heart when she said this.

It seemed to be reminding her of something, but her mind was empty, and she could not remember anything.

“Let’s go.”

When Yvette arrived at the courthouse, there were few people there.

Before he signed, the man’s hand that was holding the pen paused.

“I will give you eight percent of the shares of the Wolseley Group and Serenity Villa. I will arrange for someone to transfer them to you soon.”

Yvette did not expect Lance to be so generous.

“I don’t want any shares or the villa.” She shook her head.

Although the Lynn family was not as rich as the Wolseley family, the Lynn family was not short of money.

“Just sign it. I will take nothing from you.”

Yvette didn’t want to get involved with him anymore.

Lance frowned. She didn’t say it clearly, yet he could tell that she didn’t want to get entangled with him.

“You can refuse the shares, but Serenity Villa is yours. You used to live there. I will arrange for someone to transfer it to you.”

Yvette saw that he insisted and was afraid of causing trouble, so she nodded.

As long as they could get a divorce, she would give in..

The procedures were done very quickly. The moment they got the divorce decree, an image suddenly flashed through Yvette's mind.

The familiar scene made her head hurt for a moment, but she quickly returned to normal.

The man clenched the divorce decree in his hand. His heart ached as if something were slowly peeling off.

Outside the door.

“Shall I send you back?” Lance asked.

Yvette was in a good mood and only wanted to celebrate. She waved her hand and said,

“No. Marlon will pick me up.”

Of course, she told Marlon this good news immediately.

The dark blue luxury car stopped.

The car window was rolled down. Marlon looked at Yvette and asked her to get in.

Before Yvette raised her foot, she thought of something. She turned and smiled playfully,

“Mr. Wolseley, happy divorce.”

In an instant, Lance recalled the past.

Once upon a time, he smiled and said, “Happy remarriage.”

When he thought of the scene from before, Lance felt as if his chest had been pierced by a blunt weapon. There was a tearing sensation.

It made him wish he were dead.

After Yvette got in the car, Marlon's voice could be heard clearly.

“Yvette, congratulations on recovering your singlehood.”

Then, the car started. When they passed by Lance, Marlon deliberately slowed down the car and slightly glanced sideways.

Looking at Lance's sad face, Marlon rested his arm on the window frame, feeling that he had not seen enough.

Compared to what his sister had suffered, Lance's sadness was not worth mentioning.

At night.

Yvette invited Susana to go to the bar to celebrate the divorce and Sue's return.

At the booth.

The three girls had their own charm. Yvette was pure. Susana was quiet, and Sue was sexy.

Yvette slammed the divorce decree on the table and smiled, "Have you seen a divorce decree?"

The other two people had heard about what had happened.

They didn't expect it to go so smoothly.

Sue said, "I didn't expect that Mr. Wolseley would be so easy to talk to."

Yvette and Sue met at a party four years ago. At that time, Yvette was harassed by someone and was helped by Sue.

Sue told Yvette that they had been good friends in the past. Although Yvette did not remember it, the tacit understanding she had with Sue made them once again become inseparable good friends.

Yvette knew that Sue was from an upper-class family in New York, so Sue must have heard about Lance.

"He misunderstood that Stephen and I were a couple, so I used this to give him a blow and persuaded him to compromise."

Yvette originally thought that she would have to deal with him for a few more days, but

unexpectedly, Lance was so decisive.

It had to be said that this made her feel Lance was not so annoying.

But that was all.

In Yvette's eyes, he had just become a stranger that was not annoying.

Sue raised her wine glass with Susana and said happily, "To celebrate our princess being single again!"

After putting down the wine glass, Susana took out a diamond brooch and handed it to Yvette.

Yvette didn't expect Susana to prepare a divorce gift for her, but it had a good meaning.

Yvette smiled and kissed Susana's face.

Sue raised her slender fingers and rested her chin on her hand. She said regretfully,

"How did I forget about this?"

Yvette was just about to say that it didn't matter when she heard Sue's shocking words.

"Let me choose a man for you."

"Kaff, kaff, kaff!"

When Yvette heard this, she almost choked on her wine.

Sue had already raised her hand and said, "Waiter, I want the most expensive and most handsome man here."

In a split second, the corner of Yvette's mouth twitched, and she covered her face to refuse.

"I don't want a man."

Sue teased Yvette, "That's true. You don't even like Lance's face. Compared to him, the men here are indeed much worse."

Yvette smiled, “What’s the use of having good looks? He’s just a jerk.”

These words caused the handsome man on the seat behind them to change his expression.

Read Secretary’s Secret Lover Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 303 - The hottest series of the author Yvone Zabielski

Chapter 304 Won’t Let Him Go

“Haha!”

Marvin, who was facing Lance, could not help but laugh.

Marvin looked at Lance’s pale face and teased, “I didn’t expect that Yvette would be so smart. She tricked you into divorce.”

These words caused Lance’s handsome face to darken.

Marvin was the first to notice Yvette here. He immediately called Lance over.

Marvin had heard the conversation between the three women just now. Lance only heard Yvette say he was a jerk.

However, this did not stop Marvin, who loved gossip, from repeating all the previous contents of the chat to Lance.

Seeing his good friend’s expression becoming even uglier, Marvin laughed more and more happily.

After all, Lance always laughed at Marvin for being single.

Good friends should be bachelors together.

“However, you hid it well enough. I didn’t know that you two had remarried.”

Marvin didn’t care whether Lance said anything or not. Marvin said to himself, “Otherwise, I would

have given you a big gift.”

Lance looked like he had not heard it. Marvin continued to listen to their conversation.

“They seem to be discussing finding a boyfriend for Yvette.

“Lance, you made a mistake this time. You have no chance,” Marvin laughed.

“You’re wrong.”

Lance picked up the wine glass and took a sip. His voice was cold. “I won’t give her a chance to find a

boyfriend.”

Just like he said today, he would chase her again.

In her blank memories, Lance wanted to leave his name again.

Therefore, the matter of her lying to him for a divorce was actually not that important.

What he wanted was to make her fall in love with him again, not to force her to stay by his side.

Marvin looked at the red-haired woman with her back to him and narrowed his eyes. He felt that this back was indescribably familiar.

After thinking for a long time, he finally remembered that she looked a little like Ellen, the eldest daughter of the Robbins family.

No. He heard that woman’s voice clearly. It was a little rough, completely different from Ellen’s.

Out of curiosity, he wanted to go around and see the woman’s face, but he saw the three women get up and leave together.

Lance did not follow behind, yet he called to ask Frankie to follow Yvette to see if they went home

safely.

At this time, Jamie came over, and Marvin threw his idea to the back of his mind.

If Ellen was really alive, Jamie would be crazy.

However, something strange happened recently.

Marvin stretched his long legs and propped his chin on his hand, asking, “Jamie, you buried Ellen?”

Jamie nodded.

“Why did you suddenly come around?”

When Marvin learned that Jamie had kept Ellen's body at home, Marvin tried to persuade Jamie several times.

Even though it had been embalmed, it was a corpse, so it carried some bacteria that could easily infect people.

Who would be able to endure sleeping with a dried corpse as Jamie did?

Even though this was his good friend, Marvin still felt terrified.

There was something wrong with Jamie's mental state.

However, Jamie was swift and decisive in the business field without making any mistakes, and he did not look like he had a mental illness.

Of course, Marvin often tried to persuade Jamie, but Jamie insisted on his own ways and did not listen to Marvin.

Marvin did not know why Jamie had suddenly changed his mind this time. He cremated the corpse

and buried it.

"Ellen is back," Jamie said lightly with a cigarette between his lips.

"Back? What?" Marvin was shocked.

Jamie did not explain it.

After that night, he searched all over New York but did not find any trace of Ellen. Everything seemed to be a dream.

Jack euphemistically advised Jamie to take some medicine or go to see the doctor.

Yet Jamie knew that he was not crazy. That was Ellen. She was alive. It could not be an illusion.

He clearly remembered the hatred in Ellen's eyes. That hatred made him know that Ellen would never let him go.

In this case, he waited.

He was waiting for this woman to take the initiative to come to him.

He had a bargaining chip, and he believed that she would definitely come to see him.

Over the next week, Lance did not appear in front of Yvette again.

Even the transfer of Serenity Villa was handled by Frankie.

Although Yvette didn't really want this villa, she did what she promised and went to complete the transfer procedures with Frankie.

Later, Yvette became busy. The studio had just started, and there were many things to do.

Her studio was named Lunarc, located in the central business area of New York.

Yvette felt that it was not worthwhile to rent it, so she directly bought a building and had it decorated in various styles of exhibition halls.

The store's clothing and jewelry were designed to serve the high-end market.

When customers came, they could buy everything they wanted here, and there was also advanced artificial intelligence online service.

As soon as it was opened, Lunarc caused quite a stir in New York. Someone compared Lunarc to Tide Studio, a giant.

Tide Studio was deeply rooted in New York. It targeted famous stars and wealthy families. It was old

and trusted by the customers.

However, the two studios' styles were different. All of Lunarc's designs were American-style. The inspiration originated from the designs of Alena Thiel, Yvette's mother.

Yvette returned to New York to establish Lunarc, partly because she wanted to fulfill her mother's dream.

Therefore, she was trying her best to do this well.

At night.

Yvette rushed to Skyer Restaurant to attend a business party.

Because there were traffic jams on the road, she arrived late. Tonight, she would meet with the boss of an entertainment company to talk about cooperation.

Being late at the first meeting would always leave a bad impression.

So when she saw that the elevator doors were about to close, she called out in a panic to let them

wait a moment.

The doors that were supposed to be closed opened again after her shouting.

After Yvette squeezed in and pressed the button to the 14th floor, she turned around and thanked the person.

“You’re welcome.”

A familiar voice sounded.

Yvette looked up and saw a handsome and tall man in a suit. She was stunned.

She had never thought that the person who had opened the elevator doors for her was Lance, who had disappeared for a few days.

Moreover, there was a woman who looked gentle and graceful standing next to him.

Instantly, Yvette recalled that the man had vowed to pursue her a few days ago.

Unexpectedly, after that, he didn’t even show up.

Sure enough, a man’s mouth was full of lies.

Fortunately, Yvette did not take him seriously.

She pretended not to know him and lowered her head, not saying anything more.

However, the woman next to him took the initiative to speak and looked at Yvette with a very surprised face.

“Yvette?”

Read Secretary’s Secret Lover Secretary’s Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 304 - the best manga of 2020

Chapter 305 Eat With Stephen

The woman’s long hair was curled, and her smile was gentle.

Seeing that Yvette did not speak, she was not embarrassed and said, “I was very happy when I heard that you had escaped from death. I have been looking for a chance to treat you to a meal.”

When the woman spoke, she stood appropriately beside the man, revealing only half of her body and face, looking like Lance's timid girlfriend.

As a woman, Yvette's sixth sense was very strong.

This woman must like Lance.

In an instant, Yvette's good opinion of him because of his decisiveness during the divorce vanished.

Enter title...

Huh! Scum!

He really had good luck with women. He was surrounded by women.

Yvette said indifferently, "I'm sorry, but you mistook me for someone else."

Juliette wanted to say something else. However, the elevator made a tinkling sound and arrived at the designated floor.

Yvette directly walked out and did not even look at Lance.

There were only the embarrassed Juliette and Lance, whose face was cold, in the elevator.

Before Yvette reached the corner, her phone rang.

She picked it up and said in a sweet voice, "Stephen."

She looked very much like she had received a call from her boyfriend..

Immediately, Lance's face turned sullen.

When they were divorced, she promised that she would not hide from him. Now she did not avoid him, but she pretended not to know him.

She spared no effort to show that he was a stranger to her.

Juliette, who was at the side, observed Lance's expression and knew that he was angry.

As for where his anger came from...

She looked at the elevator door that was about to close. Her eyes darkened.

Juliette learned about Yvette's return from Lance. However, that was all. Lance did not say anything else.

She turned to look at Lance and asked, "Did Yvette throw a tantrum at you?"

Lance's attention was still focused on Yvette's sexy dress, which set off her good figure.

She looked pure and charming in it.

She really dared to wear it.

"No. She has lost her memory," he told Juliette gloomily.

"Lost her memory?" Juliette was a little shocked. No wonder Yvette behaved like she didn't know Juliette just now.

"I really didn't expect it," Juliette murmured.

In fact, when Juliette knew that Yvette had come back alive, Juliette was a little flustered.

Juliette had helped Lance for so long without regrets and asked her father for support during Lance's most difficult time. She used all the resources of the Beckford family to take a big gamble.

The effect was very obvious, she had bet on the right person.

With Lance's strength, even if he did not have the help of the Beckford family, as long as he wanted to, it would only be a matter of time before he rose again.

The help of the Beckford family was just icing on the cake.

However, the media reported the Beckford family's wisdom as timely help and publicized it.

They made the Beckford family the benefactors of the young master of the Wolseley

family.

The Beckford family had benefited from this and had the absolute right to choose from many of the new projects of the Wolseley Group.

Juliette's decision brought the Beckford family to a higher position. The Beckford family was satisfied.

The only regret was that Juliette was not yet Lance's wife. Before Yvette came back, this matter had already been discussed by Tanya and Juliette's parents.

Only Lance opposed, yet Tanya would definitely not listen to him.

As his mother, it was impossible for her to watch her son go astray and have no descendants.

Therefore, Tanya took Juliette as her daughter-in-law and brought Juliette with her everywhere. And Tanya expressed that Juliette had not been married to Lance because the fortune teller said the right time had not come yet.

It was not that Lance had not stopped Tanya. Tanya had been tortured to the point of neurasthenia by Colton's affairs in the past few years. As long as Lance objected, she would cry and blow up.

In the face of the coercion of the elders, Juliette had always stood firmly on Lance's side.

She made it clear that she had no intention of marrying Lance or anyone else and told Lance to rest assured.

She even wholeheartedly devoted herself to the work and got several important projects for the Wolseley Group, which greatly increased the profits.

Because of this, she received the position of vice president of the Wolseley Group.

In the end, Lance did not mention this matter anymore, but he also used action to show

his attitude that he would never marry again.

The unanimous silence in the Wolseley family made the media think that Juliette was Lance's future wife.

They thought that Tanya was superstitious, so Juliette and Lance could not get married.

In addition, Juliette had been doing charity work all year round and showing a gentle and kind image in front of the public, so everyone felt it was unfair to Juliette.

However, they had never thought about how many benefits the Beckford family had gotten from the Wolseley family. The Beckford family were originally wealthy merchants in Philadelphia, yet now, they even had a place in New York. Who exactly did they rely on?

While public opinion and elders were pressuring Lance, Juliette pretended to be magnanimous. She could gain benefits and Lance's guilt.

She was not in a hurry. She had plenty of time to wait. Anyway, regardless of whether Lance was married or not, the woman beside him could only be her.

And now, Yvette came back alive. Juliette was anxious.

However, Juliette was calm and steady enough not to show it at all. Otherwise, she could not have pretended to be innocent in front of Lance for so long.

At this time, Juliette was still collected and said in a serious tone, "Lance, how are the effects of the treatment in Luxembourg these days? Does your head still hurt?"

"It's okay."

Lance was concise, and he was not too concerned about this matter.

When Yvette disappeared, he could not sleep all night. The longest time was a week, and he really had not slept for a minute or a second.

Tanya was afraid that he would suddenly die, so she forced him to see a doctor. Later, he took medicine to stabilize the time of sleep, but because of this, he had a nerve ache. Once this illness flared up, he could not work at all, and there was no medicine to cure it. He could only go to a foreign research institute to use a specific device to treat it. Fortunately, it only happened once a year, yet this time, after the divorce, it flared up again.

It was not a good sign that the time was four months ahead, yet Lance did not take it to heart.

At this moment, all his attention was on the woman just now.

If not for the fact that he had to meet an important guest tonight, he would have gone to her the moment he got off the plane. He didn't expect to bump into her here.

In the car on the way back, he listened to Frankie report on Yvette's life.

She ate with Stephen.

They ate three meals together a week.

After dinner, they even went to the park for a walk, looking like they were in a relationship.

Thinking about the intimate way she had called Stephen just now, Lance was filled with jealousy.

Seeing that the man's attention was not on her, Juliette was very upset and began to talk about work.

"This time, with the help of Quinn Michael, I believe that we will definitely be able to get the contract."

She had spent a whole month staying abroad to persuade Quinn so that the Wolseley

family could gain a foothold in the new energy industry.

In the eyes of outsiders, Juliette did that purely for the Wolseley family, but it was not true.

The market for new energy was too big, and it was not something that the Beckford family could dominate. Yet as long as the Wolseley Group entered this industry, the Beckford family could get the biggest portion of it.

Juliette had already considered it in her heart.

Although this job was difficult, it could help her become Lance's wife and gain benefits, so she was happy to do it.

Moreover, everyone would only think that she would definitely marry Lance. Otherwise, there was no need for her to work so hard for the Wolseley family.

However...

Juliette's eyes darkened.

She didn't expect that Yvette would come back from the dead after Juliette spent a month abroad.

But so what? Juliette had carefully schemed for five years. Her plan would not be disturbed by a dead person.

[HOT]Read novel Secretary's Secret Lover Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 305

Chapter 306 A Vicious Plan

Just as Lance was about to reach the door of the private room....

He reached for his phone. It seemed that he wanted to give an order.

Juliette had known Lance for five years. She knew exactly what Lance wanted to do.

Lance was still worried about Yvette.

Juliette said before Lance made the call, “Lance, we are a little late. Mr. Michael is an honored guest. Let’s go in quickly.”

Lance glanced at her and did not speak.

Juliette felt guilty for some reason and lowered her head. “You went to get your illness treated this time. Mr. Michael has been waiting for you for a few days. But don’t worry.

Enter title...

I’ve already calmed him down.”

Coincidentally, the waiter opened the private room. Lance quit making a call and walked in.

In another private room.

As soon as Yvette entered the room, she saw Pearce Horton of Freshness Entertainment had arrived.

“Mr. Horton, I’m really sorry. I met a traffic jam on the way here.”

Before Pearce could say anything, a woman next to him spoke first.

“Wow, as general manager of Lunare, you are really arrogant. You make so many people wait for you.”

The voice was harsh and familiar.

Yvette looked over and found that the woman who spoke was particularly familiar.

Wasn’t she Lance’s mistress?

She smiled. “You are Lance’s mistress?”

These words made Yazmin’s face turn red.

“What the hell are you...”

She didn't finish her words since almost everyone at the table was looking at her.

Yazmin gritted her teeth. She never expected Yvette to say it directly. She always acted as a gentle lady, but now her image was ruined.

She smiled with hatred, "Ms. Thiel, are you joking?"

"Actually, I think you are a joke."

Yvette did not give Yazmin any face. Yazmin tried to provoke her first.

Pearce quickly said something to smooth things over. He said with a smile, "Ladies, you both look gorgeous. Now, women in the design industry are getting more and more beautiful. Those female stars in my company couldn't be compared with you at all."

"Mr. Horton, you are flattering me," Yazmin replied. She no longer caused trouble.

Almost everyone sitting at the table was a big shot in the design industry. Yazmin didn't want the story of her past to be spread. Her reputation would be affected.

Her reputation now wasn't that good. But she still didn't want her backer to know about it.

This was her only reliable backer left.

Later, Yazmin restrained herself and did not say too much.

Most of the time, it was Pearce who was talking. Actually, the dinner today was for a selection.

Faced with Tide Studio, those small studios were nothing. This had become a hidden rule in the industry.

But now, Lunarc appeared. No matter in which aspect, the style or other things, Lunarc was a match for Tide Studio. So everyone was waiting for a good show.

They all wanted to see whether Freshness Entertainment would choose Lunarc as its

partner in terms of makeup for the stars.

The stars nowadays were influential. It was the best advertisement.

On the way, Pearce went to the bathroom.

Because the bathroom in the private room was occupied, he went outside.

After a while, Yazmin also sneaked out and appeared in front of the bathroom.

She looked around and went in after seeing that there was no one.

This was a bathroom designed for family use inside the hotel. It was quite spacious, and there were places to sit.

Before Yazmin could stand firm, Pearce came up to her and held her waist. They began to have sex.

Yazmin knelt on the toilet lid and faced the wall.

She could see herself bending over in the mirror.

Pearce was less than 50 years old. With a pair of framed glasses, he looked elegant. But in fact, he was sexually impotent.

He would only be turned on when having sex in these strange places.

He pushed his hands upward and pressed Yazmin to the corner.

Yazmin wore a skirt today. So it was easy for Pearce to put his hands inside. Then

Pearce found that Yazmin wore nothing inside.

Seeing this, Pearce smiled so happily that his wrinkles appeared. He said greasily,

“Cutie, you are so considerate.”

“I did it for your convenience.” Yazmin gasped.

About 15 minutes later....

The sex had ended. Yazmin’s face flushed red. She had just been turned on, but Pearce

ejaculated..

Pearce pinched her waist frivolously and asked, “Feels good?”

Yazmin rolled her eyes in her heart.

Not at all!

He was much worse than those call boys. They could fuck her for three hours without resting.

Pearce was fond of sex, but he had a premature ejaculation problem.

Terrible!

Yazmin deliberately put on a flushed face and said sweetly, “Of course. Pearce, you are really amazing. How can you be so good?”

Pearce was satisfied with her appearance and pinched her boobs. “You are such a lewd slut. Bitch, I am so good because of you.”

Yazmin continued to flatter Pearce.

“That has nothing to do with me. You are talented at this.”

Pearce was happy to hear that.

He patted Yazmin’s butt and scolded, “You bitch. Did you let other men fuck you when I’m not with you?”

Yazmin smiled enchantingly, “I swear I only have sex with you.”

No matter if this was true or not, Pearce was happy to hear that.

He seemed to be totally fascinated by Yazmin.

After Yazmin finished her flattery, it was time for business.

She hugged Pearce’s neck and snorted. “Pearce. Can you tell me in advance? Will you still choose us?”

She was asking Pearce whether he would choose Tide Studio.

Hearing this, Pearce no longer looked lecherous. He turned a little cold.

“Maybe not. It’s hard to say.”

Yazmin’s expression changed, and she asked, “What? Why not?”

“Lunarc had some support. The Lynn family told us that the competition must be fair.”

Using social connections to get opportunities was a normal thing in big entertainment companies. Mostly, the higher-ups chose to turn a blind eye.

But this year, the higher-ups specially said this, indicating that someone said something for Lunarc.

Pearce wasn’t told that he should directly choose Lunarc. He was only told that the competition must be fair. A fair competition. That sounded meaningful.

First, it meant social connections couldn’t decide which one to choose anymore. Second, since Lunarc dared to ask for a fair competition, it had some strength.

Yazmin was stunned when she heard this. The Lynn family?

Not many people in New York knew that Yvette was actually from the Lynn family.

Yazmin felt that Yvette must have hooked up with someone from the Lynn family.

Yazmin gritted her teeth in anger. “Pearce, you have to think of a way for me. I will definitely take this order.”

Yazmin had to do it.

Otherwise, why did she have to have sex with an impotent man like Pearce?

Pearce frowned, “Then you have to think of a way for me. Otherwise, this problem is a little hard to solve.”

A way?

Yazmin suddenly remembered that when they were eating, Pearce had stared at Yvette many times.

Pearce didn't say anything, but the people around him were able to see it clearly.

Pervert!

Yazmin said with a flattering smile, "What if Lunarc has some scandal about sexual bribing?"

"What do you mean?" Pearce was puzzled.

Yazmin put her mouth close to Pearce's ear and whispered a few words.

Pearce narrowed his eyes in excitement.

"Let's do this!" He slapped his thigh.

Read Secretary's Secret Lover - Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 306

Chapter 307 Avoid Her

The dinner lasted for a long time.

During the meal, Yvette also went to the bathroom outside.

When she came out of the bathroom, she saw the back of a woman coming out of the bathroom and disappearing in a flash.

The back was a little familiar.

There were other voices coming from the bathroom.

Her expression changed and she was just about to see who else was inside when she was stopped by someone.

"Yvette."

Enter title...

It was Juliette who called her.

“I didn’t even have time to say hello to you just now,” Juliette said as she looked at the bathroom behind her. Then her gaze fell on Yvette.

Yvette looked at Juliette inexplicably. She didn’t know Juliette at all. Was it necessary for Juliette to say hello to her?

Juliette smiled and introduced herself gracefully, “I heard from Lance that you lost your memory, so that’s why you don’t know me. Then I’ll introduce myself to you again. My name is Juliette Beckford, and I grew up with Lance.”

“Does it have anything to do with me?” asked Yvette as she raised her eyes.

Juliette was stunned and then smiled gently.

“I just want to say hello to you.”

Yvette said coldly, “Why did you have to say hello to me? Aren’t you a friend of Lance? Do you have anything to do with me? Is it necessary for you to greet us? Were we close before?”

The series of questions caused Juliette’s face to turn pale.

Juliette was the vice president of the Wolseley Group and the young miss of the Beckford family. She was famous for being a successful career woman in New York. It had been a long time since she had been refuted by someone like this.

However, she endured it and smiled in embarrassment. “Yvette, I think you misunderstood me. I just happened to pass by and saw you. Then I wanted to talk to you.”

Yvette still did not give Juliette a way out. She said coldly, “I didn’t misunderstand. I don’t want to talk to you.”

Yvette would never be unreasonable to others for no reason.

Juliette came to greet Yvette. She was acting to be polite. But Juliette knew best what her aim was.

Her introduction was detailed. And her meaning was obvious.

Wasn't she showing off that she grew up together with Lance?

Yvette frowned slightly. Why were there so many girls around that bastard?

First, he had a first love. Then her childhood sweetheart appeared.

Indeed, he was good-looking and attractive to women.

But what did it have to do with her? She had already quit his life. Why did these people still come to her to disgust her?

Since they had to disturb her, she would be mean to them too.

Juliette moved her lips and forced out a smile. "Yvette, did I offend you? Do you think Lance and I..."

She left half of her words, which was enough to make people fantasize.

"Ms. Beckford, first of all, I'm not familiar with you. I hope you won't get close to me next time. Second..."

She paused and smiled coldly. "You have to be clear of a fact. Not everyone has to love or cherish the person and the things that you like. You might cherish Lance a lot. But he is nothing to me."

Her words made Juliette turn pale.

Juliette remembered that Yvette had always been soft. Yvette would only swallow the grievances without complaining. Why was she suddenly so mean?

After Yvette said this, she turned around and was about to return to the private room when she happened to bump into Lance, who had just finished the banquet.

His handsome face was gloomy and cold. His thin lips were tightly pursed. He seemed unhappy. He should have heard her words.

It was really hurtful to hear those words.

However, Yvette did not feel sorry for him. She only felt the girls around him annoying. She turned to leave without even looking at Lance.

Lance stood in place and slightly clenched his fist, as if he wanted to grab her, but he stopped.

Juliette only felt a long sigh of relief.

In fact, she had seen Lance come out a long time ago. She was an expert in dealing with people. There was nothing wrong with what she had said.

She just simply wanted to catch up with Yvette.

In comparison, Lance could see how aggressive Yvette was and how good Juliette was.

She slowly walked over and looked at Lance. Juliette said friendly, “Lance, I don’t know why Yvette is angry. She seems to have misunderstood something. Do you want me to apologize to Yvette?”

Juliette was confident that her conversation with Yvette just now was not a problem.

These words could show her generosity better.

Sure enough, Lance said lightly, “No need.”

Lance was very clear about why Yvette was like this.

She was not angry. To put it bluntly, she had a problem with him, so she also had a problem with everyone around him.

Juliette was very happy. At this time, of course, the more unreasonable Yvette was, the more magnanimous she had to be.

“Lance, I think that what Yvette said just now was not specifically directed at you, so don’t take it to heart.”

Juliette wanted Lance to recall Yvette’s words again.

Nothing...

Nobody had ever described Lance like this in his life.

If he was nothing, there would be no good man in the world.

Lance did not look up and said, “Yes, she also hates you, so try your best to avoid her.

Don’t make her angry.”

Juliette was speechless.

The smile on her face froze.

“Lance, what do you mean?” she asked.

Lance raised his head. “I’m pursuing her now. I don’t want her to misunderstand. Since she doesn’t like you, you should avoid her and don’t let her see you.”

This time, Juliette heard his words clearly.

In an instant, she felt as if she had been slapped in the face.

She felt embarrassed, and her face was burning.

She was the vice president of the Wolseley Group and the daughter of the Beckford family. Why did she have to avoid Yvette?

Yvette was only the director of the design department.

Lance said that she shouldn’t let Yvette see her.

What was he talking about?

No matter how gentle and elegant she was, she couldn’t maintain her posture any longer at this moment.

The smile on Juliette's face disappeared completely as she suppressed her emotions,

"Lance, have you not considered me?"

About Secretary's Secret Lover - Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 307

Chapter 308 The Harsh Way

Juliette's resentment could be heard from these words.

She had suffered so much over the years. Why?

She was quite a good woman with a good background. She could have married a man with a similar background to her.

However, she never clarified the rumors all these years. The rumors said that she was Lance's fiancée.

She did all this to get Lance.

His identity and status were not that important to her.

She just found nobody else in the world would love him more than she did.

Enter title...

Lance raised his eyes and looked at Juliette, but the words he said were cold and ruthless.

"Since I have decided to chase Yvette back, I will go to my mother and make it clear to her. If you don't want to tell your parents, I will help you tell them the truth. I will take all the blame to ensure that your reputation won't be affected."

He sounded so direct and merciless.

The pain in Juliette's heart was as much as the pride in her heart just now.

Lance was telling her clearly that she didn't need her to act along with him anymore.

Back then, she planned all this herself without getting Lance's agreement.

But Lance didn't pay attention to news related to this before, so he only knew about it after the gossip spread out.

Lance had clarified once. But the media thought that Lance just didn't want to make their relationship public. Nobody believed that they were not a couple.

Later, she asked Lance for help, saying that she didn't want to get married too early.

With her as his rumored fiancée, Tanya wouldn't urge him to get married either.

Juliette felt dizzy at this time and could not stand up. She made a lot of effort to restrain her emotions..

She was very smart and would not pester him. She quickly recovered her usual smile and said gently, "Okay, you made the call."

Lance was expressionless and nodded.

When he was about to leave, Juliette followed him.

When they almost got close to the car, Lance saw Juliette behind him. He stopped and said, "I asked Frankie to get you a car."

Juliette's face turned pale again.

In the past, they had been in and out together several times. Frankie always drove. And she usually sat in the passenger seat.

But the media didn't think so. They fantasized about their relationship and wrote gossip about them being a beloved couple.

Now, she was not allowed to sit in the car.

Juliette looked at him. She couldn't accept these blows.

"Lance, are you sure you want to do this to me?"

She was a little angry, and her voice was choked.

Lance couldn't help but look up at her. His probing gaze was suspicious and fierce.

Juliette suddenly woke up, swallowed her tears, and tried to make up. "I mean... We used to go out in the same car for business. Others wouldn't misunderstand our relationship."

Lance said, "I don't care what others think at all, but I am afraid that Yvette will misunderstand."

Before Yvette came back, he never cared about the details.

The present was different from the past.

It was likely that Yvette wouldn't misunderstand at all.

Yvette appeared that she didn't care about him at all.

However, Lance still had to avoid misunderstanding. He did not want to repeat the same mistake he made in his relationship with Yazmin in the past. He would totally stop the possibility for Yvette to misunderstand.

He continued, "I will immediately ask the company to clarify the gossip again, You should cooperate with them and make a clarifying statement too. In the future, let Frankie report to me about the project. You don't have to do it yourself."

Juliette was already speechless. She spent a lot of effort controlling her emotions and put on a fake smile again.

"I understand. I will be careful in the future.

"However, Lance, my father has not been in good health recently. Can we clarify later? Let's make statements when he gets better."

Seeing that Lance pursed his lips, Juliette hurriedly explained, "It should not be too long.

Just half a month? Daily new chapters upload Only On Novelsreads(dot)com I have made statements before, and I have never admitted that I have a relationship with you.

My father is getting older. Can you help me this time?”

The Beckford family was the only partner who had not betrayed Lance and had always supported him.

Lance was reasonable. He nodded and got into the car.

Juliette also got into the car arranged by Frankie. When the two cars passed by each other, Juliette could see his handsome face

from the car window that hadn't been closed.

Even though the light was dim, it could not hide his excessively handsome face.

Juliette clenched her fists so tightly that blood was about to come out.

Her eyes were glowing as she suddenly thought of the two sneaky people she saw at the door of the bathroom.

It seemed that there was no need for her to do anything. There were idiots rushing to deal with Yvette.

She slowly loosened her hands and relaxed against the backseat.

The street lights shone on her gentle face. At this moment, no gentleness could be seen there.

She had loved Lance for so many years, and no one could steal him!

Inside the car.

Frankie looked at the back seat and asked, “Mr. Wolseley, where are you going?”

Lance pinched his eyebrows tiredly and said lightly, “Wait first.”

Who was he waiting for? Of course, he was waiting for Yvette who had not come out yet.

Frankie could tell that Lance was tired. Lance had been busy for a long time. He might not be able to hold on any longer.

Frankie asked, "Maybe I should send you back to rest first. I will stay here to wait."

"No need."

Lance looked into the door, then looked at the time. He thought that the banquet in Yvette's private room should be over too.

He said to Frankie with worry, "Go in and see what's going on. If someone tries to make things difficult for her, help her."

Frankie nodded and got out of the car.

In the private room.

Yvette's mouth was dry and she drank the warm water in the glass.

Before she came, she had explained that she drove here on her own, so she couldn't drink.

In fact, it was just an excuse. She was not good at drinking and would never drink without someone she trusted.

Everyone was in high spirits at the dinner party. Pearce had been playing the game of lucky draws with everyone.

Yvette did not want to leave early to ruin everyone's mood..

She just sat there and her head began to feel dizzy. Saliva came out of her mouth, and her heart began to beat fast.

She got up and wanted to leave first, but just as she stood up, her body swayed, and her forehead was covered in sweat.

Pearce quickly invited the waiter over and helped Yvette into the lounge to rest.

Yvette entered the lounge and sat for a while. Her headache and panic became even more intense. She felt that something was wrong and wanted to call her brother.

Only then did she realize that she had not brought her phone in and might have forgotten it on the table.

Yvette forced herself to get up and wanted to find the waiter to take back her phone.

Before she took two steps, the door was pushed open with a creak.

It was Pearce who came in. Seeing her stand up, he hurriedly stepped forward and said with a frightened face, “Ms. Thiel, what’s wrong with you?”

Yvette’s mind was dizzy. She felt hot. And she couldn’t concentrate.

She said, “Mr. Horton, can you please help me get my phone?”

Pearce took out a rose-gold folded phone and asked, “Ms. Thiel, is this your phone?”

Yvette’s vision was blurry. She felt that Pearce had turned into two people. Even the phone in her hand had turned into two phones.

She managed to say, “It’s mine. Please give it to me.”

Pearce kindly gave it to her. But when Yvette was about to get it, he loosened his hands..

Slap!

The phone fell to the ground.

Pearce smiled. “Oh, I’m so sorry. Your phone broke.”

Yvette bent down to pick up the phone and found that the phone couldn’t be turned on.

She began to doubt it.

The ground in the hotels was covered with carpets. How could her phone break so easily?

Moreover, her situation was not right. She felt hot and aroused.

As she lowered her eyes, she saw that Pearce's leather shoes were approaching. She got intense again.

She bit the tip of her tongue and pinched her palm hard. She suddenly stood up.

"Mr. Horton, I'm almost done resting. I can go now."

Pearce froze. When he saw that Yvette looked normal, he got suspicious.

Could it be that the drug was useless?

Yvette smiled at Pearce. "Mr. Horton, let's leave together."

Pearce was shocked by her.

If she wasn't drugged, then things would be a little troublesome.

If she was drugged, he could say that she seduced him. Her mind wasn't clear anyway.

If she wasn't drugged, his action would be seen as rape. That was bad.

He smiled embarrassedly, "I'll take a break. You go first."

"Okay, then I'll go first, Mr. Horton."

Yvette suppressed her frantic heartbeat and tried to keep her pace steady.

Just as she was about to pull the door handle, a gloomy voice suddenly came from behind her.

"Stop!"

Yvette panicked and heard the sound of footsteps approaching.

"Ms. Thiel, I see that your arm is shaking. What's going on?"

Pearce's voice was getting closer and closer. He couldn't hide his excitement.

"Ms. Thiel, I can treat you. I learned massage before."

Instantly!

Yvette's forehead was covered in sweat.

Her disguise was seen through.

When the evil hand was about to touch Yvette's shoulder...

She jerked back and threw the phone at Pearce's head with all her strength.

"Ah!"

There was a scream.

Yvette pulled the door handle like crazy.

She couldn't open the door.

Then, one of her feet was held by Pearce. Pearce dragged her foot fiercely.

Bang!

She fell to the ground.

Above her was Pearce's sinister laughter.

"Little slut, you dare to trick me? Then I will do it the harsh way."

Update Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 308 of Secretary's Secret Lover by Yvone Zabielski

Chapter 309 The Widow

Pearce took off his glasses that symbolized elegance, revealing a pair of slender and wretched eyes as he slowly squatted down. "Slut, you are really beautiful. Your face is so exquisite. You are even more beautiful than those female stars."

He forcefully patted Yvette's shoulder, his saliva almost dripping down. He couldn't wait to say, "Let's not waste time."

As he spoke, he stretched out his arm and dragged her onto the sofa in the lounge.

"Help! Help!"

Yvette desperately cried out, her fingers tightly grabbing onto the carpet. Her nails began to bleed because of her actions.

“Bitch!”

Enter title...

Pearce gave her a vicious kick

“If you keep screaming, I will kick you to death, you bitch!”

Yvette felt a sharp pain coming from her waist. She held her waist and did not give up shouting.

Pearce grabbed her hair in a hurry and wanted to press her face into the sofa cushion.

Yvette felt that her scalp was about to be torn apart. Her hair was torn out. She was in so much pain that she shed tears.

But the pain made her dizzy mind become clearer.

As she cried, she pleaded softly, “Mr. Horton, Mr. Horton, I’m begging you. Don’t hit me. I am afraid of pain. I will be obedient and listen to you.”

At this moment, Yvette’s face was flushed, and her eyelashes were wet. She looked lovable and beautiful.

Pearce felt aroused. He took off his pants and was about to do something to Yvette. At the same time, he was saying dirty words.

“Beautiful, cutie. You should be obedient earlier. I will make you happy later.”

Pearce bent down and licked his two thick lips. His eyes were full of evilness. He looked disgusting.

Yvette knew that she only had one chance, and her physical strength could only support her to try one time.

She suddenly took something from her clothes.

Poof.

She took out a small bottle and sprayed fog into Pearce's eyes.

“Ah!”

Pearce swung his fist randomly, screaming and crying.

“Bitch! What did you spray into my eyes?”

Fortunately, Yvette usually put pepper spray in her bag, and also hung one on her neck, just in case.

This time, it helped her.

She shrank her head and dodged Pearce's fist. Then, she kicked Pearce off the bed with her knee.

Pearce was rolling on the ground with his hand on his abdomen. Also, he was constantly groaning and cursing.

“Ah. Fuck. I'm going to kill you.”

Yvette rolled and crawled to the door, using all her strength to pick up a chair and throw it at the door lock.

“Bang!”

She didn't smash it open for the first time.

Behind her, Pearce seemed to have come to his senses and kept scolding, “1, I will kill you.”

It was extremely urgent!

Slap!

Yvette slapped herself hard to wake herself up. She picked up a chair and continued to

smash the door lock.

Bang!

Finally, after she smashed the door twice, the door opened.

And Pearce had already come behind Yvette, clutching his lower abdomen.

He bared his teeth and held Yvette's shoulder with his hand.

“Ah!”

Yvette screamed and turned to kick Pearce again.

Pearce was kicked to the ground.

Fortunately, Pearce wasn't that strong, so Yvette could kick him down easily.

She ran out desperately.

Fortunately, they were in a hotel. To avoid suspicion, Pearce didn't let anyone guard the door.

However, there was no one in the hotel at this time, especially on the floor of the lounge.

Because it was a temporary lounge, not a place to stay, there was not even a waiter.

Yvette recalled where the elevator was. At this time, she went dizzy again. She stared at the elevator as it went upward.

“Bitch!”

The creepy scream made Yvette's hair stand on end.

Pearce came! He was so bold.

Logically speaking, since she had already run out of the lounge, he shouldn't chase her out. There were surveillance cameras everywhere.

But Pearce still came. His clothes were in a mess. His chest was exposed. And his pants were gone.

He looked very strange.

Yvette felt that something was wrong, but she could no longer think more. She leaned against the wall and kept pressing the button of the elevator. She prayed that the elevator would open and that someone could save her inside.

Pearce walked over while swaying. He drooled and said unclearly, “Slut, how dare you run away after drugging me?”

After saying that, he grabbed Yvette’s hair and dragged her back!

“Ah! Let go of me!”

Yvette grabbed her own hair and shouted, “Help!”

At this time.

Beep!

The elevator doors opened.

Yvette saw a pair of grayish–blue eyes with some hatred toward the world. She suddenly shouted.

“Save me! Save me!”

Slap!

A loud slap came.

Pearce scolded, “Scream again. I’ll kill you!”

In the elevator.

Caiden had his back against the elevator wall, and his hand was in his pocket. He looked indifferent..

He had no interest in meddling in such matters.

He had meddled in once before, but that woman thought it was between her and her

boyfriend. He beat that man badly, and
the woman chose to sue him.

He was laughed at by a group of friends for a whole year.

He swore he would never meddle in with such things again.

Yvette was dragged away by Pearce and disappeared around the corner, her voice
getting weaker and weaker.

Something flashed through her mind.

Then, her sharp nails dug into Pearce's wrist. At this time, Pearce almost went crazy.

And he was bleeding.

Pearce let go of his hand in pain and swung his arm to slap her.

“Bit... Ahhh!”

When people were forced to a dead end, their potential was endless.

Yvette grabbed the arm that was reaching over and bit it hard. She bit Pearce so hard
that he screamed miserably.

Then, she ran to the elevator crazily.

The elevator doors were about to close.

Yvette used the last of her strength to shout, “Caiden!”

Inside the elevator doors that were about to close, a slender hand suddenly stretched
out and kept the doors open.

Caiden stuck out a foot and lazily said, “Who called me?”

“Bang!”

A soft body fell into his arms.

He was knocked back two steps.

“Shit!”

Caiden frowned and cursed in a low voice.

Then he tried hard to push her away. He didn't want to have anything to do with this.

“I'm always cold. Don't try to get close to me. That's a warning.”

But even so, Yvette's slender and soft arms still wrapped around him. She was soft and nimble like a snake as she leaned closer to Caiden.

“Shit, shit, shit!”

Caiden cursed a few times.

He could only blame this woman for being too fragrant.

He actually didn't have the heart to push her away for a moment!

However, this fragrance seemed to be a little familiar.

He turned the woman's face over. Then he saw a beautiful face under the messy hair.

Fuck!

Caiden's eyes widened as he shouted, “It's you? The widow?”

Read Secretary's Secret Lover Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 309

Chapter 310 Forced to Be Active

A faint fragrance came from the woman in Caiden's arms.

It was the fragrance that Caiden had never smelled on other women before.

He did not know that Yvette never used perfume. This was her natural fragrance.

He turned his head away uneasily. “You strangled me to death.”

When the elevator closed, Pearce rushed up again.

His eyes were red, and he looked fierce.

“Put... Put her down!”

He looked abnormally fierce. Obviously, he was drugged.

Enter title...

Caiden no longer looked indifferent. He supported Yvette's back with one hand and stood up straight. His voice was filled with coldness and arrogance which was unique to young men.

"Just come and try?"

Pearce was startled. When he was about to rush up, he was kicked over by Caiden!

"Bang!"

There was a loud noise.

Caiden was an adult male. He was much stronger than Yvette, who was drugged.

It didn't take Caiden much effort to make Pearce fall to the ground and scream miserably.

The elevator door closed.

Caiden pressed the button "down".

He thought that he should send Yvette to the hospital first.

Yvette and Caiden were left in the enclosed space.

Subconsciously, Yvette felt that Caiden was trustworthy.

First of all, he was not interested in her. Then again, their families' backgrounds were alike. He would not do anything to her.

After the sense of oppression and shock disappeared, Yvette only felt that her throat was dry and her chest was burning. She felt hot all over.

Her slender waist was soft like a willow branch. She had no strength at all. She leaned against Caiden with her soft and warm body.

Caiden felt the situation troublesome.

He couldn't push her away. But he also couldn't bear to get close to her.

He felt like he was being roasted on a fire. His forehead was covered in sweat.

At this moment, Yvette opened her eyes, but her mind was out of her control.

She felt that her breathing was getting heavier and her body was even hotter.

The drug was about to control her body. Everything was getting out of control.

She randomly pulled the collar of her clothes and looked at Caiden. Her eyes were red, and her voice trembled. "Please send me to the hospital."

She didn't mean anything else, but she looked sexy as she did this.

Caiden had had enough!

He felt as if his entire body was on fire.

As for Yvette, she forced herself to say these words. Then she couldn't control herself anymore. She subconsciously leaned closer.

"Fuck!"

Caiden's eyes were red as he cursed silently.

He wasn't drugged. But he felt that his body was burning all over.

Beep.

The elevator door opened.

Fresh air poured in, causing Caiden to feel relieved.

He was about to explode!

Just as he was about to go out, a cold male voice stopped him.

"Let go of her."

Caiden paused. When he looked up and saw that it was Lance who spoke, his

expression inexplicably changed.

“Lance?”

Lance’s eyes were cold and filled with complex feelings.

“The wid...”

Caiden coughed and changed his words to explain, “Ms. Lynn seems to have been drugged. I have to send her to the hospital.”

He did not know about Yvette’s relationship with Lance. He only thought that Lance was afraid that he would cause trouble, so he promised, “It’s okay. I’ll send her to the hospital.”

Lance’s long and narrow eyes were slightly raised. At first glance, he looked vicious, which made people afraid.

“I told you to let go.”

As he spoke again, he reached out a hand to take Yvette into his arms.

Bang!

Yvette felt like she was transported into a slightly cold embrace like a piece of item, but her body trusted this embrace.

She felt safer when in this embrace.

Lance entered the elevator, pressed B5 directly, and went underground.

Yvette left Caiden’s brace. When seeing Yvette nestled in Lance’s embrace, feeling secure, he suddenly felt unwilling.

Fuck!

Why could Yvette be close to anyone?

He looked at Lance’s cold and stiff face. His lips moved. Just as he was about to speak,

the elevator door opened.

Lance carried Yvette forward without any

“Lance!”

hesitation.

Caiden finally called out to stop Lance. “This seems inappropriate. Maybe you will be photographed.”

Lance paused slightly and looked at Caiden’s hands that had just held Yvette. His eyes were bloodthirsty and cold.

“This had nothing to do with you.”

Caiden was speechless.

For a moment, judging from the way Lance looked at his hands, Caiden felt that Lance wanted to chop his hands off.

At this moment, Frankie came over and reported with a grim expression.

“Mr. Wolseley, the reporters outside have temporarily been stopped.”

For some reason, there appeared a scandal about the president of Freshness Entertainment.

Soon after, a large number of paparazzi came and surrounded the entrance of the hotel.

If Yvette went out like this at this time, her situation would definitely be exposed immediately.

Lance put Yvette into the car. Then he also got in.

Only Caiden remained there still, not knowing what the situation was.

He raised his foot and wanted to follow them into the car, but Frankie stopped him.

“Mr. Stanton, there is a small problem. Please attract the attention of the paparazzi and

reporters outside so that we can send Mrs...”

Frankie paused and immediately changed his words. “Send Ms. Thiel for treatment.”

When Caiden heard this, he immediately turned his head and let Yvette get in the car.

Then, he started the engine and drove out.

After Caiden’s car attracted a lot of attention, Lance’s black luxury car drove out from the other exit in a low profile.

On the road.

Yvette’s rationality had already collapsed by now.

She felt so hot.

She felt so uncomfortable.

There seemed to be endless flames burning in her heart. Her body was dry. Her limbs were soft.

An inexplicable emptiness constantly hit her mind.

She felt like an empty water bag.

She wanted to be filled back.

She was suffering.

“Don’t move.”

Lance stopped her from taking another step forward.

Knowing that she was burning with desire, Lance straightened up her body, preventing her from getting closer.

Otherwise, she should want him even more.

Unexpectedly, as soon as Yvette’s body was pushed away, she put her head close with her red blurry eyes. At this time, she looked like a soft kitten.

Subconsciously, she felt that Lance could quench her thirst, so she rubbed her head against Lance's shirt.

Lance's hard chest was emitting a heat that was unique to men, making Yvette stimulated even more.

Immediately, not only her face, but her body also began to turn pink. She looked seductive all over.

Lance's Adam's apple rolled a little. He almost couldn't resist her. He pressed his hands on her shoulders and asked Frankie,

“How much time left?”

Frankie looked at his phone and looked straight ahead. He did not dare to look back and nervously replied, “The nearest hospital is New York–Presbyterian Hospital. But there are reporters there. I'm afraid that we can't go. The second choice will take us forty minutes to drive there, So...”

Forty minutes...

Lance lowered his and looked at Yvette in his arms.

He was afraid that she would not be able to hold on for four minutes.

He immediately made a decision, loosened his collar with his slender fingers, and ordered, “Go to Consuela Hotel.”

Consuela Hotel was very close to here, and it was less than ten minutes away.

Frankie nodded and asked the driver to drive toward Consuela Hotel.

In the back seat, Lance just got one of his hands free. Then he had a moist feeling on his Adam's apple.

He gritted his teeth and saw Yvette sticking out her tongue to lick his Adam's apple like a

kitten...

As if she felt that she was still thirsty...

She put her tongue back and used her lips to hold his Adam's apple in her mouth.

She was challenging Lance's ability to control himself.

Lance took a deep breath and his handsome face darkened.

However, Yvette had no idea how he felt at all. She just tried her best to make herself feel better.

Her lips went down from Adam's apple and continued to provoke him. Suddenly, she was pressed against the cold window.

Lance held her shoulder and ordered in a low voice, "Don't move."

Yvette felt wronged.

She was about to get better, but a bad guy stopped her.

She sobbed with her shoulders twitching. She said unclearly.

"Bad guy. So fierce..."

Lance paused, and the hand that was pressing on her shoulder loosened a little. He sighed helplessly, "Don't cry. I wasn't blaming you."

His slightly gentle tone made Yvette, who was already muddle-headed, feel even more wronged. She wailed.

Lance helplessly loosened the grip and ordered, "Put down the blocking board."

Read Secretary's Secret Lover Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 310 TODAY