Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 55

Chapter 55 I Don't Want to Be Your Sister

Frankie quickly stepped forward. With the precedent, he did not want to get close to Yazmin. He said politely,

"Ms. Myers, come with me, please."

Of course, Yazmin didn't want to. She wailed, "Lance, let me stay and take care of you. You don't have to worry about my well-being. I will be fine."

Lance pulled a long face and said coldly, "Yazmin, I have decided not to divorce. You are a girl. D on't get too

close to me from now on. You know how people talk."

"What? Lance, what are you talking about?" Yazmin could not believe her ears. She thought she had

hallucinations.

She was so shocked that she could not even close her mouth. This time, her cries went genuine. She said,

"Lance, it's just for the time being, right? I can wait. Don't worry about my health..."

"We are not for each other." Lance frowned. He couldn't bear to be too harsh to Yazmin, so he sa id softly,

"Yazmin, you are like a sister to me. I don't want to hurt you."

"No! I don't want to be your sister. I want to be your wife!"

"What did I do wrong? Tell me! I'll change!" Yazmin's voice went hoarse.

"Enough. Go back and think about what I said. If you want to, I will treat you as important as Tiara..."

"I don't want to! I don't want to be your sister. Lance, I don't want to be your sister!"

Yazmin cried loudly and hoarsely. She sounded miserable and pitiful.

Lance frowned slightly and said indifferently, "If so, we don't have to meet again. I will give you s ome money, or you can ask for anything else."

Yazmin was agitated. She grabbed Lance's arm tightly and cried out, "I want nothing but you!"

"Yazmin! Behave yourself!" Lance suppressed himself, and a trace of impatience flashed across hi s eyes.

Ever since he was young, as the successor of the Wolseley Group, he had been used to hiding his

true feelings

and didn't want to waste time thinking about relationships.

He felt responsible for Yazmin before. If being his wife was what she wanted, he could allow that to happen.

Yet many recent events had been beyond his control, such as his changes when facing Yvette...

He did not know whether it was possessiveness or the desire for control.

However, he was clear about one thing. He did not want to divorce for the time being.

Given that, he should not let Yazmin hold any false hope.

It would be the same as hurting Yazmin.

Get Bonus

Thinking of this, he said coldly again, "Send Ms. Myers out."

In an instant, Yazmin felt that the world had just collapsed.

She thought, *Lance called* me Ms. Myers. *He wouldn't* even call me *Yazmin* now?

How can this happen? I was just trying to get my place back. Why did I lose so utterly?

Yvette, you slut. You vixen! What the fuck did you do?

How can you manage to make Lance so determined? He completely forgets about what we shared in the past!

Frankie walked to Yazmin and asked, "Ms. Myers, do you need me to hold you, or do you prefer walking on your own?"

Yazmin felt the urge to tell Frankie to piss off, yet she couldn't since Lance was present.

Before Yazmin was here, Lena told her to stay calm. Lena said that she should make concessions i n order to

gain advantages when she was with Lance.

Lena told Yazmin that Lance wouldn't turn a blind eye to her. After all, they had a past.

Yazmin slowly got up and said gently, "Lance, I'm sorry. I lost my temper. You just focus on gettin g better now. I will think about what you said. Can you give me some time?"

Her eyes were filled with sadness, and her face was pale as if she was going to faint at any second.

Thinking that Yazmin was weak, Lance softened his tone and said, "Yazmin, it's best if you can co me around

to it."

Yazmin captured the trace of sympathy in Lance's eyes, and she was no longer that angry.

She thought, *Lena* is right. How *can* Lance *abandon* me? He is just fooled by *that vixen for* now.

All I have to do is to bide my time, and then I'll take care of that vixen and the bastard she is carryi ng.

"Lance, I'll be leaving now. Frankie, you may stay here with Lance. The driver is waiting for me do

wnstairs."

After saying that, she wiped her tears and walked out weakly.

Lance looked at her back, his eyes deep. No one knew what he was thinking.

Frankie pondered for a while. Then he still decided to tell Lance, "Mr. Wolseley, I just saw Mrs. W olseley at the door. She ran out."

Yvette wandered downstairs alone for a long time.

She didn't want to wait here, but she didn't bring her phone when she went out.

Even though she wanted to leave, she had to get her phone back before that.

Get Bonus

It was a bit cold outside, and the wind was strong. She wanted to go up to Frankie to get her ph one back, yet just as she went upstairs, she bumped into Yazmin.

When Yazmin saw Yvette, she revealed her true colors. Instead of being weak, Yazmin rushed up to slap

Yvette.

However, she was stopped by Yvette..

"Are you crazy?" Yvette's eyes were cold.

Yazmin looked at Yvette with undisguised disgust.

Yazmin thought, I can't believe I lost to such a seductive bitch.

Emilie even got Veronica here. *Unexpectedly, that didn't work either.*

I did not get to teach her a lesson. On the contrary, I was the one being taught a lesson.

Right now, Lance has made it clear that he doesn't want to see Emilie's face in New York ever agai n, and

Emilie's mother has been preparing to send Emilie abroad.

Emilie *is* no use to me anymore.

No! I refuse to accept it!

Yazmin gritted her teeth. "Yvette, I used to think that Lance and I owed you. I didn't expect you t o be so ambitious! Lance was injured. It's such a serious matter. How can you hide it from us?"

Yvette coldly shook off Yazmin's hand..

Yvette thought, it's Lance who didn't allow me to say anything.

Jaiden is also in the hospital, and Tanya is in poor health. Lance is doing fine, so he doesn't want to make

them worried.

Both Tanya and Jaiden can question me.

But not you, Yazmin.

Yvette squinted her eyes slightly. "Ms. Myers, have you forgotten that I am Lance's wife? In what capacity are you asking me this?"

Yazmin didn't know how to answer Yvette's question. She stamped her foot angrily. "Who do yo u think you are? You are nothing but Lance's plaything! You are a substitute! Stop flattering your self! I feel sorry for

you!"

Her words amused Yvette. "I am a substitute? Then why would Lance choose me as his plaything over you? Aren't you more pathetic than I am?"

Yvette looked so confident. Yazmin's expression changed.

-Yazmin thought, how did she know that Lance and I have never had sex?

Did Lance tell her?

Yazmin's face turned ashen for a few seconds before she scolded, "You are so shameless!"

Yvette found it funny. "Shameless? Let me remind you. Lance and I are married."

"You...."

Yazmin's face was twisted. She wished she could strangle Yvette on the spot.