

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 8

Chapter 8 Lance Sees Her Vomit

Yazmin thought, *fortunately, I thought of a good answer beforehand.*

By saying that there was a problem with my wheelchair, I was actually setting a trap for Yvette. If Yvette said that I was the one who framed her, Lance would deem her wicked regardless.

How smart I am!

Yazmin was very displeased since Lance would never question her because of another woman in the past.

But now? Yazmin found that Lance had changed.

Actually, Yazmin was just venturing a bit just now. She would never frame Yvette with such a stupid trick. If

there was a target, she would have someone else deal with that for her.

And at the thought that Lance had slept with Yvette for three years, Yazmin pricked her fingernails deep into her palms, her beautiful face twisting in anger.

For those who slept with Yazmin's man, Yazmin would never let them off.

The air was filled with a strong smell of disinfectant.

Lance was looking at Yvette with a gloomy expression as he asked, "Are you pregnant?"

Then, he said mercilessly, "Get rid of it."

"No!"

Yvette cried out in alarm and jerked open her eyes, cold sweat dripping down.

Everything around her was white.

She was in the hospital, and it had been just a dream.

Yvette calmed herself down.

At that moment, the door opened, and then a man came in

The man had a slender figure and a handsome face. There was a pair of narrow gold-rimmed glasses on his

nose, making him look even more elegant and charming.

Yvette never expected to see Charlie here.

She, a bit stunned, asked in a daze, “Charlie, why are you here?”

“I met Ellen in the garage. She was caught up in some friction with someone there and couldn’t drive her car

out. Therefore, she asked me to come to you.”

Charlie explained in a calm voice.

Yvette touched her belly. What she was most worried about now was the baby.

She wanted to ask Charlie, but then she hesitated. “My..

“Don’t worry. Your doctor has examined you. The baby is fine.” Charlie replied in a gentle voice.

Yvette let out a sigh of relief: “Thank you, Charlie.”

“I didn’t expect you to get married so early,” Charlie’s eyes dimmed for a second before he asked. “Do you want to call your husband?”

“Don’t bother.” Yvette shook his head.

“Why?” Charlie was puzzled.

“...” Yvette was at a loss for how to answer.

Charlie thought, could it be *that* there *is* another woman?

Noticing that Yvette remained silent, Charlie did not insist. Instead, he asked with concern, “How are you feeling now?”

Charlie could tell that Yvette was not herself now, which worried Charlie a bit.

“I’m fine.” Yvette suppressed her depression and looked up at Charlie. “Can I add you as my contact in Line?”

Charlie stiffened for a second.

Yvette hurried to explain a bit, “That way, I can contact you and have your bank account. I need to transfer my medical fee to you.”

“You were in my contact,” Charlie interrupted her.

“What?”

Charlie took out his phone, opened the application, and handed his phone to Yvette. “But you blocked me.”

Yvette was embarrassed.

She looked at Charlie’s Line account, which was named “Charlie“. Now she could remember this account,

which had texted her before, wishing her “Happy New Year“.

She then asked the texter who it was. The texter replied with Charlie’s name.

Yvette, stunned, thought that it was just a cyber fraud. That was because Charlie was abroad back then.

Also, Charlie was basically a celebrity. Why would a person like him want to add Yvette as a friend?

Therefore, Yvette blacklisted him decisively.

Unexpectedly, that was really Charlie...

There was an awkward silence.

Then Yvette said with a face full of guilt, “I’m sorry. I didn’t know it was you. I thought it was a fraud... I’ll add

you now.”

But then, Yvette’s phone powered off automatically.

Yvette felt even more awkward now.

“It’s fine. Add me while you can later.” Charlie seemed to be in a good mood, the smile on his lips deepening,

“Now have some rest. Ellen will be here soon.”

Charlie’s gentle smile was warm, delivering a feeling of spring. That made Yvette think of the days when they

were at university. Then Yvette’s face cracked into a smile.

“Charlie!”

Noticing that Charlie was leaving, Yvette called out to him and said, after hesitating a bit, “Can you keep the

baby a secret for me?”

If Ellen knew that she was pregnant, she would probably kill her way to Lance right off.

Yvette didn’t want to be humiliated by Lance and Yazmin anymore.

Charlie didn’t ask any further. Instead, he nodded.

Then he left. And when he closed the door of the ward, Charlie glanced at Yvette a bit, who was lying on the

bed. It seemed that there was something complicated in Yvette’s eyes, which were very simple and gentle

before.

Then, he turned and left.

On the bedside cabinet, there was a B ultrasound image of Yvette's baby. The blurry black dot in it was magical to Yvette. Actually, Yvette had thought of aborting the child before.

She doubted if it was right to give birth to the baby, who was unexpected.

But for some reason, she felt frightened and unwilling when she was in pain, learning that she might lose the

baby.

The child had done nothing wrong.

And she wanted to protect this child.

Moreover, it seemed that the baby was rather tough to survive the fall. That made Yvette want to keep her

even more.

She had to give birth to the baby and give the baby a sheltered upbringing.

Soon, Ellen arrived at the hospital. And since Yvette was all right except for a few wounds, Ellen then brought

Yvette back home.

In the car, Ellen, who didn't know the truth, cursed, "Lance is an asshole! He should be around now. But where

is he anyway?"

When they arrived at Yvette's place, Yvette ordered a serving of chicken soup and brought it home.

But after she opened the door, despite the house being pitch black, she keenly felt that there was someone in

there.

Yvette's heart jolted as she was ready to leave since, as she was told, some burglars had broken into her

neighbor's house recently.

Before she could actually leave, she sensed that the black shadow was approaching her.

Yvette hurried to smash the food in her hand toward the black shadow.

The next thing she knew, her wrist was grabbed, and she was unable to move.

A crack sounded.

Then the light was turned on.

In front of her, there was a handsome man.

The man was the one who Ellen called "asshole" just now

Lance looked at her with a cold and seductive look in his eyes. Then he said nonchalantly, "Are you trying to

murder your husband?"

He was joking.

However, Yvette found that ear-piercing and somewhat ironic.

Then Lance let go of her hand, took the food from her hand, and threw it into the trash can.

"Don't eat that. I've ordered you a meal, which will be there in a while."

Yvette, tired and hungry, looked at the soup in the trash can. She didn't have the strength to speak now.

For a moment, she felt like she was just like the soup which had been thrown into a bin by Lance.

"Don't bother. I'm tired. Please go home now, Mr. Wolseley," she said coldly.

And without even looking at him, she walked into the bedroom. But Lance grabbed her arm when she passed by him. With a little force, she fell into Lance's arms.

"It was urgent at that time. I didn't intend to push you away." He looked at her and lowered his tone.

Yvette's eyelashes fluttered, and her heart jolted because of his gentleness.

But she knew that it was all an illusion.

Lance's voice had always been cold and gentle.

It was so gentle that it could make Yvette fall for him very easily. And then, it would become cold again, hurting Yvette when she was totally unprepared.

The two of them were close. Yvette's breath was filled with Lance's pleasant scent. But then, Yvette noticed that, amidst the smell, there was a faint scent that only belonged to a woman.

It was exactly the same scent as Yazmin's, which Yvette smelled in the afternoon.

Then the image of Yazmin and Lance entangling with each other appeared in Yvette's mind. Due to that, she felt a wave of nausea. Then she pushed Lance away and rushed to the bathroom so as to throw up.

After vomiting, Yvette felt better.

Then she washed her face a bit and was about to go out. But Lance blocked her way out. Grabbing her hand,

he narrowed his eyes and said coldly, "What is the matter?"

