

Secretary's Secret Lover By Zayla Quinn Chapter 9

Chapter 9 Why Is He Kissing Her?

Lance frowned, reminding Yvette of the dream she had in the daytime.

In the dream, he was cold as he was now as he told her to abort the baby.

Her heart pounded as she explained, "I might have eaten something bad. Let me grab some rest, and then I will be all right."

Lance frowned. It was hard to tell if he was suspicious.

In her nervousness, she bit her lip and shouted, "It hurts."

Lance unfolded her palm. In her fair-skinned and tender palm, there were a few scratches, which were

shocking.

He frowned. "You didn't dress the wounds?"

Yvette didn't know there were scratches on her palm. She should have had the scratches when she fell in the daytime. Then at the thought of what happened back then, Yvette was low again.

Noticing she was pale, Lance carried her up by the waist and placed her on the sofa. Then he brought the

medicine box over.

Half kneeling, Lance cleaned her wounds gently.

"You should have dodged me."

Yvette was speechless, thinking, *he, who shoved me, is blaming me for my fall!*

And he is saying it very righteously.

Lance took the alcohol wipes and wiped the wounds gently. The way he looked down struck people as sweet.

It was just something everyone would do. And yet he managed to make people mesmerized by him

effortlessly.

The stinging pain caused by the alcohol reduced Yvette to tears. She bit her lips, thinking, *I should toughen myself up a bit. Those are just minor injuries.*

But for some reason, she wanted to cry.

Therefore, Yvette bit her lower lip tightly so as to fight back the tears.

Right now, she wanted to ask Lance badly whether he had ever loved her or not.

But then again, she was concerned about getting an unacceptable answer.

Lance looked up and saw that her lips were broken due to her bite. The bright red blood lit up Yvette's face,

making her look dazzling.

He pinched her chin and ordered, "Stop biting."

Yvette was a bit embarrassed with tears in her eyes. Therefore, she hid her emotions and said, "It hurts."

With her chin pinched, her voice sounded muffled. Meanwhile, the tip of her nose was red, and tears

overflowed.

Right now, she looked just like a rose wet with dew in the night, fragile and delicate.

Lance found the scene heart-wrenching.

Therefore, he tightened his grip on her chin and kissed her abruptly.

As Lance pressed down, he blocked the light in front of Yvette.

The kiss came like a storm, with him sucking her broken lips fiercely, making her feel even more painful.

With her heart pounding. Yvette hurried to reach out her hand at his chest and push him away in a panic.

She was annoyed. Why did he kiss her now?

With a slew of questions on her mind, Yvette was a mess.

However, Lance did it anyway. He had always been extremely aggressive when he was intimate with Yvette.

He grabbed her hand to stop it from resisting and sank both him and her deep into the soft sofa, confining

her. Then he bit the corner of her lips gently. Every move he made, he drove Yvette crazy, unable to think of

anything else.

Yvette was resigned to it.

Lance knew exactly how to tease her. As he pinched her chin, he kept biting and sucking her gently, melting

Yvette into a puddle of water and making her moan with pleasure.

At that moment, someone's phone vibrated, ruining the vibe in the room.

It was Lance's phone, which was on the table. But Lance did not look at it. Instead, he held her face and

kissed her even more deeply and heavily.

Yvette's eyes were red. But then she saw Yazmin's name flashing on the screen of Lance's phone. Yvette's body turned cold right away. She wasn't mesmerized anymore.

She pushed hard, but Lance did not move.

Sensing that her body was cooling down, Lance stopped but did not release her.

The phone kept vibrating, and Yvette turned her gaze away, not wanting to see it.

Lance was silent for a moment. Then he got up, went to the balcony, and answered the phone.

He didn't close the door of the balcony. Yvette could hear soft sobs from the girl and Lance's magnetic low

voice coming in.

She could not hear what they were talking about, but she knew he was keeping her sweet.

Yvette withdrew her gaze and looked at the wounds on her palm. Despite being dressed, the wounds were

oozing blood again. She was in pain. But it was not because of the wounds. It was her heart that was aching.

She knew that her heart was broken for good.

Then Lance came in. He bent forward to pick up the key on the table. The button on the neckline was done

while he was away, his face cold and noble.

He looked down at her, wanting to say something.

But in the end, he said, "Dinner is on the table. Go grab some rest after dinner."

His thin lips were still suffused with the light of saliva that the two of them left when kissing. They looked

cold and seductive.

"Lance Wolseley, don't go..."

The moment Lance turned around, Yvette hugged him tightly from behind while calling him *by* his full name, her voice trembling.

She did not dare to look at him, afraid that she might not have the courage to say the words.

Actually, she wanted to ask him not to leave her for Yazmin as well.

But asking him not to go had used up all her strength...

She knew she had stood so low, but she wan.. to give it a try for the sake of the baby in her belly.

That was her way of making a last desperate stand.

She told herself that she would only do it once... Just once...

The room lapsed into suffocating silence.

The two remained motionless and quiet..

Then Lance's phone vibrated eagerly again.

It kept vibrating nonstop as if someone was in the rush to claim one's life.

"Yve, stop."

Lance spoke as he forced apart Yvette's fingers bit by bit with his back to her, shattering all her expectations.

"Yazmin is sick. I have to go now."

Lance left right away after his words.

Only when she heard the sound of the door closing did Yvette find that her face was covered in tears as if

heavy rain was pouring down on her nonstop.

After crying and crying, she laughed.

When she was a kid, she had no parents. Due to that, kids ridiculed her a lot in school. They would throw away her raincoat and let her go home in the rain on a rainy day, and throw away her shoes and let her go out barefoot on a snowy day....

Due to that, she had always craved a home, thinking that if she owned a home after she grew up, she would for sure cherish it from the bottom of her heart.

Now, she was a grownup.

And she thought she finally had a home and family to be cherished.

But the door that Lance closed just now made her realize that nothing had changed.

She was still the same little girl who was frail and helpless back then in the snow and on a rainy day.

The brightness of life she was looking forward to did not come to her.

In the corridor of the ward.

“With Yazmin like this, you are still away!”

Marvin loosened several buttons on his black shirt, looking unrestrained.

Lance remained silent, his eyes darkening.

Marvin leaned against the window with one hand in his pocket and smiled with his charming eyes, “Lance,

are you serious?”

“As far as I can remember, you only got married because your grandpa, Jaiden Wo lseley, was sick. Now that Jaiden feels well now, and Yazmin is sick like this, aren ’t you supposed to divorce Yvette now?”

Noticing that Lance was silent and seemingly pondering over something, Marvin irritated him deliberately, “Be sensible! How can someone of Yvette’s status be worthy of you? It’s time to get rid of her now.”

“Marvin.” Lance’s voice was cold, and so were his eyes.

“Yvette is my wife!”

Marvin laughed, “Am I going too far? Then what about Yazmin? I mean, you owe her your life.”

