

## Chapter 16 Lance Is Cruel

Yvette's heart skipped a beat as she panicked.

"What is this..."

Lance looked at the colorful cover and wanted to look at the words on it. Yvette reacted quickly and grabbed

1. it.

"Nothing." She threw the book into the bag.

A trace of doubt flashed through Lance's eyes.

He wanted to ask something else, but when he looked up and saw Yvette's face turn pale, he frowned. "Are you feeling unwell?"

As he spoke, he reached out to touch Yvette's forehead, but Yvette suddenly retreated and dodged.

Yazmin, who was behind him, saw this scene, and her eyes could not help but flash with a touch of coldness,

which disappeared in the blink of an eye.

The next second, her body suddenly swayed and softly fell towards Lance. Lance held her up.

"Are you tired?" Lance's voice was exceptionally gentle.

Yazmin smiled weakly and said with embarrassment, "I promise to take a walk with you. Look at my useless body. It's only been a while, but I can't hold."

"I'll go and get the wheelchair," Lance said. After that, he helped Yazmin to the VIP lounge and sat down.

Before leaving, he walked in front of Yvette and said with a deep look in his eyes, "Don't go. Wait for me here."

Yazmin also heard this, and her face darkened.

When Lance was far away, she immediately stood up and walked in front of Yvette. She said in an unfriendly tone, "Let's have a chat."

The words were spoken with great vigor, and Yazmin was like a completely different person compared to her

sickly appearance.

The clerk at the side only felt it was inconceivable.

Yvette was not surprised at all. She had already experienced Yazmin's split personality last time at the

restaurant entrance.

"I have nothing to chat with you," Yvette directly refused.

Yazmin sneered at her and said provocatively, "What? Are you afraid?"

Yvette smirked as if she had heard a joke, "You're not even afraid of shopping with someone else's husband.

What am I afraid of?"

When the waiter at the door heard this, he looked at Yazmin with a look of surprise.

The waiter thought to himself, *the psychological quality of the current mistress is so good.*

She looks so ostentatious while holding a woman's *husband* in her arms *and* meeting *the* woman.

Yazmin felt the waiter's strange gaze, and her face turned pale.

"You..." She wanted to defend herself.

"Is something wrong?" Yvette took a few steps to the rest area and sat down. "If you have something to say.

say *it*.”

The VIP lounge of the jewelry shop was extremely secretive. The clerk left after delivering two cups of hot

coffee.

Yazmin suppressed her anger and sat down. She placed the gift bag on the table and said softly, “Guess what gift Lance gave me?”

“Ms. Myers, if you just want **to** show off what gift my husband gave you, then I’m sorry to tell you that I’m not

interested.”

The word “husband” made Yazmin’s expression slightly grim. But the next moment she smiled sweetly again.

She took out a red velvet box and placed it on the table.

“Don’t you want to see the ring Lance made for me?”

Yvette was stunned on the spot and couldn’t believe it.

The gift Lance gave Yazmin was... a ring. Seriously?

Yazmin took out the ring and gently put it on. Then, she raised her hand and asked proudly, “Is it good?”

The diamond ring reflected a dazzling arc under the light. The ring was inlaid with a very rare blue diamond.

Yvette had heard the clerk introduce it last time in the jewelry store. It was called Blue Tears and was

valuable.

Yvette subconsciously gripped the bag of baby clothes in her palm. Her fingernails dug into her palm so hard

that her palm bled, but she couldn’t feel any pain.

She told herself to be calm.

She knew that this was all a trap set by Yazmin, who just wanted to see her angry and collapse.

Yvette's throat seemed to be stuffed, and it made it hard for her to breathe.

Yazmin smiled even sweeter. She said, "Lance is so considerate. He chose to give me this diamond ring on my birthday. I know he must want to propose to me. He asked you to stay here and wait for him. He must

also want you to witness the moment of our happiness.

"In the past two years, he flew so many times to find me in another country. In the past, I was too insensible

and failed him. Now, I will make it up to him."

Yazmin continued with a shy but happy expression.

"Also, if I hadn't left the country in a fit of pique, why would Lance have randomly grabbed someone to marry

to deal with his grandfather? I know that he is taking revenge on me. I don't feel good, and he doesn't feel

good either."

"No, impossible," Yvette suddenly said.

Her face was deathly pale.

She couldn't believe that her two years of marriage were only because of Lance's revenge on Yazmin.

Then what did it make her become?

Was she just a chess piece or a prop in the game between Lance and Yazmin?

Yvette didn't believe it. Her hands kept shaking, and even her body was shaking uncontrollably.

She thought about the past. When Lance told her that she was the most suitable wife, she was extremely moved and felt that this was her fate.

But now, someone had told her that everything was fake.

Yvette had no power or background, so what could she do even if she knew the truth? She couldn't even

**resist.**

So this was why Lance said that she was the most suitable wife.

She was so naive. How ridiculous.

When Yazmin saw Yvette's pale face, she knew that her only worry was resolved.

"Yvette, I know the truth is hard to accept, but I don't want to hide the truth from you until the divorce," Yazmin said while holding Yvette's hand.

Then, she pushed over a card and said with a sympathetic tone, "Here are 800 thousand dollars. It's a little compensation from Lance and me. After the divorce, I hope you don't have anything to do with the Wolseley

family."

This card was like a slap that was fiercely slapping Yvette's face. And it seemed to make her unrecognizable.

Yvette knew that she had lost, and she had completely lost to Yazmin.

Many memories came to her mind and gradually became clear.

Lance often went abroad for business trips, and he left for several days every time. No matter how much Yvette begged, Lance would not take her.

Also, Lance personally accompanied Yazmin to buy a ring, and the ring with no diamond on Yvette's hand was given to her by Frankie before she got married.

It might be Lance who had asked Frankie to buy one for Yvette casually.

But even so, Yvette was still very happy then. She was not even willing to take off this ring while bathing.

Now, all her treasures were like a joke....

Yvette's heart seemed to have been torn apart by countless hands, but the invisible injuries were more

a

painful and heavier than blood dripping

She thought Lance was so cruel.

She wondered why Lance used this method to destroy her hope.

Yvette's heart was so stifled that she couldn't breathe. She didn't want to stay for another minute, so she got

up and was about to leave.

"Aren't you waiting for Lance to come back?" Yazmin also stood up.

Yvette forcefully suppressed the surging pain in her heart and sneered, "Yazmin, haven't you already achieved.

your goal? Why do you need an audience like me to cooperate with you?"

Yazmin's smile froze on her face. "You, what do you mean? I just pity you and told you the truth before the

divorce."

"What are you afraid of?" Yvette hit the nail on the head and asked.

She might be a little naïve, but she was not stupid.

Yazmin said these words just to stimulate her to give up completely.

But did she need any stimulation?

Lance didn't love her at all, and she was defeated by this.

She didn't understand why Yazmin was so worried.

Yvette's question caused Yazmin's expression to change, but Yazmin quickly calmed down and smiled

confidently.

"I'm afraid? Everyone knows that the person Lance loves has always been me. So what if he slept with you a few times? I'm far away from the country. Distant water can't quench thirst. Men always have needs. I can

understand him."

Yazmin shaped herself like a warrior who sacrificed herself for love while making it seem like Yvette had stepped into their relationship.

"Since you are so confident, why are you still testing me?"

Yvette found it funny. She looked at Yazmin and asked, "And you are telling me everything now. Are you trying to prove that you are willing to be a mistress even though you know Lance is married?"

"You..." Yazmin was so angry that she was speechless.

"Come on. It is you who let me down. I am the victim. I don't need your fake kindness, and I don't owe you.

Yvette's words made Yazmin instantly angry. Just as Yazmin was about to throw her temper, her style

suddenly changed.

She screamed.

And the cup of coffee in front of her spilled all over her body and hands. She was in a sorry state.

Yvette frowned and felt that Yazmin was like a lunatic at that moment.

The tears in Yazmin's eyes were about to fall. She looked at Yvette pitifully and said with a grievance, "Yvette,

I know you hate me. Just vent your anger on me. Even if you hit me, I won't fight back."

After saying that, she staggered back while looking like she was about to die on the spot.

"Yazmin."

A tall figure strode over **and** supported Yazmin in time.

"What's going on?" Lance frowned and asked coldly.

Before Yvette could say a word, Yazmin reached out her burned hand and leaned into Lance's embrace,

crying, "Lance, don't blame Yvette. She became angry **as** she thought I occupied you..."

After hearing Yazmin's words, Lance turned to look at Yvette with scrutiny in his eyes. "Really?"

Yvette gave Lance and Yazmin a blank stare and even wanted to laugh.

Yvette thought, what a *clumsy* performance *Yazmin did*. *The truth will come out if Lance checks the*

*surveillance video. But Lance chose to question me immediately.*

*Since Lance made his decision, he didn't need to question me.*

*Ironically, Lance gave me a chance to defend myself before rebuking me.*

*I'm so sick of his hypocrisy.*

Yvette smiled coldly and turned to leave without saying anything..

Watching Yvette leave, Lance frowned and moved his feet as if he wanted to catch up with Yvette.

