

Chapter 24 We **Haven't** Divorced Yet!

Lance raised Yvette's chin with his slender fingers and changed the position of his lips. Lance tilted his head slightly so that their lips were tightly pressed together.

This strong kiss corresponded to his acting style. He was calm and self-contained, and yet domineering, not allowing others to oppose him.

He patiently licked her teeth until her mouth was filled with his male aura.

Yvette's back was against the cold wall, but her lips were numb from the heat of his lips. The opposite feelings were torturing her.

She couldn't help but tremble.

However, Lance's kiss just became more violent. He wished that he could completely possess Yvette.

Yvette was scared to tears by him.

Why did he do this? Didn't he like Yazmin?

Why did he still tease and kiss her?

Lance slowed down when he tasted the salty tears, but their lips were still stuck together.

He moved his thin lips and pressed them against her earlobe, letting out a warm breath. He cried out somewhat impatiently, "Yve."

The moment he opened his mouth, his voice was extremely hoarse.

Yvette's toes trembled. She wanted to cry even more.

She knew what it meant. He wanted her...

"Will you obey my will?" he asked hoarsely.

Yvette nodded with red eyes, not daring to provoke him at all. She was afraid of being thrown onto the bed in

the next second.

“Don’t make me angry anymore,” he added.

Yvette didn’t look at him. He continued to nod like a puppet.

However, Lance was unhappy. He pinched Yvette’s face and stared at her. He ordered, “Look at me.”

Yvette’s chin was firmly shackled by his slender fingers. There was nowhere to hide, so she could only look at

Lance.

The girl’s lips were red, swollen, and shining after the kiss. Lance’s eyes were deep.

She had always been gentle and obedient, allowing him to do whatever he wanted. Her sudden resistance

easily aroused his desire to conquer.

At the thought of the scene of her being with another man, Lance sensed a stir of anger and wanted to

fiercely possess her so that she could recognize who she belonged to.

Lance’s gaze was like that of a hungry wolf, making Yvette panic.

All of a sudden, Lance’s phone vibrated in his trousers.

Yvette let out a long sigh of relief. She was extremely grateful to whoever called. Seeing Lance still standing motionless, she couldn’t help but remind him, “Answer the phone. Maybe it’s Yazmin.”

She mentioned Yazmin to divert his attention and reminded Lance that the woman he loved was not her.

Although she knew it, she felt her heart being poked by a deer horn, sour and a little sad.

Lance pinched her chin and said in a low voice, “You want me to go to Yazmin’s?”

What else could be the reason for a woman urging a man to go out?

This thought made him go crazy.

His Adam’s apple bobbed, and his gaze fell on her fair-skinned neck. He suddenly bent over and picked her **up**, throwing her onto the soft bed in one step.

Yvette was still at a loss. She asked in a panic, “Lance, what are you doing?”

The man chuckled, but there was no smile in his eyes. “What do you think I’m going to do?”

The expensive suit was immediately thrown under his feet.

Yvette’s face instantly turned red. He was so fierce...

She stuttered, almost begging for mercy, “I... I am injured.”

She had forgotten Lance’s terrifying possessiveness. He could not allow others to provoke him.

She wouldn’t have chosen this time to provoke him if she had a second chance. Her hands were injured. She

couldn’t even run.

“You don’t need to move.”

Lance said casually, his pitch-black eyes tinged with a touch of darkness.

He was still wearing a white shirt and a tie. He was dressed well, but his words were filthy.

Lance lowered his head and wanted to kiss her lips, but she tilted her head.

He directly reached out to pinch her delicate face, pressed his fingers against her lips, and said in a magnetic voice, “We haven’t divorced yet. This is my right.”

The tears fell from Yvette's eyes like pearls, rolling down from both sides of her cheeks.

She gasped and cried uncontrollably. She cursed, "Lance, you are a monster. You bastard, you only know how to bully me..."

Lance suddenly softened again and lowered his head to kiss her tears lovingly.

Yvette was even angrier.

What did he think she was?

Why would he do this if he didn't love her?

Unwillingness, anger, and grievance surged into her mind.

Yvette sobbed and asked, "Do you love me?"

Lance paused for a second, and then stopped kissing. His eyes were deep, but he didn't answer.

Silence had clarified everything.

Yvette's heart ached so much that she wanted to die. She had loved him for ten years, but he had never loved

her at all.

Her hand was injured, so she couldn't exert any strength. Yvette was so angry that she opened her mouth and

bit his delicate jaw with some strength.

"Hiss..."

The sudden pain made Lance let out a cry. He pinched her chin and warned in a low voice, "Let go of me."

Yvette turned her face away, but her tears still kept flowing. She was so sad that she couldn't stop.

In Lance's eyes, Yvette was resisting him for another man.

"Don't cry. I won't touch you," he said, laughing.

Then, he slammed the door and left.

Hearing the door closing, Yvette felt as if her heart had been hollowed out, and she felt extremely uncomfortable.

She managed to get up and go to the bathroom to vomit.

It was as if a hand was violently stirring in her stomach. The pain made her vomit over and over again

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She thought, *he went to Yazmin's place, right?*

That's the person he has deeply loved...

And her value to him was only being a tool for sex for two years...

Yvette prevented herself from making a sound, tears dripping down.

She was wrong to ask that and to humiliate herself despite knowing the answer...

Let go. Never do this again.

She told herself over and over again.

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In a bar.

A few men sat together, accompanied by two beautiful women beside them.

Lance's handsome face was hidden in the darkness, but his charm still could not be hidden.

The woman in a white dress felt a desire for Lance. She picked up the bottle and poured wine for Lance. Then, she said in a sweet voice, “Mr. Wolseley, I’ll give you a toast...”

Her hand gently touched Lance’s thigh. However, before she could even get close, Lance kicked the chair

beneath her.

The woman sat on the ground with a loud bang.

Lance said coldly, “Get out of here.”

The woman covered her face and ran out after a few groans.

Jamie reached out to stop her and threw a handful of banknotes at her. He grabbed her butt, raised his eyebrows, and teased, “You picked the wrong man, didn’t you? Next time, remember to look for me. I’ll take you to something exciting.”

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Marvin raised his eyes and also smiled, “That’s right. Jamie has seen countless women, and his skills are

super good.”

The woman stuffed the money into her bra and smiled at Jamie. “I’ll wait for you.”

Marvin watched the woman go out and trembled as if shaking off all the goosebumps.

Then, he slanted his eyes and looked at Lance who had a fierce look. He asked, “What’s up?”

Then, as if discovering a new continent, he stared at Lance’s handsome face and curled up his lips.

Jamie noticed something wrong and looked over.

There was a clear bite mark on Lance’s handsome face, on his chin to be more exact.

For a moment, everyone had different expressions on their faces.

