

Chapter 51 Do You Have a Conscience?

Boom!

Yvette heard a dull loud noise behind her.

Yvette turned back hesitantly.

Lance lay on the ground, motionless,

Yvette's heart skipped a beat.

She looked at her hands. There was no way she could be that strong.

Obviously, fleeing would be the wiser choice for now.

Yet finally, sensibility got the better of her. Yvette quickly walked over to Lance.

His handsome face was now sickly pale, and there were beads of sweat on his forehead.

She pushed him lightly. "Lance... Lance..."

He did not react.

Yvette was completely flustered. Tears rolled down her face as she reached out to stroke his face. "Lance, what's wrong with you? Wake up. You are scaring me..."

She squatted down and tried to help him up. However, she felt something sticky on the back of his neck.

The smell of blood was getting thicker. She reached out.

Her fair hands were dyed red with blood!

The blood... It was because of that stick...

"Blah!"

She held back the urge of vomiting and got up to call someone over. She shouted, “Here! I need help!”

Marvin ran in and was stunned to see the man on the ground.

The next second, Marvin ordered calmly, “Ask Professor Walter to come over.” Alfonso Walter was his

colleague.

Soon after, Lance was pushed into the emergency room.

Yvette stood outside the door and waited. She was suffering.

Tears streamed down her face. She couldn’t stop crying.

She thought, *he was bleeding so much that even his neck was wet. Yet I didn’t notice....*

In an instant, she had mixed feelings, including frustration, regret, and self-blame.

She thought, *I should have known...*

Get Bonus

Back then, he did not hug me as readily as usual, and the reason for his being silent all the way in the car was that he was not feeling well.

But I was immersed so much in my world. I didn’t notice that something was wrong with him at all.

I didn’t care if he was sick after being hit with a stick...

She patted her head hard.

She muttered to herself, “Yvette, you are so selfish!”

She felt that a century had passed. Finally, the door to the operating room was opened.

Marvin walked out, and Yvette immediately rushed over.

“Professor Icahn, how is Lance?”

“Relax. He’s fine.”

Yvette relaxed instantly and asked, “Then why did he faint?”

Lance was strong. A single strike should not have caused him to faint.

Marvin solemnly said, “What hit him?”

“It was a stick. It’s about this thick...”

Yvette gestured.

Marvin frowned. “He was in a coma from a blood clot on the brain. He is alright now, but he was attacked in a very dangerous spot. If he had been hit any higher, I’m afraid he wouldn’t have woken up.”

Yvette felt that she couldn’t breathe. She was so upset.

She found it hard to picture. What should she do if Lance never woke up?

“Fortunately, that was just a presumption. He’ll be fine soon with some proper rest, ” Marvin comforted her.

Suddenly, he seemed to have remembered something and said, “However, it seems to me that the wound was caused by an iron rod, instead of a wooden stick.”

Hearing Marvin’s words, Yvette suddenly remembered something.

When Lance kicked the servant, the sound of the wooden stick hitting the ground was very crisp...

Indeed. It sounded more like an iron stick!

Now that she thought about it, the feeling she had at that time was right. Emilie wanted her and the baby to

die!

She did not expect Emilie to be so merciless.

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Get Bonus

Seeing Yvette's expression, Marvin asked her, "Why don't you take a rest?"

"No need. I want to be with Lance. Thank you, Professor leahn."

Marvin looked at Yvette's back and shook his head.

He thought, it's probably fate that brings these two alike people together. Neither *of their* hearts matches their mouths

Lance was laying on the bed.

Lanc

wearing a hospital gown. His right shoulder and the back of his head were wrapped in gauze.

When he slept, his natural domineering aura dissipated, and even the contours of his face softened.

Yvette couldn't help but reach out and use her fingertips to stroke the outline of his handsome brows, nose bridge, and lower jaw.

She thought, fate is so unfair. Every part of *his* body *is* exquisite beyond *imaginati on*.

Her hand somehow reached his Adam's apple. It was something that she had longed for a long time.

The curve of Lance's Adam's apple was very sexy, making his Adam's apple look like a towering peak.

In the past, when they were in bed, she was always well-behaved and did not dare to be impudent.

Now, she suddenly felt that since she was going to divorce, she might as well get handsy.

His Adam's apple under her fingertips suddenly moved.

Before Yvette could retract her hand, Lance had already opened his eyes.

Their gazes collided.

His pupils were as black as gems. When he looked at her, she felt that she was sucked in by a black hole.

Yvette instantly tensed up.

She wanted to retract her fingers, but he grabbed her hand.

“What are you sneaking around for?”

Lance's voice was cold and cheerless, not showing any signs of fatigue from just waking up.

“There was a bug,” Yvette blurted out, nervous.

“A bug?”

“Yes, I brushed it away for you.”

Yvette lied seriously. Since she was so tensed up, she failed to notice the hand that was holding hers.

“I sec.”

Get Bonus

Yvette just breathed a sigh of relief when she saw Lance raise his hand to ring the bell. She hurriedly stopped

him.

“What do you want to do? Let me.”

Lance was indifferent. He pulled his lips. “Go and ask if the cleaners are doing their job properly. Why are there bugs in the VIP ward?”

Yvette's face was burning, and she froze for a second. Then she said, "Maybe I saw it wrong. It was nothing.

Let it slide."

Her voice was soft, and she said pitifully.

Then she changed the subject. "Are you still feeling unwell? Where?"

"Everywhere."

"Then I'll call the doctor to come over."

Yvette immediately was about to get up, but Lance's grip tightened. She was caught off guard and pounced on

Lance.

He trembled slightly.

Yvette quickly wanted to get up, but she couldn't move.

"A doctor won't be necessary. Come up and accompany me."

His voice sounded above her head, and she couldn't tell his emotions.

"Ah..." Yvette widened her eyes in confusion.

His voice was clear and cold as he said, "Are you going to sit there and sleep?"

Yvette got what he meant, but she still couldn't help but blush, and she stuttered a little.

"I... I'm not sleepy. If I'm sleepy, I'll change shifts with Frankie and tell him to be here."

"Yvette."

Lance was still angry, and his voice was flat and cold.

"Do you have a conscience?"

His eyes were dark, and the condemnation they contained almost enveloped Yvette

.

Yvette agreed that she was responsible for what had happened to him, so she gave in.

“I’m not sleepy yet.”

Seeing that she found an excuse not to get on the bed, Lance snorted coldly, “Are you afraid I’ll do something

Gel Bonus.

to you? Seems that you think highly of me. You’ve given me too much credit!”

His words made Yvette feel so embarrassed that she just wanted to vanish.

She stammered, “No, I...”

Before she could finish speaking, he pulled her closer and said, “You want me to carry you up?”

Their breaths intertwined, and Yvette blushed.

“No need for that. I can manage it.”

He exerted force in his hands and held Yvette. She got onto the bed easily.

The bed in the VIP ward was very big. It was just a bit smaller than the one at home. Lance wrapped her in his arms firmly.

“Maybe a little distance would be better,” Yvette suggested, afraid of affecting his wound.

“Are we too close?”

Lance lowered his eyes and touched the tip of her nose with his tall nose. “This is close,” he said in a hoarse voice.

Yvette’s face turned red again. Just as she was about to speak, he had already kissed her lips.

He used the tip of his tongue to lick the edge of her lips and then let go of her. His voice was magnetic. “We can be closer.”

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Chapter 52 You Are the Only One

Yvette couldn't be more flustered. She hurriedly reached out to press against Lance's chest.

Perhaps his wound was affected. Lance's eyes darkened as he frowned.

“Stop moving. That thing isn't an option now,” he said calmly.

Yvette's face was as reddish as an apple, and she was so shy and irritated.

She wanted to scold him, but she was afraid that Frankie outside the door would hear her, so she could only lower her voice and glare at him while saying, “You bullied me again.”

She did not know how charming she was right now with her rosy cheeks and her sweet, soft voice.

Lance felt something, and his eyes went deep.

She was right. If he weren't injured, he would have bullied her hard by now.

Yvette did not know what he was thinking. **Her** mind was filled with all the things that happened at the banquet today.

It was a fact that he saved her, but it was also a fact that he pushed her away...

Her eyes dimmed. She couldn't let go of any of this.

“Slap!”

The sound was neither low nor high. He patted her thigh, making her ears red. She frowned and looked at him. “What are you doing?”

“Bullying you.” Lance's voice was hoarse, and he leaned closer with his **lips**.

Yvette was like a bunny in front of **him**, and **any** resistance she made would be in vain.

Yet she was still stubborn. She turned her head slightly, not letting his lips reach hers.

Lance pinched her chin frivolously, and his eyes became sharper. “What is it? I’m not allowed to touch you?”

He didn’t smile at all. When he put on a poker face, he looked cold and distant.

The atmosphere froze in the blink of an eye.

Suddenly, the phone on the table rang. It was Yvette’s phone.

Yvette reached past him to get her phone. Not wanting to affect his wound, she tried her best to control her body, avoiding touching his.

Yet from Lance’s point of view, she was disgusted **by him**, and she was refusing him.

His eyes became colder and more terrifying.

Yvette did not know what **was** going on in Lance’s mind. She glanced at the caller ID and saw it was Ellen.

Get Bonus

Subconsciously, she felt that right now wasn’t the right time to pick up the call, so she wanted to hang up.

Unexpectedly, Lance **spat** out coldly, “Pick it up.”

Yvette hesitated for a moment, and then she did as she was told.

“Yve, did you get home safely? I heard from Charlie today that...”

“Ellen.” Yvette interrupted Ellen abruptly. For some reason, Yvette’s heart suddenly beat fast.

“Yeah?”

“I’m fine. I’m great. I’m going to sleep.”

After Yvette finished speaking, she hung up the phone before Ellen could react.

The tense atmosphere in the room gave Yvette goosebumps.

However, there were certain things that couldn’t go away simply because one was trying to avoid them.

Sure enough, Lance’s eyebrows were cold, and he asked with a half-smile, “He cares about you a lot?”

His smile made Yvette inexplicably tremble. She figured that she had better explain certain things to Lance.

His misunderstanding wouldn’t do anyone good, including her and Charlie.

She thought about it and said, “Lance, let’s talk.”

Lance stared at her with his pitch-black eyes, remaining silent.

Yvette sat up straight. They were close to each other, and she was petite. It almost looked like she was nestled

in his embrace.

She couldn’t have a serious conversation with him in such a position.

Then she ignored the coldness in his eyes and said, “I know you are very concerned about Jaiden’s health. Like you, I also want Jaiden to be well. Since we can’t get a divorce this month, we might as well sign an agreement so that we can get along. Both you and I will abide by it.”

“An agreement?” Lance pursed his lips slightly, his face exceptionally cold.

“Yes,” Yvette continued. “First of all, we need to keep our distance. After all, given our relationship, some things will be improper for us to do now. You don’t want Yazmin to be sad, do you?”

Lance did not say anything. He just looked at her coldly.

“Second, we will not interfere with each other. I will not ask you about your personal affairs, and I expect you

to return the favor. Of course, you can’t threaten people around me as you please.

“And the third is...”

Yvette hesitated for a moment. Then she said,

“Please don’t have kids before we’re officially divorced. It will

be too much for me, and I don’t think Jaiden and others can accept it as well. Just ... use protection, OK?”

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Chapter 53 You Are the Only One

It was a bit embarrassing to say, but Yvette still had to make it clear.

Get Bands

She didn’t want her baby to have a father who was her husband while having a baby with some other woman.

Though she wouldn’t tell her baby who the father was.

Lance coldly said, “What about the fourth one? Let me help you there. I will give you my blessing. How does

that sound?”

Yvette frowned. “Charlie and I...”

Lance didn’t

wait for her to finish speaking. He coldly interrupted her, “Did you ever wonder what would happen if Grandpa found out? You no longer care about Grandpa’s well-being just because of him?”

She was dumbfounded.

She thought, his accusation is so *harsh*.

I don't get it. I do nothing but socialize with others normally. How come I suddenly become a threat to

Jaiden's health?

Jaiden never restricts me from hanging out with my friends.

Forget it. *I don't want to argue with him. For now, the important thing is to make compromises and solve the*

problem.

“He won't know if you keep your mouth shut. Relax. I will do the same regarding your matter with Yazmin. I won't tell Jaiden!”

Lance sneered.

For the first time, he felt that her thoughtfulness could be this annoying.

Yvette did not know what he was thinking, yet she saw that he had pulled a long face. She then remembered

what Marvin had said about his injury.

She did not want him to be angry, so she said in a low voice, “I'm leaving.”

Just as she was about to get up, Lance suddenly pulled her into his embrace from behind. He used his fingers to grab her chin, forcing her to turn around.

“You're in my bed already. Forget about leaving.”

As he spoke, he lowered his head and bit her lips without mercy.

Yvette's back was pressed against his chest, while her face was pinched high by him. She was forced to kiss him. Such a position made her very uncomfortable.

She moaned and did not dare to exert force, but she still resisted.

But on no ground would he allow her to interrupt him at this time.

Get Brus

He tightened his grip and stirred the tip of his tongue, sucking all the air out of her mouth.

Yvette's face was flushed. She held her breath to the point of almost crying.

She wanted to reach out to punch him, but she was worried about his wound, so she could only pinch his arm hard.

He was in pain from being pinched. However, he ignored the pain and continued to kiss her forcefully.

Yvette's tears fell fast and rapidly, gradually streaming down her face.

Lance's heart ached. He let go of her and said in a hoarse voice, "Honey..."

Yvette was stunned by such an address. Even her tears paused.

She thought, he *rarely* calls me *this*....

If memories serve *correctly*, he *only whispered it in my ear on our wedding night* when he *was turned on*. *At that time, his voice was so hoarse*...

Why did he call me this again right now? What did he mean?

Lance held her in his arms and sighed, "Be good. I'm still in pain."

There was something in his voice. He sounded aggrieved.

Yvette was silent. It was the first time she had seen him with such emotions.

Her heartstrings were inadvertently tugged at.

The moment she went quiet, Lance kissed her again. This time, he kissed her gently.

He kissed her forehead, and then the tip of her nose, her lips, and her neck...

After kissing her attentively, he said seriously, "I have never kissed any other woman."

His hand was restless. He grabbed her hand and reached down. Looking at the panicking Yvette, he said evilly, "And here. You are the only one."

"What?"

Yvette was in a daze. Her brain stopped functioning.

She was a mess right now. She completely ignored his fingers, which continued to be restless.

Mess with Me

What did Lance mean?

Yvette couldn't believe it. How could he not have had sex with Yazmin?

Then why did he go abroad so many times?

Yvette had been with Lance for two years. She knew how horny he could be. He wasn't the Platonic type of person.

However, he had no reason to lie. After all, even when he wanted to divorce her, he just told her plainly....

Lance liked Yvette when she was obedient. He put her down with some extra force on his hands and held her tightly, saying clearly, "Be good. Don't mess with me."

Yvette did not interpret too much about the meaning of his words. She stared at him without blinking. "You have never had sex with Yazmin?"

Lance put a strand of her hair in his hand and fiddled with it. He said lazily, "No."

"Really?" Yvette couldn't help but ask again.

Lance's eyes darkened. He then pinched her mouth and said, "What are you suspicious of?"

"But..."

Before she could finish speaking, he pressed down on her again. "Kiss."

After saying that, he kissed her again. His lips landed on her earlobe, sucking gently and slowly...

It was complete torture.

Yvette subconsciously shrank. She had been in a daze for the entire day.

Now, she simply couldn't stay clear-minded. She was completely vulnerable when she faced him, who was so gentle.

She wanted to dodge. However, he saw her through. He pinched her waist and bit her tenderly.

"Ah..."

Yvette was caught off guard by the bite, and she couldn't help but groan in a low voice.

"Want it?"

Without waiting for her reply, he used his slender fingers to clamp her jaw and kissed her with his thin lips

again.

She was without a chance to think. His lips and tongue had already taken order.

The VIP wards were all very far apart, and the comparison between the original silence and the sounds they made was particularly obvious at this time. Their sounds entangled with each other could be heard clearly.

Yvette blushed, and even her ears were red. Her heart beat violently. She was afraid that Frankie outside the

door would hear them.

Yet right now, her brain was a mess, and she had no time or room to think.

Lance knew his way around her. Each of his movements was precise and appropriate.

She had never done this with anyone else, so, she had no references. She figured that he should be one of the masters among men when it came to things like this.

After all, his face was so handsome. He could make women crazy for him without having to do anything...

Soon, she could no longer think.

Though he was injured, he could still take overall control easily.

His lips pressed against hers, and the hand that landed on her waist lifted the corner of her hems...

Yvette even felt a slight electrical current. Her body stiffened. She suddenly had a hallucination, seeing countless fireworks exploding in front of her eyes.

Lance let go of her lips, leaned close to her ear, and said hoarsely, "Moan, if that's what you want to do. Others can't hear you from the outside."

The lamp at the head of the bed was still on.

Yvette widened her eyes in shock, knowing what he was doing clearly.

Her heart kept beating wildly as if it was going to penetrate her body.

Yvette no longer tried to push Lance away. Instead, she grasped his body tightly. "No. Not here..."

They were in the hospital. They were in the ward, which was such a holy place...

However, he was doing something so unspeakable to her...

She resisted hard, but it was of no use. Lance coaxed her, "I'll make you happy..."

Yvette's face was flushed red, and her eyes were flickering with lust.

They had been married for two years, but this had never happened.

When she was in a daze, Yvette thought that it was probably because he was her only man that she found his

touch so irresistible.

Silence was gradually restored.

Yvette basically escaped from the bed.

She did not dare to look back and ran into the bathroom.

With a bang, the door was closed.

Get Baros

Lance's eyes darkened. He reached out and pulled out a wet towel, slowly wiping the water on his hands.

She had been taken care of, yet he was still suffering...

After Yvette came out of the bathroom, she found it too embarrassing to climb onto his bed again.

"Come here," seeing her dilly-dallying, Lance ordered. His eyes darkened.

"I... I'm not sleepy yet. You can go ahead and sleep," Yvette stammered.

"You want to abandon me after you use me?"

His words were a bit straightforward, completely contrary to how abstinent he looked.

Yvette had just splashed her face with cold water. Right now, it was flushed red again. She was in a dilemma. Shall she stand in situ or leave? Neither seemed a good choice.

Lance was not in a hurry. He leaned against the bed and looked at her leisurely. "Do you think I can still do anything to you given my condition?"

Yvette blushed and stopped being hesitant.

They were married. Sleeping in the same bed wasn't against the law.

Besides, Lance was injured, and she was pregnant. Sitting on the stool for the night was, of course, impossible.

After she got on the bed, Lance held her tightly in his arms and asked, “Did you feel good?”

His lips were pressed against her ear, so he made his voice deeper and said slowly. As a consequence, he sounded utterly titillating.

Yvette got shy easily, and she blushed at once.

She clutched at the corners of the quilt, feeling ashamed. “Lance, stop it.”

Lance chuckled. “I’ve done so much for you. Don’t you think I deserve some rewards? What should you call

me?”

Yvette knew what he was asking, but she found it hard to say it out loud now. What were they now?

“I’m sleepy.” She pretended to look drowsy.

The hands on her waist froze for a second, and he was no longer that eager.

Yvette knew that he was angry without turning around and looking at him, but she stayed still.

She was a bit afraid...

She would be less determined every time Lance treated her a little better.

Some people prayed no more once they got on shore. Right now, Yvette seemed to have fitted the description.

She was worried that she might give in completely one day...

She didn’t want to go through it again, from hope to despair.

Maybe it was a day full of things.

After becoming relaxed, Yvette was worn out and fell asleep after a short while.

Lance was a little unhappy at first, but the woman who made him angry fell asleep so fast.

He couldn't flare up. He could only accept it.

The sleeping Yvette was much more obedient than when she was awake.

Perhaps she was having a dream. Her hands clung to his waist tightly, her lips slightly parted, and on her fair collarbone, there were also the marks left by him when he was biting her.

Each part of her body was seductive.

Lance's jaw tightened. He suddenly felt a little agitated. He was inviting trouble.

He hugged her in his arms and gently bit her earlobe. She moved slightly.

Yet she was still sleeping.

He was patient. He bit her earlobe once, twice, and three times...

Yvette was finally awakened by him. She opened her eyes. There was confusion in her moist eyes. It looked like she was still in a dream.

Lance stopped biting her earlobe. Instead, he started to suck it. His voice was extremely hoarse.

"You are full. It's my turn now. Right?"



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Chapter 54 I'm Addicted to You

Lance grabbed Yvette's hand and said with affection, "Help me..."

Yvette regretted her momentary soft-heartedness that night.

They did not have sex, but it felt more tiring than having sex with him.

She thought, sure enough. Women *can* never trust men....

Get Conus

Yvette was exhausted after the night, so until ten o'clock, she was still asleep.

She didn't wake up even when Frankie came in..

Frankie came inside to deliver clothes.

When he pushed the door open, he saw that Yvette was sleeping soundly, leaning against Lance. Her hair was slightly scattered, and her shoulders were exposed. Lance was handsome, and Yvette was beautiful. It was

quite a pleasant and titillating scene.

Frankie was confused. He thought, *isn't Mr. Wolseley injured?*

Why are they in such a position? Who is taking care of who?

The next second, he met a sharp gaze. He quickly lowered his head and placed the clothes and breakfast on the cabinet carefully before closing the door and leaving.

Although he didn't make loud sounds, Yvette still moved slightly.

In a half-asleep state, she leaned closer to the warm "pillow".

Her subconscious movement undoubtedly pleased Lance.

His thin lips curved into a smile as he held her even tighter in his embrace.

When Yvette woke up, Lance was handling business with one hand on the tablet.

She found herself resting on his thigh. She was stunned for a few seconds before trying to stay further from

him.

However, Lance locked her shoulders, and she couldn't move.

Lance closed the tablet with one hand and put it aside. Then he lowered his head and kissed the top of her

head. He asked, "Are you hungry?"

Yvette was a little embarrassed to be so intimate with him. She shook her head. "No."

Lance whispered into her ear, "I am."

Perhaps she was thinking too much. She somehow had the feeling that Lance was hinting at something else.

Get Bonus

"I'll get you something to eat."

She got up hastily, only to find that she was wearing his shirt. Her clothes were tossed on the ground.

Some scenes from last night emerged in her mind, and her face instantly turned red.

Lance had some things to deal with, so he stopped teasing her and said, "I have asked Frankie to bring the food and the clothes here already."

Yvette blushed again and went down to get dressed.

Yvette finally realized something after they finished lunch. She asked, "Did you get Frankie to buy the clothes?"

Among the clothes sent by Frankie, there was also underwear...

Wasn't it a bit out of the line?

"Mary bought it. Frankie sent it over."

After Lance finished explaining, he added, "I will buy it for you next time. I am familiar with your size."

She was speechless.

Yvette felt that it was impossible to have a normal conversation with Lance. She thought, *is he too idle, because he is injured? Everything he says is about sex.*

She got up and wanted to leave, but Lance grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his arms.

“Are you full?” he asked in a low voice.

They were so close that Yvette found it difficult to even breathe.

“Yes... I am,” she stuttered a little.

“I am not,” he said meaningfully.

Even Yvette’s ears were red. She didn’t want to interpret his words. She turned her face away and said, “Then

eat some fruit.”

“Feed me,” Lance asked bluntly.

“Can’t you eat it yourself?”

“I’m injured,” he said righteously.

Yvette couldn’t help but look at his slender and beautiful fingers. She thought, *these fingers of yours moved*

so nimbly last night...

You made me beg. You didn’t strike me as someone who is injured at all.

Lance met her eyes. He poked her with his finger without any shame.

Chapter 54 I’m Addicted to You

2/5

Get Bonus

“I am tired after last night. Feed me. When you want it again, it can make you feel so good...”

Yvette’s ears couldn’t be redder. She thought, you must have done some *training before*. How *can you say*

these things without feeling *ashamed at all?*

“Stop it!” She randomly picked a grape from the fruit plate to hide her panic.

He had already leaned close to her ear and murmured, “You didn’t tell me to stop last night...”

Yvette was about to lose control. She tried her best to collect herself and reminded him, “Lance, we are about

to...

“Hmm...”

Her lips were kissed again, and he even pecked twice.

He said, “Divorce is off the table.”

Yvette widened her eyes, thinking that she had misheard him.

“What did you say?”

“I’m addicted to you.”

Though he didn’t say much, his words were enough to shock her. Yvette was stunned and could not react at

all.

Lance said he would not divorce her. He said he was addicted to her...

She felt as if her heart had suddenly stopped, but at the same time, something had come to life.

A shadow was cast over her eyes, and his handsome face suddenly leaned over.

Before Yvette could react, his lips had already pressed against her fingertips, pushing the grape into her

mouth.

Yvette’s heartbeat was extremely fast, and her entire body was struck by the thumping sound, causing her to panic and feel weak.

Lance lightly kissed her fingertips, pulled her hand down, and kissed her lips. The tip of his tongue stirred the grape and sucked the juice of the grape.

He did not close his eyes. He lifted Yvette's delicate chin with his fingers and looked down at her.

His good-looking face was filled with desire.

Yvette somehow felt an electrical current. Her entire body was influenced, and the unbearable feeling made her toes curl up.

She felt like she was going to die.

Only when the grape was completely sucked up did he let go of her lips. His face was full of satisfaction as he

Get Bonus

praised, "Very sweet."

Yvette was still in a daze, and her tongue was so numb that it didn't feel like her own.

Her legs were soft, and she almost couldn't stand.

She was so nervous that her hands were trembling. She hurriedly picked up the lunch box on the table and said in a low voice, "I'll throw it away."

"The carers will see to it." Lance frowned.

Yet Yvette had already opened the door. She could not stay here any longer and wanted to go out for some air.

After getting rid of the trash, she stayed on the balcony for a while to collect her thoughts.

She thought, *Lance said that he had never kissed another woman...*

He said that he wouldn't divorce me...

Doesn't he love Yazmin very much? What about Yazmin?

After thinking for a while, she began to despise herself. She thought, *haven't I learned enough from before?*

Men can always separate their bodies from their feelings well, but women always treat intimate contact as a warm-up for their feelings...

The addiction he mentioned might be simply physical.

However, I couldn't help but have some anticipation...

Can I trust him one more time for the baby?

Yvette returned to the ward as she was wondering.

Just as she reached the door, she heard a woman crying.

Her footsteps paused.

In the ward, Yazmin was crying in Lance's arms.

Lance was stroking Yazmin's back with his hand. He seemed to have been moved by Yazmin's crying. He frowned, and he looked distressed.

"Lance, are you in a lot of pain? I know I am... Seeing you like this... It's killing me... I hate it so much that I can't accompany you by your side as your wife..."

"Yazmin, don't be like this. You shouldn't be agitated."

Lance endured the pain. He could not bear to push her away. They hugged each other very tightly.

Yvette could not describe the feelings she was having. She was very clear-headed, while she was also bitter.

She thought, *my wavering idea now looks like a joke.*

Chapter 54 I'm Addicted to You

4/5

L

Gel Bonus

With *Yazmin around*, there will *always* be a *wall* between Lance *and* me *that* we *can't* cross.

Meanwhile, Frankie came over and saw Yvette standing outside the door. He was a little surprised. Just as he was about to speak, Yvette ran away without looking back.

Frankie saw the inside of the ward and immediately realized something.

He subconsciously walked away, but Lance called him inside.

Frankie entered the ward. Yazmin had already been pushed away by Lance. Lance had a poker face and ordered coldly, "Get someone to send Yazmin back."

Yazmin's face turned pale.

She did not want to leave. She tried to hug Lance again, but he directly shouted, "Yazmin!"

"I'll say it again. Go back!"

"Lance... I just want to be with you..."

Yazmin's face was full of tears of grievance, looking particularly pitiful.

However, Lance didn't care about her at all. He asked Frankie with sharp eyes, "What are you waiting for?"

