

Chapter 13 Taking Revenge **for** His Wife

“Lance, this bitch said that you were together. Is she crazy? It is too dangerous to keep such a lunatic in the

company. Lance, quickly fire her.”

Hearing this, Lance suddenly stopped.

They were together.

He pursed his lips. The depression that had accumulated for the entire afternoon seemed to have disappeared.

“Yvette.” Lance raised his eyebrows slightly and looked charming when he looked at Yvette. “Did you say

that?”

“Yes.”

Yvette bit her lips and replied, feeling that she should not have been so impulsive.

She regretted what she just said.

There were only two days before the divorce. Lance would never cause trouble for himself and admit their

relationship.

*See, Lance, she admitted it...”

Halfway through her words, Emilie suddenly stopped. She saw Lance put his suit on Yvette's shoulder.

Even Yvette did not expect that not only did Lance not get angry, but he also seemed to be somewhat happy.

She felt that she must have been wrong.

Yvette was tall among the girls, but Lance's suit was still too big for her. The suit couldn't cover her beautiful

breasts, which had juice on them.

Lance swallowed hard. When he looked aside, he reached out and buttoned the top button of his **suit**.

His fingers were slender and beautiful. His motion was practiced and ambiguous. Yvette couldn't help but

flush, and her heart was beating wildly.

"Lance!" The untimely scream ruined the atmosphere.

Emilie glared at Yvette. "This shameless bitch wants to seduce you. Don't be fooled by her!"

Lance turned around and a chilling coldness flashed across his eyes. "Throw her out."

Emilie was stunned.

What?

Throw her out!

"Lance, are you serious?"

Emilie's tone was a bit uncertain. She felt that Lance wanted to throw that bitch out, but he made a mistake

when he spoke.

The security guards had long wanted to throw Emilie out. They surrounded Emilie and said, "Ms. Thackeray, please.

"Don't touch me!" Emilie shook off the security guards' hands, her face full of disbelief. "Lance, how could you treat me **like** this for that bitch?"

The more Emilie spoke, the colder Lance's eyes became.

He looked at the security guards beside him and said coldly, "What are you waiting for?"

Hearing this, **the** security guards held Emilie's arm and dragged her out.

Emilie kicked her legs hard, crying and making a fuss, but she couldn't break free.

"Stop!"

At that time, there was a shout from upstairs. Emilie's mother, Rosa Wolseley, rushed down and kicked a

security guard.

"Are you blind? How dare you touch my daughter?"

When Emilie saw that her mother had come, she instantly became domineering again. She cried, "Mom, it's

all because of that bitch!"

Rosa had a bit of an impression of Yvette. She had heard that Yvette had saved Jaiden before, and then they

became familiar.

Jaiden followed behind and went downstairs. Seeing the mess, he knocked on the ground heavily with his

walking stick.

When Rosa saw Jaiden coming down, she immediately complained, "Mr. Wolseley, you have to defend us. An outsider is in charge of your home and bullying Emilie!"

After saying that, she pinched her daughter. Emilie immediately understood and cried out of breath. Emilie

looked really pitiful.

“Stop crying!”

Lance’s face was gloomy. Emilie was so scared that she forcefully suppressed her emotions.

It suddenly became much quieter.

Rosa saw that it didn’t look good and quickly said, “Lance, Emilie **is** your cousin. You can’t help an outsider

bully her!”

Jaiden spoke in a deep voice. His voice was aged but imposing. “What’s going on?”

Lance said concisely, “She splashed Yvette with juice.”

It was only then that Jaiden saw that Yvette’s hair was still stained with juice, and his expression

immediately became a little ugly.

Rosa didn’t notice it and continued, “She must have provoked Emilie. She deserves it.”

“This slut deserves it!” Emilio added.

Just **as** Emilie finished speaking, Lance’s eyes turned cold as he looked over. Emilie instantly hid behind

Rosa.

Before Lance could do anything, Jaiden raised his walking stick and pointed mercilessly at Rosa and Emilie. “You, and you! Get out of here!”

Jaiden was so angry that his hands were trembling. These two idiots didn’t know what was good for them.

They dared to **bully** Yvette. Jaiden didn’t want to see them anymore.

Jaiden knocked his walking stick **on** the ground and ordered, “Don’t let them in again.”

Rosa couldn’t believe her ears, Jaiden had always been easygoing toward the younger generation and had never been so angry.

Her face trembled and she wanted to beg for mercy, but she was already dragged out by the security guards.

In less than thirty seconds, the two were thrown out by the security guards.

The house was quiet again.

Jaiden walked toward Yvette. He felt ached for her. “Yvette, I’m sorry for what happened.”

“Grandpa, I’m fine.”

“Go and change your clothes. Don’t catch a cold.”

In the old mansion, Jaiden had prepared new clothes of all seasons and a room for her.

After changing her clothes, Yvette went downstairs to have dinner with Jaiden.

During dinner, Lance was sitting next to her. There were steaks. Lance remembered that she liked it, so he got a piece for her.

But Yvette did not notice it and absent-mindedly looked at her plate.

She thought of Emilie saying that Lance went to see Yazmin.

Why didn’t he bring her back?

After thinking for a while, Yvette thought that it might be because of Yazmin’s illness.

However, Lance was very strange today, and he seemed to not care about exposing the relationship between Yvette and him.

Soon, she felt that she was thinking too much. Emilie was close to Yazmin. It was a matter of time before Emilie knew it, so Lance didn't care.

When she was thinking, she suddenly felt someone pinch her thigh.

“Ouch!”

She couldn't help but call out in pain.

When she turned, Lance was gracefully picking up the soup and taking a sip. He had moved his hand away

from her leg.

What was he doing? Was he crazy?

Yvette's mind buzzed, and her heart was racing.

“What's wrong. Yvette?” Jaiden put down his fork and asked with concern.

“I choked.”

Yvette answered in a well-behaved manner. She clenched her hands under her seat to suppress the nervousness in **her** heart.

“Have more **if you** like it.”

“OK, grandpa.”

Yvette slowly let out a sigh of relief. The next second, she heard Lance ask, “You didn't eat anything. How did you choke?”

Yvette was lost for words.

Yvette wanted to poison him to a mute.

She took a deep breath and explained under Jaiden's concerned gaze, "I got choked by my saliva..."

After saying that, she swallowed hard.

"Yvette, are you trying to make me happy, aren't you?" Jaiden laughed loudly and looked at Yvette. "I'm very happy."

The drama was finally over. Yvette took the chance and turned to ask in a low voice, "What are you doing?"

Lance raised his eyebrows with a smug look on his face.

Yvette was so angry that she secretly reached out to get revenge and pinch him.

However, before she could touch him, her hand was firmly grabbed by his hand.

Lance held her hand tightly, and she could feel a thin cocoon on his palm. He rubbed her hand, and it gave

her a rough feeling.

It wasn't over. His fingers rubbed against the most tender part of her palm. Instantly, she felt itchy and her

heart was racing again.

Yvette blushed and struggled quietly, but Lance clenched her hand so tightly that she couldn't break free.

Yvette had no choice but to look over viciously.

However, there were no changes to Lance's handsome face. He was eating elegantly as if he was not the one

who was flirting with her under the table.

Lance's fingertips wrote a word in her palm.

The word seemed to be "daze",

Her face flushed red and she was extremely angry.

Yvette thought to herself, I *was thinking about your* love!

Meanwhile, Jaiden realized that something was wrong. “Yvette, why do you flush?”

Yvette was extremely nervous. She held her breath, trying to make her voice sound as calm as possible. I’m hot, grandpa.”

What Yvette said was the truth.

Besides the heat, she also felt that she had difficulty breathing.

Jaiden

was sitting opposite, and Yvette’s hand was being held tightly by Lance under the table, like a little couple secretly dating behind their elders’ backs.

Jaiden laughed. “I don’t get hot.”

As Jaiden spoke, he accidentally dropped his fork on the ground. The servant next to him immediately stepped forward to pick it up but was stopped by him.

“I can pick it by myself.”

Then Jaiden bent down to pick up the fork...

