

## Chapter 19 Is He **Blind**?

After opening it, Yazmin instantly turned pale.

Without thinking much, she threw it directly into the trash can next to her.

There were children's clothes in it!

Yazmin wondered, is *Yvette pregnant*?

*How is this possible?*

But soon, Yazmin calmed down. Thinking of Lance's words and actions just now, it seemed that he still did

not know about this matter.

Then things got easy.

A fierce look flashed across her eyes.

Yvette was future trouble **for** Yazmin, and Yazmin would deal with her when Yvette got a divorce.

The next day.

Yvette got up early and was ready to go to City Hall.

She made an appointment at half past nine in the morning. It was still early, so she took the bus there.

Yvette didn't have dinner with Ellen when she was uncomfortable yesterday. When she got home, Yvette

found that the baby clothes she bought were gone.

She called the store, but the working staff didn't find them. The clothes were probably picked up by someone.

After the bus arrived at the station, Yvette got off the bus and sent a message to Lance: "I got there."

Yvette suddenly realized that the last time she sent messages to Lance was before Yazmin came back.

It read: "Hubby, when will you be back?"

When she learned that she was pregnant that day, Yvette wanted to tell Lance in the text message, but she felt that she should tell him about the important thing in person.

Unexpectedly, in just half a month, everything had changed.

There were a lot of messages in the dialog box. Most of them were sent by her, and Lance occasionally replied with a single word.

Yvette didn't feel it before, but looking at the chatting records now, she could tell whether Lance really loved

her.

Yvette deleted all the chatting records. She would not let herself dwell in the past.

She walked forward, and suddenly, someone beside her called out "thief".

Then, Yvette was pushed by someone, and a black shadow darted out from her side with a red bag in his

hand, running away desperately.

Fortunately, Yvette reacted quickly and used her left knee to support herself on the ground, so she did not

fall.

A woman in a red dress chased after the thief. Before she took two steps, she twisted her foot and sat on the

ground.

With a pained expression, the woman pleaded for help from passers—by. “Help me. There’s medicine inside,”

the woman cried.

At this time, there were only two or three passers—by on the roadside. No matter how the woman asked for

help, no one stopped.

Seeing this, Yvette got up without thinking and shouted as she ran, “Stop! Catch the thief!”

The passers—by all looked at her, and the thief was also panicked by her shouting. He cursed and ran faster.

Yvette was getting closer to the thief. She was good at long—distance running in school. The thief definitely

could not win in terms of endurance.

Yvette was still shouting, “Put down the bag! Thief!”

Finally, the thief was so panicked that he ran into a dead end.

Yvette also chased him in.

The thief put his hands on his knees, gasped for breath, and cursed, “Fuck, are you crazy? Why are you

chasing me so far?”

Yvette looked at the yellow—haired thief who looked young. She advised, “Put the bag down and turn yourself in. You have a long way to go in life. Don’t take the wrong path.”

“Okay, come and get it.” The thief threw the bag at his feet and looked like he had surrendered.

Yvette immediately went to pick up the bag. The moment she got close, the yellow—haired young man suddenly pulled out a knife and stabbed it at her.

“You’re so nosy. Go to hell!”

As soon as the knife was taken out, it was reflected by the dazzling bright light of the sun. Yvette immediately reacted and raised her hand to pull the man’s shoulder. At the same time, she tilted to the side.

The young man was jerked away and stabbed in Yvette’s arm.

Then the knife fell to the ground.

The young man immediately went crazy. He picked up the knife and said with red eyes, “Damn it. You dare to

resist!”

As he spoke, he raised the knife and stabbed Yvette’s neck.

Yvette’s face was pale, and she went cold.

Was she going to die here?

But she was only stunned for a second. She suddenly reached out and gripped the knife tightly.

Blood dripped down her fair palm.

Then, more and more blood flowed out of her hand.

The yellow-haired youth was stunned.

He did not expect that Yvette would do this, and he wanted to let go of his hand.

At a critical moment...

There was a loud sound.

The yellow-haired young man was kicked to the ground by the police who had rushed over.

Yvette, who had survived the stab, fell to the ground, getting limp.

“Oh, my dear!” The woman in the red dress ran over and half-knelt on the ground to pick up Yvette, her eyes

moist.

Yvette was still holding her bag tightly. Yvette handed it over and endured the pain, saying, “Is... Is the

medicine still there?”

The woman in the red dress took a look at her bag and said excitedly, “Yes. Thank you, kid. Let’s go to the

hospital.”

Soon, the ambulance reached the hospital.

After **the** doctor checked Yvette, he confirmed that there were no major injuries except the scratches on her

arm and the wound in her palm.

When the doctor stitched up the wound for Yvette, the woman in the red dress had been by Yvette’s side. Yvette had been burying her head in the woman’s arms, not daring to look at the wound.

Yvette had been afraid of needles and pain since she was a child.

Yvette was not from a rich family, but she was as delicate as a rich lady when she was injured.

The pain was infinitely magnified by her, and Yvette could only endure it.

And for the baby, she lied that she was allergic to anesthetics and could only get her wounds stitched

without anesthetics.

Once the needle was stuck into her skin, it made Yvette’s scalp numb, and her tears fell.

The woman in the red dress had a distressed look, wishing that she could help Yvette endure the pain.

After the doctor left, Yvette rested for a long time before she remembered the divorce.

Lance must have been waiting for her for a long time.

Yvette quickly took out her phone and wanted to call Lance, but it was inconvenient for her to hold it with her left hand. The phone fell to the ground and was turned off.

The woman hurriedly picked it up and said eagerly, "Good girl, don't move. If you need anything, just tell me."

In the car just now, the woman and Yvette had exchanged names. The woman was called Tanya Hudson.

"Tanya, can you help me make a phone call?"

"Sure, tell me the number."

When Yvette said the number, Tanya suddenly paused and asked, "Who is he to you?"

"My husband," Yvette replied.

"Alright." Tanya handed the phone to Yvette.

"Tanya, can you help me?"

Yvette was actually very afraid of pain. When she suffered a minor injury, she would call Lance. When she heard his voice, she would cry before he said anything.

But now, she couldn't do that now.

Therefore, she did not want to speak, afraid that she would cry again.

"What did you want to say?" Tanya readily agreed.

“Just tell him that I have some matters to attend to and will go to City Hall at two in the afternoon.”

Tanya paused and said, “Alright.”

Soon, the call was connected.

Yvette found that Tanya had a different accent when she spoke on the phone. Yvette didn't know what Lance said over the phone. Tanya ended up saying that they were in the municipal hospital.

Tanya hung up the phone and smiled, “Yvette, you don't blame me for making decisions for you. You should at least tell him the reason why you can't get there on time.”

“It doesn't matter.” Yvette bit her **lips**. Lance would not care anyway.

“Good girl, are you going to get married today?”

“No, to get a divorce,” Yvette answered truthfully.

“A divorce?” Tanya was shocked and asked. “Why?”

Yvette glanced at Tanya and felt that she was a little too enthusiastic. After all, this was a private matter.

Tanya smiled, “Yvette, don't think that I'm rude. I have been through it before. I just think that you are still young. And a young couple is easy to have quarrels. You can't be impulsive and make the wrong decision,”

Yvette could tell that Tanya was doing this for her sake. She smiled bitterly, “Tanya, my husband wants to

divorce me.”

“How could that be? You're so beautiful and kind,” Tanya gritted her teeth and said angrily. “Is he blind?”

Yvette

was amused by Tanya's action, and Yvette felt warm that the stranger she had just met

unconditionally stood by her side.

“He wants to marry another woman,” Yvette said.

They chatted for a while, and when it was time for lunch, Tanya went out to get Yvette some food.

The room was quiet. Yvette leaned against the pillow and relaxed her nerves. Soon, she felt sleepy.

Suddenly...

The door of the ward was suddenly pushed open.

Yvette woke up in an instant and looked up.

The tall and straight figure blocked most of the light. Lance stood in front of the door in a black shirt and

black pants. His face was fair and handsome, and his legs were slender and straight. Anyway, Lance looked

noble and elegant.

He walked against the light to Yvette, step by step.

He seemed to be covered with a layer of light, clean and beautiful.

Yvette’s mind went blank when she saw him.

Thinking that she almost died today, she was sad.

And she felt so aggrieved.

She really wanted to tell Lance that it hurt so much, like what she used to do in the past.

