

## Chapter 22 Revenge

“It hurt a little just now. I feel better now,” Yvette answered.

But in fact, she lied.

It hurt very much without the anesthetic, and she probably wouldn't remember how much it hurt for a long

time.

The pain was stabbing and piercing.

“A little?”

Lance did not believe what she said.

He knew that she had been afraid of getting hurt. He knew it after the wedding night.

Thus, before they got laid, he often did a good amount of foreplay.

At this time, her delicate face was pale, and the hair on her forehead was wet. She was in low spirits like a withered rose.

Lance's face was gloomy. He wanted to comfort her, but at this moment, the words seemed to stick in her

throat.

He clenched his fists tightly.

“I wanna kill the person who hurt her!” he thought.

However, Yvette thought that he was angry because he could get married to Yazmin.

Her hand was wrapped in gauze bandages. If she went to Jaiden's house, Jaiden would definitely be worried. He had to wait for Yvette to recover, and then he would go to see Tanya and explain himself.

Don't worry. The wound is not that serious, and it heals quickly. When I get better, I'll talk to Mrs. Wolseley.

You..."

Before she finished her words, he held her in his warm arms. He hugged her both carefully and tightly.

"Don't talk. Just hug me," he said in a deep voice, and he rested his jaw on her head.

Yvette was stunned.

His action made Yvette feel that he cared about her a lot.

But the next second, she felt her thoughts were silly.

After seeing him protect Yazmin so many times, how could she have such an absurd thought?

If Yazmin had not been abroad for two years, she would not have had the chance to be with Lance.

Everything between them was just a coincidence. She just happened to come into Jaiden's favor and happened to marry Lance.

Even if Lance raised a pet for 2 years, he would have an attachment to it.

Moreover, she **was** a person.

She should not be touched by this, and she should have a false illusion that he loved her.

Otherwise, she could never move on.

"Lance, you can't hold me so tightly," Yvette said in a low voice in his arms.

His arms were filled with a sweet smell.

She didn't

want to be touched by him like this. They were about to get divorced, so they couldn't be so close.

Lance released his hold a little, but he still hugged her intimately. He put his forehead against her head as if

he was afraid that she would disappear.

After a while, Frankie came over and told them that he had taken care of the discharge procedures.

Yvette refused to be put on a drip, and the doctor could only let her go home.

Fortunately, only the flesh on her palm was cut, and she wasn't injured in the sinews, so the wound healed

quickly.

After Lance let her go, he wrapped his arm around her body and carried her in his arms.

Yvette was so scared that she immediately raised his hand to push him away. Frankie was still there.

“Don't move.”

Lance knew what she was thinking, and his voice was firm.

Yvette thought of her injury and immediately stopped struggling. They were in the hospital, and there were many people in the corridor.

She didn't dare even imagine the scene.

She blushed a little, and she whispered, “I can walk by myself.”

She hurt her hands, not her legs.

“No,” Lance directly refused. He even said in a threatening tone, “If you move again, I will kiss you.”

Yvette's face turned red, and she immediately became obedient,

Lance knitted his eyebrows and said in a low voice, “Are you so afraid that I will kiss you?”

Yvette didn't know what to say. She suddenly felt that he was talkative.

Yvette buried his head in his arms as she **didn't** want to be recognized.

This action made Lance's heart soften, and he gently placed her in the car.

Before they reached home, Lance's phone rang.

Yvette saw that it was from Yazmin.

Lance answered the call and said a few words.

Yvette thought even Yazmin's name grated **on** her ears, and he would always answer Yazmin's call.

When she thought of this, her heart sank again. She closed her eyes to doze for a while. She didn't expect that she would really fall asleep.

Lance felt warmth surging in his heart when he saw her fall asleep while leaning against his shoulder. She looked obedient and quiet at the same time.

After arriving home, he gently carried her to bed.

After coming out, Frankie said, "Mr. Wolseley, that man comes out."

Lance's expression turned gloomy. After telling Mary to take care of Yvette, he turned around and went out.

The black luxury car soon stopped downstairs at Moonbay Club.

Moonbay Club was a famous club in New York.

Lance unbuttoned his suit as he walked. His eyes were cold as he asked Frankie, "Tell me something about

that man."

"That man's name is Tim Hacker. He made a bet with his friends that he could rob a person. They did it for fun. His father owns this club. He has some connections. He submitted a medical record of mental problems,

and Tim was released this afternoon.”

In a private room, a yellow-haired man was bragging about today’s experience to his companions.

“You know what? I have never seen such a brave girl before, and she’s very beautiful. I really like her. The good thing is that I wrote down that girl’s contact information from the lawyer. I’ll sleep with her no matter what I have to do.”

A bang came.

The door was kicked open.

Lance got in. He slowly took off his suit and threw it at the assistant. He glanced at the yellow-haired young man coldly and asked casually, “Tim Hacker?”

The young man was of tall stature, and he was impressive in appearance.

Tim nodded in a daze, and then he realized that he was in his father’s club. He shouted, “Who the hell are you...”

Before he could finish speaking, Lance smashed an ashtray down on his head.

Immediately, Tim’s head was bleeding.

He clutched his head, his hands covered in blood. He cried out **in** pain, “Who the hell dares to hit me?”

He pointed at his depraved friends and cursed, “Are you all dead? All of you, beat them!”

As soon as his friends beside him stood up, two bodyguards in suits rushed in front of Tim and beat him up.

These bodyguards were all well trained, and the ordinary were no match for them.

Tim’s heartrending cries reverberated in the room.

His friends were so scared that they immediately knelt and begged for mercy while shivering. “It has nothing

to do with us. We haven’t done anything bad. Let **us** go.”

Lance had already lit a cigarette. He bit the cigarette and turned his head coldly, motioning them to leave.

Though Tim was scolding them for being disloyal, they ignored him and directly rushed out of the room.

They even thought that they had bad luck, and they didn’t know when Tim offended this person.

At this time, Tim’s face had contorted with pain. His mouth was numb. He managed to bite his tongue and

said, “You, don’t leave. When my dad comes, he will skin you alive...”

After Lance heard this, he raised his eyebrows, and he suddenly laughed.

Frankie immediately understood what he **meant**. He turned around and said to a man, “Go and invite Mr.

Hacker over.”

Soon, Gerardo Hacker, the owner of the club, came in and saw his son lying on the ground with wounds all

over his body. He was very distressed, and he nearly fainted due to his high blood pressure.

He pounced on his son and yelled, “Which bastard hit my son? Ouch, my son, my dear...”

When Tim saw that his savior had arrived, tears and snot flowed down his face. He pointed to the man

behind Gerardo and bit his tongue as he cried, “It’s... it’s him. Dad, he hit me... Hurry up... Kill... kill him...”

Gerardo looked at the man Tim pointed at. Lance, who was leisurely smoking a cigarette, had an

extraordinary appearance. He sat there casually, looking graceful.

He didn't know why Lance was so bold that he would hit his son in his club.

Gerardo waved his hand and said with a sneer, "Come in, **Give** this person a good lesson."

About 30 bodyguards working for the club popped out because of the noise.

Gerardo thought, *this young man brought only two bodyguards and one assistant here. His assistant looks*

soft.

He must be a pushover.

With a hideous grin, Gerardo thought he would win this fight for sure.

Gerardo beckoned to his bodyguards to take action. Lance remained calm and sat there with his long legs.

crossed as if he was on a vacation.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Gerardo heard the noise and soon found all his men lying on the ground.

The fight didn't last five minutes.

Two men defeated thirty strong ones.

Gerardo looked at Lance with fear in his eyes and wondered, *who the hell are they?*

Gerardo asked in a trembling voice, "Who are you?"



