

## Protected Ex-wife Chapter 22 - Chapter 22 In a Sorry State

### Chapter 22: Chapter 22 In a Sorry State

"How dare you hit me?" The man's eyes were burning with anger as another two men rushed over. "Mr. Guzman! Are you all right?"

The man did not answer. He pointed at Elsie and barked, "Bring this woman to the private room!"

"Mr. Guzman, she's not from Club H20," one of the men glanced at Elsie and replied.

"I don't care! Hurry up and bring her to the room!"

The two men did not dare to say anything else as they immediately dragged Elsie away. "Help!" was all she could scream before her mouth was covered. She struggled desperately, but she was no match for the two strong men. Before long, she was forcefully dragged into the room.

After throwing her on the floor, the two men left her with Mr. Guzman and stood guard outside. The latter scowled at her with a gloomy face.

"What do you want?" Elsie could hear her own voice trembling.

"No one has ever dared to hit me. You are the first one." Mr. Guzman took a step forward, making her take one back. Soon, her back hit the wall, and there was no more space for her to retreat.

"You'd better not do anything stupid!"

"So what if I do?" While speaking, he reached out and grabbed her by the collar, ripping her shirt apart with great strength.

Elsie tried to clutch at the torn pieces, but the man leaned forward and pushed her to the sofa. When she wanted to get up, he pounced on her.

His breath reeked of alcohol, suffocating her as he tried to kiss her. Helplessly, she dodged his advances and shrieked, "You b\*stard!" However, her struggles only served to arouse him.

Mr. Guzman pressed down on Elsie with his leg and tore away the rest of her clothes with his hands. With another crisp ripping noise, Elsie's shirt was once again ripped open, revealing her fair skin.

There was a flash of lust in the man's eyes, then his hands continued to tear at her clothes. Although Elsie knew that she could not escape, she still wanted to fight until the end. Reaching out, she clawed at his face wildly. Her fierceness took him by surprise, and in no time, his face was covered in bloody scratches.

Mr. Guzman's fury flared and he raised his hand to slap her hard. Dizziness overwhelmed Elsie while she tasted blood at the corner of her mouth. Following that, the man suddenly let go of her and stood up. He yelled to the two men standing outside the door, "You two take turns with her!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the door was flung open, and a cold voice sounded. "Mr. Guzman, you seem to be in a good mood!"

The voice was so familiar that Elsie subconsciously looked up at the door. Through her dazed eyes, she saw Charlie standing at the door with a frigid expression.

As her blurred vision gradually became clear, she was able to make out the indifferent sneer on his familiar face. At that instance, he appeared high and mighty.

Elsie screwed her eyes shut in agony. She would rather be violated than let Charlie witness her in such a sorry state.

"Mr. Gardner!" A fawning smile lit up on Mr. Guzman's face. "What brings you here?"

"This is my territory," Charlie uttered lightly. "Don't you think you owe me an explanation for causing trouble here?"

Charlie was emotionless and aloof, and he had never liked to meddle in other people's business. In the past, he had watched countless other women getting harassed by Mr. Guzman without a word. Therefore, Mr. Guzman was startled that he had taken the initiative to stop him. Subconsciously, he looked at Elsie and asked, "Do you know her, Mr. Gardner?"

"No."

Mr. Guzman heaved a sigh of relief. "Well, this woman doesn't know what's good for her. She hit me, and now I have to teach her a lesson!"

"That's none of my business, but don't make trouble in my territory," Charlie emphasized.

Mr. Guzman could tell from his tone that he was unhappy. Although he was no less domineering than Charlie, he knew that the other wasn't someone he could afford to trifle with. Thus, he shot a glare at Elsie unwillingly. "I'll let you off the hook today. If you run into me again next time, I'll make sure to deal with you!"