

## **Divorced but Delighted Chapter 21 - 25**

### **Chapter 21 She's Driven Out**

Aleah could no longer stifle her anger. She asked sternly, “Are you trying to drive me out?” “Ms. Boyle, you got us wrong. Layton suppressed his impatience beside Cierra, but he sounded proud. “You said the dishes I made tasted bad, but the taste won’t change even if you place an other order. To avoid wasting food, we’d like to ask you to go to the other restaurants. We don’t dare to drive out a big star like you.” Aleah was furious. “Then change the cook. Are you the only cook in such a big restaurant?” Layton shrugged. “I’m sorry, Ms. Boyle, but I taught the other cooks at our restaurant, so the dishes they make have the same taste...” At this point, even if Aleah wanted to stay, she didn’t have the nerve to do so. Aleah bit her lips and glared fiercely at Cierra before leaving angrily. Kendra, who had been recording everything with her phone, quickly ran after Aleah. “Aleah, wait for me!” After coming out of L’Opera Restaurant, Aleah could no longer restrain herself and cursed. “Damn it. She’s only a waitress. Why was she so arrogant? She even tried to drive me away. Doesn’t she try to entertain the customers there?” Kendra echoed, “Aleah, don’t waste your time with her. She’s good at befriending lowly guys. Last time, there were the hooligans, and this time she had the damn cooks. Many rich people come to dine at L’Opera Restaurant, and some of them have business connections with the Trevino Group. Why don’t you complain about it with Mr. Trevino? When they’re run out of business, they’ll learn their lesson and won’t be arrogant.” Aleah narrowed her eyes. “You’re right.” She snorted coldly and took out her phone from her bag, dialing out. Soon, the phone was connected. Aleah said with a feigned grievance, “Draven, I saw Cierra at L’Opera Restaurant... At L’Opera Restaurant. After Aleah left, many people couldn’t help but laugh. Layton’s laughter was the loudest. He put his hands on his hips and looked at the gate disdainfully. “Who does think she is? She wanted Freddy to make a meal for her, but she lied that my dishes were not tasty. Cierra did a great job by telling her off.” Other staff nodded and echoed. “That’s right. This is the first time someone said our dishes are unpalatable. She even looks down on our academic qualifications. We’re more educated than her.” Freddy had made a rule that the cooks had to go to university. His disciples were either poor or homeless. They learned

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cooking from Freddy and studied at the university at the same time. They even competed with each other in grades. Those who got high scores would be rewarded by Freddy. They felt ashamed if they did poorly at school. After they finished their education, some of them intended to come back to the restaurant and continued to be cooks. They would officially become Freddy's disciples at the restaurant. Those who didn't want to come back made achievements in different industries and didn't disgrace L'Opera Restaurant. They continued to regard Freddy as their mentor. "Come on. There are customers here. Don't make jokes outside. Go back to the kitchen and work!" Freddy roared solemnly, and the staff went away quietly and got back to their work. After everyone left, Freddy wore a flattering smile on his serious face. "Cierra, thanks for your trouble today." Cierra smiled and said helplessly, "Freddy, don't mention it. Let's go. Aren't you going to taste the new dishes?" "That's right. Hurry up. The taste will change when it gets cold." Freddy anxiously led the way. Cierra followed behind him steadily. "Freddy, did you save the video I asked you to make?" Kendra had recorded everything with her phone, so Cierra had to do something. Freddy didn't think it was a big deal. "Yes, I'll ask Layton to send it to you." "Do it now. Make a copy of the surveillance too." When Draven picked up the call from Aleah, he had just arrived at the Trevino house. He stalled the car and parked it at the gate without getting out. "So Cierra works at L'Opera Restaurant?" "Yes. Cierra might hold a grudge against me. She drove me out of the restaurant and said she would cancel your VIP card." Aleah sounded aggrieved. Draven fell silent. His reaction delighted Aleah, who was about to add fuel to the flame. Draven said, "Who is with her?" "Who?" Aleah was puzzled and said honestly, "There aren't many people around. They are all waiters from L'Opera Restaurant. There are two or three cooks." At the mention of it, Aleah felt a surge of anger in her heart. Those cooks were not the boss of L'Opera Restaurant, but they dared to drive her out. However, Draven didn't notice the resentment in her words. He nodded slightly and got out of the car. "If you want to go to L'Opera Restaurant for dinner next time, call me. I'll accompany you there. You can also call Jason and ask him to arrange it. Don't go alone." Aleah paused for a few seconds before she realized that Draven did not intend to punish the restaurant. Aleah asked timidly, "Draven, are you angry with me because I went to L'Opera Restaurant in your name and caused trouble?" Draven frowned. "You got me wrong. You shouldn't go there alone. It's not good to clash with her."

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Aleah said understandingly, “That’s true. It wasn’t easy for Cierra to find a job. I’ll feel guilty if she gets fired because of our dispute.” Suddenly, she changed the topic. “By the way, Draven, my mother asked me again today when we will get married.” Draven was heading toward the Trevino house. He paused at the question. Draven was silent for a moment. He suddenly recalled the scene of Cierra taking roses from a man. Depression somehow came across his chest. He got impatient. “Let’s talk about it after I officially divorce her.” “I’ll tell my mother then. I’m hanging up. She keeps saying I’m old every day at home. S he wants to drive me out.” Aleah sounded sweet and innocent. After hanging up the phone, Draven looked at the black screen, his eyes darkening. After a good while, he strode into the house. Since Ernest passed away, Sue had been living alone in the house. Draven had been managing the Trevino Group for the past three years. Sue ignored the outside world and grew flowers in the house. She had a quiet life. Today was Sue’s birthday. She did not make a big fuss about it. She called Draven and asked if he would come for dinner. When Draven entered the house with a gift, Sue came out of the kitchen with a pot of soup. She was not surprised to see him. “You’re back? Go wash your hands. Dinner is ready.” Draven nodded and put the gift on the table. ” When he was about to go to the kitchen to wash his hands and help his mother, Sue’s phone rang on the table. When Draven was about to call his mother, he glanced at the phone screen. He suddenly paused. It was Cierra calling. Cierra had been abroad for three years, and she had never called Draven once. Instead, she stayed in touch with his mother. Funny... Without thinking, Draven picked up the phone.

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### **Chapter 22 An Unhappy Birthday**

“Mrs. Trevino, happy birthday.” A pleasing voice came from the phone, inexplicably dissipating the anger that Draven had been holding in for the whole day. He raised his head and glanced at his mother who was still in the kitchen. He said slowly, “Good for you. You still remember mother’s birthday. Are you not going to take a visit?” Silence. All of a sudden, there was no sound. Draven frowned and took back his phone to take a look. It was still on the call. “Cierra?” He opened his mouth again. Just as he was about to say something to ease the atmosphere, the call got disconnected. The phone was hung up. The call time was 29 seconds. Draven stared at the mobile phone that was slowly turning black. His brows furrowed even more and he almost wanted to throw his phone. “Is it Cierra? Why did you stop talking?” Sue came out of the kitchen with the last two dishes. Draven did not say a word. He casually threw his phone in the same place and reached out to help her set up the food. His face was sour. Sue glanced at him. After wiping her hands clean, she sat down and picked up her phone. After seeing the short call record, she raised her eyebrows. However, she did not say anything. She only glanced at it and put it aside again. “You don’t want to call back?” Draven suddenly asked. Sue scooped up a spoon of soup and just as she was about to bring it to her mouth, she put it down. “It’s time for dinner. It’s not appropriate to call her. Besides, Cierra called me just to say some words of blessing. I have gotten her kindness. There’s no need to call back.” Draven said nothing. The atmosphere turned back to the usual one between them. It was so silent that it was like they were strangers at the same table. It was not until the soup was finished that the deadlock was broken by Sue. “I heard that you and Cierra have divorced? Are you planning to marry that girl from the Boyle family? Have you set a date?” The three consecutive questions seemed to make Draven not know which to answer, so he simply chose the one he wanted. “We only signed the divorce agreement. The procedures have not been completed. Currently, Cierra is still a member of the Trevino family technically.” The slightly childish words made Sue unable to help but cast a sidelong glance at her son. She thought, Cierra is still a member of the Trevino family technically? What’s your point? “I know that Grandfather made you unhappy when he

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forced you to marry Cierra. Now that he is gone, I have thought it through and won't force you. However, since you have decided to divorce, you should settle the procedures as soon as possible. It's not good to delay it." "I know what to do about the divorce." Draven did not even look up. "You know what to do? If you know what you should do, you shouldn't have sent Cierra abroad and left her there for three years!" Sue could not control herself in the end. But she held back her tough words and forcefully suppressed her emotions. The relationship between her and her son had been stiff all these years, and because of this marriage, they had almost become enemies. If they argued again, she was afraid that Draven would not be willing to return to Trevino's house. Sue tried her best to say softly, "It's my fault and your grandfather's fault to let you marry Cierra. Cierra didn't do anything wrong. She has been abroad alone for so many years. She must have suffered a lot. If you decide to divorce, then don't forget to compensate her." Draven said indifferently with a casual attitude. Sue knew that her words couldn't work on him. She was annoyed by his attitude. "I am not wrong about your marriage with that girl from the Boyle family. If you really like her, then marry her. But let me be clear, I don't like her. Don't bring her to me." Thinking about that woman's hypocritical face, she felt sick. The woman's personality was not as good as Cierra, and she was not as good-looking as Cierra. Sue did not know why her son chose that woman! As Sue thought about it, she could not help but raise her hand and press her temple. Suddenly, there was a boom! Draven had put down his fork. His cold and handsome face revealed a bit of ridicule. "You don't like her? Since I was young, how many decisions have you made for me because of your personal thoughts?" Draven's anger was triggered. "You don't like Aleah, so when Aleah visited the Trevino family, you didn't even let her enter the Trevino family. You like Cierra, so you let me marry her to make you happy. The infant matrimony was set by you. In the end, it is up to you to decide who I should marry. Now, even my divorce has to follow your requirements, right?" Sue's hands froze, showing her shock. This was the first time her son had questioned her in such a manner. Even though three years ago when he had to accept the marriage, he endured his reluctance and held a wedding ceremony before sending Cierra away. Sue felt a headache coming on and her voice was filled with exhaustion. "Alright, alright, alright. I won't interfere with your matters. When the procedures are over, you can have a talk with Cierra. You can decide on the date of your new marriage with Aleah.

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As for me, you can come to me when you need me to go through the motions.” She had no appetite to continue eating, so she got up from the dining table. She was already old. She didn’t like birthdays, which reminded her that she was a year older than before. Only Draven was left at the dining table. With a cold face, he took out his phone and dialled unfamiliar numbers. Just like the results of every call he made in the past three years, there was still a mechanical, cold female voice on the other side of the line, reminding him that the number was no longer in service. After a moment of silence, the light on the phone screen dimmed. Draven finally came back to his senses and made another call. When Cierra received the phone call from Sue, he hesitated for a while to pick it up. It was not that she was afraid of him, but she felt annoyed just hearing his voice. But on second thought, she realized that he was the one who should apologise. She did n’t do anything wrong. Even if it was really Draven on the other side, she could just hang up again. She picked up the call and heard Sue asking, “Cierra, have you recently returned to the country? I miss you. I’m your mother. Why didn’t you come to see me? Are you angry with me?” Cierra was stunned when she heard that Sue called herself her mother. If Draven’s previous call of “mother” made her feel annoyed, then Sue’s self– introduction made Cierra feel a little helpless. In the past, they were related by the law. But now, there was no relationship between them according to the law. Why did they still talk to her in that way? “Mrs. Trevino, Draven and I have already divorced. It is not appropriate for me to call you mother now. It has been a few days since I came back recently, I have been busy looking for a job, so I have no time to visit you. Don’t think too much. I’ll never be angry with you.” She corrected the address before answering Sue. Of course, she did not forget to please the elder, “When my job has been settled, I will visit you when I’m free. Is that okay?” Sue was very happy. She said with a smile, “You can’t lie t o me. When you have time, you must come to visit me.” “Don’t worry, Mrs. Trevino. I still miss your cooking.” Cierra couldn’t help but smile, but in the next second, her smile faded. On the other side of the line, Sue said, “Why are you calling me Mrs. Trevino? You’ve called me Sue for so many years. I’m not used to it when you change your way of addressing me. How about this, Cierra, I can treat you as my daughter. You can continue to call me Sue just like we did in the past. Okay?”

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### **Chapter 23 Can I Pursue Her?**

Cierra was shocked and speechless. She was stunned for a while and thought about how to refuse. “Mrs. Trevino, I know you love me, but...” “Why are you still calling me that way? I’m not happy!” Before Cierra could finish speaking, she was interrupted by Sue. “Cierra, I know that you are still blaming us. Don’t be in a hurry to reject me, okay? We can talk about whether you recognize me as your godmother or not after you finish the procedures of the divorce. At this moment, you two have not completely divorced yet. It is not too much to ask you to continue calling me mom, right?” At the end of Sue’s words, there was a hint of careful coaxing, making it hard for Cierra to refuse. But Cierra was resisting in her heart, so she remained silent. She couldn’t bear to refuse and was unwilling to force herself, so she simply didn’t say anything. Sue didn’t continue to force her. But it was inevitable that she would be disappointed and her voice was not as pleasant as before. “Well, Cierra, it’s my fault. If you are not willing, then forget it. But I still hope that you can think about it. You know that I am willing to treat you as my own daughter. Don’t be in a hurry to refuse me. Tell me the answer after you finish the process, okay?” In fact, she already had the answer in her heart, but she didn’t want to face the truth so quickly, so she simply delayed it. Sue was more than disappointed. She was depressed. Her biological son treated her as an enemy because of her failed education. Cierra, the girl she liked so much, would also leave her far away. Sue made this request because she wanted Cierra to have a nominal relationship with her. In this way, they could contact each other occasionally and they wouldn’t turn out to be strangers. But the reality was often contrary to what she wanted. After hanging up the phone, Cierra stared at the night view outside the window in a daze. This house was bought by William for her. It was a medium– sized apartment. It was not as spacious as a villa. It was just nice for one person to live in. Probably because she was too lost in thought, she did not even notice when William entered the apartment. William coughed twice deliberately to make her come back to her senses. Although she knew that there was one more person at home, Cierra was still a little absent– minded, and her eyes were a little dim. William couldn’t help but educate her with a rarely seen stern face, “You should feel lucky that

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the person who came in was me. If someone sneaked in and tried to do something to you, you'll be in danger." "I'm in my apartment. No one can hurt me. Besides, only you know the password. Who else can come in?" Cierra did not mind at all. She shuffled out of the balcony with her slippers and took two bottles of water from the fridge. She handed one to him. William did not take it, but his face was still serious. Cierra shouted at him like a spoiled child, "William..." William looked down at her. When he saw the girl's pitiful face, he said helplessly, "Be cautious, please." Cierra nodded repeatedly. "I see." William's tone was serious. "If it's possible, I don't want you to be on your guard all the time. But Cici, you were once in desperation. Your life was once in danger. Besides, this is New York. Draven hasn't finished the procedures of divorce on purpose. He might be thinking about something. It may be fine if you are in a daze at home, but what if you are outside?" "I know, William. There won't be a next time." She lowered her eyes, and the question in her heart suddenly had an answer. Before, she thought that it was better to agree to Sue's proposal. After all, in New York, Ernest and Sue had been good to her. She did not forget to give Sue a birthday blessing for two reasons. Firstly, she did not forget her kindness. Secondly, she wanted to show laid back. Breaking ties with the Boyle family did not mean that she had to deny everything that had happened in the past and pretend that she did not know the people in the past. If she did that, it would seem that the Boyle family and Draven were important to her. She agreed to Sue's suggestion because Sue meant a lot to her. Moreover, Cierra thought she could make Draven feel angry in this way. But if she really agreed, it meant that she would always have a relationship with Draven. She was deeply hurt by him. She didn't want him to be in her future. If she really had to call Draven brother, it would not be him who would feel sick. It would be her. Cierra's expression returned to normal. There was a hint of coldness in her eyes as she completely rejected Sue's suggestion. William did not know what she was thinking, but he could feel that his little sister was in a bad mood. It made sense. The young man who grew up together with her was snatched away by another woman who showed up suddenly. The man even treated her as an enemy. No one would be happy when they face this. He turned his phone around and propped his chin on his hand. "Cici, do you want me to take you out for fun?" "Now?" Cierra glanced back. It was already eleven o'clock at this time. If they went out for fun, they would either go to the night market to eat or go to a nightclub. Obviously, William wouldn't take the

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initiative to take her to a nightclub, so she made the first move. “I want to go to Ninth Club.” “No way!” Without any surprise, he rejected the idea. Cierra unscrewed a bottle of water for herself and took a sip. “If you don’t take me there, I’ll go by myself. Anyway, I’m already an adult. I won’t be driven out of a bar.” At this moment, William just wanted to give himself a hard slap. He thought that he had made a bad proposal. But when he raised his eyes to meet those smiling eyes, he had no other choice but to compromise. “If Jaquan finds out, you have to say that you go to the bar by yourself. It’s none of my business.” In the Ninth Club. It was not just a club. It was the most luxurious entertainment in New York. It gathered various people around the world. There were ordinary people that came here to have fun at the cost of bankruptcy. There were also wealthy people. In the club, both legal programs and illegal programs abounded. He had just arrived at Ninth Club and had not yet gotten out of the car when he hesitated and hurriedly said this. “Don’t worry, William. If Jaquan finds out, I will say that I forced you to do this!” This was the first time Cierra had come to this place. She was excited and nervous. As early as when Aleah had not returned to the Boyle family, she had heard of Ninth Club. It was in her youth and was rebellious. She had seen Draven and his good friends discuss coming here to have fun. She was curious and wanted to follow them secretly. In the end, she was scolded by Draven and directly led home. After a few years, the decorations at the entrance did not seem to have changed at all. The old signboard was hanging diagonally on the old wall, as if it was the remains of the last century. The neon lights were flashing rhythmically, and the music came out from inside. Before he stepped in, she felt the enchanting air. Cierra got out of the car and put on a coat again. “Follow me after you go in. Do not hang around.” William was in a serious tone. His arm held up slightly. Cierra was helpless, but she still held his arm, “I know, William. I am not a child, and there is nothing wrong with the dress I am wearing.” She didn’t know why he asked her to put on a coat. William did not devote himself to the negotiation. He just said, “Don’t take the coat off.” The two slowly walked in side by side, unaware that this scene was taken by a person in a car not far behind them. The photo was sent to someone with a few words. “Draven, is that beauty your wife? She’s quite hot! I heard that you are going to divorce her. Can I pursue her?”

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### **Chapter 24**

Ryan Invites Cierra to Dance When Draven received the photo, he was driving. Draven glanced at his phone while waiting at the traffic lights. Noticing the nonsensical words, he picked up his phone. Then, Draven could not move his eyes away. The old signboard that was filled with a sense of age was surrounded by neon lights. A woman wearing an old-fashioned dress stepped in the light and shadow with her high heels, looking exceedingly fascinating and charming. On her shoulders, there was a black suit, and the woman held the man beside her with her slender white arm. It was like a movie poster from old times. Even though the photo was taken a little far away and only half of the woman's delicate face could be vaguely seen, one could still recognize who the woman was at a glance. Not to mention that the man the woman was holding was the one Draven had beaten up not long ago. That was the president of XR Entertainment, William Barton. How could William actually take Cierra to that kind of place? Draven thought. Draven stared at the photo and didn't notice that the traffic lights had turned green. The cars behind Draven urged desperately, and someone even got out of the car and knocked on Draven's window. Draven turned a deaf ear to that and directly called Ryan back. Then Draven turned the steering wheel with a livid face and drove straight in another direction. "Cierra is at Ninth Club?" As soon as the call was connected, Draven asked, gnashing his teeth. Ryan also followed Cierra in at this time, his eyes following the outline of the beautiful figure. It seemed as if he could not see the crowd around him that was swaying with the lights and music. Ryan asked for a glass of wine, and said casually, "Is there anything wrong with your eyes? Can't you recognize the usual place we hang in?" It is not like Draven has never been to Ninth Club before, Ryan thought. It wasn't that Draven didn't recognize the place, but he still had the last bit of hope that William would still have some conscience and wouldn't take Cierra to such a place. Now that Draven heard the deafening noise over there, he drove even faster. "Keep an eye on Cierra." "Don't worry, you don't have to tell me." Ryan shook his wine glass and suddenly thought of something- "Draven, why are you suddenly concerned about Cierra? Haven't you always thought that she was annoying? Now that you're divorced, you

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even called me to help you investigate her life overseas. Now you even ask me to keep an eye on her. What's the matter with you?" Draven didn't bother to argue with Ryan. Instead, Draven reminded Ryan in a cold voice, "I haven't divorced Cierra yet. In the name of law, she is still my wife." Ryan said earnestly, "Draven, you can't have it both ways. Anyway, you are going to marry Aleah. How about divorcing Cierra as soon as possible so that I will have a chance to chase after Cierra..." Before Ryan could finish his words, Draven had already hung up. Ryan clicked his tongue lightly and looked up again, only to find the beautiful figure near the bar counter had already disappeared. The colorful light and shadows above the dance pool were dazzling, and the noisy stereo sound made people sway uncontrollably. Cierra followed behind William, shuttling through the crowd and stopping by a booth. "The man should not be able to find me now. He is still on the phone." Cierra asked for a glass of wine and glanced in Ryan's direction. Having been tailed many times abroad, Cierra had a keen eye for people's gazes. She noticed someone staring at her when she was photographed secretly in the doorway. With a cold face, William took Cierra's wine away and put it back on the bartender's tray. "Get her a glass of milk" The bartender was stunned. He nodded and turned around with the tray. The people nearby also heard what William said and turned around to have a look. Cierra blushed from being stared at. She couldn't help but kick William on his calf. "... William, you brought me to the bar to drink milk?" William squinted at Cierra. "You want to drink?" Cierra shrank her neck and looked towards the dance floor. "... I want to dance, too." William didn't say anything this time. Instead, he chuckled, picked up a glass of wine, and sat down. The bar is full of disco music, and William believed no matter how mischievous Cici was, she would not run up dressed up like this because it was too embarrassing. and dance However, something was impossible to guard against. Cierra was indeed a person who knew what was proper for the occasion. If Cierra had worn something else today, she might have rushed into the crowd at this moment. However, what she was wearing didn't fit the mood, so she had no choice but to be an eye candy. Well... Cierra was an eye candy who was still holding a glass of milk. At this time, the deafening music on the dance floor suddenly stopped. Everyone was stunned. A moment later, a well-known classic song sounded in this area. The decadent music from the saxophone was romantic and elegant, which was compatible with the swaying crowd and seemed to even add some charm. It was unknown when

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Ryan had found Cierra. Now Ryan stopped directly in front of Cierra, extending his hand to her like a gentleman. “Long time no see, Ms. Boyle. I was wondering if I might have the honor of dancing with you.” Cierra did not move, leaving the man in front of her to remain bent. “It has indeed been a long time since we last met. I remember that you seem to have been abroad all this time. When did you come back, Mr. West?” Cierra remembered Ryan, Draven’s childhood friend. Before Aleah was back, Cierra was also a frequent participant in the parties of the aristocracy in her circle. At that time, she was quite acquainted with Ryan. But later on, Cierra was excluded from this kind of social life. And Cierra happened to be in her teens at that time and it was the time for her to establish her circle of friends and the values of life. Cierra, who had been pushed out, naturally didn’t have contact with those young masters later. “It has only been two days since I returned. I was just hanging around and it was quite a coincidence that I met you.” Ryan did not get angry after being treated like this. He still had that playful smile on his face, showing his temperament as a dandy. “I haven’t seen you for so many years. Why don’t we catch up on the old days together, Cici?” As soon as Ryan finished speaking, Cierra still didn’t say anything. However, at the side, William had already raised his eyes and coldly swept his gaze over. How could Ryan actually call Cierra Cici? William thought. Ryan also noticed William’s sharp gaze and looked over. But before Ryan could even meet eye to eye with William, Ryan’s vision was blocked by Cierra who had gotten up. “I’m flattered that you still remember the nickname I got more than ten years ago, Mr. West. It seems that I have to dance with you.” Cierra raised her hand and placed it on Ryan’s broad palm. The suit on Cierra’s shoulder thus fell. Cierra picked it up with another hand and threw it to William. With her lips curved, Cierra called William intimately and said in a playful way which might cause some misunderstanding, “Honey, I’ll catch up with my old friend first. I’ll come back later.” After Cierra finished speaking, she ignored William’s dark face and followed Ryan to the center of the dance floor. The handsome man and beautiful woman caused a commotion in the crowd. Ryan had gone abroad since he graduated from high school and had only occasionally returned. The girlfriends he had slept with in the past few years were all foreign girls who were quite open. And in Ryan’s eyes, those girls were nothing compared with the reserved classical beauty in front of him. Ryan’s large palm landed on Cierra’s slender waist, and he did not even dare to exert any force. Even Ryan’s

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dance steps were half a beat slow. “You seem to be a little out of practice, Mr. West.” Cierra suddenly looked up. Ryan only felt his palm burning. He lowered his eyes to stare at Cierra’s black hair and coughed lightly. “It has indeed been a long time since I danced.” Cierra curved her lips. “It doesn’t matter. I haven’t danced for a long time either. When I was abroad, I took classes and worked part-time, and I didn’t have time to practice dancing. Besides, there was no need.” Cierra did not know if Ryan had investigated her. Cierra’s life records abroad were all made up by Harold. Others might not be able to find anything, but Ryan was an exception. Cierra thought since Ryan had already returned, it was very likely that he often hung out with Draven... Cierra glanced over Ryan’s shoulder with cold eyes, and she saw a familiar figure walking towards her from afar. \*Cierra suddenly took a wrong step and twisted her foot, her petite body falling straight into Ryan’s arms. And that hot palm also uncontrollably slid down towards Cierra’s waist. Below the stage, Draven got furious and his face darkened.

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## **Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman**

### **Chapter 25 Your Wife Is Great!**

Without a second thought, Draven walked straight to the center of the dance floor. Meanwhile, when William saw this scene, he suddenly got up from his seat and walked forward with a livid face. But in the next second, they both stopped at the same time. There was a loud bang. The moment Ryan on the stage touched the hem of Cierra's but tocks, he was smashed to the ground heavily! Everyone was shocked by this scene. The whole room was silent, leaving only the sound of Saks. Accompanied by that music, Ryan lay on the ground, which looked funny. Without lowering her head to see the person on the ground, Cierra just glanced at Draven from a distance on the stage. She looked away and glanced at the person beside her feet with a snort, tilting her head slightly. "I'm sorry, Mr. West. I don't know how to love and tolerate people that I don't like, but I know very well how to vent my anger. Your good friend is here. I have to go. Tell him to finish the divorce as soon as possible when he's free." After saying this, she stepped over Ryan and squeezed into the crowd in her high heels. Ryan, who was lying on the ground, covered his waist, got up, and then went to find Cierra. Unfortunately, there were so many people that he could not see Cierra at all. Before he could take a few steps, his line of sight was blocked by a figure in front of him. "Excuse me." Ryan shoved the person beside him even without looking at who it was. "Ryan!" "I asked you to look after her. Is this how you do that?" Draven could not take it anymore and spat out his name. Even his hand almost touched her... Thinking about the scene just now, Draven felt a sudden surge of anger. Fortunately, Cierra reacted quickly. Otherwise, he would have been taken advantage of by Ryan! "What's wrong with me? I just danced with Cici. Why are you so excited?" After making sure that he could not find her, Ryan slowly retracted his gaze. He felt his waist knocked out due to that fall. Now he was still holding his waist like a pregnant woman with a child. However, he laughed without anger. "Ah, I haven't seen her for so many years, but she has become more and more unique. She is much more interesting than before. Hey, Draven, do you have Cici's number? Give me that. I must capture her heart!" Draven narrowed his eyes. "Did you hurt your brain? Don't forget that Cierra is still my wife." "Come on! I know that, but aren't you going to get

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a divorce? Besides, you don't treat Ci ci as your wife. If not for Ernest, you wouldn't have married her at all." Ryan's words rendered Draven speechless. It wasn't enough. When Draven was silent, Ryan touched his waist and added. "But I have to say, your wife is so great!" Without the mood to argue with him, Draven thought of the scene of Cierra wrestling him over her shoulder. With her fast speed and reaction, she was able to knock down Ryan before his hand touched her in such a small figure, which totally stunned him. At least three years ago, she was still a young lady who only knew how to complain to Ernest. When did she even learn how to fight? As his eyes darkened, Draven glanced at his good friend who was still reminiscing about the beauty. "How about the investigation?" Instead of recalling the wrestling over the shoulder, Ryan was thinking about that dance. When Cierra said she only had part-time jobs after attending classes abroad and that she didn't have time or need to practice dancing, she showed loneliness, which made her look helpless, pitiful, and sweet. "I really don't understand you. Cici is just a little girl. There is nothing to investigate when she was abroad alone. When she danced with me, she said that she only had classes and earned money from part-time jobs. I guess that her stingy parents in the Boyle family didn't even give her living expenses." Since Ryan had a tender heart for beautiful ladies, he felt indignant when he thought about how pitiful Cierra was. Suddenly, he remembered that she had already married Draven when she went abroad. Then he immediately put on a questioning expression. "Wait. She was already married to you. Why did you send her abroad without giving her money? Wow, you just leave a little girl alone outside. Are you human, Draven?" Draven lifted his finger and asked for a glass of wine before sitting down in the booth. "Before asking me these questions, think about how she could throw you over the shoulder with your damn brain!" Like Ryan, he also wanted to know why Cierra had not spent the money he had transferred every month. After she went abroad, she never answered his calls, as if she had disappeared. He could only get some news about her from his mother. Since she was angry and did not want to talk to him, why should he take the initiative to provoke her? But now it seemed that he had indeed gone too far. Ryan also asked for a glass of wine and leaned lazily against the sofa, indifferent to Draven's question. "She should learn something to protect herself. After all, she is alone abroad. What's wrong with a shoulder throw? It's only me today. If she really meets a pervert, Cici couldn't beat him." Draven held the wine glass tightly and darkened his eyes. "Don't call her Cici."

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“Why? Ernest named her. I named her that way. I just want to call her Cici.” Ryan argued childishly. Thinking of the past, he sighed with emotion, “If I had known that she was so beautiful now, I would have asked her out back then.” He looked at his right hand, still missing the dance with her. “She didn’t like you back then,” Draven said with a cold snort. “Yes. That little girl regarded herself as your wife at that time. She naturally didn’t like anyone else.” Without arguing with him more, Ryan began to imagine the future. He kicked Draven and turned his head to the side. “The news of your divorce has spread widely. When will you finish the procedures? If I move faster, maybe I will hold the wedding with you and Aleah at the same time.” “Get lost!” Draven kicked him back. This kick was hard, completely different from Ryan’s. He wailed and then heard Draven’s cold voice. “Your family must look down upon the Boyle family. Even if Cierra is still a member of the Boyle family, your family might not be able to let you get married to her. Moreover, she has already cut off all ties with the Boyle family.” Ryan shook his head and fell onto the sofa. “You think too much, Draven. My brother needs a business marriage and should get married to a woman who has a powerful family background. I’m different. If I can get my wife back, my mom will be happy.” Draven looked down at the whiskey in the glass. “Even so, the premise is that she wants to marry you.” Even if the West family didn’t consider the woman’s family background, Cierra might not want to marry him. There was another meaning in his words. Back then, when Ernest asked him to marry Cierra, she was willing to marry him. Ryan was not stupid and knew what Draven meant. He showed a meaningful smile and slowly looked at Draven. “But Draven, even if Cici doesn’t want to marry me, you have to divorce her. You are putting it off and even trying to stop me from dating her. Don’t tell me you like her and don’t want to divorce her?”

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