

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

41 Cierra's Scared

"Why? Isn't every seat the same?"

Draven did not understand.

The last time they went back to the Boyle's home to attend Aleah's birthday party, Cierra deliberately sat at the back and treated him as a driver. Now, she asked to sit in the front?

"Do you not understand?" Cierra looked at him with a strange expression.

"What should I understand?" Draven furrowed his brows.

He could understand that Cierra asked Aleah to get out of the car.

After all, what Aleah had done in the Boyle's home last time was too much. It was reasonable for Cierra to be angry and ask Aleah to back off.

But Cierra insisted on sitting in the passenger seat. He couldn't understand.

Harold explained from the side, "Mr. Trevino, only your girlfriend could sit in the passenger seat. Since you admit that Ms. Cierra is your wife, it's not OK to let other women sit there..."

He paused and looked up at Draven.

"Or perhaps Ms. Cierra is no longer your choice, and you think that Ms. Aleah is your girlfriend. If that's the case, I think Ms. Cierra doesn't need to leave with you."

With this explanation, Draven immediately understood.

However, when he thought about how Cierra had insisted on sitting in the back seat last time, nameless anger suddenly burned in his heart.

Sure enough, she was the one who wanted to divorce from the beginning.

Now it seemed that returning back to the country to divorce was one of her plans.

But Cierra still pretended that she was the one who had been divorced.

The truth was Draven was dumped by Cierra.

With a cold face, Draven turned around and knocked on the car window. "Aleah, get out of the car."

Aleah was in disbelief.

After being stunned for a few seconds, she pouted and said, "Draven, did I do something wrong?"

Draven said calmly, "No, it's just that the divorce procedures are not done yet. In name, Cierra and I are still a couple. Do you understand?"

Aleah pursed her lips in the car, then pushed the door open and got out of the car.

"Draven, I got it. Anyway, I was with my colleagues, so I'll leave with them too. I thought you could

first." send me back on your way home. But now since you are with Cierra, then I will go

Aleah was a wise woman. She knew what she should do.

She lifted her skirt and walked in another direction. The wind lifted her hair, and her thin body shivered in the wind.

After taking two steps, she even turned back to look at Draven. The bitter smile on her lips was extremely pitiful.

That look even made Cierra feel sorry for her.

Cierra was too cruel!

Cierra felt that she was like a vicious woman who split a loving couple up.

She glanced at Draven. "Mr. Trevino, aren't you going to chase her back?"

Draven lowered his eyebrows and opened the door to the passenger seat. His voice seemed to be tinged with the cold night wind, "Get in the car."

Cierra finally understood what it meant to suffer from her own actions.

She did not expect Aleah to be so humble and get out of the car just like that.

It was no wonder that Cierra could not get Draven's heart. If she was Draven, she would choose

Aleah.

Showing weakness made men feel sympathetic.

However, things ended up like that. If she didn't get in the car, it would be too much.

Cierra let go of Harold's hand.

Harold's expression changed slightly. "Sis..."

Before the word 'sister' came out, Cierra interrupted him with a smile.

"Don't worry, nothing will happen to me. I want to talk to him. Let me go back, okay?"

She patiently said to Harold.

"No!"

Harold was worried and refused without thinking.

Draven had already used so many tricks overseas. Cierra had just returned to the country, and he had even sent people to tail her. Now, he stalled over divorcing. Who knew what this man was up to

now?

But this righteous rejection was another kind of provocation when Draven heard it.

Now it was a men's fight.

When Draven saw Cierra speak to Harold with such an attitude, he was even more furious.

His face turned cold. "Mr. Bernard—Barton, I'm going to take Cierra home. I don't need your permission, do I? Cierra, get in the car!"

Cierra turned a deaf ear to Draven's words.

She had not forgotten about her promise, but she could not let Harold worry about her.

"Harold, I'm going back with him to talk about the divorce. Don't worry, nothing will happen."

She coaxed Harold in a low voice and shook her hand.

"Hey, I brought the ring you gave me. If anything happens, I will look for you immediately, okay?"

Harold still did not agree.

Cierra could only act like a spoiled child. She hugged his arm and shook it. "I'll cook for you when I come back tomorrow. I'll only cook what you like, okay?"

Harold's expression finally eased, and he finally agreed.

Cierra revealed a smile, "See you tomorrow!"

Even so, Harold's expression did not look any better.

Compared to him, Draven's face was darker. His face was as dark as ink.

They were acting so intimately in front of Draven. He was not blind, OK?

When he saw the bright smile on her face, Draven could not help but drag Cierra over without thinking!

"Get in the car!"

Cierra was caught off guard, and the high heels under her feet almost twisted. She fell straight towards the car!

Seeing that her head was about to hit the car, Draven reacted quickly. His long arms wrapped around her slender waist, and his other hand protected the back of her head.

Ignoring the pain of the back of his hand being hit, he supported Cierra to stand firm and looked her up and down. "Are you hurt?"

Cierra shook her head and immediately pushed Draven away. "I'm fine. Thank you, Mr. Trevino."

She got into the passenger seat. She felt uncomfortable wearing the high heels, so she took them.

off.

Then she leaned against the soft seat to rest and did not give Draven a look.

Outside the car, Harold was frightened and blamed Draven, "Mr. Trevino, don't be so rude to a

lady."

"

If not for him, Cierra wouldn't have nearly fallen!

Draven was angry. When he heard Harold's words, he coldly turned his head back. "Don't worry, Mr. Bernard-Barton. I will take good care of Cierra. But you, Mr. Bernard-Barton, should remind your cousin not to covet a woman who hasn't divorced yet. Men could be home wreckers too."

Then, he slammed the car door.

Cierra was so shocked that she opened her eyes and rubbed her ears impatiently.

Crazy Draven!

When Draven got in the car, she turned over and curled up in the passenger seat. Her head looked

out the window.

She did not want to look at him.

Draven glanced at her and drove around the pool in front of the venue.

The speed of the car was so fast that it almost sent Cierra flying!

She grasped the handle tightly and barely managed to prevent herself from falling over to the

driver's seat.

However, as soon as they reached the road, the speed of the car did not show any signs of slowing down. It even sped up.

"Draven, can you slow down?" Cierra finally said.

Draven turned a deaf ear and even overtook cars.

The back-

pushing feeling and the cars next to her almost made Cierra cry out in fear. She couldn't help but close her eyes. "Draven, can you slow down? I'm scared!"

She didn't know if her voice was really trembling, but it made him finally slow down the car.

The speed of the car stabilized, and a low and cold voice slowly came.

"Stay away from the people of the Barton family."

Cierra was still in shock, but she said, "Then can you stay away from Aleah?"

Chapter 42 Why You Want to Assassinate Me?

“There is no comparison between these two.”

Draven frowned.

“Why is there no comparison? Just because Mr. Barton is a man, and Aleah is a woman? Now, men and women are equal, Mr. Trevino.”

Cierra sat up straight and fastened her seatbelt.

“And just now, you told Mr. Bernard– Barton that a man could also be a home wrecker. In fact, I have always wanted to ask you a question. To you, Aleah and I, who is the mistress?”

When she finished speaking, the car suddenly fell into silence.

Other than the sound of the car driving, there was only the shallow breathing of the two people.

Cierra did not expect Draven to give an answer.

She laughed at herself, “There is a very common saying on the Internet. The one who is not loved is the real mistress. Even if you don’t say it, I know it in my heart. Now I also understand that love cannot be forced...”

She paused and looked at Draven. Her tone and expression were very serious.

“So Mr. Trevino, I have already let it go. Can’t you just let me go?”

Draven looked ahead and pursed his thin lips tightly.

The speed of the car was obviously steady, but it felt like he was driving at a high speed.

After a long time, Draven said with suppressed anger.

“When you returned this time, did you prepare for a divorce? You lied to me that night at Stream

Villa.”

It was something he already knew, but he had to ask.

Even his tone was a statement, not a question.

Cierra’s expression was indifferent. “I was prepared to divorce a long time ago. Don’t tell me you didn’t.

Why do you use this tone of being dumped by me? If you feel that I have wronged you, I can apologize to you.”

She admitted it. And her indifferent attitude made Draven feel like he was punching a ball of cotton.

But did she say anything wrong?

He was the one who proposed the divorce. Even if she did make a decision a long time ago, he was

the one who brought it up first.

Why was he angry?

Everything happened for a reason, but Draven still felt angry in his heart.

He raised his hand and loosened his tie, unwilling to think about the divorce with Cierra anymore.

He changed the topic, “How did you know the people from the Barton family?”

Cierra glanced at him and said with confusion, “It has nothing to do with you, Mr. Trevino. I don’t want to answer your question. It’s my privacy.”

In other words, it was none of his business.

She closed her eyes and looked like she was going to rest.

Draven had no way of dealing with her, so he took a deep breath and said patiently.

“The Barton family used to have businesses in Los Angeles. Now that they suddenly appear in New York, they are not alone. You have been with Ernest for so many years. Have you ever thought that they have bad intentions when they approach you?”

He said it tactfully, but Cierra understood what he meant.

The Barton family might have ill intentions, or maybe... she leaked the secret in order to

favor with the Barton family.

She did not know if Draven meant it. Anyway, she had thought of this.

She opened her eyes and chuckled, her voice filled with ridicule.

She was suddenly curious. She was stalked because of Aleah or because Draven was afraid that she

would reveal some of the Trevino Group's secrets?

After all, in the eyes of outsiders, she was the next hostess of the Trevino family that Ernest had

appointed. She had followed Ernest and taken care of him for a few years. So how could she not hear something from Ernest?

In reality, she did know some things.

Otherwise, she would not have secretly helped Draven after he took over the Trevino Group. That was why Entrustment Design Studio cooperated with him.

It was Ernest who said that there were many people in the group who had wild ambitions. Now that Draven was the only one in the Trevino family, it was inevitable that he would lose his footing in the company.

At that time, she still had the sincerest joy. Even though she was sent to a foreign country, she still

had fantasies and tried her best to hope that he would be fine.

So, no matter how intense the love was, it could still disappear completely.

Did she hate him?

The answer was no.

She loved him even though he had never given her hope.

After Aleah appeared, his gaze never fell on her again.

He was not the one that betrayed their love. How could she hate him?

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She was already tired of being self-sentimental, so why should she add more burdens to herself?

However, she still could not figure out how Draven, who would protect her and not allow others to bully her, who would even call her darling, had become so unrecognizable today.

Was it really true that one should never take a child's words seriously?

Even a little bit of good feeling had completely disappeared.

She slowly asked, "Draven, if it is really as you have guessed, will you kill me and make me disappear from this world?"

"Cierra, what nonsense are you talking about!"

Draven interrupted her without thinking.

How could she talk about life and death so easily?

Would he kill her? No matter what, he wouldn't..."

Perhaps he felt that his tone was a little harsh, and Cierra's mood was a little off.

His tone softened, "Cierra, why are you asking this?"

Cierra was silent for a moment before closing her eyes again.

"It's fine. I was just joking. Don't take it seriously."

From Draven's tone, it seemed that he did not know that he had sent someone abroad to assassinate her.

However, the clues that Jaquan and the others had found clearly pointed to the Trevino family.

Either Draven was hiding it, or Aleah was using his power to do something that Draven did not

know.

But Draven had no reason to lie to her.

Never mind. She didn't care about it anymore.

Cierra originally wanted to ask Draven directly, but now that there was no substantial evidence, he definitely wouldn't believe it.

Moreover, they were going to get divorced after all. Aleah had wanted to get rid of Cierra in the past. Only because Aleah wanted to be "Mrs. Trevino" badly.

Now that it had all been settled. She wouldn't do anything to dirty her hands.

It was too tiring, so it was better to just let it go.

The car drove steadily in the direction of Stream Villa, and the view outside the window slowly

receded.

When Draven looked at Cierra again, her breathing had already calmed down.

Compared to the prickles all over her body when she opened her eyes, she was much more obedient now. But the suit she wore made him feel disgusted.

He slowly lowered the speed of the car and pressed the button to play the music.

Cierra may have a good dream.

But Cierra was still awakened.

She dreamed that she was being carried by Draven, and his aura was everywhere.

Thus, she woke up from her dream.

As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw Draven's magnified handsome face.

"What are you doing!" Cierra subconsciously pushed him away.

Draven was caught off guard and staggered two steps before he could steady himself.

He looked at Cierra's vigilant expression and said helplessly, "I saw that you were sleeping soundly. I didn't want to wake you up. I was planning to carry you back to your room. Hey, you happened to wake up. Get out of the car."

As he spoke, he opened the car door and invited her out of the car in a very gentlemanly manner.

Cierra looked at him suspiciously and stepped out of the car in her high heels.

Returning to her home, she felt completely different.

Although the divorce agreement stated that Stream Villa was hers, she didn't want it.

She didn't want anything related to him.

She didn't wait for Draven. She picked up her skirt and slowly walked in the direction of the villa.

However, the man had long legs and caught up in two or three steps.

"What did you mean when you asked me in the car?"

Chapter 43 Draven Throws Cierra's Clothes Away

Cierra was deliberately obtuse. "What are you talking about? I don't remember."

"You asked

"Will you?"

Before Draven finished his words, Cierra interrupted him.

She stopped at the steps leading into the villa and turned to look at Draven.

Cierra had gone up one step, so she could look into Draven's eyes.

"Of course not."

Draven frowned. Although he did not know why Cierra asked that, he answered her.

"Well, it's settled. Why did you ask that?" Cierra shrugged.

She turned again and took off her high heels. She stepped on the ground barefoot, looking tired.

Draven's frown deepened when he realized Cierra had changed the topic.

Draven wanted to ask Cierra why she asked that question. On the contrary, she asked him for an answer.

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Draven went up to Cierra and said, "I don't know what you have experienced and why you asked me such a question. Cierra, life and death are not trifles. I can't escape punishment if I kill someone or break the law. Even if I can, I will not do that to you."

How could the company's secret compare with Cierra's life?

Cierra suddenly stopped.

She did not turn around but remained silent on the spot. Then, she forced a smile.

"I have experienced nothing special. Life and death are not trifles. Therefore, I will live well."

Cierra said that to Draven as well as to herself.

She walked slowly and mounted the steps.

From then on, she could call it even.

Draven did not disturb Cierra and followed her quietly, watching her walk slowly like a child.

Ernest said Cierra liked to hold Draven's hand when she learned to walk. Draven suddenly remembered that.

Cierra held Draven's hand first. When she walked steadily, she released his hand. Then, she looked back at him with a smile to ask for praise.

Draven didn't remember that, but Ernest mentioned that frequently when he was alive. Therefore, Draven had the scene in his mind.

However, the girl walking in front of Draven did not look back at him.

She went into the villa directly.

"Do you live here recently?"

When Cierra found someone living in the villa, she was surprised.

Draven loosened his tie and threw it onto the sofa. He poured two cups of water and went to Cierra. "I've always lived here."

Hearing that, Cierra froze in place.

Did Draven live there?

If Cierra remembered correctly, the villa was prepared for Draven and her to get married. However, she stayed there for one night and was sent abroad.

Cierra could hardly believe Draven lived there.

The villa would make him unhappy.

"Don't you want to drink?"

Draven was still holding the cup for Cierra.

Cierra was thirsty. She took over the cup and said, "Thank you."

The water was warm. It was still warm when it went into Cierra's stomach, making her feel better.

Cierra didn't care what Draven was doing and sat on the sofa. She was afraid of staining the sofa, so she put a small blanket below her.

Draven glanced at Cierra and went into the kitchen.

Ten minutes later, a cup of hot coffee was placed in front of Cierra.

“Try this.”

Draven took the water away.

“Did you make it?”

Cierra was surprised.

It was not the only thing that surprised her.

Draven bent over in front of her and held her ankle. Then, he wiped her feet with a warm towel.

Although Draven was noble, he felt nothing wrong when he did that. On the contrary, he said casually, “Mrs. Trevino, don’t you know the answer? Is there another person in Stream Villa?”

Cierra’s heart skipped a beat. When she came to her senses, she subconsciously wanted to withdraw her feet.

Before Cierra did that, Draven had let go of her feet.

Then, a pair of pink velvet slippers were placed beside Cierra’s feet.

“Don’t be willful during your period. I forgot just now. Next time, don’t walk barefoot on the ground. Okay?”

As Draven spoke, he took a wet tissue and wiped his hand before putting the coffee into Cierra’s hand.

“It’s not very hot. You can hold it. After drinking it, go upstairs to take a rest. The clothes for you are clean.”

The warmth and flavor of the coffee finally made Cierra come to her senses.

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She did not refuse Draven and took a sip of the coffee.

With just one sip, Cierra put the coffee down and looked up at Draven. “Draven, why did you prepare clothes for a woman in Stream Villa? Have you invited Aleah here?”

In fact, Cierra wanted to ask if Draven had always been considerate to Aleah.

However, Cierra thought the question in her mind would be humiliating to her. The question she asked seemed to be more

relative to her.

If Cierra remembered correctly, she had taken all her belongings with her when she and William left Stream Villa.

However, Draven said the clothes for her were clean.

Why did Draven prepare clothes for her?

Were the clothes prepared for Aleah? Although Draven and Aleah didn't feel uncomfortable staying in Stream Villa, Cierra did.

Draven answered without hesitation. "The clothes here are for you. You and Aleah are different in size. Besides, why did I invite her here?"

"For me?"

Cierra frowned.

She had moved away from Stream Villa and had no intention of moving back. Was there something wrong with Draven? Why did he prepare clothes for her?

Obviously, Draven did not want to explain.

Draven would not tell Cierra about that. After Cierra left, Draven felt there was something wrong in the villa. Therefore, he had someone buy some clothes for her.

Draven had been fine for three years without Cierra. However, he felt strange when she came back

Draven took his tie and was about to leave. "I'll go upstairs first. You can go up later."

"Hold on. I want to talk to you."

Cierra stood up.

Cierra remembered why she followed Draven to the villa, so she would not let him go easily.

Draven seemed to know what Cierra wanted to say and said, "Let's talk about it tomorrow. It's late. Go to bed early."

“What if you disappear tomorrow morning? Do I have to stay here? How about putting the company’s affairs aside tomorrow and meeting the lawyer with me? You are unreliable. It is more efficient for us to do that together.”

Cierra said straightforwardly before Draven left.

Draven stopped on the stairs and looked back at Cierra. “Did you come back with me for the divorce?”

Cierra said angrily, “Is there another reason? Do we have anything else to talk about?”

Draven stared at Cierra gloomily.

After a while, he suddenly stepped towards her.

“Mrs. Trevino, I’ve made it clear. I will divorce you when you break up with the Barton family.”

As soon as Draven finished his words, the suit on Cierra’s shoulders fell to the ground.

Chapter 44 You Are So Nice to Aleah

The suit on Cierra’s shoulders fell to the ground. Cierra and Draven confronted each other face to face.

Cierra did not know why Draven was hostile to William.

If Draven had misunderstood Cierra’s relationship with William, it was absurd.

Cierra and William were families. Even if they were a couple, so what? She would divorce Draven.

Cierra would meet someone in the future.

Other than William, someone else would be suitable for Cierra. Couldn’t she fall in love and get married in the future?

Moreover, it had nothing to do with Draven, no matter whom Cierra would be with.

If Draven hadn’t misunderstood them, Cierra was more confused about his behavior.

William’s business in New York had nothing to do with Draven’s. There was competition between the Barton family and the Trevino family in other industries. However, the Trevino family was in New York, and the Barton family was in Los Angeles. They usually did not interfere with each other. Why was Draven hostile?

Cierra could only explain it with the reason that Draven was mentally ill.

The deadlock was broken by Cierra.

She bent down to pick up William's suit and patted the non-existent dust. Then, she put it on her arm.

"Alright. I will break up with the Barton family. Will you divorce me?"

Draven compressed his lips and glanced at the suit on Cierra's arm.

When he looked at Cierra again, his tone turned cold.

"Do you think I am a fool? What will happen after we divorce? Will you attend various events with the Barton family?"

Cierra forced a smile and tilted her head to look at Draven.

"You know I will be their friend again after our divorce. Why do you make such an unreasonable request?"

Cierra thought it was ridiculous to break up with her relatives.

Draven looked away and turned to leave. "We can't reach an agreement. Go to bed early."

"Draven, don't you want to divorce me in your life?"

Cierra looked at Draven's back and said calmly.

"It doesn't matter to me. I don't mind keeping single for the rest of my life. How about you?"

You have someone you like, and she is also waiting for you. Why do you have to badger me? You will be delayed by yourself."

"You are the one who has delayed me." Draven didn't look back.

"Yes, it is me. You and Aleah have lost three years because of me. I apologize to you."

Cierra tried to be frank

"Since you have made a mistake, why don't you stop?"

"I don't know why you are hostile to the Barton family. I've said William and I are in a cooperative relationship. I haven't

cheated you or brought disgrace on you in our marriage.

“If you think I came home to divorce you and my concealment made you uncomfortable, I apologize. I’m sorry.”

Cierra bowed to Draven and didn’t stand straight for a long time.

When Draven turned around, he saw Cierra straightening up.

To divorce Draven, Cierra had made so many concessions.

She had been tough in the venue and refused to give up the passenger seat. However, at that moment, she bowed to him.

Why?

It was because Cierra did not love Draven anymore and was eager to get out of the marriage.

She did not love him anymore.

Well..

When Cierra loved Draven, she wanted to get married. When she didn’t, she wanted to turn around and leave. How could it be so easy?

“Are you so anxious to get divorced?”

When Draven spoke again, he was no longer angry. However, he was not as gentle as he put the hot coffee in front of Cierra.

Cierra frowned and didn’t know what Draven meant.

She shook her head. “I am not anxious. You, instead of me, will be delayed.”

“Since you are not anxious, why are you rushing me?” Draven sneered.

“But...”

“You don’t need to care about Aleah and me.”

Before Cierra said anything, she was interrupted by Draven as if it was a sin for her to speak.

Cierra was frightened by Draven’s anger. She compressed her lips and silently looked at him.

No matter how angry he was, he had never been like that.

However, Draven did not realize how scary he was.

He looked at Cierra indifferently, and his tone was somewhat mocking.

In any case, I have been delayed for three years. I don't care for it to be longer. Mrs. Trevino, you wanted to divorce me as soon

as you were back. How can I divorce you before you know the feeling of being Mrs. Trevino?

"You're not anxious, and I'm not anxious either. Let's keep this situation for now."

Hearing that, Cierra understood everything.

Draven was on purpose.

If she were unhappy, he would be haunted in the Barton family. That was why he was hostile to everyone around her.

Cierra gritted his teeth and glared at Draven.

"Alright. It doesn't matter. I don't care."

Cierra sat on the sofa and turned sulky.

"Draven, you'd better pay attention to your next wife. Tell her not to come to me. It's you who doesn't want to divorce. I don't want to be bothered by her."

Draven hesitated for a second. He wanted to say Aleah would not do that, but he changed his mind when he remembered what had happened at the Boyle's home.

"Aleah was wrong last time. She did something immoral because of her illness. Her condition has improved, and she will not do that again."

Cierra smiled and said nothing more.

Aleah's illness was a good excuse.

It was because of Aleah's illness three years before, and the excuse was the same three years later. It could be used everywhere.

With this excuse, even breaking the law could be described as being immoral.

How ridiculous!

Since Aleah was diagnosed with bipolar disorder, Cierra had heard too much like that.

"As Aleah's elder sister, you should be kind to her."

“You’re an adopted daughter, but Aleah is the daughter of the Boyle family. It’s kind enough for the Boyle family to offer you food. What else do you want?”

“Aleah is ill. Can’t you be more understanding? Do you have to be so narrow–minded?”

The Boyle family always said that. Therefore, Cierra thought it was not a big deal when Draven said that too.

Although Draven had said nothing in the past, his behavior had shown his attitude.

There was no need to argue.

Draven probably realized he had said something wrong. He looked at Cierra’s shoulder in silence for a while.

Then, he explained, “I’m not trying to find an excuse for Aleah. It’s her fault. I apologize to you on her behalf and will try my best to fulfill your request.”

Hearing Draven’s words, Cierra felt even more sarcastic.

“You’re so nice to Aleah.”

Cierra leaned on the sofa and looked at Draven with a smile.

Draven frowned.

When he was about to explain, Cierra said, “Will you fulfill my request?”

Draven pondered for a moment. “As long as I can.”

The implication was Cierra could not mention their divorce at that moment.

Cierra did not want to mention their divorce again. She was tired of talking about that frequently.

She decided to neglect that.

Cierra stood up with the suit in her hand. “Drive me home. I don’t want to stay here.”

Chapter 45 Draven’s Snatched Cierra’s Phone

Draven stood still.

Cierra urged him, “Why are you still standing here? You said it yourself that you would do anything I asked. Now you wanna go back on your word? I mean, what I am asking is just for you to let me live elsewhere.”

“Why?”

Draven placed one hand in his pocket and asked from above the stairs, looking all high and mighty.

“Why what?” Cierra was puzzled.

“Why don’t you want to live here?”

Draven repeated.

He thought, she was the one who discussed with Ernest and chose the house as their home on her own terms back then. And now, she should say that she didn’t want to live here!

I’ll be resigned to it if she wants me to leave the house to her. But she didn’t! Instead, she wants to vanish from here.

“I just don’t want to live here. Do I have to give an explanation to do that?”

Cierra looked at him in confusion.

But Draven’s expression suggested that he did want a reason out of her.

Therefore, Cierra bit the bullet and said, “Because I am a picky sleeper and I can only sleep well in a place that I’m used to. Also, the room you had me stay in is unhygienic, which brought me out in a rash after I slept there last time. What’s more, everywhere I go, I see the stuff you’ve used, which kind of gets on my nerves since sharing a place with you is the last thing I

want. I hate it!”

Cierra was not afraid of offending Draven and said whatever was on her mind.

Actually, at the end of her words, she started to vent her anger as opposed to purely stating the fact.

However, Draven was not angry. He even looked smiling after she finished speaking.

“Who do you think you are to be so demanding, huh?”

Hearing that, Cierra was so angered that she wished she could pick up the pillow next to her and throw it at Draven. “Draven, you are missing the point!”

Cierra thought, you ARE the reason I want to leave!

“Where will you live then?” Draven raised his hand and glanced at his watch.

Cierra resisted the temptation to hit him and thought for a moment before telling him her current place of residence, “Aqua

Apartment.”

She didn't think Draven could reach out to her knowing her address since it was a very high-security apartment.

Moreover, knowing which apartment she lived in wasn't enough. Draven would never make it to her doorstep.

And since it was the middle of the night now, Draven's company would ensure her safety.

However, Draven had no intention of driving her whatsoever. After asking about her current place of residence, he turned around.

“It's getting late. Now go upstairs and grab some rest. No matter how much you hate me, bear with it, well, at least for tonight. As for your request, I suggest you think it over before bringing it up. Letting you live elsewhere is the thing that I'm least willing to do.”

Cierra was stunned.

Then she came to her senses. In its wake, she picked up the pillow next to her and threw it at him.

“Draven, you're despicable. I hate you!”

“Whatever.”

At the corner of the stairs, he saw how Cierra got worked up, which satisfied him greatly.

“Good night, Cierra.”

Cierra was absolutely livid about how he reacted.

And then, she thought of something.

After hesitating for a moment, she chased after Draven. But now, she was no longer as righteous as she was. Instead, Cierra looked rather awkward. “Draven, wait!”

Draven acted as if they hadn't had a row at all and leaned lazily against the railing while answering, “What?”

Cierra gritted her teeth, hesitating. But at the thought of how Draven was the person who bought her sanitary pad when she had her menarche, Cierra decided to summon up the courage to ask him.

“You've said that there is a change of clothes for me upstairs. Then... any chance that that here happens to be some... as well?”

His expression changing subtly, Draven looked down at her. "Am I that lascivious in your eyes? If I wanted to have sex with you, I would have done it long before!"

"What's wrong with you, Draven? Why would I ask you for that?" Cierra was exasperated.

Cierra thought, half an hour ago, he was still offering me some painkillers. And now, all he could think of was sex!

Yelled at by Cierra, Draven finally understood what she meant.

Then, looking at Cierra, who was angry as hell, Draven, amused, burst into laughter.

He thought, really, what am I thinking?

Then Draven asked, "Don't you have some in your bag?"

"No! That's why I'm asking you!" Cierra glared at him.

The purse, which she chose to go with her gown, was too small to hold many pads. Actually, she did bring two pads with her in

there. But to stay the night here, two pads would simply be insufficient.

Draven was silent for a moment and walked downstairs. "All right. I'll go buy some for you."

Since there was no supermarket near the villa, he had to drive a distance to buy the pads, which might cost him half an hour in

total.

Cierra was discouraged. "You might as well just drive me to my apartment."

Draven brushed past her and bent over to pick up the car keys on the coffee table. "Don't even think about it. Knowing that you're not happy living here, I am more determined to want you to stay here for the night."

Cierra gave him a fleeting fake smile and then sat back down on the sofa with a furious face.

"There's food in the fridge. If you're hungry, go get some yourself in there. And the painkillers are in the kitchen. You can take

them when needed. I'll be back soon."

With that, Draven left.

Cierra didn't look at him when he was speaking. Instead, she lowered her head and started to play on her phone.

At that moment, out of the corner of his eye, Draven saw something, which made him go back into the room.

Soon, he came up to Cierra, casting a shadow on Cierra, who then looked up. "What are you doing? Aren't you supposed to go shopping for me now?"

Draven took out his phone and handed it to her. "Give me your new number and add me as your friend."

Cierra looked at him silently. She had mixed feelings about that.

She thought, he was so heartless back then, sending me abroad while deleting all my contacts. He didn't even reply to one single phone call or message from me. Now he's asking for my contact?

But Cierra knew there was no point in questioning him about that.

"Why should I?" she asked coldly.

Draven frowned. "Of course you should. Even if you and I aren't married, we grew up together. Even the Barton family has your contact! Why can't I?"

Draven thought, in the past three years, she has been contacting my mother. As for me? I haven't received a message from her

at all!

That was so not cool.

But Cierra didn't take his phone. "Mr. Trevino, the right way to treat an ex-husband is to ignore him. Although you and I are still technically married, you are nothing to me. Therefore, why bother asking for my contact? Do you want me to blacklist you?"

"Cierra!"

"Who taught you to say all that bullshit?" Draven was not angered.

But Cierra didn't answer that. "It's none of your business! Now get away from me. I'm annoyed with you standing here."

Draven sneered coldly and snatched her phone from her hand.

"You are acting just like you did when you were a child. Do you want to divorce me? I wonder if you'll ever find another man

after the divorce.”

“Give me back my phone!”

Exasperated by him snatching her phone, Cierra reached out, wanting to get back her phone.

But Draven was too tall. The phone in his hand, which was held up high, was simply unreach-able for Cierra.

Noticing that Draven kept holding her phone in midair, Cierra shouted, “Are you gonna give it to me or not?”

Cierra did not have the strength to pull his arm down, not to mention that she was wearing a gown, which restrained her from making big movements.

“Draven, what’s wrong with you? I think you should go see a doctor! I know you can afford to pay your own medical bills. And you know what? I have never changed my phone number. If you want it, you shouldn’t have deleted it or blacklisted me before. Why are you so annoying?”

“What did you say?” Draven paused.

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 46 Draven Kicks Cierra Out of the Villa

“I said something was wrong with you!”

Cierra finally managed to reach the phone, which she soon snatched back. Then she nestled back into the sofa, looking rather annoyed.

She thought, I’m partly to blame for all this. If I hadn’t chosen Stream Villa as our home, which I thought would be less noisy back then, I should be able to leave by myself now. Just grabbing a cab will do!

Draven did not say anything more. Instead, he looked deeply at her.

Then, titling his body slightly, he took out his cell phone..

Cierra’s phone number was still lying there at the top of his contacts, even after all these years.

He pursed his lips and dialed the number.

But just like all the calls he made over the years, only a mechanical female voice sounded. "The number you dialed does not exist..." He put it on the speaker deliberately so that Cierra could hear that.

Even though he did not say a word, his intention was plain to see.

If Cierra had not changed her phone number, how could the number be defunct? And it didn't look like she had blacklisted him

as well.

But Cierra lay lazily on the sofa, unmoved. "That is your problem failing to get through to me, not mine. I've told you that I have not changed my number. And I am not lying."

However, Draven did not buy it and handed his phone over. "Give me your new number."

"What's your problem? Why would I lie to you?" Cierra wished she could kick him away.

But Draven didn't retract his arm. "You tell me!"

Draven

thought, she kept me in the dark about being back in the country, wanting to get a divorce. And she didn't tell me how she managed to get to know the Barton family. All of this suggests that she is more than likely to lie to me!

At the thought of this, he urged her by kicking her calf a bit, which was dangling over the sofa. "Hurry up."

Cierra was speechless.

She locked her phone and threw it to the side. Then, after picking up a pillow from the sofa, she buried her head under it.

"You're right! I've changed my number. But I don't want to give it to you. All I want is for you to be away from my life for good. If I have managed to divorce you, you would be a stranger to me already."

The room was reduced to silence for a few seconds.

Then, Draven's deep voice sounded again. "Cierra, you finally speak your bosom!"

"Yes, that's how I feel now." Cierra was annoyed.

After the divorce, she would treat him like a stranger.

Staring at Cierra's back, Draven let out a sneer.

He thought, a stranger.

So she can forget all the things that have happened in the past?

Well, that makes sense. I should have known that she was a hard-hearted person long before, who would do anything for her own interests.

Why would I still have expectations of her, thinking that she was still that little girl when she was a kid? Why would I still want to make up for the past three years after our divorce, thinking that I owe her that?

His face turning utterly cold, he bent over to pick up his phone and threw the suit on Cierra.

“Get out.”

“What did you say?”

The suit came right at Cierra’s head, which blinded her.

And by the time she got rid of it, Draven had already been on the stairs. Obviously, he had no intention of buying pads for her

anymore.

Then without a backward glance, he said in an extremely cold tone, “I say get out. Now.”

Cierra was stunned, despite wanting to leave more than anything. What perplexed her was Draven’s sudden change of tune. One minute, he insisted on her staying, and the next, he was already kicking her out.

At the thought of this, Cierra asked, “What gets you this time?”

Draven tilted his head to glance at her, having a condescending attitude.

“Aren’t you a picky sleeper and sick of me leaving traces everywhere in the villa? And don’t you hate it when you see me and wish that you have never met me? Now you can be happy because all that you want is getting real.”

Cierra looked into his dark eyes, wanting to say something. But at last, she bit her lip.

Then picking up her purse and William’s suit, she turned around and left without a backward glance.

Meanwhile, Draven, who was standing on the stairs, got even gloomier.

And only when Cierra disappeared from view did he retract his gaze at her.

And after taking two steps, he jerked to a halt and smashed his phone down harshly. A dull bang echoed in the empty villa

soon.

Outside the villa, the wind was blowing, and the night was bleak.

After she went out of the villa, Cierra shuddered because of the cold.

Then she put on William's suit, folded her arms, and took out her phone to make a call.

But she failed to get through to either William or Harold.

Despite her heels chafing her feet, Cierra had to limp along the road step by step.

It was almost midnight. Plus, the Stream Villa was located in a remote area. There was no way she could grab a cab.

Then under a sycamore tree, Cierra stopped. Once again, she dialed William's and Harold's numbers.

Still, no one answered.

The wind blowing nonstop, Cierra felt a pain coming from her lower abdomen, which made her desire to lie down where she was. But she knew she couldn't do that. Therefore, biting the bullet, she held on to a tree trunk and waited for William and Harold to return the call.

Meanwhile, in the villa, Draven's shadowy tall figure showed up in front of the window.

He pursed his thin lips and stared at Cierra, whose figure looked so small under the sycamore tree. In his hand, there was his phone, whose screen had been shattered, as if it was due to his tight squeeze.

He thought, as long as she looks back, I will go downstairs and get her back here.

But all the while, Cierra hadn't looked back.

That being said, Draven did not leave. Instead, he just stood there and looked at her quietly.

He thought, I wonder how much longer she can hang in there. I mean, she is in a lot of pain.

As it was, Cierra was very close to giving up.

Actually, she didn't suffer from menstrual cramps before like she did now. But ever since that incident, in which someone followed her and kept her in the snow for nearly a whole night, she found winter much less pleasant.

Her limbs would become very cold whenever winter came, and she would feel a sharp pain every time she had her period.

And now that she had been standing in the middle of nowhere for so long, with the wind blowing hard like that, it would be a wonder if she didn't feel the pain.

And at some point, she finally got through to William. Feeling deeply wronged and bursting with sorrow, she started to sob a

bit.

"William..."

*

William was anxious upon hearing that. "What happened, Cici? Harold and I were caught up with something just now. He told me that you left with Draven. Did something happen?"

"I'm fine. Don't worry."

Cierra hurried to comfort him. "It's just that I am outside Draven's villa now and fail to grab a cab whatsoever, and my abdomen hurts from the cold. Can you come and pick me up? Or can you send a car over if you're not available?"

At that moment, another voice sounded over the phone, which was deep and cold but yet gentle and cautious.

"Cici, where are you now? Drop a pin, and I'll go there to pick you up. William is slightly busy now."

Cierra was surprised at Coby answering the phone. "Coby? Why are you in New York?"

Coby's cold voice carried a smile. "I've just arrived and only met William and the rest a while ago. And then, we were caught up

with something. That's why we failed to answer your calls."

"It's okay. I'm fine, and I can wait. Please send whoever you see fit here."

"Drop a pin, and I'll pick you up myself."

"Alright then. I'll wait for you, Coby."

After the call, Cierra felt a surge of warmth both in her heart and her body.

Half an hour later, a black Maybach stopped by the sycamore tree.

The moment Coby got out of the car, Cierra pounced on him with both grievance and excitement, hugging him *tightly*.

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the villa, Draven was holding a blanket in his hand, wanting to deliver *it to* Cierra.

But at the sight of how Cierra threw herself at Coby, he stopped.

Chapter 47 Harold Is Beaten Up

It was Landen Birley.

Even from far away, Draven still recognized who the man Cierra was hugging was.

Landen was an actor who had won the title of Best Actor many times in the country and was a celebrity, so Draven knew him.

Not to mention that Landen had a conflict with the Trevino Group two years ago.

Originally, the Trevino Group's jewelry endorsement was signed with Landen, but two years ago, Landen suddenly requested to cancel the contract. He would rather pay the liquidated damages than continue the cooperation. His attitude was very tough. No matter how much the Trevino Group tried to persuade him, he still asked to terminate the cooperation.

Landen had been in the industry for many years and had always been low-key and mysterious. He would rarely show up except to promote his new movies.

Even the information about his parents could not be found on the Internet.

His fans were also countless and loyal. The unexplained cancellation of the contract caused a lot of repercussions at the time and a lot of damage to the Trevino Group.

Draven did not expect that Cierra would actually know Landen.

It even seemed that they were familiar.

Draven gritted his teeth as he thought.

Cierra, who was under the tree, did not know what had happened.

As early as when the car drove over from afar, she was already impatient. When she saw Coby

get out of the car, she could not control herself and pounced on him before Coby could stand up.

“Coby...”

The long wait made Cierra lump in her throat.

“Alright, alright. I’m here. It’s okay.”

Coby patted her back, patiently coaxing her, but his movements were gentle.

Coby also brought a trench coat over. After Cierra had been in his arms for a while, he put the coat on her back.

“It’s windy outside. Get in the car first. I will take you home, okay?”

Cierra nodded and adjusted the coat on her body. Like a clumsy penguin, she entered the passenger seat with Coby’s help.

This scene was also caught in Draven’s eyes.

She sat in the passenger seat.

Draven sneered.

She not only knew the president of XR Entertainment and owners of Oakperry Game but also knew Landen, a popular actor,

very well.

The distance was not close, but Draven’s wrath seemed to be already pervasive.

When Coby closed the door, he looked at the villa with a sense of perception and also saw Draven standing at the door.

The gentleness on Coby’s handsome face disappeared, leaving only coldness all over.

Coby only glanced at Draven, indifferently retracted his gaze, and went straight to the driver’s seat.

Then, Coby started the car and left.

It was very warm inside the car. When Coby fastened his seat belt and drove the car, his attitude had already become soft.

“If you’re tired, take a rest first. We’ll be home in a while.”

“I’m not tired.”

Cierra was very tired at first.

There was nothing to eat at the dinner party. She was cold and hungry while standing under the tree, but everything was better now that she stayed with Coby.

“By the way, Coby, why are you in New York? Haven’t you been filming at Mount Mist recently?”

Although Coby debuted very early, there were not many movies that he was in. He was very demanding with the script.

When Coby entered the crew this time, he asked for a closed-off shoot at the beginning, and it was in the deep forest. Before Cierra returned to the country, she thought that she would have to wait for Christmas before she could see her Coby again.

“It was fine if you didn’t tell me when you returned to the country, but you even went out with William to fool around. Did you even go to a bar?”

“I wanted to tell you about it, but you only look at your phone once every ten days or half a month during the shooting.”

Cierra snorted and did not forget to speak up for William.

“Besides, it’s not what was thought. I was just curious and asked William to take me to have some fun. William ordered me a glass of milk at the bar. I was pissed off.”

Coby snorted coldly, a faint smile in his eyes, “If he dares to make you drink, I’m afraid that Jaquan will be the first to question

him.”

Cierra stuck out her tongue. “It’s not that serious, is it?”

While waiting for the traffic light, Coby tilted his head and glanced at her with a smile.

The look in his eyes seemed to be asking, “What do you think?”

Cierra simply stopped mentioning this matter.

She suddenly remembered something and asked, “By the way, Coby, William didn’t pick up when I called. Did something happen?”

Coby’s expression immediately turned cold.

“They went to the airport to pick me up. On the way back, they encountered a small accident. A few teenagers riding motorcycles blocked the way, and they fought.”

“What?”

“Are they alright? Are William and Harold injured?” Cierra sat up straight.

“Don’t worry. William can fight. Harold got punched twice, but it wasn’t very bad,” Coby comforted her.

“Are you serious? Where are they now? Take me to Harold first. There are no cars on the road now. Coby, drive faster.”

Cierra was still worried.

“He’s really fine. Even Fanny is not worried about him.”

Coby joked to make Cierra relax and quietly increased the speed.

Twenty minutes later, they arrived at William’s residence in New York.

The door lock had saved Cierra’s fingerprints. After the car was parked, she pulled Coby into the house impatiently.

The living room was filled with a faint smell of ointment. As soon as they entered, they heard William’s voice.

“Hold back. Don’t howl at me.”

Then, it was Harold who urged impatiently, “Hurry up! I...”

But before Harold finished speaking, a muffled sound came out of his throat.

It hurt when Cierra heard it.

As soon as Cierra changed her shoes, she rushed over. “Harold, are you okay?”

It seemed that Harold did not expect Cierra to suddenly appear. He was suddenly stunned. Without thinking, he picked up the blanket next to him and covered it behind his back.

“We are all family. It’s fine.”

William pulled the blanket away, and the strength in his hand increased at the same time. William said as he smiled.

“What’s wrong? Isn’t it embarrassing to let Cierra see it? You have to exercise properly.”

Harold pursed his lips and tilted his head to the side. No matter how much William pressed him with his fingers, he did not say a word. However, the veins on his forehead were enough to tell them he was in pain.

Cierra felt anxious and could not help but say, "William, be gentler."

William didn't listen to her and even pressed down harder.

"If I pressed gently, how could the bruising disappear? This is all Harold's fault. Look at me. I'm totally fine."

were

William had been trained. Those thugs were nothing to him. When Cierra was abroad, William was even able to subdue the gangsters with weapons to save her.

However, Harold was relatively weak. He was a nerd and did not like to go out often. He could still handle one or two gangsters.

If there were more of them, there would be nothing he could do.

In addition to his face being beaten up, there were two dark bruises on his shoulders.

It was not serious, but it made Cierra feel nervous.

"How could you be stopped? Who did this?"

Hearing this, William paused, and he snorted coldly.

"Who else could it be? It's the bastard who won't divorce you!"

Chapter 48 Draven Is Suspicious

"Draven? How could he..."

Cierra frowned in regret.

She actually subconsciously found excuses for Draven because of Draven's answer tonight.

"If not him, who else could it be?"

William was a little dissatisfied.

After helping Harold apply the ointment, William frowned.

Cierra knew that she had said something wrong. "I'm sorry, William, and Harold. I didn't mean to speak up for Draven. I just..."

She did not know why her first reaction was to help Draven.

It was probably because they grew up together. She felt that Draven was not the kind of person who would not dare to admit to what he did.

Since Draven said that he did not send anyone to tail her abroad, she felt that it was true.

But even if it had nothing to do with Draven directly, she had to settle this score with him

She could not forgive Draven.

Moreover, Draven only said that he had never done anything to her. Now that William and Harold were beaten, how could Cierra possibly stick up for Draven?

Draven was very hostile to the Barton boys.

But no one blamed Cierra.

“It doesn’t matter, Cierra.”

Harold also put on his clothes and sat up on the sofa. His tone was much calmer than before.

“To be precise, it is indeed not Draven’s style. However, it has something to do with him.”

This

group

of gangsters left some things when they were fighting, including but not limited to their mobile phones.

On the way back, Harold had used these to investigate. The one who found them was not Draven, but someone else.

“Is it... Aleah?”

Cierra frowned.

But she quickly dismissed this idea.

Even if Aleah felt uncomfortable because of what happened tonight, Aleah’s target should be her.

With the Boyle family's current status, provoking XR Entertainment would be a disaster for the Boyle family's company, let alone beating William and Harold up.

If Aleah really offended them, no matter how much Draven liked her, he would not let the Trevino family lose money.

Starting a company for Aleah and making her a superstar was already an expression of sincere love for Aleah. Did he have to support the Boyle family for her?

No matter how much Draven loved Aleah, he would not be stupid enough to be a sucker

Harold also shook his head.

Harold turned on the computer on the table and turned to Cierra.

"The account is not from the Trevino family, nor is it from Aleah. It is an unfamiliar account. The IP who transferred the

money

is not in the country, and it is even constantly changing."

In other words, this was a premeditated siege.

This group of people did not bring anything with them. First, it was because of domestic security. Second, it was possible that the person behind them did not want them to do anything and just tried to warn William and Harold.

Even so, the faces of the people on the sofa were gloomy. Only Harold, who was typing rapidly on the keyboard, was slightly

better.

After Harold tapped the command, the rapidly jumping characters finally stopped after calculating.

"Through capturing these dynamic IPs, I found a clue, but the evidence is not sufficient. It is a probability problem."

He translated the terminology and found that the address had a 60% probability of being in Washington, D.C., a 20% probability of being in New York, and a 20% probability of being overseas.

"If we choose to believe that it is in Washington, D.C., then we can find out which company the person behind this is from."

Harold marked it on the computer, and at the same time, he frowned.

This was a small company in Washington D.C. Compared to some of the mysterious families that could not be provoked over there, it was just nothing.

Strangely, the direct connection of this company was Draven.

That was why Harold said that this matter had something to do with Draven.

It seemed that someone had deliberately implicated the clues in Draven, but Harold could not find any other answers.

When Cierra saw this result, she was also confused.

Because there was no need for Draven to do this at all.

The Trevino family was in New York, the Barton family was in Los Angeles, the West family was in Chicago, and the Chester family was in Houston...

Every city had the most powerful families, but they all tacitly did not provoke those centuries-old families in Washington D.C. Why would Draven take this risk?

How many years had the Trevino Group been under his control?

The company that Harold found was not wrong.

"Who cares? We just need to find Draven."

The stalemate of contemplation was broken by William. He patted Harold on the back.

47.50%

"We can't let our brother get beaten up for nothing, right? Harold!"

Harold was in so much pain that his expression changed. "Get lost!"

William clicked his tongue. "You can't even endure this. You can train with me tomorrow. Don't keep staring at your stupid computer all day."

Their bickering also eased the atmosphere.

Cierra signed, "Alright, William, stop teasing Harold. Also, Coby just got off the plane not long ago. Let him rest for a while."

Coby's cold face revealed with a smile, "I'm fine."

"How about Harold? Cierra, he's already injured, but you don't care about him," William teased.

Cierra snorted, “Anyway, I’m tired. I don’t want to continue arguing with you. I’ll go wash up and rest first. Good night.”

She yawned and walked upstairs, waving to them.

William left a room for her and prepared some clothes. Of course, there was no lack of daily necessities.

However, as soon as she went upstairs, she instantly straightened her back and looked excited.

If the person behind it was really Draven, it would be easy.

Nowadays, the Barton family might not be afraid of the Trevino family.

But if not him, who could it be?

At the same time, a big show was also playing in the Boyle’s house.

However, it was about physical strength.

The woman’s superior body line was reflected on the white gauze by the window, rising and falling to draw a dynamic and

beautiful picture.

After a long time, she raised her neck, and the light and shadow froze for a few seconds before slowly falling down.

“Sir, is it really okay? If they find me, Draven will not help the Boyle family...”

A sweet voice came out of Aleah’s throat. Through the moonlight through the window, she was fascinated by the man lying

beside her.

He leaned against the pillow with his eyes narrowed. He wore a silver–gray mask that covered half of his face, revealing his chin, which was extremely similar to Draven.

This also made her want to take off this mask.

With this thought, she boldly stretched out her hand and slowly moved up along his sturdy chest.

However, before she could even touch his face, her slender wrist was grabbed by the man.

“Ah!”

Aleah cried out in pain, tears falling from her eyes. “Sir...”

Unfortunately, she did not get the man’s tender feelings for her and was thrown to the side.

“Don’t worry. They won’t be able to find you.”

The man put on his clothes and buttoned his shirt. His voice was cold.

Aleah rubbed her wrist. “You said that last time too, but then what? I still got caught by them. Even now there are people calling me names online.

“It didn’t work once when you were abroad. Cierra is still alive and well!”

The man paused and suddenly smiled.

The silver mask glowed with a cold light under the moonlight.

“So, Ms. Boyle, are you blaming me?”

Chapter 49 What If I Don’t Divorce?

“No, I don’t dare to...”

Before Aleah could finish her sentence, the words were stifled in her throat.

The man held her neck and slowly tightened *his* grip.

As he looked at Aleah’s face which became red from suffocation, his smile grew even wider.

Aleah looked at the man in front of her in horror. She slapped his arm with all her strength and struggled to escape from the grip. Unfortunately, it was useless.

Only when she struggled less and less, like a fish on the beach that was on the verge of death, did the man release his hand as if he was being merciful.

“It is Cierra’s ability that she can escape from my hands. What I do, whether I fail or not, is not something you can comment

on.”

The man looked down at Aleah, who was gasping with her hands on her neck, and his tone was contemptuous.

“Do you really think that all men in the world will do anything for you just because of your beautiful face?”

He thought, what a joke!

I am not that idiot, Draven!

“Then why did you help me?”

Aleah curled up on the bed, unable to stop herself from trembling, but she still couldn't help but ask.

Everything was fine before and the man gave her whatever she wanted. Aleah had no idea why suddenly he changed.

“Maybe it's because I was too bored before.”

The man tilted his head, his lips curling into a sneer. At the same time, he bent and slowly pressed down on Aleah.

Thinking of the horrible scene just now, Aleah retreated in horror. “I beg you... Please let me go!”

“Tsk tsk, you have such a vicious heart, yet you are so timid. When you asked me to make Cierra disappear in this world, weren't you very bold, huh?”

He patted Aleah's face.

Then, a smell of urine emanated from her body.

The man's hands stopped moving, and the playfulness in his eyes was replaced by disgust..

He straightened up, and his lazy tone became cold. “You better pray that you can marry Draven successfully. Otherwise, I'm afraid I will regret sleeping with you. At that time, how you will end...”

He said no more, but it was enough to make Aleah fear.

Aleah watched the man leave, her fists slowly tightening.

She shouted inside, devil!

He is a devil!

Cierra... It is all her fault!

If not for Cierra, I wouldn't have made a deal with a devil!

I would definitely not let her off!

And Draven...

I would definitely marry him.

I swear!

The next day, at the president's office of the Trevino Group.

Draven's expression was cold. His gaze fell on the computer screen in front of him. He did not move for a long time. During the entire morning, other than repeatedly watching this surveillance video, he did not do anything else.

The video showed that after Cierra was chased out of Stream Villa last night, she held her stomach under the tree and waited. In the end, she threw herself into a man's arms.

The more Draven looked at the video, the more he became depressed.

However, he refused to turn it off. He watched it over and over again, as if he was torturing himself.

Cierra once claimed that in this marriage, she had not done anything to betray him.

It seemed that she lied to him again!

When the woman in the video once again threw herself into the man's arms, Draven finally did not want to continue watching. He pressed his forehead and closed his eyes.

When Ryan pushed open the office door and entered, this was the scene he saw.

He yawned and said, "Tsk, who provoked our Draven today? He has such a long face in the early morning, and I can smell something in the air."

As he spoke, he even sniffed in the air.

Draven opened his eyes and gave him a cold look.

Ryan didn't mind at all. He leaned over and sat directly on Draven's desk.

"I wasn't wrong. Can't you smell it yourself? There's a smell of gunpowder."

Draven retracted his gaze, and the emotions on his face also faded a little.

“If you really can’t find anything to do, you can go back to Chicago. I think Bruno doesn’t mind having one more tough guy at

his side.”

“Bah, he is a tough guy!”

Ryan was so angry that he stomped his feet and got down from the table.

Just as he was about to say something, he suddenly caught a glimpse of the computer screen on the table, and the words that

48.50%

were about to come out of his mouth suddenly changed.

“Eh, isn’t this Cici? You turned around and left last night, taking her to Stream Villa. But why was she still outside? And she looked so pitiful...”

H

Ryan looked at the surveillance camera in surprise. Before he could finish speaking, Draven pressed the pause button with a

cold face.

Unfortunately, it was too late. The video happened to show the scene of Cierra throwing herself into Coby’s arms, and Ryan’s words stopped at his throat.

After a while, he whined, “Damn, who is this man? I have never hugged my darling, but he actually hugged our Cici!”

Furthermore, it was Cici who took the initiative to throw herself into the man’s arms!

It was so unfair!

“Ryan!”

Before Ryan could finish showing his jealousy, he was coldly interrupted by Draven.

Draven gnashed his teeth.

Ryan could understand Draven. They were both men, after all.

Ryan glanced at Draven from the corners of his eyes. "Why are you glaring at me? Cici wasn't hugging me. Fine, she is your wife, okay? You make it sound like your wife has hugged you before."

When he finished speaking, Draven's expression became sullen.

He did not argue. He looked at the screen with a cold face. He only felt that the hug was very glaring.

He wondered, if I had gone out earlier last night, would there have been such a scene?

"By the way, how could Cici know the best actor? Moreover, their relationship is even closer than that of the two kids from the Barton family last night. You said that Cici and that Barton kid from XR Entertainment were very close. Is it because of this best actor?"

Ryan looked at the scene on the screen and stroked his chin in thought. He did not notice how pale the man behind him looked.

Of course, Ryan did not forget his question. He turned his head and looked at Draven.

"Also, why was Cici outside alone? She is your ex-wife. Why didn't you let her stay in Stream Villa for a night? You are so mean!"

Ryan had attended their wedding and knew that the villa was their wedding house. Seeing the surveillance footage, he only thought that Draven was dissatisfied with their marriage and did not let Cierra stay.

"What does it have to do with me if she doesn't want to stay in Stream Villa?"

Draven said coldly.

Last night, when Draven asked Cierra to leave, she left without saying a word, and she even said that she was unwilling to live there before. Draven couldn't understand why Ryan thought it was his fault.

The divorce agreement also clearly stated that Stream Villa would belong to her, but she actually moved her things out the

night she signed it. She really wanted to cut off everything with Draven!

Draven was angry.

However, he did not forget to remind Ryan, “Also, I haven’t completed the divorce procedures with her yet. How can she be my ex–wife?”

Ryan frowned as he looked at the computer. “When will you finish divorcing then? I’m still waiting for you to divorce so I can pursue Cici.”

To Draven, a love rival had already appeared before he and Cierra even divorced.

He couldn’t let others beat him to it.

“What if I don’t divorce?”

Draven suddenly asked.

“Then won’t you marry Aleah?”

Speak of the devil!

Ryan asked in surprise.

As soon as Ryan’s confused voice fell, someone knocked on the office door.

Ryan did not close the door when he came in. The door was ajar, and when the knock sounded, the door was pushed open, revealing Aleah’s delicate face.

She still maintained the gesture of knocking on the door as she smiled, “Draven, can I come in?”

Chapter 50 Cierra Has an Affair

Seeing that it was Aleah, Draven frowned and said, “Come in.”

Aleah stepped in after she got permission. “What are you guys talking about?”

Ryan ignored her and rubbed his nose as he looked at Draven. “Then I’ll leave first. Anyway, you don’t need me here.”

He didn’t really like Aleah, *who* appeared later.

When he was a child, the person who played with him was Cierra. Later, Aleah was found and Ryan went abroad. He was not too familiar with Aleah.

Moreover, he and Draven had been talking inside, Ryan didn’t know how much this woman had heard their conversation.

Although she didn’t say anything, Ryan still felt a sense of guilt as if he had talked behind her back.

“Remember what I told you.” Draven didn’t ask Ryan to stay.

“I know. I won’t forget.”

Ryan waved his hand and brushed past Aleah, but he didn’t give her a look.

Naturally, he also did not see a trace of resentment flashing through Aleah’s eyes.

The door was closed and only Draven and Aleah were left in the office.

The latter looked up again and smiled as usual.

She walked to the desk in her high heels and kept a distance, not touching any documents on his desk.

“I came at the wrong time. Did I disturb your discussion?”

Aleah carefully probed, making people feel it hard to be angry with her.

Draven’s expression indeed eased, and he felt that his attitude towards her just now was a little cold.

He shook his head and tried his best not to vent his anger on Aleah.

He said in a calm tone, “No, we didn’t talk about anything important. By the way, why are you

here?”

“I was waiting for you downstairs. I wanted to have lunch with you, but I didn’t see you show up downstairs at this hour. You didn’t reply when I sent you several messages, so I came up to see you.”

As she explained, she had an apologetic look on her face, afraid that she would disturb his work.

“Didn’t I really disturb your work?”

“No,” Draven repeated.

He looked down at the new phone on the table. The screen was facing the table.

Sure enough, there were a few unread messages, and it was time for lunch.

“Call me directly next time, or go upstairs to find me directly. You don’t have to wait all the time.”

“I don’t have anything to do recently. I don’t have any arrangements at work, so it doesn’t matter if I wait a bit.”

Aleah naturally wouldn’t say that she had just arrived. The receptionist of the Trevino Group immediately invited her up she arrived. She didn’t wait at all.

when

And there were other meanings in her words. Because of Cierra’s live broadcast, she was still being scolded by netizens, and her work was affected, and now she was just a pitiful person who had lost her job.

Looking at Draven’s furrowed eyebrows, Aleah continued, “I didn’t know if you were busy when I called you. It would be bad if I disturbed you.”

Her tone was gentle and considerate.

Draven got up from his chair and comforted her in a low voice, “Don’t worry, you didn’t disturb me. I’m going to change my clothes. You sit here and wait for a moment. Think about where you want to go to eat.”

“Okay, I’ll wait for you.”

Aleah nodded and smiled.

When Draven entered the lounge, the smile on her face disappeared. She glanced at the computer screen on the desk

When she entered and stood by the desk, she felt that the person on the screen was a little familiar, but she did not dare to look at Draven’s presence for fear of angering him.

She did not expect that he was really looking at Cierra, that bitch!

He even said that he did not want to divorce because of that bitch. Aleah was mad. She thought, if he did not divorce, what should I do?

Aleah saw the image on the screen. After feeling angry, she suddenly narrowed her eyes.

Cierra was in a man’s arms!

And that man was not some common guy.

She suddenly laughed and quickly walked over to press the play button. She rewound the video and her heart beat faster as she

watched the video.

She thought she was so lucky!

Aleah was so excited that her fingers were shaking. She quickly sent the surveillance video to her account through Line. She deleted the record and paused the video at the previous scene.

After everything was done, she sat down on the sofa, as if nothing had happened.

Draven changed into a suit and came out of the lounge. He saw Aleah sitting obediently on the sofa playing with her phone.

He glanced at the computer and the screen had shut automatically.

“Let’s go. Have you decided where to eat?”

“Is L’Opera Restaurant okay?”

Aleah got up from the sofa and stuffed her phone into her bag. At the same time, a guilty expression appeared on her face.

“I went too far with what happened last time. I want to go over and apologize to the head chef. Also, Cierra seems to be working there. I never had the chance to apologize to her for what happened before. I really went too far. I originally wanted to

have a good talk with her last night, but...”

H

There was no need to say the rest of the words. Anybody could guess it. She would say that the apology wasn’t accepted. Instead, she was bullied by Cierra.

Unfortunately, pretending to be pitiful did not earn her any solace from Draven.

Draven nodded with a serious expression. He opened the door of the office and walked out.

“You do need to apologize to her. Although you didn’t mean it, you did it. Fortunately, you didn’t hurt her.”

Aleah didn’t expect Draven to say that. She gritted her teeth.

She followed behind Draven and lowered her head. "What if Cierra doesn't forgive me?"

"Regardless of whether she forgave you or not, you should apologize," Draven said.

Aleah did something wrong, so she should apologize.

As for whether Cierra was willing to forgive her or not, that was Cierra's business.

If she refused, it was understandable. If she forgave Aleah, it would show that she was a magnanimous person.

He did not think that Aleah was not guilty if Cierra did not forgive her.

"Yes, I understand, Draven."

The depression in Aleah's heart almost choked her, but she still forced herself to keep a smile.

Inside, she was thinking, damn it!

Sooner or later, I will make Cierra pay!

She stopped in front of the car and was about to open the door when she suddenly stopped.

"Draven, you haven't divorced Cierra yet. I'll sit in the back first. After we get married, I'll sit in the front passenger seat, okay?"

She did not forget what Draven had said in the office.

She said that to pretend to be pitiful and make Draven feel guilty about driving her away last night. That way, Draven would ask her to sit in the passenger seat.

The words were also meant to remind Draven and test whether he had forgotten about his marriage with her.

Unfortunately, Aleah's scheme failed.

Draven nodded and pulled open the door of the back seats. "Then you can sit in the back seats temporarily."

Aleah did not know what to do at the moment.

She felt awkward, not knowing if she should enter the car or not.

She didn't expect Draven to be so rigid!

Fortunately, the word “temporarily” eased her mood. Moreover, sitting in the back made it easier for her to spread the news about Cierra and Landen.

If those hired accounts were fast when they arrived at L’Opera Restaurant in a while, Aleah supposed that hashtags like “Cierra cheats on her husband” and “The best actor is a home wrecker” would become trending topics on social platforms.

With this thought in mind, Aleah entered the car with a smile.

Half an hour later, the two of them arrived at L’Opera Restaurant.

At the same time, Cierra, who was in the kitchen, also received the news that they had arrived.

Freddy offered from the side, “How is it, Cierra? Do you want me to chase those two out? I’ll help you vent your anger!”