

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 61-70

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 61 Everyone Kicked Her When She Was Down

Aleah thought, "News on the Internet?"

"Shouldn't people on the Internet be cursing that little (bi tch's) now? What does it have to do with

me?"

While she was in a daze, the person in front of her shook off her hand in disgust. It was as if the place she touched seemed to be stained with something dirty.

"Miss Boyle, you'd better apologize now. Don't think that you've gained what you want and that you can have a celebration. For a woman like you, who ask for money for leaking a video, you are not sincere even if you apologize!"

There were already a lot of people on the dance floor of the bar. Hearing his loud voice, the people around them burst out laughing.

Aleah's face turned pale with anger. She didn't want to stay here at all!

She glared at the group of people and turned to leave. At the same time, she hurriedly took out her cell phone from her bag to see what had happened on the Internet.

She didn't believe that, with such conclusive evidence, Cierra Boyle was capable of wiping it off the

internet.

She thought, "Could she be lying and saying that he was her biological brother? She has to prove it. anyway!"

Upon turning on her cell phone, she saw Landen's post and Cierra's repost. It stunned her. There was a passerby behind her who bumped into her, but she didn't react at all,

She thought, "How is this possible..."

"How could they really be siblings?"

"It's fake! It must be fake!"

She clenched her cell phone, feeling angry and looking unwilling.

She clicked open the test report with trembling hands. Upon seeing the name of the famous hospital and the official seals in the lower right corner, she felt as if she were a clown.

All kinds of reminders from the account's background almost made her collapse!

There were curses full of filthy words, contract termination posts from the brands, and all kinds of posts tagging her and forcing her to apologize...

She felt that she was going crazy!

She thought, "No, no, I am a lunatic, aren't I? Isn't emotional disorder a mental illness? I am a lunatic. What is there to be afraid of?"

Soon, she no longer felt angry, and a sinister sneer appeared on her face. Shrewdness was all over

her eyes.

She walked out in her high heels and dialed a number.

When Draven received Aleah's call, he was not surprised.

The newly bought cell phone and the broken screen were placed together. The newly bought cell phone was noisy because it was ringing, like a crying child asking for candy, while the latter was

broken but silent.

He didn't pick up the call. Sitting quietly in his office chair, he held his forehead and looked at the two cell phones expressionlessly.

Even when the phone screen was turned off, he did not move.

The phone rang over and over again.

From the beginning to the end, he only glanced at the caller ID on the screen.

He closed his eyes again, as if he couldn't hear anything.

He was like an old monk meditating in a downtown area.

In contrast, Aleah was not so calm.

It seemed that she didn't expect that Draven wouldn't answer her call. She called him a few times in

a row, but no one answered. Sometimes, she would call him again. But it was the same. Now that

she had returned to the Boyle family, she still couldn't get through.

"Sure enough, men are all bad guys!"

She was so angry that she threw her cell phone on the coffee table, making a loud noise.

"Oh my god, take it easy. This tea table is expensive!" Vanessa couldn't help complaining in distress at the sight of her doing.

Hearing this, Aleah became even angrier, saying, "I've been scolded like this. How can you say so? I'm not even as good as a coffee table now!"

As she spoke, she kicked the coffee table and cried.

"Draven ignored me, and he didn't want to answer my call. Why should I be alive? If I had known earlier, I would have died! If I had died outside, you wouldn't have to get me back. After all, Cierra is your daughter. Maybe you could have an award-winning actor's son for free!"

"What nonsense are you talking about? I told you to restrain yourself and wait patiently for them to get divorced. Don't provoke Cierra again, but you didn't listen. How could a man like a vicious

woman? It's normal for him not to answer your call."

Vanessa frowned and lectured her earnestly.

Aleah cried even harder, saying, "But I can't help it. They haven't divorced yet. I've been waiting for three years! And the video is right in front of me.

Seeing her cry like this, Vanessa's heart ached as she said, "All right, all right, I understand how you feel, but you've been waiting for three years. Why are you still missing this?"

She had seen the video on the Internet showing that Cierra had thrown herself into the arms of another man. If it were her, she would expose such good evidence without any hesitation as well.

But no one would have thought that the man was Cierra's older brother!

"Her dear brother... the little (bitch's) brother turned out to be the best actor." As Vanessa thought of

this, her eyes lit up again.

-Aleah hadn't found out yet. She wiped her tears and said, "I was afraid that Draven would go back on his word. He sent that (bi tch's) out because of me, but in the past three years, he didn't even hold my hand. If he had a (bi tch's) in his heart, wouldn't all my previous efforts be wasted? Also, my two plans

have failed. If he...

||

Just as Vanessa had said, men liked pure and kind women. Back then, she had pretended to be innocent and borrowed from Cierra's things to win over his heart.

But now that her true colors were exposed, how could she hope to become Mrs. Trevino quietly?

Vanessa patted her hand and said, "Why are you in such a hurry? He has forgiven you once. Can't he forgive you a second time? If he doesn't answer your phone, he will leave you hanging for a few

days. Men are so mean. Mom will teach you how to do it. "

As Aleah listened to Vanessa speak slowly, tears welled up in her eyes. She said, "Is that okay..."

Vanessa curled her lips and said, "Don't worry. I promise!"

And Aleah ignored what happened on the Internet.

Since then, she had been pretending to be silent. No matter how many netizens revealed her dirty deeds in the past and asked her to come out and apologize, she just ignored them.

Her team was anxious for a while.

The Trevino Group sponsored her studio. Although Draven had never interfered in the entertainment industry or asked about her team, anyone with a discerning eye could tell that he was the financial backer of Aleah's studio. They could not neglect Aleah. After all, she might

become Mrs. Trevino one day!

Therefore, with such a big deal this time, the team tried their best to clear Aleah's name.

But the evidence was irrefutable. How could they defend her?

They could only try their best to make the scandal less popular by spending money to remove the trending topic about Aleah and paying to rank other trending topics in the trending lists.

Unfortunately, it wasn't so easy. No matter how rich one was, one couldn't stop others from talking about it. Moreover, Coby and William were there.

The more this was the case, the more onlookers would rebel. Anyone with a discerning eye could see that Aleah's team was controlling the situation behind the scenes. They even created a trending topic, saying that the trending topics today would be paid for by Miss Boyle.

Reading these posts, Cierra couldn't help but laugh.

She thought that netizens were so sharp-tongued.

For a few days in a row, she read all kinds of posts on her cell phone, grinning from ear to ear. Even when she was having afternoon tea in a cake shop, she stared at her cell phone.

"Why are you so happy?"

A man's deep voice sounded in front of her, making her look up involuntarily.

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 62 Meeting with Draven

here? At the sight of the man sitting opposite her, she smiled brightly and said, "Coby, why are you. Aren't you afraid that your fans won't let you go?"

Coby had deliberately disguised himself and stuffed something into his white shirt, rendering him a little potbellied. There was a messy wig on his head, as if he had not washed his hair for a few days. He looked like a middle-aged technical man who had worked overtime in the company for a

few days.

However, she still recognized him at a glance. She thought that his crazy fans could see him through with more ease.

Coby was indifferent. He sat opposite her casually and took a sip of coffee. His clear voice made a stark contrast to his current image.

you

"I heard from William that you came downstairs to buy cake. It's been an hour, but haven't

come back yet, so I came to see you."

As for her latter question, he did not answer.

Cierra said awkwardly, "I wanted to sit here and eat the cake before going back, but the news is so

intriguing."

If she kept staring at her cell phone at home, William would definitely nag her. So she came out and

browsed her cell phone for entertainment for some time while eating a cake. She didn't expect that

so much time had passed.

Coby put down his coffee cup and knocked on the table, saying, "Then put down your cell phone,

finish the cake, and hurry home."

Cierra only ate half of the mussy cake on the table, and the other half was almost melted.

Although she dared to act like a spoiled child in front of her brothers, she had to revere them.

She wrinkled her nose and reluctantly put down her cell phone. After picking up the spoon, she took small bites gracefully.

During this period, some customers who came to buy cake recognized her, shouted her name in surprise, and came over to take a photo with her.

She tactfully refused, regardless of gender.

However, she exchanged a few polite words with them, only to be told frequently that they were Coby's fans and they would support him. They urged him to get married as soon as possible.

After finishing the remaining mussy cake, Cierra excused herself, saying that she was leaving and didn't have time for small talks. Till then, no one noticed that the hunchbacked man sitting

opposite Cierra was none other than Coby.

Nearly a hundred people were coming and going, yet not a single one of them recognized Coby. Thinking about it, Cierra felt that it was amazing.

She didn't know if she should say that Coby was pitiful and he only got a group of fake fans. Or if she should say that he was so powerful that he dressed up so well that no one could recognize him.

Coby could tell what she was thinking. He couldn't help but smile, saying, "I used to go shopping in different clothes. Speaking of the ones working in the office building, the blue-collar workers sitting under the building, and the vendors on the roadside, only a handful of them could recognize

me."

He often did this when he was not filming.

When he ran away from home in the early years, he didn't want to go home. He was alone and had no one to rely on. Without resources, he could only hold on.

He had been an extra in a film and television base, a tramp under the pedestrian bridge, sleeping on the road, and lying on the chairs in the park. He had endured many hardships, yet that feeling

fascinated him.

As a result, after becoming famous, he couldn't help playing all kinds of roles in the crowd.

Many directors said that he was born to be an actor.

He was glad that he had not compromised.

Hearing his words, Cierra admired him so much and said, "Coby, you are amazing!"

Coby smiled and paused for a moment, saying, "But you recognized me at a glance, Cici."

Cierra smiled, saying, "Of course, you're my brother."

She knew that he was deliberately giving in to her.

His voice was uniquely his. If she couldn't tell that it was his voice, she would be his sister for

nothing.

But she wanted to say that she had never experienced the feeling of acting like a spoiled child in

-front of her family before.

She was greedy and unwilling to let go of every opportunity.

When she returned home with Coby, she heard the nagging of William.

“Cici Barton, you’re such a good-for-nothing! If I don’t allow you to browse your cell phone for entertainment at home, you’ll go out, won’t you? Just look at it hard. Don’t shout when you’re blind.”

www

Cierra couldn’t help complaining, “William, why are you nagging like Mom?”

She didn’t dare keep staring at her cell phone in front of William, so she took an apple and fell on

the sofa.

In the past few days, Coby and Harold were both in New York, so they lived in William’s villa.

The villa was big and comfortable, and there were people cooking.

“Do you think I would waste my breath nagging at you if you were more self-aware?”

William came out of the kitchen with shovels in his hands. He couldn’t bear to hear any complaints

from Cierra.

Cierra felt that she was in the wrong, so she stuck out her tongue and apologized, “I’m sorry, William. I’ll cook tonight!”

Most of the time, she was lazy. Today, she was happy, and she wanted to show off her cooking skills.

William snorted, saying, “You said you would cook, but you didn’t even move your butt off the

sofa.”

“I’ll be right there.”

She took the last bite of the apple, put on her slippers, and went to the kitchen.

On the second floor, Harold poked his head out of the railing and asked, “Cierra, do you need me to deal with the information about you on the Internet?”

The matter on the Internet was almost over, and netizens turned to target Aleah. No one bothered Coby. Except for being a little more popular, he suffered no other impact.

Harold knew that Cierra didn’t like to be discussed much on the Internet. She always felt strange when strangers stared at her photos, so he planned to clean them up.

When she got into the kitchen, she responded, "Thank you, Harold. I can handle it myself!"

She didn't like the environment on the Internet very much. She felt that if she browsed too much on the Internet, it would easily make her think wrongly.

Therefore, in the past, she didn't like the social software. She wouldn't leave her information on the Internet. There wasn't even much information about Entrustment Design Studio. It was all because of the Trevino Group that she was known to the netizens.

After this incident, she got over it.

Most netizens were very cute and righteous. They could distinguish right from wrong. And most of

the time, it was not their fault. It was because the information they saw was wrong.

Cierra had wanted to take the blame, so she had registered an account. Now the account had been officially verified as belonging to Coby's sister. She received a lot of cute greetings every day. Among the messages, some people were urging Coby to get married as soon as possible.

They all made her feel that people in the world were cute.

She even felt that she had digested a lot of information quickly. She also registered an account for Entrustment Design Studio and verified it in the name of Sylvia.

Soon, many fashion magazines and designers came to communicate with her.

She loved her job very much. If it weren't for her laziness, she would have started a company like her aunt, Fan ny Barton, instead of relying on her brothers' companies to make money.

She was too tired to start a company.

But to her surprise, Draven didn't give up.

The cooperation partner of the Trevino Group found her through a private message, saying that they would like to cooperate with her again at a high price. Moreover,

Draven sent her an invitation, asking her to meet him in person and hoping to talk about the renewal of the contract.

Reading the humble and polite words he had sent over, she smiled.

She replied in the name of Syla, “Okay, Mr. Trevino, please choose a time and place.”

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 63 She'd Like to See Draven's Reaction When He Finds Out Her Identity

In fact, Draven just wanted to give it a try. He didn't think that Sylvia would reply to him.

That was why he was a bit stunned when he received this reply. He felt that this was a bit inconceivable. Only now did he feel a bit of pleasant surprise.

He quickly set the time and chose two places to let Sylvia choose.

“How about setting the time for this Sunday? As for the location, if you like exotic Chinese food, how about L'Opera Restaurant? If you are used to Western food, how about meeting at Abimael at GW Square?”

L'Opera Restaurant was one of the major specialties of New York, while Abimael was an authentic French restaurant in City J. The charge of these two restaurants was not low. More importantly, the taste and environment were top-notch, which showed the sincerity of Draven.

In next to no time, he received a reply.

“Let's have Western food.”

It was a brief reply without any politeness. One could feel Sylvia's arrogance through the screen. She was like Cierra who had blacklisted him.

For some reason, he thought of Cierra. Frowning, he dismissed her face from his mind with mixed feelings.

As for this designer, whom he had never seen before, he had equally mixed feelings.

When he was attacked from both sides three years ago, he was very grateful for the help of Entrustment Design Studio. They had helped him gain a firm foothold in the Trevino Group.

Now, for some reason, Entrustment Design Studio was unwilling to extend the contract, as if he had offended her without even knowing it. She was even willing to sign contracts with the Barton family, which made him even more confused and angry.

It was as if the item that should have belonged to him had suddenly become someone else's. In fact, that person had even treated that item as a treasure. It was as if he had lost it due to his blindness.

However, he was not in the mood to think about those things at the moment. The reply from Sylvia made him feel the joy of regaining what he had lost, even if she just agreed to meet him rather than promise that she would renew the contract.

But it was better to see the dawn than to see the darkness.

He was in a good mood. All the employees in the president's office breathed a sigh of relief.

In the past few days, he had been gloomy because of the fact that Cierra had blacklisted him. With the farce that Aleah had created, he had never been happy.

Seeing him in a better mood finally, the staff was not nervous anymore.

When Jason learned that it was because of Sylvia, he had an urge to worship her.

While Draven was in a good mood, so was Cierra,

She seriously imagined the scene when the bastard saw her this Sunday and couldn't help laughing. She could imagine his reaction.

Anyway, the contract between Entrustment Design Studio and her brothers had been confirmed. There was a new term that no new cooperation partners would be added. Even if Draven wanted to join them, she couldn't do so. There was no need to avoid him.

Moreover, she didn't want to pretend anymore. She wanted to see this ungrateful man's reaction when he saw her.

Soon, it was the weekend.

Cierra slowly arrived at Ambriel at the appointed time and saw Draven in a suit and tie at the door.

The restaurant was mostly booked. There were no other guests inside except for Draven, who was sitting by the window. Some guests who wanted to go in for dinner were apologetically asked to leave by the waiter standing at the door.

She walked inside in her high heels. The people at the door stopped her and asked about her

identity.

Cierra took off her sunglasses and raised her chin slightly to point at Draven, who was sitting opposite her, saying, "The gentleman inside invited me here. You can ask him."

"I'm sorry, wait for a moment."

To be sure, the waiter had to ask Draven.

As soon as Cierra appeared at the door, Draven inside saw her. When she was talking to the waiter, he pulled out a chair and walked toward her with a frown.

The waiter at the door saw this. Given that Cierra was the first to say that Draven inside had asked her out, he had to give way directly.

Cierra didn't stand on ceremony. She thanked him and walked in on her high heels.

Draven frowned even more tightly.

"Why are you here?"

He didn't expect to meet her here.

Normally, it was not important to treat her to a meal. But today, the situation was different. Who

knew if she, who was cruel, would ruin his plan?

Hearing his voice, Cierra stopped as well and said, "Didn't you invite me here, Mr. Trevino? It's strange for you to ask me so."

There were at least three tables between them. No one else was in the restaurant. Their conversation echoed in the empty restaurant. Coupled with their current appearance, it was particularly strange.

As soon as Cierra finished speaking, she stared at him with a smile, trying to find something on his

face.

Draven was indeed stunned.

Although Cierra did not directly say that she was Sylvia, what she meant couldn't be more obvious.

"Mr. Trevino, why aren't you saying anything?"

Seeing that he remained silent and expressionless, Cierra couldn't help but speak and slowly walk

towards him.

The ten-centimeter heel made a sound on the floor. It was not until her beautiful figure stopped in front of him that it quieted down again.

She curled her lips. Her beautiful eyes seemed to be tempting him as she said, "Didn't you ask me to meet here mainly for dinner? It's not good for me to stand here all the time."

Draven raised his eyes. The high heels made up for Cierra's height. They happened to meet each.

other's eyes.

”

With a deep gaze, he stared at the delicate face in front of him for a long time before saying, “So, you mean you are Sylvia?”

Cierra blinked. She didn’t expect Draven to ask such a question.

She had thought of many possibilities, but she had never thought that he would not believe her.

This made her laugh. She said, “Is it difficult to understand my words?”

Without waiting for him to ask for the evidence, she took out her cell phone from her bag and

clicked on the page where they had been communicating these days.

He had set the time and place before, and he had asked her for her contact information later, all of

which she did not delete. Instead, she replied to him with the same email address as before this

morning.

After all, it was not good to send him her personal contact information when it came to work. They

just needed to communicate through email.

He didn’t seem to believe her. Grabbing her cell phone, he stared at it attentively with his dark eyes.

“Mr. Trevino, isn’t it impolite for you to sn*tch my things like this?”

Despite saying so on the surface, she was not angry.

Anyway, she mainly used this cell phone for work communication. There was nothing else. Even if he was shameless enough to look through other things, it didn't matter.

But Draven seemed to care about his dignity. After reading the conversation, he stuffed the cell phone back into her arms. On the screen, it was still the same page as before.

"Cierra Boyle, what's the point of playing tricks on me like this? Is it fun to pretend to be someone else just because you have a good relationship with William?"

His words stunned her. It wasn't because he was angry, but because his words didn't sound right.

She frowned, saying, "So you don't believe me?"

Chapter 64 Okay, I Beg You

He replied, "Should I believe it?"

He sounded indifferent.

He had thought that he could meet Sylvia and get to the bottom of the matter. Even if Sylvia wouldn't renew the contract with the Trevino Group in the future, he wanted to know the reason.

If he did have offended her by accident because of some terms, he could sincerely apologize or express his gratitude.

However, he had never imagined that the person who had arrived would be Cierra Boyle.

He was no longer expectant. He was helpless.

Cierra didn't expect that Draven wouldn't believe her.

But she knew why he thought so.

Sylvia had signed a contract with the Barton family, and it was a one-of-a-kind contract. It was obvious that she got along with the Barton family. As for Cierra Boyle, she had been with William all-day long. It just so happened that XR Entertainment, which William was in charge of, also signed a contract with Sylvia, so Cierra had a reason to get to know Sylvia.

In this way, it made sense for Cierra to make use of her relationship with William to play tricks on him by impersonating as Sylvia.

Even though it made sense, she still found it funny.

She curled her lips and looked straight at him, saying, “If you’re so sure that I’m the one who impersonates Sylvia, why don’t you think that I’m the real Seven? Are you afraid, or do you have other speculations?”

He didn’t dare.

As he heard her words, his eyes blinked.

Perhaps he subconsciously thought so, but now he still firmly believed in his speculation. He said, “If you are really Sylvia, why didn’t you show up directly when Entrustment Design Studio cooperated with the Trevino Group? Cierra Boyle, can’t you show up in public?”

Before he could finish his sentence, the smile on her face faded.

He was asking her why she hadn’t shown up directly.

She didn’t stop smiling, but there was a hint of sadness in her eyes.

What he said was right. She couldn’t show up in public.

At that time, in addition to Ernest, no one else was concerned about her. Everyone who saw her seemed to have seen something disgusting, especially him.

Her adoptive parents didn’t like her. They only focused on their own daughter.

As soon as Aleah saw her, she “got sick.” She didn’t even dare go back to the Boyle family. In the end, she lived with the servants of the Boyle family.

The one she liked had always regarded her as trouble. He was impatient when he saw her. He considered getting close to her a mistake.

During that time, she wanted to kill herself. If it weren’t for Ernest, she would have died a long time

ago.

She was like a rat crossing the street. Everyone hated her. She’d better disappear once and for all.

But after all, there was still someone she liked.

So what if he didn’t like her? Was it wrong for her to like him herself?

Since he hated her for getting close to him, she could help him secretly. Just like when he was punished for doing something wrong, she secretly gave him a cake.

Therefore, she liked to hide her feelings for him. She weaved their names together, hoping that the man he liked could safely get through the difficulties.

Unfortunately, she, who couldn't show up in public, shouldn't exist in this world.

Fortunately, she came to her senses in time.

Cierra lowered her head with a faint smile. Although her tone was still casual, it was tinged with

fatigue.

"You're right. I just wanted to fool you. I don't like you anymore. I really feel uncomfortable when I think about how you and Aleah have embarrassed me all these years. So I borrowed Sylvia's account and deliberately tricked you out to see your reaction. I didn't expect that you would expose me."

She smiled as tears welled up in her eyes.

"Since the game is over, I won't stay any longer."

She was afraid that if she stayed any longer, she would shed tears.

She had already let go of him. Why was she still so sad?

It shouldn't have happened. She told herself that she couldn't cry, at least not in front of him.

Behind her, Draven didn't stop her.

He stood there. Cierra's smile just now was vivid in his mind.

She had admitted that she was not Sylvia, which was exactly the same as his speculation, but he always felt that something was wrong.

He seemed to have missed something, but he didn't catch it.

But no matter what, he had now thoroughly figured out why Sylvia was unwilling to renew the contract with the Trevino Group. It was because of Cierra. It was the same reason as Landen's.

It didn't matter. Now that the jewelry project was in full swing, it didn't matter if they lacked someone named Sylvia. With her around, it would just be icing on the cake.

Draven stood still and pondered for a moment. Suddenly, he caught up with Cierra, who was about to go out, and said, "It's getting late. Stay for dinner."

Cierra cared about her reputation in front of others. At that time, she wanted to cry, but she forced herself to hold back. After putting on her high heels and sunglasses, she became arrogant again.

Hearing the voice in her ear, she stopped, pushed up her sunglasses, and looked at him through them. She said then, "Draven Trevino, are you seriously ill?"

Draven frowned, saying, "Cierra Boyle, can't you talk nicely?"

Even though she had never attended etiquette classes since Aleah came back, they grew up together. How could she become so vulgar now?

Cierra put on her sunglasses and snorted, saying, "With your temper, if you don't want to listen, you will cover your ears. As for this meal, forget it. It's not like you're treating me. I'm too shameless for me to stay. Anyway, I've achieved my goal, haven't I?"

No!

Regardless of whether Draven believed it or not, she affected his mood dramatically.

Thinking about it, she thought that it was worth it.

People had to learn to reconcile with themselves and everything that went wrong.

Naturally, Draven understood what she meant. Looking gloomy, he reached out to grab her and

asked, "So you're here to tease me?"

Frowning, she pulled her wrist out and poked his chest in disgust before saying, "Mr. Trevino, don't touch me. Do you like it when I treat you like this? Huh?"

He pursed his lips and stared at her in silence.

Cierra didn't make further moves. She retracted her hand and glanced at the restaurant behind her.

"Thank you for spending so much effort, but it's a pity that I sadden you. Besides, it doesn't seem suitable for us to sit together for dinner, given our relationship. Mr. Trevino, if you are free, I think it's more appropriate for us to go through the divorce formalities."

As soon as she finished speaking, Draven sneered and said, "Cierra Boyle, don't even think about

it!"

She had played tricks on him again and again, but she wanted to divorce him so easily. Why?

Cierra knew what he was thinking, saying with a smile, "It's up to you. After all, I've liked you before. I'm quite happy to be Mrs. Trevino for a few more days."

She said so on purpose. After all, she knew how much he hated her in the past.

After saying that, she turned around without noticing the confusion and loneliness in Draven's

eyes.

"She once liked me."

The implication was that she naturally didn't like me now.

But that was how it should be, wasn't it?

He didn't like her, and she shouldn't have liked him.

He frowned as he was lost in his thoughts. Looking up and seeing that Cierra had walked out, he

followed her.

"Mr. Trevino, are you planning to get a divorce certificate with me?"

The two of them entered the elevator together. When the elevator door closed, Cierra tilted his head

and teased him.

Standing next to her, Draven looked steadily forward and replied, "Why don't you beg me? Maybe I'll be there with you if I'm in a good mood."

Smiling, Cierra said without hesitation, "Okay, then I beg you."

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 65 Being Trapped in the Elevator and Fainting

Draven probably didn't expect Cierra to say that. He frowned and tilted his head to look at her.

She wore her sunglasses on her head, revealing her delicate little face. Her red lips made her skin look even fairer. She was so charming when she looked at him with her smiling eyes.

Draven held his breath and didn't know what to say. He was afraid that he would disturb the beautiful picture.

However, Cierra refused to keep quiet.

She elbowed the man next to her and broke the ice.

"Hey, I'm talking to you. Why do you keep quiet? You said that if I beg you, you can get a divorce. You can't go back on your word."

Draven looked away irritably and compressed his thin lips, ignoring her.

Cierra didn't give up. She raised her hand to look at the time and started calculating.

"The staff should still be eating now. Let's have a meal first and then come back to get a divorce. What do you think?"

She continued to pull him.

Draven pulled back his sleeve impatiently and said, "I'm busy."

"How could that be? It's Sunday and you don't have to work..."

Suddenly, Cierra thought of something and stopped talking. She looked so disappointed. "I forget they don't work on weekends. We can't divorce today even if you're free."

Draven was so frustrated, but he could do nothing but listen to Cierra muttering to herself.

She sighed heavily and said, "If I had known earlier, I would have asked you out for lunch on weekdays. So that you have time and the staff is on the job. Why didn't I think of that before? I made

a mistake..."

Draven couldn't stand it anymore. "That's enough, Cierra. How can you not only use someone else's identity but also use it to do other things? When did you become like this?"

His angry voice brought Cierra back to her senses.

Talking about using someone else's identity, Cierra felt it was hard to explain and the man would definitely not believe her. So she just took the blame.

"Maybe you have never known me well. What kind of person do you think I am?"

She turned up the corners of her lips and looked straight at him, taking a step closer to him.

“Do you think I am the one who could only lower my head and didn’t dare to look at people or the one who couldn’t take in eyes off you and only showed a silly smile every time I saw you?”

From the very beginning, he had been frowning. When he heard her words, he frowned even more.

“I’ve never thought about it.”

He said seriously and did not want to argue with her at this moment.

“I see,” Cierra’s smile grew even wider.

She believed Draven’s words.

It wasn’t that she knew him very well, but she knew that the noble Mr. Trevino disdained to think

about it.

However, in the eyes of many people, Cierra was such a person.

The Boyle family, in particular, felt that she was a poor wretch who was fostered in the Boyle family and knew nothing but coveted Aleah’s fiance.

Seeing her smile, he thought that she just wrapped herself up as a hedgehog because of what had happened in the past, so he tried to soften his tone.

“Cierra, you don’t have to care too much about other people’s opinions. You used to be very nice, and now you have a family. It’s not what they say....

”

He couldn’t say those dirty words, nor was he willing to apply them to Cierra.

“I used to be very nice?”

Cierra grasped the key point and asked him with a smile.

Her straightforward gaze made Draven stunned for a moment. His fingers curled up slightly and

said. “Yes.”

Cierra smiled even more happily. “Then, could it be that your impression of me was when you called me cutie wife?”

Before she could finish his sentence, Draven’s face darkened and he subconsciously pushed her

away.

He gritted his teeth and said, “Cierra, you...”

“What?”

Cierra was not angry when Draven pushed her away. After stabilizing herself, she still smiled.

Looking at his angry face, she widened her eyes slightly as if she had found something amazing. “Mr. Trevino, your ears are so red. Why are you shy after telling the truth? It’s you who call me

cutie wife.”

“Shut up!”

Draven interrupted her grumpily.

Cierra deliberately continued, “What’s wrong with me? Now that you have a lover, you can say that what you once said is childlike. I can understand you but you refuse to divorce. Can’t I tease you?”

“Divorce, divorce again. “Draven thought.

Draven was so annoyed at her words and he really didn’t want to stay with her any longer!

He looked down and found that no one called the elevator at all. No wonder she had been talking for

so long.

Cierra was also surprised. Seeing him press the elevator button, she clicked his tongue, “So neither of us called the elevator. No wonder I stayed with you for so long.’

Draven glanced sideways at her and sneered, “Don’t you want to stay with me?”

“Aren’t you talking nonsense?”

Cierra snorted. After feeling the elevator going down, she stopped talking and distanced herself

from him.

If she had known that he didn't believe her at all, she wouldn't have come.

As soon as she moved to the side, the elevator suddenly shook and descended rapidly with all the lights turned off!

"Draven?"

Cierra was frightened and she subconsciously looked for Draven.

"I'm here."

She slowly calmed down with the man's warm palm holding her wrist.

Then, the elevator stopped, but it was still dark, and the door could not be opened.

Cierra anxiously pressed the emergency call button, but it didn't work.

"Is your phone still working?"

Behind her, Draven sounded calm, and his voice did not fluctuate much.

He took out his mobile phone, but there was no signal. He couldn't even call an emergency number.

Hearing this, Cierra took out her phone from her bag and could only frown when she found her

phone didn't work either.

"It seems that God wants you to stay with me, an annoying person. You don't have any other choice."

Draven chuckled and closed his eyes wearily.

Cierra turned around to look at him. After making sure that there was no way out for the time being, she could only calm herself down.

She said faintly, "Maybe I shouldn't have said so much to you. It's karma."

Without saying a word, Draven maintained the same posture after the elevator stopped.

It wasn't appropriate for Cierra to keep talking. There was no signal on her phone, so it was useless to take it out. She was annoyed with the phone so she put it in her bag and wait for the people outside to come and rescue them.

However, they had waited for such a long time and it was inevitable that she would be bored. Besides, she was still wearing high heels, and her feet hurt a lot.

“Draven, can you talk to me?”

Cierra tried to divert her attention to ease the pain in her feet.

However, the man beside her ignored her. Being trapped in the darkness made her feel wronged. “Hey, there’s no big grudge between us. Let’s talk for a while. We can talk about something other

than divorce.”

She tilted her head and looked to the side. Her eyes suddenly widened when the tall figure beside her smashed straight at her and pressed on her.

Cierra also realized that something wasn’t right and supported him with all her strength.

“Draven, what’s wrong?”

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 66 What Did You Want to Do to Me Just Now?

The man on her shoulder did not respond at all.

He pressed on her, burying his furry head into her shoulder. His hot breath made Cierra not dare to

move.

Without the support of the wall behind her, she would have been crushed to the ground by now.

She gritted her teeth and slowly helped him up so that she could stand up more easily. Otherwise, she would fall down before he could wake up.

“Draven?”

After helping him steady a little, she frowned and looked at the person on her shoulder.

“What’s wrong with you? Can you hear me?”

“It hurts...”

The man’s (h o a r s e) voice came out of his throat, and a layer of cold sweat appeared on his forehead. The expression on his face showed that he seemed to be in pain.

He seemed to have fallen into a nightmare, falling into a bottomless abyss.

Like someone drowning and helpless, he suddenly grabbed a piece of driftwood and hugged the woman in his arms tightly. His strength was so strong that he seemed to want to drag her into the nightmare!

Cierra froze as if she had been trapped in this place by the man's aura.

She heard the man's murmur and felt his hot breath on her shoulder.

"Don't go... don't leave me behind..."

Cierra closed her eyes and hesitated.

She could have pushed him away. Even if he died here today, it had nothing to do with her and she could even get rid of him completely.

She didn't have to feel guilty. After all, he had once wanted her to disappear from the world.

But in the end, she couldn't be ruthless. She would be a good person this time and repay his grievances with good deeds.

Taking a deep breath, Cierra opened her eyes and spoke in a low voice.

"I'm not leaving and I won't leave you behind. Can you hear me? Where does it hurt?"

Although the elevator was closed, the air could flow, and there was no suffocation in the space.

1

Moreover, they had only stayed inside for a short time.

The only thing that could make a person like this was his illness.

Cierra didn't know what was going on with him, so she could only guess that he had a heart attack.

She tentatively reached out to touch his pocket.

She found the car keys, mobile phones, wallet... and a handkerchief. There was no medicine at all.

She frowned. Other than taking out her phone to see if there was any signal, there was nothing she

could do about this situation.

It was not her character to sit still and wait for the people outside to rescue her.

If she was like that, she would have been raped by those people abroad and then thrown into the

deep sea.

“Is there really no medicine? Then why

it happened?”

Cierra thought for a moment and pinched Draven’s philtrum, trying to wake him up.

Unfortunately, it was still of no use.

She had no choice but to unbutton his suit to see if there were any pills in his pocket.

But she was in the darkness and Draven’s head pressed on her. It was very difficult for her to move.

She could only rely on the corner of her eyes and her own feelings to untie the man’s clothes and

then fumble along his clothes.

“It’s really strange. He looks like he exercises every day. Why does he suddenly have an attack?”

Cierra touched the man’s abdominal muscles and couldn’t help muttering.

She did not forget her business. She explored the hidden bag inside to see if there were any medicine bottles or something like that.

Suddenly, her wrist was grabbed by a force.

“Cierra... What are you doing?”

She didn’t know when Draven suddenly woke up. He sounded tired, but his dark eyes were filled with anger, even if he was still a little confused..

The two of them hugged each other in a strange position.

Cierra was stunned for a moment, and then she subconsciously pushed him away.

“Hmm...”

Draven let out a muffled groan. He didn’t have much strength. Being pushed so suddenly, he hit the wall of the elevator with the back of his head, making a soft sound.

Cierra was a little afraid and looked at him with concern. "I'm sorry. I didn't expect you to wake up.

"Are you okay?"

He glanced at her. It seemed that he didn't want to see her, so he closed his eyes again.

"What did you want to do to me just now?"

His voice was a little (higher), but it sounded cold.

Cierra rolled her eyes at him. "What do you think I'm going to do to you? Don't tell me you think I'm trying to touch you while you're unconscious."

He didn't reply. His frown showed that he was still in pain.

Cierra knew she can't anger a patient, so she patiently explained, "I thought you were sick, so I wanted to see if there was any medicine on you. It's just that you were pressing down on me just now, so I couldn't see your pocket. I could only... fumble around."

She was a little embarrassed to say the last two words.

However, she had to admit that the man's figure was quite good.

"I don't think I've suffered a loss," Cierra comforted herself.

"I'm not sick."

He said with his eyes closed.

"Then what's wrong with you? Why did you suddenly lose consciousness?"

Cierra was not angry. No matter what, she would not bully such a weak man.

She took out her phone from her bag, opened a packet of paper under the phone's light, and wiped her shoulders, as well as her wrist that had just been pinched by Draven.

His forehead and palms were sweaty, and his body was sticky.

At this time, Draven opened his eyes and looked at her with a frown. Especially when she wiped her wrists, he frowned even more tightly.

"Do you want to wipe it?"

Cierra thought that he felt uncomfortable because of the cold sweat, so she asked.

However, before he could answer, she remembered that he was sick at the moment, so she took the

initiative to wipe his face with a tissue.

“Take the phone.”

She stuffed the phone into his hand.

The moment Cierra moved closer to Draven, his breathing stopped for a moment, and his palm suddenly tightened.

Under the dim yellow light, he could clearly see her eyelashes, nose bridge, red lips... And every breath he took was filled with the fragrance of her body, which did not dissipate for a long time.

He didn't say anything to stop her but thinking of her touching his body and holding him in her

arms...

No, it should be said that he was hugging her.

“Wipe your palms yourself.”

She

gave another piece of clean tissue to him. “I'll turn off the lights first. I don't know when the elevator will be repaired. What if it runs out of battery...”

“Don't turn off it.”

Just as she was about to take her phone away, the man suddenly spoke. At the same time, he held the phone in his palm to stop her from taking it away.

But they were so fast that their hands were held together.

In other words... Draven grabbed her hand.

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 67 He's Afraid of the Dark

For a moment, no one could react.

The two of them stood rooted to the spot.

The light of the mobile phone penetrated their fingertips, and a beam of light seemed to stand between the two of them through the dust.

Looking at his deep eyes, Cierra suddenly remembered the wet warmth on her wrist and swallowed inexplicably.

It was also this action that made her come to her senses. She withdrew her hand in an exaggerated manner and turned her back on him.

Even though there was no mirror in the elevator and she couldn't see her face clearly, she could still feel how hot her face was. She felt as if her ears were burning.

She took a deep breath and cursed in her heart.

"You're so useless. You just touched his hand! Why are you so shy? Don't you forget you just dare to touch his abdominal muscles?" Cierra said to herself.

Just as she was thinking about it with her back to Draven, Draven's deep voice came from behind her. He sounded much soberer now.

"Cierra, are you shy? But when I first regained consciousness, weren't you..."

"Shut up!"

Cierra interrupted him grumpily and turned around to glare at him.

However, Draven's eyes are full of smiles. Under the dim light of his phone, he looked gentler. "Am I right?"

"Shut up!"

Cierra interrupted him angrily and snatched the phone from his hand.

She wanted to turn off the flashlight, but after thinking about it, she gave up.

However, she refused to look at Draven and leaned against the wall with her head lowered.

She didn't move, but Draven moved closer.

Although his voice was much cleaner, he didn't seem to have fully recovered. There was a hint of exhaustion in his tone.

"Are you really angry? I just touched your hand. I didn't say anything when you touched me just

now..."

“Draven, I told you not to shut up!”

Cierra thought, “Da mn!”

“It’s no big deal to touch his hand. Why does he keep talking about it?”

Cierra lowered her head, and the corners of her eyes blushed. She held her phone with one hand and kept rubbing her fingertips with the other, as if she could erase all the marks on her fingertips.

Draven didn’t say anything else. He stood side by side with her and looked down at her.

For some reason, he felt his heart seemed to be blocked by something.

“Not only did I touch your hand, but I also touched your wrist when I woke up just now. Maybe I touched other parts of your body when I was unconscious. Do you want to wipe them off one by one?”

As he spoke word by word coldly, he saw Cierra stop what she was doing.

Cierra finally raised her head.

Her stubborn gaze met his.

She didn’t say anything but just moved aside with a cold face and turned off the light on her mobile

phone.

“I won’t listen to you!” She thought.

The darkness swallowed up the narrow space again. It took Draven a lot of effort to adapt to the dim light, but falling into darkness again made him frightened.

Instinctively, he moved closer to her.

Cierra didn’t notice that something was wrong at first. She snorted, “You have your own phone. If you really can’t stay in the dark, use your own phone. Don’t stand so close to me!”

Draven didn’t say anything, but his breathing became heavier.

Cierra finally realized something and turned to look at him.

When her pupils adapted to the light in the elevator, she saw his nervous face and clenched fists.

She seemed to have found something interesting and suddenly smiled. "Draven, so you're afraid of the dark?"

"It's really surprising. "She thought.

"No one will believe that the CEO of the Trevino Group is afraid of the dark!"

Thinking of that, Cierra couldn't help smiling. The shame and anger caused by Draven's tease

suddenly disappeared.

"It's okay. People are always afraid of something. You have to be strong."

She didn't tease him anymore, but patted him on the shoulder and kept a distance from him again.

He made fun of her, and she did the same to him too. It all evened out.

She always knew how to reconcile with herself.

"Cierra..."

After staying in the darkness for a while, the man beside her finally couldn't help but speak again, his voice returning to its previous exhaustion.

"Can you help me take out my phone?"

Cierra had been ignoring him. She didn't expect him to be so serious before she turned to him.

"Claustrophobia."

A professional term for mental analysis suddenly appeared in her mind.

She also realized that Draven might not be afraid of the dark, but he had claustrophobia.

"However, people with such symptoms generally have been punished by some are always locked up in a small black room."

"People and

"Although Ernest and Mrs. Trevino were too strict with him and had arranged everything for him since he was a child, they didn't have to lock him up.

But Cierra didn't have time to think more about it. Afraid that Draven would lose consciousness again in the dark, she quickly reached for his phone.

"Draven, hold on. I'll turn on the light right away!"

However, the more anxious she was, the more flustered she became.

She could just take out her phone, but she listened to his instructions to get his phone.

When she felt the weight on her shoulder again,

Cierra thought about it.

"Why don't I turn on my phone?"

What made her even more desperate was that Draven seemed to be unconscious this time, and she was not ready to help him. She fell heavily to the ground with him, making a loud noise.

Cierra also hit the back of her head, only to feel her vision go blank.

When she opened her eyes, there was a dazzling light.

The elevator door opened.

Cierra had never thought that such a shameful thing would happen to her.

Her hair was disheveled and a man of 1.8 meters was pressing on her. They were lying on the ground in a mess, surrounded by a group of people.

She even wanted to die.

Until someone moved Draven away, she held her elbow and sat up from the narrow space and she was still in a daze.

"Cici, are you all right?"

William cleared a way through the crowd and looked at her worriedly.

The moment she saw William, she finally couldn't stand the grievance of being trapped in the elevator and she threw herself into his arms with red

eyes.

"Why are you so late? I've been trapped for a long time."

"Why did you sneak out and didn't answer the phone? It's Harold who found you according to the

location.”

Although it was safer at home, it may also be dangerous. After all, Jaquan had been kidnapped when he was a child.

William scolded her, but when he saw the grievance on her face, he couldn't help coaxing her. “All right, all right. Fortunately, the elevator was just stuck. It's not a big deal.”

Cierra nodded. She stood up with William's help and looked down at her broken high heels. “The shoes are broken...”

William laughed at her words. He touched her head and said, “I'll buy a new pair for you.”

As soon as he finished speaking, a (h o a r s e) and low voice came from behind.

“Mrs. Trevino's shoes were damaged because of me. I should be the one to buy a new pair for her, right?”

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 68 Mr. Morgan, Who Couldn't Get What He Loved

Cierra followed the voice and looked behind.

Fingers h o o k e d over her high heels, she stepped barefoot on the ground. Her hair and skirt were a little messy, making her like a fragile porcelain doll.

The way she looked made Draven even angrier.

Perhaps it was because she didn't realize that she was being seduced, or perhaps it was because the person standing beside her was William.

“Thank you, Mr. Trevino. It won't take you too much time to buy me a pair in the mall. I don't mind, as long as it's new.”

Cierra didn't understand why Draven was so angry. She tidied up the messy hair by her ear and her delicate face was full of innocence.

As for the man behind her, he understood the hostility between the two men.

William looked down at the mess on Cierra, took off his coat, and slowly put it on her.

Of course, he talked to Draven at the same time, “Mr. Trevino, since Cierra has asked, please keep your word. You can't let her go with me barefoot later, can you?”

He put his clothes on Cierra and raised his eyes to look at Bertram.

When their eyes met, sparks seemed to fly in the air.

“Go with you? She’s my wife. How can she go with you?”

Draven snorted, his hoarse voice full of coldness.

The surrounding staff pricked up their ears, but they didn’t dare to look up. They pretended not to hear anything and busily repaired the elevator.

But in fact, they were so curious about their conversation!

“Oh my god, is this a scene of two men fighting for a woman?”

“But isn’t it rumored that the president of the Trevino Group is dissatisfied with his wife and wants to divorce and be with Aleah? Why does it look like it is Mr. Trevino who can’t get what he wants?”

“Can it be that the recent rumors on the Internet were true? Does Mrs. Trevino really cheat on her husband, but the man has been mistaken?”

Just as everyone was immersed in their own thoughts, Cierra said impatiently.

“Draven, I suggest you go to see the doctor. It’s not difficult to make an appointment with a psychiatrist. You proposed the divorce, and I’ve agreed to sign it. If you have nothing to do, go

through the formalities as soon as possible. Don’t always say these strange things. Besides, I’m cooperating with Mr. Barton. Don’t always think about others with your dirty thoughts!”

She shot a cold glance at Draven.

If it were in normal times or in private, she would think that Draven was crazy and ignore him.

But now there were so many people around. Although William was not an entertainer, he was famous. She didn’t want the same thing to happen again on the Internet.

Coby could clarify their brother-sister relationship on the Internet, but William couldn’t.

Once William made the confession, her identity would be completely exposed. She didn’t want to be completely entangled with the Boyle family. She wouldn’t allow the Boyle family to use the excuse of raising her to harass her relatives who were very good to her now.

They didn’t deserve it!

After saying that, she took William's hand and turned around, ignoring the gloomy look on

Draven's face.

The staff around them had also heard it clearly. It was true that Mr. Trevino asked for a divorce, but he also couldn't get what he wanted.

It was nothing more than that the adopted daughter driven out by the Trevino Group had signed a divorce agreement with the president of the Trevino Group. She turned around and got to know another man, but Mr. Trevino misunderstood her. Mr. Trevino also realized his true feelings and was unwilling to sign the divorce agreement. Unfortunately, Ms. Boyle didn't want to continue this marriage, and Mr. Trevino couldn't get what he loved!

What a show!

The repairman gave Draven a complicated look as if he was looking at a fool with compassion.

After all, he was the one who lost his wife. Who else could he blame?

Someone next to Draven gave him advice out of kindness. "Mr. Trevino, you have to coax your wife. Now that the formalities have not been completed yet, you still have a greater chance! Since you

realize

your love for her, as long as you coax her, she will definitely turn back. Women's hearts are

the softest!"

He seemed to be extremely experienced. If it weren't for the difference in status, he would probably have patted Draven on the shoulder like a good friend!

Hearing this, Draven frowned and retorted subconsciously, "Who said I like her?"

His voice was not low. Hearing that, the onlookers were all stunned.

"If you don't like her, you can get a divorce. Ms. Boyle and another gentleman are a good match.

Everyone is happy."

The man came to his senses and added.

Draven's frown deepened. He compressed his lips, glanced at them, and left without saying a word.

"What am I explaining to this group of people?" He thought.

"The person I like and want to marry is Aleah."

"As for Cierra...I don't like her doesn't mean that I can be fooled like this!"

After leaving the mall, as soon as Draven drove out of the underground garage, he received a call from Aleah's mother, Vanessa.

He frowned because he knew the reason for the call.

Ever since Aleah entered the entertainment industry, the Trevino Group had invested a lot of money and solved a lot of problems for her.

However, the previous events were all related to the resources in the industry. It didn't matter to offend some people.

But this time, it was different. It was Aleah who took the initiative to make trouble. She took advantage of the freedom to enter his office and exposed the matter. Moreover, she had not apologized yet.

After all, he was too indulgent with her and spoiled her so much that she could do anything.

After pondering for a while, Draven decisively hung up the phone.

Vanessa's expression changed

when the phone was hung up.

She looked at the phone and said in an unfriendly tone, "It seems that Draven is really angry this

time."

Aleah was extremely anxious. "What should I do? If he refuses to marry me and ends up in a

deadlock with Cierra, what should I do?"

"That gentleman will definitely kill me!"

"No... it may be even more terrifying than killing me!"

Thinking of the suffocation that night, Aleah felt that her legs were weak and her neck was aching faintly.

Vanessa was also worried.

“Hasn’t he calmed down yet after a few days?” she wondered.

“The Boyle family has relied on the Trevino Group for business in recent years and basically all businesses are to cooperate with the Trevino family. Without the support of the Trevino family, we can’t even earn a penny.”

“If Draven really doesn’t marry Aleah and get together with that little bitch, Cierra, what would happen to the Boyle family in the future?”

“Not to mention that Cierra had already been driven out by her, judging from her character, she will definitely take revenge on the Boyle family later.”

“No, absolutely not!”

Thinking of this possibility, Vanessa’s eyes darkened. She ordered Aleah, “Go to the kitchen and do as I taught you before. Hurry up!”

Aleah didn’t dare to delay. At first, she thought that it would definitely be useless to Draven, but now she could only play it by ear.

She made herself a little embarrassed and went to the kitchen in her slippers.

Ten minutes later, a few photos were sent to Draven’s phone, as well as Vanessa’s crying voice

message.

[Draven, I didn’t call you specifically to trouble you, but Aleah has always been like this. No one can persuade her. She only said your name and apologized to you. I beg you to come and see her, okay?]

Draven was driving behind a Maybach. When he saw the photos and voice messages, his face

darkened.

After a while, he turned around.

And sent a reply.

[I’ll be there in a minute.]

Chapter 69 Hesitation

Vanessa didn't expect him to agree so easily and was stunned for a moment at the message.

"Mom, how is it?"

Aleah asked anxiously, for fear that she would be disappointed again.

After confirming his words, Vanessa heaved a sigh of relief and grinned. "It's done! He said he would be here soon. Don't forget what I taught you. Men will fall for such a trick if you pretend to be pitiful."

Aleah nodded and breathed a sigh of relief in her heart. She lowered her head and showed weakness to her mother. "I see, Mom. I'll listen to you in the future and never act on my own again."

As long as Draven was willing to see her, there was still hope.

She didn't want to be tortured by that devil again....

Vanessa had no idea what Aleah was thinking. She only felt sorry for the people who had been scolding Aleah on the Internet recently and gently hugged her.

"All right, all right, my baby girl. I've made you suffer these days. I'll help you if you want, and I'll also find a way to avenge you, okay?"

Aleah threw herself into Vanessa's arms, and her eyes were as fierce as Vanessa's.

"Thank you,
Mom."

Half an hour later, Draven arrived at the Boyle's villa.

He was led into the room by the servants and saw Vanessa wiping her tears on the sofa.

"Mrs. Boyle."

Draven didn't change his expression and stopped beside the sofa. His figure was so tall that no one could ignore it.

As if she had just noticed his arrival, Vanessa raised her head in surprise. Wiping away her tears in embarrassment, she said, "Draven, you're here. Sit down. I'm sorry to have made a fool of myself."

"No need, Mrs. Boyle. You know why I'm here. Where's Aleah?"

Draven declined and looked around.

Vanessa hesitated for a moment and said worriedly, "Aleah... She's still in the kitchen."

Draven frowned, compressed his lips, and remained silent for a moment. "Please take me to have a look."

"Okay!" Vanessa forcibly suppressed the joy on her face, wiped the corners of her eyes with a tissue, and led the way.

As she walked, she said earnestly, "I know Aleah is wrong this time. I have scolded and punished her. I took her mobile phone and didn't let her call you again. It's so ridiculous. How dare she copy

video and post it? What if she posts the belongs to your company next time? It's my fault that I don't educate her well!"
your

Behind her, Draven didn't say anything but frowned even more deeply. He was angry with Aleah not only because she copied the surveillance video of Stream Villa, but also because she deliberately exposed the video and guided public opinion. As for whether she would steal the company's documents or not, he would store them separately, even if she took some unimportant ones, once investigated, he would take legal measures and would not defend her just because she liked him.

Hearing that Vanessa had confiscated Aleah's phone as punishment, he understood why Aleah hadn't apologized for so many days.

But even so, it could not be denied that Aleah had done something wrong this time. It was the same as what she had done before when she hired someone to humiliate Cierra.

She needed to give others an explanation.

Just as he was about to speak, he heard Vanessa say, "Aleah has been in a bad condition for the past two days. She refused to take the medicine prescribed by the doctor. I know you're angry, but after all, you two grew up together. You used to say that you would take good care of her..."

As she spoke, she choked with so bs.

Draven also choked, especially when he saw Aleah, who was in a mess in the kitchen. Aleah's hair was a little messy, and her clothes were not tidy. Her face and hands were covered with flour and cream. At this moment, she was rubbing the dough on the kitchen table and muttering.

Draven's eyes darkened and he compressed his thin lips tightly when he saw the scene. Vanessa, who was next to him, cried again. "Aleah has been like this for the past two days. She said that she would make you a cake to apologize. I hope you can forgive her. Draven, I had no choice but to call you over..."

While Vanessa was crying, Aleah saw Draven.

Aleah was happy at first, and then her flour-covered face showed a look of resignation and fear.

She walked over carefully and looked at him. "Draven, are you still angry with me? I'm sorry, I know I was wrong. I'll make your favorite cake. Please don't be angry, okay?"

As she spoke, she turned around and went to the oven to take out the cake that had already been made and handed it to him.

"I won't do anything bad again. Please forgive me. It doesn't matter if you don't want to marry me. Just let me like you. I won't make trouble for Cierra anymore. I'm sorry."

Draven looked at the cake in front of him.

It was this cake that gave him a little sweetness and comfort when he came out of the dark room

with a whip on his body.

It was also from that time on that he began to pay attention to the little girl who was later found by the Boyle family.

He was silent for a long time before he accepted the cake. "I'll get someone to deal with the matters. on the Internet. You don't have to worry. As for marrying you, I haven't changed my mind. I'll finish the divorce procedures as soon as possible. You should listen to Mrs. Boyle and don't let her worry anymore."

Aleah was surprised. "Really? Draven, don't you like Cierra? You didn't say that because I'm pitiful, did you?"

At the mention of Cierra, Draven hesitated for a moment.

The scene of them being trapped in the elevator half an hour ago appeared in his mind. He remembered the moment when he grabbed Cierra's hand.

"Draven?"

Aleah guessed why Draven was lost in thought, but she could only suppress the anger in her heart.

Hearing her calling, Draven came to his senses. He glanced at the cake in his hand and said, "Don't let your imagination run wild. Of course, I don't like her."

Aleah smiled and said, "Then I'm relieved. I'll apologize to Cierra. I won't do anything bad to her because of you..."

Draven frowned and said, "It's not your fault. It's me who didn't handle the relationship well."

"All right. It's good that the misunderstanding has been resolved. Let's go out and eat first. It's not good to stand here."

At this point, Vanessa knew that Draven had forgiven Aleah, so she interrupted their conversation and changed the topic.

It was no good to say more.

A man would be rebellious if he was pushed too hard and always asked if he was willing to marry

her, not to mention that Draven obviously had that bit in his heart.

Her baby daughter was still young and ignorant, so she had to remind her.

Indeed, Draven didn't talk much and followed them to the dining room. He acted quickly and arranged the things for Aleah.

Soon, the public relations team of the Trevino Group began to clear her name again.

Although the golden PR time had long been missed, money was omnipotent.

Cierra learned the news on the Internet when she returned to Aqua Apartment.

To her surprise, she also received a call from Vanessa.

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 70 You're Our Lucky Star

However, Cierra wasn't surprised.

When her relationship with Coby was announced, she had expected that the Boyle family would come to her, but she didn't expect that they had waited for so long.

But she wasn't in a hurry to pick it up.

After the phone rang for a while, she slowly picked it up. She didn't say anything and just listened in silence.

Vanessa's ingratiating voice came from the other end of the line. "Cierra, it's Mom. What have you been busy with lately?"

At this time, Cierra was eating a cake. It was bought by William on the way back to coax her.

She ate a spoonful and answered politely. After all, there's no need to be rude since Vanessa didn't offend her.

"Mrs. Boyle, if I remember correctly, you asked me to call you aunt ten years ago. As for recently, course, I'm busy divorcing Draven. If you're free, please try to persuade him. Being busy all the time is not good for his health. Let him take a break and go through the formalities with me when he has time. It won't take him much time."

As soon as she finished speaking, there was a moment of silence on the other end of the line.

Cierra was not in a hurry. She could guess that Vanessa was gnashing her teeth of

It wasn't her fault. It was Draven that didn't divorce her. She hoped her complaint could make Aleah urge him.

"Cierra, I'll find time to get the divorce done. You don't have to be in such a hurry."

Just as she took another bite of the cake, a man's deep and familiar voice suddenly came from the phone.

The sudden voice frightened Cierra and she almost choked on the cake!

She didn't expect Draven to be at the Boyle's.

What was even more unexpected was that he was listening to the phone call.

But soon, Cierra calmed down and said in a cold voice, "Since Mr. Trevino is listening by the side, please remember it. After all, divorce is not a small matter. Don't always forget it, lest I keep delaying your new marriage."

She put down the spoon

After saying that, she put down the spoon in her hand.

Although she hadn't finished eating the cake, she felt that it suddenly tasted bad, and the happy sweetness couldn't let her secrete new protein.

Men were scourges!

Draven didn't say anything more and Cierra heard Vanessa's voice, "Cierra, let's not talk about divorce now. Since you've signed the agreement, there's no hurry. I'm calling you today to ask if you're free to come home for dinner. Your father will be back in a few days, and let's have dinner together."

In Cierra's impression, her father was a person who valued profits very much and had been busy with the Boyle family's business all year round. Over the years, he had relied on the Trevino Group to develop well, but he still didn't go home often.

He tried to expand the business territory of the Boyle family outside New York.

To her, her father did not have much affection for her. When Aleah came back later, he treated

Cierra even more badly.

Only when they occasionally went to visit Ernest would he act like a loving father.

In short, he was an extremely hypocritical person.

"Mrs. Boyle, if I remember correctly, I signed a contract to end the relationship with the Boyle family when I returned home. It's not appropriate to take me to dinner, is it?"

She didn't stand on ceremony with Vanessa and cut to the chase.

She had to admit that it was exactly what she wanted.

The Boyle family was worried that she would use her identity as an adopted daughter to make trouble and get the property. She was also afraid that the Boyle family would disturb her relatives

who really loved her.

As she expected, they called them.

They came for Coby this time. If the Barton family really announced her identity, the Boyle family would probably be eager to marry her.

Vanessa, on the other hand, didn't seem to understand Cierra's words. "Cierra, I was too angry back -then. Why are you still mad at me? I raised you, so how could I really kick you out of the house? Can

you go home for dinner on Tuesday?"

Cierra knocked on the table but did not refuse her directly. The main reason was that she had not figured out what Vanessa meant yet.

If it was because of Coby, Vanessa did not ask her to take him with her.

She didn't want to go, but if she didn't go, it would be bad for Coby's career if the Boyle family

slandered him for the favor of raising her.

Even if the Boyle family had gone too far, they had raised her and she couldn't show any evidence to prove that they wanted to kill her behind her back.

This passive situation made her a little annoyed.

While she was thinking, Vanessa said, "Cierra, I can understand that you're still angry with me. Now that you've found your family, you'll definitely have a better life in the future. I'm happy for you. Can you just have a farewell dinner with me and let's say goodbye to each other, okay?"

The way she talked made Cierra feel even more disgusted.

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, trying not to hang up the phone directly.

Just as she was about to respond, the phone was suddenly taken away by someone behind her, and a clear voice came from above her head.

"Okay, Mrs. Boyle. Cierra is free on Tuesday night. I'm her brother and I want to visit you recently. I wonder if I can come with her on Tuesday."

Coby's voice was as clear as his face.

Vanessa was very happy. "It's our honor to have you here. Aleah admires you very much. She often watches your movies at home!"

"Coby..."

Cierra felt uncomfortable, but before she could say anything...

she was interrupted by Coby's action.

He made a shushing gesture and continued, "Mrs. Boyle, see you on Tuesday night."

"Okay, see you on Tuesday night!"

He hung up the phone.

Getting back her phone, she asked with an unhappy look, "Coby, why did you promise her? She's up to no good! Maybe she'll use this relationship to let you help Aleah!"

As she spoke, she picked up the spoon angrily and dug up the rest of the cake, as if she had a grudge against it.

Coby looked at her with amusement, and his cold eyes softened a little. "If I don't agree, won't you agree?"

"I..."

Cierra hesitated.

She would indeed agree because if this matter was not resolved, it would be a ticking time bomb.

It was better to solve the problem completely.

But she didn't want Coby to get involved and be angry because of the Boyle family.

Coby knew what she was thinking and gently stroked her head.

"Cierra, you've suffered a lot outside. Now that you're back, we can't let you bear everything alone. The Boyle family wants to see you because of me, so I'll accompany you there. It doesn't matter."

He had already made her suffer in the Boyle family last time. How could he let her be troubled by

them alone?

Cierra felt warm but sad. "But I don't want you to endure such trouble."

It was she who brought the trouble.

Coby chuckled, "Cici, how can your business be troublesome? Don't think too much about it. You have never been our trouble. You are our lucky star."

