

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 71 Different Mind, Different Taste

“Coby Barton...”

Tears welled up in Cierra Boyle’s eyes.

Ever since Mr. Ernest passed away, very few people had said such things to her.

How could she be so lucky to find so many family members who really loved her after losing a family member who was really good to her?

“Well, little sister, don’t say it again. If William sees this, he will criticize me.”

Seeing that she was about to cry, Coby Barton quickly changed the topic.

His clear voice was teasing, and the contrast made Cierra Boyle smile.

But she said in a nasal voice, “William don’t dare to criticize you.”

Among the six brothers of the Barton family, except for the eldest brother, Jaquan Barton, the third brother Coby Barton was the most mature.

Although William Barton was older, he had the same character as David Barton. He was not mature. at all and had been criticized by his elders many times.

Seeing the smile on Cierra Boyle’s face, Coby Barton was relieved.

He glanced at the piece of cake that had been poked into pieces and curled his lips.

“Well, eat your

dessert.”

Cierra Boyle also turned to look at the scattered food in front of her with a troubled expression. "Are we really going to eat it?"

The chocolate was a little melted and mixed with the cake, which looked terrible.

Coby Barton nodded and said with a smile, "Don't waste food."

His tone sounded like he was coaxing a child.

Cierra Boyle sighed softly and slowly picked up the spoon and cheered herself up.

'Just a little, I can finish it!'

The half-melting chocolate and cake were surprisingly delicious. The milk fragrance was mixed with the taste of chocolate, which was different from the taste when it was complete, but it was not

bad.

She smiled and finished the rest of the food. "Coby Barton, it's delicious."

Coby Barton was gentle, and his handsome face looked much gentler. "We should cherish the food.

This cake is just a little ugly. It's still edible."

"Got it, brother. I won't do it again."

Cierra Boyle's lips curved. At the same time, she sighed emotionally.

She had received a lot of such education when she was learning how to cook from the Mayo family. She had been abroad for three years, but her cooking skills had not improved, and she had even forgotten the teaching. She should be ashamed.

While she was thinking, she received a call from Freddy Mayo.

"Cierra, Dr. Charles will return to New York this week. He has already booked food. Come over when you have time."

Cierra Boyle was extremely excited, "Okay, thank you, Freddy!"

There was finally hope for her mother's illness!

She could

-leave New York as soon as possible and return to Los Angeles to reunite with the Barton family.

The atmosphere in the Boyle family was not very good, which was completely different from the happiness in Aqua Apartment.

After Vanessa Foley's phone call, she was happy for a while, but when she turned her head, she saw the man at the table with a gloomy face.

She didn't know what Draven Trevino was thinking, but she didn't dare to ask.

Vanessa Foley asked tentatively, "Mr. Trevino, will you come to the family dinner on Tuesday?"

"Okay," he replied.

He hadn't finished the cake yet. He put down the spoon, wiped the corner of his mouth, and got up from the chair. Obviously, he was ready to leave.

"Vanessa Foley, thank you for your hospitality. I still have something to do at the company, so I'll leave first. As for Aleah, I'll get someone to deal with it. You don't have to worry."

"Oh, you don't have to be so polite with me. As for Aleah, she did something wrong. She should be scolded more."

Vanessa Foley followed Draven Trevino to see him off, and she almost laughed out.

Since Draven Trevino had promised it, he would definitely do it well. She was relieved!

"You can't say that. Although Aleah did something wrong, it's not to this extent, and I'm the main

cause. But..."

When Draven Trevino was about to reach the car door, he stopped in his tracks.

Vanessa Foley also stopped, "But what?"

"However, it's all because of Aleah after all. The netizens, or rather, Landen Birley's fans, are at odds with her. If necessary, we need her to cooperate with the team and make an apology video," Draven Trevino said seriously.

The guild can reduce the heat of this matter. However, a mistake is a mistake. It cannot be reversed

or covered up.

Apologizing is necessary.

Fortunately, the exposure of the video was just a personal grudge and did not violate the law. Otherwise, no matter how much he wanted to solve the problem for Aleah Boyle, he could do

nothing.

Vanessa Foley was easygoing. "Don't worry. We'll definitely cooperate!"

She was not stupid. Now the star was very profitable. Since her daughter entered this circle, the endorsement fee alone was higher than the annual income of the Boyle family in the past, not to

mention the film and television works.

But who would dislike having more money?

Just like after the Boyle family grew up, they were still trying to advance to a higher level and

related to the Trevino Family.

Therefore, not only did she agree, but she also added, "Aleah cares too much about you. She won't do such stupid things again in the future. What's more, she doesn't know that Cierra and Landen

Birley are siblings..."

Not to mention Aleah Boyle, even Draven Trevino didn't know about it before the announcement.

He didn't say anything else. After chatting a few words with Aleah Boyle's mother, he stepped forward again and suddenly remembered something before he got to the car.

"By the way, Mrs. Vanessa, did Aleah make the cake herself?"

Vanessa Foley was stunned. She thought that he knew something.

But he was still stubborn. "Of course, Aleah has been in the kitchen for the past two days and she didn't come out until you came. Is there anything wrong with the taste?"

The cake was made by the servants. She had tasted it before, and it tasted no different from the ones sold outside. She didn't know why he suddenly asked about it.

He shook his head. "No, it tastes good."

It was just a little different from what he remembered.

Perhaps because they were of different ages and different mental states, their tastes would be different.

He opened the car door and did not continue. "Mrs. Vanessa, please go back. I'll go."

Vanessa Foley was worried. "Okay, drive slowly."

The car had already left.

On the way back to Stream Villa, Draven Trevino arranged Aleah Boyle's thing.

The studio had been working on it for a long time. This time, after receiving the order, they cooperated with the PR team at the headquarters and quickly came up with a plan.

When it was time to go to work on Monday, there were almost no posts about Aleah Boyle. Only some of Coby Barton's fans were still asking for apologies.

The team also contacted Aleah Boyle and released the apology document to her, hoping that she would release it as soon as possible. Aleah Boyle only said that he would wait for another day.

Instead of interfering with the studio's plan, Draven Trevino only cared about the final result.

As an internet surfer, Ryan West came to Draven Trevino's office early in the morning and sighed

with emotion.

As he held up his phone to chat with someone, he sighed faintly and said, "Mr. Trevino is really busy. You are helping a beauty solve her problems on weekends. I want to be your lover."

On the other hand, the chat box on his phone was giving a passionate comment on Draven Trevino. The words he typed were more sarcastic than what he said.

Coincidentally, Draven glanced around and saw the person he was chatting with.

Remarks: Cutie Cici.

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Chapter 72 Don't Mention Her in Front of Me Again

Ryan West typed very quickly.

The screen was full of his words.

Ryan West: "Do you think Draven is blind? That woman is so ugly that she didn't even apologize when she did something wrong. But he even asked the workers to work overtime on weekends to help her. He's not even that good to his own mother."

Ryan West: "Fortunately, Cici, you realized it in time and wanted to divorce him. You didn't follow him around every day like when you were a child, just like a little wife."

Ryan West: "Speaking of which, Draven is really bad. Back then, when I teased you and called you Cici, he scolded us. He even called you cutie wife every day. Now he fell in love with others. Cici, I'm telling you, stay away from this hypocritical man in the future!"

Draven Trevino stood behind Ryan West with a coffee cup in his hand and watched him speak ill of

him on the phone.

He didn't disturb them and just watched in silence.

After all, Mrs. Trevino hadn't paid any attention to Ryan West until now. In comparison, Ryan West, who was flattering her, seemed to be more like a joke.

Soon, however, Draven Trevino stopped laughing.

Cierra Boyle suddenly replied.

Cici: Help me ask your buddy when he will have time to go through the divorce formalities. It has nothing to do with me whether he is blind or not. Only divorce is related to me.

When Draven Trevino Trevino saw this, his face suddenly darkened, and he almost wanted to grab

Ryan West's phone.

"Only if the divorce had something to do with her? Was she so eager to divorce him?"

However, he stopped when he saw Ryan West typing.

Ryan West: "Cici, are you in such a hurry to divorce Draven? Do you not want to have anything to do with him anymore, or do you have someone you like? If not, do you want to date with me?"

Behind him, Draven Trevino sneered.

Hearing this voice, Ryan West suddenly turned around. "Da mn, when did you stand behind me? Did you peep at me chatting with Cici?"

How shameless!

He would do anything that was not gentlemanly!

Draven Trevino read his mind from the expression on his face, and the sneer on his face deepened. "You came to me early in the morning and talked so much with Cierra Boyle. Aren't you just showing it to me? If I hadn't seen it, I would have let you down."

After his scheme was exposed, Ryan West rubbed his nose, snorted softly, and did not refute it.

Anyway, he had a good time cursing.

In the past few days, he had been happy because he saw netizens scolding Aleah Boyle on the Internet and writing a lot of jokes to mock her. But in the end, they all disappeared yesterday.

Needless to say, he knew who did it.

Draven Trevino destroyed the source of his happiness. He had one less reason to chat with Cici.

After all, these days...

He had always relied on these jokes to talk to Cierra Boyle.

Seeing that he had covered his phone, Draven Trevino thought of what he had just asked Cierra Boyle and couldn't help asking, "What was her answer?"

Ryan West played dumb. "What do you mean?"

He looked down at him coldly and asked, "Are you tired of staying in New York and planning to go back to Chicago?"

His tone was full of threats.

Ryan West was speechless. "You're doing this again."

He took out his phone generously. Anyway, what he said was just to scold Draven Trevino. It was

better to let him have a look.

He looked down at him and said lightly, "It's good to deal with you."

At that time, Cierra Boyle replied.

Cici: I'm not in a hurry. I just think that he's quite efficient in helping his sweetheart solve the problem. I'm curious why he's so slow to divorce me.

As for the last two questions, she ignored them, pretending not to see them, and did not answer.

After reading the message, Draven Trevino looked away and kicked Ryan West, who was lying lazily on the sofa, and said, "Give me her Line."

Ryan West looked up in surprise. "You don't have Cici's Line yet?"

There was a hint of mockery in his tone.

Draven Trevino looked at him coldly, and his meaning was self-evident.

The more Draven Trevino threatened him, the more shameless Ryan West became. He didn't give him and said, "Search for it yourself."

However, Draven Trevino didn't move. Instead, he continued to stare at him.

"Don't tell me... you don't even have Cici's phone number?"

Ryan West's scalp tingled from being stared at. When he realized this, his tone became even more surprised.

"Give it to me."

Draven Trevino didn't explain, but neither did he deny it.

After a pause, he added, "And send me her phone number."

He had tried to use this way before, but he couldn't find the account at all.

But Ryan West could do it. Obviously, she had changed her phone number.

She said that she didn't

"Okay, I'll send it all to you, but I have to tell Cici in advance. If she doesn't agree, don't blame me. I'll make it clear to you first."

Ryan West sent Cierra Boyle's phone number over and asked curiously.

"How could you not have Cici's phone number? I have it when I haven't gone abroad yet, and she hasn't changed it. Besides, you can't get in touch with Cici. She has been abroad for three years. How can you contact her after she returns?"

At the thought of what had happened in the past three years, Draven Trevino became a little angry.

How dare she not contact him for three years?

As for her return, if her mother hadn't called him and if the cleaner of Stream Villa hadn't told him, he might not have known when she would have returned.

After that, only on Aleah Boyle's birthday did he call Stream Villa and ask her to go downstairs. As for Cierra Boyle's personal contact information, he did not have anything.

Thinking of this, his face darkened a little. He didn't even look at the phone number and Line account sent by Ryan West.

Anyway, they would divorce sooner or later, and she had been prepared to never contact him again, hadn't she?

Since she had requested to have nothing to do with him in the future, he would grant her wish.

Draven Trevino went straight to his desk and took out the divorce agreement that he had signed a

long time ago.

There were two copies. She signed them on the day she returned to the country and had not delivered the notary yet.

He called Jason Parker in and threw the two documents on the table. "Go through the formalities. Send the divorce certificate to the address posted on the back of the documents. Just let me know when you're done. There's no need to report the progress."

"OK."

Jason Parker was surprised.

He still remembered that Mr. Trevino had told him not to worry about this matter before and to keep an eye on Cierra. He had thought that Mr. Trevino had changed his mind. 'Why did he

suddenly...

Isn't Cierra better than Aleah Boyle?'

But he didn't dare to ask more questions. He took the document and was about to leave.

Suddenly, he thought of something. "By the way, Mr. Trevino, do we have to keep an eye on Cierra? Her important schedule..."

"No. Don't mention her in front of me again."

Before Jason Parker could finish his words, he was interrupted by Draven Trevino's cold voice.

Ryan West craned his neck to take a good look at the document in Jason Parker's hand. When he heard what Draven Trevino said, he was even more shocked.

Why was he so fickle? He had just asked him for Cici's phone number, but now he said that he didn't

want to hear about Cici in the future.

Heh, a man!

He cursed in his heart as he typed quickly to send the news to Cierra Boyle.

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Chapter 73 Twenty-two Cups of Wine, Congratulations on Being Single Again

When she received Ryan West's message, Cierra Boyle was working on her design draft.

William's birthday was coming, so she planned to make a ring for him as a birthday gift.

When she saw the message, her hand tilted for a moment, leaving a mark on the white paper. It also completely destroyed the entire document and could no longer be used.

She picked up her phone and stared at it for a while,

"Am I finally going to go through the formalities?"

She didn't seem to believe it, so she specially sent a message to ask. Of course, she got a positive answer, and he also got, "Don't mention her in front of me again. You don't have to tell me about

her news."

Cici: Got it. Thank you.

Cierra Boyle stared expressionlessly at that sentence for a long time before thanking Ryan West and then turning off her phone.

It was good to completely break up with him.

Anyway, she didn't like him anymore.

When the divorce certificate was sent over, she would deal with Dr. Charles's affairs and then go back to Los Angeles to live with her parents.

From then on, she would never contact him again.

She would fall in love with a better man and live a better life. She would no longer be tortured by her crush, nor would she get angry because of Draven Trevino.

She had relatives and a career, and it would get better and better.

However, she felt uncomfortable, and the design was almost finished, but she couldn't pick up the pen to make up for it.

"Sad? But she doesn't like him anymore."

Cierra Boyle couldn't figure it out. She put down her pencil and stared blankly at the table.

When she returned to the country, she was ready to divorce him, wasn't she?

It was probably because she had been delayed by Draven Trevino for too long. Now that he was finally officially going to go through the formalities, she felt that it was incredible.

Yes, she was just not used to it.

After thinking of that, she picked up the pencil again and tried to add the last few strokes of the design draft.

However, there were too many messy thoughts in her mind and she couldn't get rid of them.

When she was a child, she followed Draven Trevino around like a clingy puppy; when she was abandoned by the Boyle family, she felt so inferior that she didn't dare to see him after living with the serv*nts and only dared to secretly send him small cakes; when she was abroad for the first time in the past three years, she was all alone...

She didn't want to think about it, but she couldn't control herself at all.

What annoyed her, even more, was the fact that she had been with Draven Trevino since she came

back from abroad.

He was defending her at Aleah Boyle's birthday party. He misunderstood the relationship between her and William and gave William a punch. And at Fan ny's fashion dinner party, that absurd kiss...

Thinking of what had happened that night, Cierra Boyle became even angrier and put down the

pencil.

She turned on her phone again and sent a message to Ryan West.

Cici: Are you busy? Come out for a drink?

Ryan West's eyes widened when he received the news!

He sat up from the sofa and stared at his phone for a long time.

"Oh my god, am I seeing this right?"

Cici actually invited him out for a drink!

Before he could reply, Cierra Boyle had already sent him the address.

Cici: See you at the 9th Mansion in half an hour.

Ryan West: Okay, okay, okay! I'll be right there!

How could he refuse the goddess's invitation? Even if there was something to do, he had to refuse,

not to mention that he was so bored now.

After typing those words, Ryan West threw away his phone and went into Draven Trevino's lounge. "Draven, can I take a shower in here? By the way, can I use your perfume? I'll just spray it a few

times!"

"What's wrong with you again?"

Draven Trevino was already annoyed. Thinking of that heartless woman, he sat at his desk all

morning and didn't even read a single document. Now that he saw Ryan West became excited, he felt even more suffocated.

We didn't know if Ryan West did it on purpose or because he was too excited. He retorted without thinking.

"What are you talking about? It's Cici who asked me out to drink. She has just to be single. No matter what, I have to pay attention to her."

"What did you say?"

When Draven Trevino heard this, his voice immediately turned cold.

Ryan West was not afraid of him and did not take his words to heart at all. He said word by word seriously, "I said, I'll go for a drink to celebrate Cici's return to being single. I'm looking forward to meeting her."

"She hasn't divorced me yet."

Draven Trevino was rebutting the word "Single".

Ryan West clicked his tongue and said, "You've already gone through the divorce formalities. Aren't you both back to being single today? Would you like to go with me? Have a break-up drink with your ex-wife? If you can't be husband and wife, you can be friends in the future."

Ryan West chatted with him, he didn't forget to look at the time. He was afraid that it was too late for him to take a shower, so he decided to put on some perfume. He didn't even notice how pale

Draven Trevino looked at the moment.

When he came out of the lounge, the man in front of the desk had regained his composure and was flipping through the documents on the table with a gloomy face.

Ryan West asked casually, "Are you really not going?"

Without raising his head, Draven Trevino replied, "I'm not going."

It was as if he wanted to sever all ties with her and have nothing to do with Cici in the future.

"Then I'm leaving. Call me if you need anything!"

Ryan West didn't care. He was completely focused on Cierra Boyle. He took his phone and left quickly as if he wouldn't be able to see her if he was late.

As soon as the office door was closed, the man inside raised his eyes, which were full of coldness.

Cold.

They celebrated her return to being single.

Heh...

Good for her!

After sitting quietly at his desk for a moment, he raised his hand and dialed a number.

By the time Ryan West arrived at the Ninth Club, Cierra Boyle had already arrived.

She sat sideways in front of the bar counter, and everyone could see her at a glance.

There were a lot of colorful wines in front of her. The bartender opposite her was still shaking his glass. Soon, another glass of wine was placed in front of her.

She didn't drink it. She just sniffed it, picked it up, and put it in her mouth. She wanted to drink it, but she was very conflicted.

"Haven't you drunk it before?"

Ryan West didn't stand at the ceremony. He sat directly next to Cierra Boyle and picked up a glass of light blue wine. "Can I drink it?"

Cierra Boyle nodded. "I've asked the bartender to make the color. That's the ninth glass."

Ryan West raised his head and took a sip. His movements were wild. He turned his head and looked at Cierra Boyle seriously. There was a hint of roguishness in his eyes. "Are you going to drink it all up, or do you want me to drink it all?"

"Can you drink it?"

She had talked to the bartender when she ordered the wine. According to her preferences, there

were about 22 glasses.

Even if it wasn't wine, he couldn't drink 22 glasses of water.

Ryan West was amused by her innocent expression. "I can drink it, but I may not be able to finish it halfway. Cici, do you know how strong the wine you picked is?"

She was really good at choosing the best-looking ones.

It was the second time Cierra Boyle had come to a bar, so she shook her head honestly and said, "I

– haven't."

The last time William Barton ordered milk for her, he didn't even let her touch the wine.

To a large extent, she came here on a whim this time. It was fine when Ryan West was sitting next to her, he felt very uncomfortable when she was here alone just now.

"How dare you call me out when you haven't drunk yet? Aren't you afraid that I'll do something to you?"

Ryan West laughed. When she dumped him last time, he thought she was very powerful.

“You won’t.”

Cierra Boyle shook her head with a firm tone.

Ryan West rested his chin on his hand and suddenly moved closer to her. “You trust me so much?”

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Chapter 74 I’m Not Sad, I’m Happy

Cierra Boyle didn’t dodge and allowed him to approach.

The other party did not go too far. He stopped at a safe distance and did not stick together like the men and women around them.

Unlike his usual sl*ppy and careless self, Ryan West’s serious expression was as aggressive as

Draven Trevino’s.

However, he still had a sense of propriety.

Cierra Boyle was not in a hurry to answer his question. She picked up a cup of c*cktail from the row in front of her. Smelling the juice, she took a small sip.

It was sweet.

Then, she took a big gulp and smiled at Ryan West.

“You can’t beat me.”

Remembering the last time he was beaten on the dance floor in front of everyone, Ryan West felt helpless and sat up straight after the atmosphere was completely ruined.

“That was me giving in to you. Furthermore, that was a sneak attack. It doesn’t count.”

“Do you want to compete with me, Mr. Ryan?”

As the man retreated, Cierra Boyle moved forward, forcing Ryan West to be at a loss.

“Isn’t the progress a little too fast?”

Although he loved Cici, the divorce certificate had not been issued yet!

Seeing him like this, Cierra Boyle smiled even more brightly. “Don’t worry, Mr. Ryan. I’m not interested in you for the time being.”

She sat up straight, took another glass of pink wine, and drank it down.

She took another glass of orange. It probably didn’t taste good, so she just took a sip and put it

down.

She threw away the glass and went to get a new one...

“Stop drinking.”

Ryan West was scared.

How could she drink like this? It was her first time drinking. She didn’t know how many kinds of

wine had been added to this glass, but she still drank one glass after another.

It was terrible.

Cierra Boyle was already tipsy. “Why don’t you let me drink it? It’s quite delicious, sweet...”

“Is it worth it to get yourself drunk for that blind Draven? Cierra Boyle, you can’t be like this when you’re sad!”

Ryan West was a little angry.

He would rather see Cierra Boyle throw him over his shoulder on the dance floor than see a heartbroken woman who used alcohol to drown her sorrows!

But as soon as he finished speaking, he was interrupted by Cierra Boyle. “Who told you that I’m sad?”

Her eyes were cold. If it weren’t for her vague tone, it couldn’t tell that she was drunk.

“I’m happy!”

“That blind bastard is not worthy of my sadness. Just like you, he looks down on me, an orphan. I shouldn’t have married him!”

“It’s just that I don’t have a good family background. Why did he suddenly treat me so badly? Because the woman he loved?”

“He found someone to kidnap me abroad and almost forced me and threw me into the sea to feed the fish. When I was a child, he called me cutie wife, but I took it seriously... He even wanted to kill

me. How could I be sad for him?”

“But so what? I have a family, and my family background is not inferior to yours at all! Even if I don’t get married for the rest of my life, my brothers will still cherish me. I don’t lack love!”

As she spoke, tears suddenly filled her face. She cried and laughed.

However, Ryan West heard a lot of information from these short sentences.

-“Draven Trevino sent someone abroad to kill her?”

Seeing that Cierra Boyle was crying and about to get the wine again, he didn’t have time to ask about it and quickly stopped her. “Cici, you can’t drink anymore. You’re already drunk!”

“I’m not drunk.”

Cierra Boyle wiped away her tears. Her eyes were clear, but every word she said exposed her.

“I’m really not drunk. I want to drink.”

“Cici, you can’t drink anymore!”

When Ryan West thought that he was going to send a drunkard back later, he had a headache.

He asked the bartender for a glass of milk and sighed in his heart, “It’s really wise for William Barton to not let her drink last time!”

Beside her, Cierra Boyle suddenly quieted down. She sat in front of the bar counter obediently and no longer wanted to drink.

She looked at Ryan West seriously and said, “Cici don’t drink anymore. Draven, don’t be angry.”

Ryan West was stunned. Looking at her adorable face, he suddenly wanted to take a video and send it to Draven Trevino.

His cutie wife was so f**king cute.

However, at the thought of what Cierra Boyle had said when she was drunk, his eyes suddenly

darkened.

He kidnapped Cici and wanted to kill her... How could Draven do such a thing?

However, it was impossible for Cierra Boyle to lie after drinking.

There must be some misunderstanding,

He came back to his senses and wanted to ask what had happened to Cierra Boyle abroad. As soon as he turned his head, he saw a magnified beautiful face.

Cierra Boyle's eyes widened as she leaned over to him with a serious expression. "Why do I feel that something's wrong with you? Which brother of mine are you? Why don't you look like any of them?"

Ryan West's heart, which had been stunned, suddenly settled down.

However, Cierra Boyle was still muttering, "But you called me Cici. Only my family members call me Cici. Why did you call me Cici?"

"Because you were a chubby little girl when you were a child!

Ryan West was in a bad mood. Being interrupted like this, he forgot everything he wanted to ask.

Cierra Boyle snorted, "That was when I was a child. I'm not fat anymore. I'm very beautiful now!"

He nodded perfunctorily and said, "Yes, you are very beautiful now!"

Cierra Boyle held her chin with both hands.

Her dark eyes looked serious.

"He doesn't like me even though I'm pretty. He hates me and wants me to disappear from this

world."

"But it doesn't matter. Once we get divorced, everything will be fine. I won't disturb him anymore."

"When I leave New York, I'll forget all of you and no one will bully me anymore."

She held her face in her hands and smiled, looking like she was not drunk at all.

Ryan West's heart skipped a beat. He swallowed and said, "Cici, when you were abroad..."

“Shh.”

Before he could finish his sentence, Cierra Boyle raised a finger and interrupted him.

Her eyes suddenly turned cold, but the corners of her eyes were still red.

“Someone is watching us.”

Just as Ryan West was about to complain that Cierra Boyle had drunk too much, he caught a glimpse of a corner of the room and his expression suddenly turned cold.

The man was hiding in the crowd. If he didn't have the ability of anti-reconnaissance, it would be impossible to find him.

Everyone in this circle had gone through training when they were young to prevent being kidnapped one day.

In the past two years, he didn't take it to heart.

However, Ryan West had indeed been kidnapped when he was a child. Thus, he was relatively sensitive. After being reminded by Cierra Boyle, he discovered that someone was watching them

from the shadows.

Or perhaps it could be said that he was staring at Cierra Boyle.

However, the woman next to him was not aware of it at all. She patted him on the shoulder and said, “It's okay, Draven. Although I may not be able to defeat him, I've practiced my escaping skills well. I'm sure I can run away!”

She swore solemnly, which almost made Ryan West laugh out.

This made him believe that something must have happened to her abroad.

As he thought about it, his expression became much more serious.

Ryan West took out his phone and sent a message to Draven Trevino with a sullen face.

But when he saw several missed calls and Line messages, his eyes suddenly widened.

After a while, he cursed, “F**k! Is Draven Trevino a bas ta rd?”

The girl next to him nodded seriously. “Yes, he is a bas ta rd.”

As soon as they finished speaking, a sneer suddenly came from behind them.

“If I’m a bastard, then what are you
two?”

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 75 The Drunk Cierra Boyle

Draven Trevino’s voice was filled with suppressed anger, and his face darkened.

What made his expression even worse was Cierra Boyle’s next move.

She reached out to grab the corner of Ryan West’s clothes and said in a drunken voice, “Brother, I don’t want to see him. He’s bad.”

Her delicate voice made people feel pity for her, not to mention that she looked aggrieved and helpless at the moment.

However, her actions were aimed at another man, which undoubtedly added fuel to the fire for Draven Trevino!

His face darkened, and his whole body was filled with rage.

“Why aren’t you leaving yet? Are you waiting for Bruno West to come and find you?”

Draven Trevino casts a cold glance at Ryan West.

Ryan West also knew that he couldn’t vent his anger on a drunkard, so he came at him and said, “I’m leaving, then she...”

“Before the divorce certificate is issued, she is still my wife.”

The implication was that it was more dangerous for Cierra Boyle to be with another man.

Had it been before, Ryan West would’ve left without even thinking about it. However, he had just received some news earlier. When he realized that there was really someone watching Cierra Boyle, he suddenly felt a bit worried.

But he still trusted Draven Trevino.

After thinking for a moment, he looked at him seriously and said, “I’ll leave right away, but I have to make it clear to you first. Maybe you don’t know...”

“Brother, don’t go!”

Before Ryan West could finish his words, he was interrupted by Cierra Boyle.

She was on the verge of tears. She clutched his clothes tightly and her voice could not stop

trembling.

“Please save me. He will take me away and throw me into the sea to feed the fish! I can’t run away. I

will die!”

She looked at Ryan West with her black eyes, as if she had encountered something very horrible. She pleaded pitifully and helplessly.

Her expression made Draven Trevino frown. He couldn’t help but want to pull her hand away from Ryan West’s clothes.

But before he could touch her, the woman had already wrapped her arms around her head and

shrunk back.

“Don’t hit me, please don’t hit me...”

It hurts so much...

She was in so much pain.

When she was thrown into the snow, her body was covered with wounds, and she felt cold and painful.

Fortunately, the winter clothes were very thick. They thought it would be too troublesome to take them off, so they simply took the sticks and hit her...

It was too painful. She had no choice but to protect her head.

She couldn’t run away. The more she ran, the fiercer the fight became.

In the end, her clothes were almost unable to cover her body, leaving only the demons laughing

wildly.

They said that they wanted to scratch her face, but it was too disgusting to do so. They said that they would scratch her face when they raped her and then throw her into the sea to feed the fish.

She didn’t want to die like this.

She didn't want to...

Hiding, as long as they couldn't find her, she could escape.

So she curled up in a corner of the bar, trying to hide herself, and looked around warily.

Draven Trevino had never seen Cierra Boyle like this before.

After returning to the country, she was arrogant and domineering. How could she have such a side?

He couldn't figure out why, but Ryan West's faint voice came to his ears.

"That's what I wanted to tell you. She was kidnapped abroad and used your name..."

"I didn't."

Before he could finish his words, he was interrupted by Draven Trevino's cold voice.

No matter how dissatisfied he was with this marriage, he would not allow anyone to kidnap her!

10 AM

However, judging from his current appearance, it was obvious that the drunken Cierra Boyle had triggered the most terrifying scene in her memory upon seeing him.

Ryan West glanced at him. "I didn't say it was you. We've been friends for so many years. How can I not know what kind of person you are?"

How could they be friends when they didn't trust each other at all?

Draven Trevino looked down at Cierra Boyle, who was hiding underground, and his heart sank completely. "But she didn't believe me."

"She's different."

Ryan West had the same experience, so he sympathized with him.

However, Cierra Boyle was different.

The former was for money, so they didn't do anything to him. They even treated him well.

But the latter... obviously wanted to kill her.

After suffering inhuman torture, she had to bear a grudge against someone.

Even though she didn't think that Draven Trevino would do that, she thought that it had something

to do with him.

Subconsciously, he was dangerous.

Ryan West sighed and didn't say anything else. "I think it's you who should leave now. She's drunk now, and when she sees you, she remembers those painful things. You'd better... avoid."

Even though he knew that it was heart-wrenching, he still spoke his mind.

But he couldn't tell whether it was right or wrong.

On one side was his brother who was forced to get married, and on the other was his childhood sweetheart who was almost destroyed. He was partial to both of them.

The wrong person was the instigator behind the scenes.

It was obvious that Draven Trevino had thought of this as well. "Do you think we can find any clues

now?"

"I'll try my best."

Ryan West couldn't guarantee it.

After all, there was no clue at all, not to mention that someone had tampered with Cierra Boyle's information, and he had no idea when and where it was.

However, he already had a vague guess. "Draven, could it be the person that you fell in love with..."

"There is no evidence."

"Don't slander others."

Obviously, Draven Trevino knew what Ryan West was going to say, so he interrupted him before he could finish his words.

Ryan West felt bored. "Okay, okay. Your sweetheart is kind and innocent. Maybe Cici accidentally provoked someone abroad. It has nothing to do with anyone."

He deserved to be misunderstood by Cici!

Draven Trevino's gaze was fixed on Cierra Boyle. Seeing that she was curled up like a baby beast, his sharp brows furrowed even more tightly.

Aleah Boyle.

It was not that he hadn't thought about it.

But how could the Boyle family find someone to kidnap Cierra Boyle when she was far away abroad?

Without evidence, he couldn't jump to conclusions.

"Go and deal with Bruno West. Leave her to me."

Draven Trevino's mind was in a mess, and he said to Ryan West in a cold voice.

Ryan West almost jumped up. "She's already like this, you..."

Draven Trevino's voice stopped abruptly when he bent down to pick up the woman on the ground.

After drinking five glasses of wine, Cierra Boyle was completely drunk.

She cried and laughed, and her body had already been exhausted. Just now, when she hid on the ground and cried, she had fallen asleep unconsciously.

There were obvious tear stains on her face, which added grievance to her bright face and made her

less stubborn and more delicate.

The woman nestled in his arms, as obedient as a sleeping baby.

Ryan West couldn't say anything more.

Draven Trevino glanced at him and said, "Why are you still here?"

"I'll go, I'll go now!"

Thinking of Bruno West's angry face, he was filled with anger.

If it weren't for the bastard in front of him, he wouldn't have had to see Bruno at all!

Before leaving, he didn't forget to scold Draven Trevino. "I'm so unlucky to be friends with you!"

"You'd better go see your brother as soon as possible, or I'll have to take you to the hospital if your leg is broken."

The two of them left Ninth Club one after the other and went their separate ways.

After waiting in the car for about 15 minutes, Jason Parker turned his head and saw his boss coming out with his wife in his arms. He couldn't help widening his eyes.

Didn't he ask him to go through the divorce formalities in the morning?

But he didn't dare to ask more. He sat upright in the driver's seat, but soon his eyes widened-

After getting in the back seat with Cierra Boyle in his arms, the woman began to move restlessly. Her fair hands slipped into his suit, and her head rubbed against it.

Her red lips, stained with wine, even kissed his Adam's apple...

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 76 Cierra Boyle, Behave Yourself

The feeling on Draven Trevino's neck made him stiffen.

"Cierra Boyle, behave yourself!"

He gritted his teeth, and his eyes darkened.

He held the woman's slender waist with one hand and raised the other hand to touch her forehead, trying to keep her head away from him.

But he couldn't stop her.

It took him a lot of effort to resist her head, but Cierra Boyle had already messed up his suit and got

in with both hands.

He raised his eyebrows and said in a low and (h o a r s e) voice, "Don't move, okay?"

However, at that moment, Cierra Boyle had already lost consciousness. She only thought that she had fallen asleep and was hugging a furry doll.

She instinctively wrapped her arms around the man's strong waist and hugged him firmly.

Her head was still looking for a comfortable place to lean against, but unfortunately, she couldn't find one for a long time because of Draven Trevino's head.

She simply rested her head on his hand and rested her face on his hand. She slept in his arms. awkwardly, and her posture seemed to be neither strange nor out of place.

The back seat finally quieted down.

There was no more noise. Jason Parker, who was driving, glanced through the rearview mirror and couldn't help laughing.

"Pfft..."

Draven Trevino looked at him coldly.

Jason Parker quickly raised the partition and didn't dare to look at them again.

The space was cut off, and the back seat seemed to be quieter.

Draven Trevino looked at the woman in his arms helplessly.

It was not a good idea to hold her head all the time. He had no choice but to slowly move her head

back and then withdraw his hand.

She also found a comfortable place to lean against and stopped moving.

Draven Trevino looked down at the woman in his arms and couldn't help snorting. "You can't drink

and you drink so much. I will never take care of you!"

Probably knowing that she was being scolded, Cierra Boyle, who was sound asleep, moved restlessly and rubbed against his chest.

Once again, he tensed up and sat there like a puppet.

Fortunately, the woman in his arms no longer relied on drunkenness to do evil. She just found a more comfortable position to lean against.

As time went by, the scenery outside the car went backward.

After the partition rose, the space in the back seat seemed much smaller.

The woman's fragrance, mixed with the smell of fruit wine, gradually spread out, as if she had made another cup of delicious wine that could make people savor.

However, Draven Trevino felt a little breathless.

He knocked on the board and said slowly in a low voice, "Jason Parker, move the partition and open the window to get some fresh air."

"Mr. Trevino, are you done?"

The partition automatically lowered. Jason Parker didn't know what was wrong with him, but he subconsciously said this.

As soon as he finished speaking, he looked into the rearview mirror and met Draven Trevino's cold eyes.

At that moment, Jason Parker wished he could jump out of the car and leave.

What did he say?

He quickly explained, "Mr. Trevino, I mean, Mr. Trevino didn't move again..."

The more he explained, the more confused. Jason Parker simply shut his mouth and drove quietly.

Draven Trevino had no intention of explaining. He just stared coldly at the scenery outside the car.

The car was quiet again, leaving only the whistling wind.

When they were about to arrive at the Stream Villa, Cierra Boyle slowly opened her eyes and spoke

in a (h o a r s e) voice.

"I'm so thirsty..."

Suddenly, Draven Trevino did not dare to move. He did not even dare to look down at her.

He was afraid that if he looked into her eyes, she would recall some bad memories and cause

trouble in the car.

Fortunately, what he was worried about didn't happen. She still leaned against his chest and didn't

want to move at all.

"Is there any water? I want some water."

Her weak voice sounded tired and aggrieved.

Draven Trevino raised his head to look at Jason Parker. A bottle of pure water was naturally delivered to him, and Jason Parker slowed down the car.

Draven Trevino handed it to Cierra Boyle. She sat up slightly and didn't reach out to take it. Instead, she drank quietly while the water was held in his hand.

She kept drinking as if she had been trapped in the desert for a long time.

The water in the bottle was quickly reduced by half. She finally stopped and fell back into his arms.

"I'm so tired..."

He wrapped his arms around her and covered the water. Hearing this, Draven Trevino chuckled and said, "Did drinking water tire you out, or did sleeping make you tired? My delicate girl, huh?"

"I'm not delicate!"

Cierra Boyle raised her eyes and glared at him.

She probably hadn't woken up yet. Her eyes were so dark and bright that people couldn't take their

eyes off her.

Draven Trevino lowered his gaze and looked at her plain face. His voice was low and (h o ar se) as he said, "Yes, you're not delicate."

She snorted softly as if she was no longer angry at his words.

However, when she woke up, she had a bad temper. She threw a tantrum in his arms like a little girl who hadn't had enough sleep.

"Draven Trevino, my head hurts..."

-She looked aggrieved and pitiful.

No matter what she said, Draven Trevino didn't say anything.

Cierra Boyle felt even more wrong. She grabbed his hand and said, "Give me a massage. My head feels like it's been pricked by needles. It hurts."

Her warm hand fell on his dry palm, but she couldn't raise it with much strength, and then it fell

again.

You deserve that."

Draven Trevino didn't move and let her do whatever she wanted. "You insisted on drinking alone.

Now you have a headache and are shouting. I'll ignore you."

"I won't drink anymore. I won't drink anymore, okay?"

Cierra Boyle opened her big watery eyes!

She looked at him, looking pitiful.

After getting drunk, she looked very different from usual.

Like a piece of white paper, it was so clean that no one dared to draw a stroke.

She didn't wear heavy makeup, but she looked more delicate than usual. People couldn't bear to scold her. They just wanted to flatter her. Even if she made a huge mistake, it seemed that they could forgive her.

Draven Trevino raised his hand and rubbed her temples slowly.

The woman was like a kitten whose chin had been scratched. She narrowed her eyes comfortably

and nestled in his arms again.

After a long time, she suddenly opened her eyes and asked softly, "Are your hands sore?"

He stared at her and said, "A little."

"Then I'm good."

She avoided his hand and buried her head in his chest. Her long hair fluttered in the wind and

wrapped around his fingers.

The car drove slowly on the road.

The afternoon sun shone through the tall parasol trees on the side of the road, through the gap in

the window, and shone on her delicate face.

Instead of looking at the beautiful scenery outside the window, Draven Trevino lowered his eyes

and stared at her face.

After a long time, he asked, "Have you gone through the divorce formalities?"

His words were obviously directed at Jason Parker, who was driving.

"Ah?"

Jason Parker was stunned. After a while, he came to his senses and said, "Not... not yet, Mr.

Trevino."

As soon as he got the divorce agreement at noon, he was called out by the boss to be a driver before he could go out of the company. How could he have time to do this?

He didn't have time.

"Are you going to wait for Cierra to wake up and go with her in person?"

After hesitating for a while, Jason Parker asked.

In fact, what he wanted to ask was, "Were they not going to divorce?"

After all, he thought the two of them did not look like they were going to divorce. However, when he thought of the angry expression on his boss's face when he gave him the divorce agreement, he changed his words.

The man in the back seat was not in a hurry to answer. Instead, he looked outside with his dark eyes.

The window in front was rolled down a little, and the wind came in through the gap.

He lifted Cierra's soft long hair and let it fall on his shoulder, h**ked his neck, and swept it over his

earlobe...

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 77 Because I Like You

The car stopped at the entrance of Stream Villa. Jason Parker was also waiting for Draven's answer.

After a long time, Jason heard the man's low voice.

He cleared his throat and said, "Put the divorce agreement aside for now. When she wakes go with her myself."

up,

I'll

Jason Parker nodded. "Got it, Mr. Treviño. I'll go back to the company now."

"Okay, wait a minute."

Of course, Draven wouldn't let Jason Parker take a taxi home.

There were other cars in the garage. He could even ask Jason Parker to pick them up.

At this moment, he was tidying up Cierra Boyle's clothes and trying to carry her down slowly.

Jason Parker was also watching.

He had never seen his boss like this. His expression was gentle, and his movements were so gentle, as if he was treating something fragile.

Even Aleah Boyle was never be treated by his boss like this.

What he had seen before was a polite and cold boss, as if Aleah Boyle had something on him.

They were not like lovers.

When he was with Cierra, the boss seemed to be like... a real person.

"Mr. Trevino, are you really going to divorce Cierra?"

Jason Parker couldn't help but ask.

Just as Draven was bent down to carry her out of the car and was about to turn around and return to

the villa, he heard these words.

He straightened up, hugged Cierra Boyle, and asked him calmly.

"What are you trying to say?"

In fact, Jason Parker was still a little scared.

He knew that his boss didn't like people paying too much attention to his private life, but when he heard Draven Trevino's calm voice, he became bold again.

"Mr. Trevino, I may have said too much. Please don't mind. I just think that you treat Cierra very

well, and you should also like her. As for Cierra, we've known about it since you were young. You

two are in love with each other, so why divorce?"

Draven Trevino didn't say a word, and his face didn't look very good.

Seeing this, Jason Parker thought that he was listening to him and continued, "My girlfriend and I often quarrel with each other. Mr. Trevino, you've always been concerned about Aleah Boyle, so it's natural for Cierra to be angry. Girls need to be coaxed. If you coax her, she won't be angry with you again. You two..."

"Jason Parker."

Before he could finish his words, he was interrupted coldly.

"You talk too much."

Jason Parker was stunned in the driver's seat. He was thinking about what he had said wrong and offended the boss.

Draven Trevino didn't make things difficult for him.

"I don't love Cierra Boyle. That's why I'm divorcing her.

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"So Mr. Trevino, you like Ms. Boyle?"

Jason Parker couldn't help but be surprised.

Draven Trevino stared at him and asked, "Is there a problem?"

Jason Parker immediately shook his head. "No, no, Mr. Trevino, I'll go first!"

He didn't dare to say that his boss didn't seem to like Aleah Boyle at all.

It was like a task.

The true love should be caring about others.

However, Jason Parker did not feel this when his boss was with Aleah Boyle.

On the contrary, his boss's emotions had been stirred up recently because of Cierra Boyle.

Even if most of them were angry, it was much more normal than having no emotions.

The connection between him and Aleah Boyle was more like a result of a marriage alliance. On the contrary, he and his current wife, Cierra Boyle, were more like a couple who had fallen in love.

However, the boss refused the wife that Ernest Trevino had chosen for him, and chose....

It was not appropriate for Jason Parker to say much about other people's private affairs.

After saying that, he drove away and didn't dare to stay for another second.

As Draven Trevino watched the car drive away, he stood there in silence for a moment.

After a long while, he turned around and walked toward the villa.

"Draven Trevino, put me down."

The woman in his arms woke up and spoke softly.

Her dark eyes were wide open, clear, and clean, but her tone showed that she was still drunk.

"Are you sure you can stand?"

Of course, Draven Trevino didn't listen to her. He walked steadily into the villa.

He put Cierra Boyle on the sofa and said, "Sit down for a while. I'll make you a bowl of hangover

soup."

In the past three years, he had lived in Stream Villa, and he had everything in the kitchen.

Cierra Boyle stopped him. "If you don't like me, why did you marry me? If it's because of Mr. Ernest, I can tell him. Besides, the person you should marry is Aleah Boyle. She's the biological daughter of the Boyle family."

Obviously, her memory was in a mess at this moment.

Instead of moving, he stood up straight and asked, "Since you know that I'm going to marry Aleah Boyle, why do you still want to marry me?"

“Because...”

Cierra Boyle probably didn't expect him to ask this question, but she was so drunk that she couldn't figure it out. She just answered the question seriously.

“Because I like you. If you agree to marry me, why don't I marry you? Maybe I can make you fall in love with me again. When you were a child, you clearly said that you liked me very much.”

After that, she withdrew her hand and looked sad.

“But how can I take what you said when you were a child seriously... Am I bad? I'm selfish, I didn't

stop Ernest.”

“But I want to give myself a chance. What if...”

She muttered in a low voice as if there was no one around her.

Draven looked down at her quietly and didn't say anything else.

Cierra Boyle did not continue. Perhaps these questions were too much of a headache for her.

She knocked on her head, picked up a pillow, and curled up on the sofa.

“My head hurts. I don't want to think about it...”

She snorted on the sofa, feeling dizzy.

Later on, she didn't know what happened. She only knew that something unpleasant was fed into her mouth. Someone picked her up and put her in a more comfortable place to lie down.

After that, the villa completely quieted down.

When she woke up, it was four o'clock in the morning.

She was woken up by hunger.

After getting drunk, she still had a headache. Looking at the room around her, she felt as if she was

in outer space.

She was hungry and that helped her regain some consciousness.

After going out yesterday, she didn't eat anything and slept until now. At this moment, she almost instinctively went to find something to eat.

It was not yet summer, and it was slightly cold in the early morning.

When Cierra Boyle pushed open the door, she felt chill.

She rubbed her arms and couldn't find the switch of the stairs lamp. After thinking for a while, she groped for it in the dark and went downstairs.

But she couldn't see clearly when the light was off. When she missed a step, she couldn't help

exclaiming, but she reacted quickly. She held the railing and walked down step by step.

When she finally stepped on the first floor, she heaved a sigh of relief.

Just as she was about to look for the light switch on the first floor, her vision suddenly lit up, and the light pierced her eyes.

At the same time, the man's low and (h o ar se) voice came from upstairs.

"What are you doing?"

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 78 Humiliation

Draven came out of the guest room and stood by the railing on the second floor.

He didn't look well, and his brows were tightly furrowed. Probably because he had been woken up, he was full of resentment.

It was understandable. If Cierra Boyle were to be woken up at this time, she would not give others a good face either.

"Sorry, I couldn't find the switch. I accidentally made too much noise just now and woke you up...."

Cierra Boyle couldn't remember the things that happened yesterday, let alone why she was in

Stream Villa.

But no matter what, she was in his house.

Now that she was living in someone else's house, she had to be polite.

Draven Trevino looked down at her coldly. After hearing her words, he snorted softly.

“Well...

His home.”

If he remembered correctly, the house was her property.

He looked down at the woman downstairs with her arms crossed, and there was a hint of sarcasm in

his tone.

“So Mrs. Trevino, do you want to leave now because you can’t stay at my house for a moment?”

He was sure that Cierra Boyle was sober now. She was no longer the drunk woman yesterday who was like a child when Ernest Trevino was alive.

But when he thought that she couldn’t wait to leave as soon as she woke up, he was filled with

anger.

At this moment, Cierra Boyle was still a little confused. She couldn’t figure out why the man was so

angry.

She only knew that she was cold and hungry, so she explained, “I’m not leaving, and I don’t have a

car now. I’m just...”

“So if there is a car or someone coming to pick you up at this time, are you going to leave directly?”

Before she could finish her sentence, he interrupted her coldly.

Cierra Boyle felt that he was being unreasonable and gritted her teeth in anger. “So what if I am? I didn’t even ask you why I’m staying here!”

Why was he so angry?

She was clearly apologizing to him, why did he have to be so sarcastic?

Even if she left as soon as she woke up, it had nothing to do with him.

Her retort completely provoked Draven Trevino's anger. Just as he was about to speak again, his voice was suddenly interrupted by a voice coming from inside Cierra's stomach.

The long voice seemed to protest against the dispute between the two, resounding in the empty

villa.

He was stunned.

Cierra Boyle was also stunned.

Then, her ears began to heat up, not to mention her flushed cheeks.

In just a few seconds, she felt as if a century had passed. It was so long that she wanted to die.

She closed her eyes in despair.

Upstairs, Draven Trevino was stunned for a moment before he came to his senses and couldn't help

chuckling.

Then he remembered that she hadn't eaten anything since she came back yesterday afternoon.

"Wake up from hunger?"

There was still a smile on his face, and his anger had completely dissipated. He leaned lazily against

the railing.

Cierra Boyle didn't want to talk to him at all.

She just wanted to know why she was always embarrassed in front of him.

Last time, she was on her period. This time...

It was too embarrassing!

Cierra Boyle was trembling with anger.

She didn't even want to go to the kitchen to look for food. She looked at him with resentment and asked, "Where's my phone?"

She didn't want to stay here any longer!

"There are some dumplings and frozen steaks in the refrigerator. There should be noodles in the kitchen. What do you want to eat?"

Instead of answering her question, Draven walked down the stairs slowly. Looking at her nightgown, he couldn't help frowning.

He picked up a folded pillow from the sofa, opened it, and put it over her.

"I didn't touch your phone. The clothes you took off and your bag are in the master bedroom. Tell me what you want to eat first. Let's eat first."

"Who changed my clothes?"

Cierra Boyle grabbed the key point of his words. Ignoring her phone, she widened her eyes

asked.

and

Draven Trevino was about to turn around and go to the kitchen, but he stopped and looked at her with a faint smile.

"Who do you think, Mrs. Trevino?"

ew

He deliberately lowered his voice, especially the way he addressed her, which was particularly

ambiguous.

There was no third person in the villa. As soon as she thought of that possibility, she felt ashamed and angry, "You..."

However, he didn't explain. "What's wrong? You're my wife. I'm just changing your clothes and wiping your body. Is there a problem?"

"You (bas ta rd)!"

Cierra Boyle gritted her teeth so hard that they were about to break. "You've divorced me. What right do you have to change my clothes for me?"

What's more, he was going to marry Aleah Boyle. Why did he do this to her?

His anger was ignited by her ruthless scolding. His frivolous gaze swept over her, and a sneer appeared on his face.

“Don’t worry. Your body is not tempting to me, even if it’s really me...”

His voice stopped abruptly when he saw the tears on Cierra’s face.

”

It seemed that he didn’t expect her to cry so silently and catch him off guard.

“Then I’m really sorry. My ugly body has dirtied Mr. Trevino’s eyes.”

The corners of Cierra Boyle’s eyes turned red as she looked straight into Draven Trevino’s eyes.

In the past, she really wanted to know

how did he feel when he saw the scars on her body?

In the end, she knew it. Men were all the same. They only cared about sex.

His ugly body did not arouse his interest at all.

Or perhaps, she should thank him for giving her so many “gifts” that she could set up a barrier to protect herself.

Otherwise, she wouldn’t know what kind of person she would have sex with when she was drunk.

“Cierra...”

He was at a loss and regretted teasing her.

He pursed his lips and explained in a low voice after a while, “I didn’t change your clothes. It’s the cleaner who cleaned the villa regularly. You were so drunk yesterday that you were sweating all over. You didn’t sleep well without changing your clothes.”

With these words, he pondered for a moment and added in a low voice.

“I just wanted to tease you. I didn’t know I would make you so sad. I’m sorry.”

He apologized in a sincere tone.

However, Cierra Boyle still couldn’t stop crying. She turned her head away and didn’t want to look

at him.

She didn't care about his words anymore.

So what if he was interested in her?

Anyway, they were divorced. If everything went according to plan, Jason Parker had already sent the divorce certificate to the courier station of Aqua Apartment yesterday.

He looked at her face and didn't say anything.

He said, "I'll get you something to eat. Sit down for a while."

Without saying a word, Cierra Boyle went to the coffee table to get a tissue to wipe her face.

It was so embarrassing to cry over such words.

But at that moment, she really couldn't help it.

Even her brothers didn't know how many scars there were on her body.

She sneaked away from the operation and didn't do it.

At first, she just wanted to remind herself how she got these scars.

Now, she almost became a tool for the man to humiliate her.

What a joke!

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 79 Congratulations on Divorce

Cierra Boyle sat quietly on the sofa for a while.

She thought about a lot of things, but soon she was replaced by calmness.

It was just a piece of flesh. There was nothing to be sad about.

It was she who chose not to have an operation. She couldn't blame anyone else.

Moreover, he didn't really see it.

Even if he really saw it, he should be the one feeling guilty. What was there to be ashamed of?

If he really saw it and he said those words, she would only look down on him.

It was not her fault. Even if she was ugly, she did not blame herself.

His words had hurt her once. If such a thing happened again in the future, she won't have any

feelings.

If she really got married in the future and the other party said the same thing, it could only mean that she didn't have good taste.

If her future husband didn't mind, she was willing to make the same mistake again.

While she was thinking, she heard Draven Trevino's voice behind her.

"I made you a bowl of dumplings. Why don't you eat something first?"

"Thank you."

Cierra Boyle got up from the sofa. Other than the redness in her eyes, they couldn't tell that she had

cried just now.

She did not reject his offer and followed him to the dining room.

There was already some vinegar on the table. Draven Trevino took out two bowls of dumplings from the kitchen and placed the big one in front of her.

"I was going to make you a bowl of noodles. After all, it's faster. But there's nothing left at home, not even vegetables. I just made some dumplings."

A bowl of plain noodles was not enough.

"Thank you."

Cierra Boyle said politely, "Actually, I can eat anything. You can make it easier next time."

At first, he frowned because of her polite "thank you", but when he heard the last sentence, he

suddenly relaxed.

He smiled and said, "It doesn't matter. It's not troublesome to cook dumplings."

Cierra Boyle didn't say anything else and continued to eat quietly.

These dumplings should have been made by a chef. Thin skin and thick filling, and the saltiness was moderate. Moreover, it was shrimp dumplings.

There were at least two shrimps in each of them, and she liked them very much.

In addition, she was starving and ate very happily.

He ate quickly and only had a taste. After finishing it, he looked at Cierra Boyle quietly.

She ate very gently and at a moderate speed.

Although he was not hungry and had just eaten, he couldn't help wanting to eat more to see if it was different from what he had eaten. Unfortunately, there was no more in the pot.

"Have you finished eating? Would you like to have some more?"

Cierra Boyle felt uncomfortable under his gaze and couldn't help but look up at him.

He put down his chopsticks and said, "I only cooked these, and I had dinner last night."

The implication was that she should eat more.

Cierra Boyle nodded and did not care about him anymore.

However, the atmosphere was slightly strange.

The two of them were in the empty dining room. Except for the sound of her eating, there was no

other sound. It was really strange.

She was almost done eating. After filling her stomach, she slowed down. After thinking for a while,

she found a topic to talk about.

"Why did I stay at your place yesterday? Did Ryan West call you because I was drunk?"

Thinking of this, Cierra Boyle felt slightly vexed.

If she had known earlier, she would not have asked Ryan West out for a drink. Instead, she had

asked her ex-husband for help when she was drunk.

Draven Trevino leaned against the chair in the dining room and asked lazily, "Don't you remember at all?"

Cierra Boyle took a bite of the dumpling and shook her head.

She was completely drunk, and she had never been drunk outside before.

She used to drink with her brothers on holidays, but nothing happened after she got drunk.

However, her brothers would forbid her from drinking outside.

Even the last time she took William to the Ninth Club, he ordered milk for her.

Otherwise, why would she have called Ryan West out?

After eating a dumpling, without waiting for a response from Draven Trevino, Cierra Boyle couldn't help looking up and asked, "So, what happened? Did I do anything bad?"

He raised his eyebrows and suddenly curled his lips. "You can have à guess."

Cierra Boyle snorted, "No!"

However, Draven Trevino didn't give up. "If Mrs. Trevino does something to me, are you going to be responsible for it?"

"Forget it if you don't want to tell."

Cierra Boyle didn't want to ask any more questions and focused on her food.

Just by looking at him, she knew that he was unreliable. She didn't expect him to say anything good.

"Also, don't call me that anymore. Ryan West said that you asked Jason Parker to go through the formalities yesterday. It's already been a weekday, and our certificates should be done.

"In the past, I didn't correct you because we did have such a relationship in the name. Even if this marriage is not so good, it has been recognized by the law. But now it's different. Don't always tease me with this title. I don't think it's a big deal. If you get used to it, it won't be good for you to be heard by Aleah Boyle."

She told him the truth as if they were going to part amicably.

He lowered his eyes and didn't respond.

The atmosphere at the table quieted down again.

It wasn't until Cierra Boyle was about to finish her food that a man's deep and slow voice rang out.

“You didn’t do anything. When you were drunk, you slept like a dead pig and couldn’t be woken up. Ryan West didn’t know where you lived, so he called me and brought you here. As for the address...”

He paused for a moment and got up to pack up the bowls and chopsticks.

“Jason Parker didn’t have time yesterday, so I’m sorry, Mrs. Trevino. I’m afraid that the certificate hasn’t been done yet. Don’t be in such a hurry to get rid of this identity. As for my habit, you have to worry about it, Mrs. Trevino.”

He deliberately emphasized the words “Mrs. Trevino”.

Cierra Boyle was shocked.

She opened her mouth slightly and looked at him in shock.

“Why does this bastard always go back on his word? He’s always changing!”

Looking at her confused face, the smile on Draven Trevino’s face deepened.

But in the next second, the smile froze on his face.

Cierra Boyle closed her eyes in annoyance and wailed, “Since you didn’t do it, why should I go drink and celebrate? It’s so embarrassing to get drunk for nothing!”

He gritted his teeth and asked, “Is that all you think about?”

Cierra Boyle rolled her eyes at him. “What else can I do?”

“Good! Very good! Isn’t it better to celebrate again next time?”

He was so angry that he turned around without even putting away the dishes on the table.

Cierra Boyle was baffled.

!

He wanted to divorce and it’s he who wanted to go through the formalities. Why would he be angry

now?

Since she had eaten his food, she had to be more conscious. She cleared the table and sent the two plates to the kitchen.

She hesitated for a moment.

“Draven Trevino, are you angry?”

The man washed the dishes with a cold face and did not speak.

Needless to say, he was still angry.

Cierra Boyle sighed softly. After thinking for a moment, she said, “How about this? Next time, you celebrate first. I’ll celebrate after you’re done.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she heard the sound of porcelain shattering.

“Celebrating?”

The man sneered, looked sideways at her, and asked word by word through gritted teeth.

“Tell me, what should I celebrate?”

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 80 Never Drink Again

“To celebrate, of course...”

She stopped when she saw his expression, and naturally, she didn’t finish her sentence.

She didn’t understand.

He clearly hated this marriage, he agreed only because of his grandfather’s last wish. Now that they were divorced, shouldn’t he be happy?

Why did he put on such a long face?

But she didn’t have time to think about it. The broken bowl cut through the man’s finger. The clear water from the tap was mixed with wisps of blood.

She frowned and said, “I’ll wash the dishes. Go and deal with the wound.”

“No need.”

He threw the broken bowl into the trash can. Without stopping, he washed the bowl with his injured

-hand.

There were only two bowls in total, including the two small plates, so he could do this.

It was just that the tap of the pool was turned off, and the bright red blood in his hand came out again, which was very dazzling.

However, the man did not take it seriously. He casually pulled out a napkin and wrapped the wound before striding out. He did not even look at the woman behind him.

“Where’s the first aid kit?” she asked as she trotted after him.

Although she didn’t see clearly how the bowl broke into pieces, she felt a little guilty that the wound was caused by her because she had to eat something.

“If you have time, why don’t you go upstairs and have a look at your mobile phone? I guess many people have called you.”

Without looking back, he threw the bloodstained napkin into the trash can and was about to go

upstairs.

“I’m going upstairs to catch up on sleep. Don’t bother me anymore.”

Cierra Boyle wanted to say something more, but when she heard the last sentence, she simply shut

her mouth.

Alright, I won’t bother him..

Anyway, the wound didn’t look very serious. Maybe it would have healed by the time she found the

—

first aid kit.

She was not willing to care about what happened to him.

However, after being reminded by Draven, Andy’s slow-witted brain finally began to work.

She didn’t go back all night and hadn’t told William and the others...Oh!

Having no time to think about the consequences, Cierra Boyle quickly went upstairs.

On the second floor, when Draven Trevino heard the noise, he frowned and turned around impatiently.

“Didn’t I tell you not to...”

Before he could finish his sentence, Cierra Boyle had already past him.

“Say what?”

She stopped at the door of the master bedroom and was about to open the door when she heard what Draven Trevino said.

The latter’s face darkened. He turned around, went straight into the room, and slammed the door.

Cierra Boyle

was at a loss for words.

“What’s wrong with him?”

However, she didn’t think too much about it. After all, it wasn’t the first time she has seen him go crazy. Since she returned home, she had seen him go crazy a lot of times. She really didn’t know how Aleah Boyle had endured him.

She pushed the door open and entered the master bedroom.

Just as Draven Trevino had said, her clothes and bag were all in the room.

The clothes should have been washed and dried. They were folded on the sofa and she could smell a faint fragrance when she picked them up.

Her phone was out of battery, and she did not bring the charger.

The master bedroom had nothing, and she couldn’t find it.

After thinking for a while, she went to find Draven with her phone.

Before knocking on the door, Cierra Boyle was still a little hesitant. After all, when he went upstairs, she was told by Draven Trevino that he had gone back to his room to catch up on sleep, He had already woken him up once. It seemed a little strange to disturb him again...

But on second thought, she thought that he shouldn’t have fallen asleep so soon. He had only been

back in his room for two minutes.

She knocked on the door.

“Draven Trevino, are you asleep?”

No one inside answered.

Cierra Boyle stood at the door for a while, planning to turn around and leave.

As soon as she moved, the door was pulled open.

“What’s the matter?”

He was cold.

“I...”

Cierra Boyle turned around and she suddenly stopped.

The man standing in front of the door changed out of his pajamas. His upper body was taked, revealing his sturdy figure. The inverted triangle lines were smooth, but below them were shorts.

Even so, it was amazing.

“Have you seen enough?”

He raised his hand and knocked on the door.

Cierra Boyle came back to her senses and immediately stopped looking at his abdominal muscles. The moment their eyes met, she quickly looked away.

“Sorry...”

He thought, “It doesn’t matter.

The man’s voice became a little warmer.

Cierra Boyle didn’t want to stay here any longer, so she spoke faster. “I’m here to ask if you have a

phone charger. My phone ran out of battery. Can I borrow it?”

He lowered his head and glanced at the phone in her hand.

“Wait a minute.”

After saying that, he turned around and entered the room.

Without a sturdy body in sight, Cierra Boyle heaved a sigh of relief and immediately felt that the

pressure was gone.

But in less than a minute, he took the things and appeared again.

“See if this works.”

The wound on his finger was also very obvious. It was missing a piece of flesh, and it looked a little

serious.

The light in the bathroom was on. From the looks of it, he didn't seem to want to catch up on sleep. Instead, he seemed to be preparing to take a shower,

She took the charger and was about to leave, but she couldn't help asking.

“Aren't you used to wearing clothes when you sleep?”

He looked down at her and raised his eyebrows slightly.

Perhaps because she felt that this question was too ambiguous and impolite, she quickly explained, “I'm just asking. If you feel offended, I'll apologize to you.”

“There's no need.”

He didn't feel offended and said indifferently, “I didn't feel sleepy after returning to my room. I was going to take a shower, and you happened to knock on the door.”

He finally explained why he looked like this.

“Oh, then pay attention to your wound, and don't let it get wet. Although it's not big, it looks quite serious. Moreover, it looks serious and needs protection. If it gets infected, it'll be very

uncomfortable.”

“Are you concerned about me?”

He stared at her and suddenly spoke.

Cierra Boyle didn't expect him to say that and was stunned for a moment.

Fortunately, the man did not make things difficult for her. He put his hand on the door.

“I'll be careful.”

“Okay... then I'll go first. Thank you!”

As soon as she finished speaking, she thanked him and left, as if she were being chased by a wild beast.

Her figure quickly disappeared from the man's sight.

He was not in a hurry to close the door. The scene of Cierra Boyle running away kept replaying in his mind. After a while, he closed the door again.

With a light sound, the space was isolated.

In the master bedroom, Cierra Boyle's heart was racing.

"D*mn, you son of a (bi tch). You're going to divorce, but you're doing this to me."

She patted her face and quickly threw away all the dirty thoughts in her mind.

But soon, she was not in the mood to think about these things.

After charging the phone, the phone was turned on

A series of missed calls and Line messages gave Cierra Boyle a headache.

Not only William, Coby Barton, and Harold Bernard-Barton in William, but also her eldest brother had called her. Nick Barton had also sent her a lot of messages, all asking her where she was.

Ten minutes ago, David Barton even called her.

Oh! I won't drink anymore!