

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 91 The Scene was Awkward for a While

Cierra Boyle was speechless for a moment.

She stood frozen in place with her flour-covered hands.

It was a long time before she said slowly, "Then, what do I have to do before Harold Bernard-Barton will forgive me?"

Harold Bernard-Barton is still silent, makes Cierra Boyle more seems adorable and innocent.

After a while, the young man holding the glass of water suddenly smiled: "I forgive you now."

Cierra Boyle was surprised.

She was stunned for a few seconds before realized what had happened, with surprised and uncertain, she asked, "Really? You're not angry anymore?"

As she spoke, she rushed towards Harold Bernard-Barton.

Caught off guard, Harold Bernard-Barton's shoulders had already been marked with two snowy fingerprints. He can do nothing about her willfully actions, only to allow her to wipe two more

marks on his shoulder.

After Cierra Boyle had calmed down, he spoke up, "Okay, this time you should learn a lesson and make sure not to worry everyone again next time."

He spoke slowly and seriously, sounding as rigid as an old teacher giving a lecture in class.

There was still some flour on his clothes, and some had even fallen on his hair, but it didn't seem to

make him look messy at all.

He stood up straight, with handsome features that resembled the pine trees in the mountains. Occasionally, some withered leaves would fall on the branches, but it couldn't erase the sense of aloofness and coldness that came with the pine.

Cierra Boyle nodded obediently, "I got it. There won't be a next time."

Harold Bernard-Barton made a sound of agreement: "I'll go upstairs, you can continue with your work. You don't have to make too many dishes for lunch, just as usual will do."

His tone was devoid of any fluctuations, as if he were an emotionless robot.

Cierra Boyle wrinkled his nose in response, but didn't say anything.

Harold Bernard-Barton didn't look at her again. The reason He went downstairs is to get water, but he haven't touched the water dispenser yet.

Just as he was about to pour water, a sudden warmth covered his face, followed by the sensation of

flour being rubbed against his skin by her fingers. Cierra Boyle had used the remaining flour on her hands and smeared it over his face.

"Cierra..."

Harold Bernard-Barton had a helpless expression on his face, with a flower-covered face.

Now, he really had no elegance left to speak of.

At this moment, Coby Barton and William Barton had just come downstairs.

Upon seeing the situation, Coby Barton was momentarily stunned, but then smiled slightly.

William Barton, on the other hand, burst into laughter, clutching his stomach and pointing at Harold Bernard-Barton, nearly choking on his own laughter. "Harold Bernard-Barton, you're such a dork, look at you now! I'm going to take a picture and send it to Jaquan Barton and F*nny. We can't be the only ones who get to see the beautiful Harold like this."

As spoke, he took out his phone and ran towards Harold.

"William, stop it."

Harold Bernard-Barton couldn't even be angry with Cierra Boyle, the culprit. All he could do is turn around to avoid the camera, rushing to the bathroom to clean his face.

Unfortunately, it was not only William Barton who blocked his way, even Coby Barton, who was usually cold and aloof, joined in with a smile.

The dining room was filled with laughter and chatter.

Cierra Boyle looked at her masterpiece with satisfaction, and joined the filming team with a smile

on the face.

The fierce battle ended with a defeat for Harold Bernard-Barton, but the four of others were also

exhausted, lying on the sofa with all their etiquette lessons forgotten.

However, it was rare that both Coby Barton and Harold Bernard-Barton, who had never liked to smile, had smiles on their faces and the flour on the Harold's face had disappeared during the play fight.

Cierra Boyle glanced at Harold, using her cleaned hands slapped Harold Bernard-Barton's shoulder hard. The flour rose in the air, blurring her smile.

"That's right, Harold. Young people should have some energy. Don't be like Jaquan, always with a poker face. He's an old man, but we're not," Cierra Boyle said.

William Barton felt like he was being teased, he looked at her askew, "What do you mean, Cici Barton? You dislike your brother for being old?"

"I'm just speaking the truth," said Cierra Boyle, feeling both guilty and defiant.

William Barton took out his phone and said, "I'm gonna send this to Jaquan Barton and tell him that

you

called him an old man."

Cierra Boyle was anxious and rushed over to grab his phone. "William, are you childish? You are such an adult and you still tattle-tale like this. Even kindergarteners don't tattle-tale!"

The villa was once again filled with the playful banter that only occurs among family members.

Meanwhile, in another villa somewhere in New York, people were busy to the point of being overwhelmed.

In order to create momentum for the alliance between movie star Coby Barton and the Boyle family, Vanessa Foley had been busy making the scene in the villa look even more luxurious since early morning, with many drinks and food even more sumptuous than at Aleah Boyle's birthday

party.

As night fell, the lights on the lawn gradually lit up, and guests began to arrive one after another.

The Boyle family invited many people this time, and publicly stated that they wanted to improve the relationship with their adopted daughter, fearing that they might not be grand enough and neglecting Cierra Boyle and her movie star brother. Therefore, Vanessa Foley invited anyone who had even a slight connection with the Boyle family, and even invited those who had no connection.

There were quite a lot people who came.

On the one hand, many attendees came for the purpose of establishing a relationship with the Trevino Group and their businesses. However, it is often difficult to even meet with them, let alone establish any kind of cooperation. This evening banquet was a great opportunity for them, even if there was no guarantee of success, at least there was some hope.

Meanwhile, others were come to pursue a relationship with the enigmatic background of Coby Barton, regardless of his achievements in the entertainment industry.

Not to mention his current position in the industry, having won three Best Actor awards at such a young age, and they were all genuine awards without any gimmicks, which is enough to prove his

abilities as an actor.

Even if he came from an ordinary family, reaching the top of his industry at such a young age and

winning solid awards in the entertainment industry, he had enough potential to make a great future, which was worth getting to know him.

As for the Boyle family, not many people came for them.

Around 7 o'clock, Cierra Boyle also arrived at the Boyle family's villa.

Stepping out of the car in high heels,

she was greeted by the various lights illuminating the villa, making it shine brightly.

She thought to herself, "Oh, quite the show they've put up,"

As Coby Barton parked the car, she linked arms with him and they slowly walked inside. Some people had already recognized them, and they were soon surrounded by a flurry of comments.

"Ms. Boyle is so lucky. She was taken care of by her adoptive parents, the Boyle family, for years, and now she has found her biological family. How fortunate she is!"

“Landen Birley! I’m a fan of yours, can you sign my autograph!”

“Ms. Boyle is so beautiful! Her eyes are almost identical to Landen Birley’s, I believe they are real siblings!”

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There were all sorts of conversations during the banquet, and even some female guests were fans

of Coby Barton.

Walking alongside Coby Barton, Jiang Yuan felt the grandeur of a top-tier celebrity for the first

time.

Fortunately, this was a dinner party and not a fan meet-and-greet, so the young ladies from each family were more concerned with maintaining their own reputation and didn’t constantly surround

them.

What’s more, the male and female host of the Boyle family also appeared.

Coby Barton couldn’t steal the limelight from the host of the banquet.

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The group automatically made way, allowing them and the siblings to meet.

Somebody held a champagne glass and started discussing: “I heard that the adopted daughter had a

pretty unpleasant quarrel with their biological daughter last time she came back. This time, the

movie star brought his sister over, is he planning to make up with the Boyle family?”

The voice was not loud, but almost everyone in the center could hear it clearly.

These words playing right into Vanessa Foley’s hands. She put on a smile and walked towards Cierra Boyle, reaching out her hands to pull her..

She smiled and said, "Cierra, you finally came. Mom was afraid you were still angry and didn't want to come back to see me. This must be your brother, you two look so alike. From now on we are a family..."

"Vanessa Foley, my brother and I came here today to clear things up, not to exchange pleasantries with you."

Before Vanessa Foley could finish, her words were interrupted by Cierra Boyle's cold tone.

At the same time, she also withdrew her hand and avoided Vanessa Foley's action.

The scene was awkward for a while.

Chapter 92 Knelt Apologize

As soon as Andy finished speaking, the entire venue seemed to fall silent.

Some were watching the drama unfold, while others looked over with worried expressions. Many were puzzled and craned their necks to ask those closer to the show.

Perhaps Vanessa Foley did not expect Cierra Boyle to react like this, her smile froze instantly.

Soon after, she regained her composure, and slowly withdrew her outstretched hand as if nothing awkward had happened.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

Vanessa Foley took hold of the arm of Brian Boyle by her side and looked at Cierra Boyle with a

smile.

"Tonight's banquet is for celebrating you finding your true family. That's why we, your parents, invited so many guests from New York. You should think carefully about why you and your brother came here today to talk things out."

The veiled threat in her words made Cierra Boyle coldly sneer in mind.

She thought coldly in her mind, "The earlier demand that she need to call them uncle and aunt was made with arrogance, but now that they called themselves her parents, they quickly changed their attitude and became extremely hypocritical.

If it weren't for Ernest liking her back then, the Boyle family would have probably kicked her out. long ago in order to please Ernest Trevino. As before, they had already

prepared the disownment. letter and brought it out as soon as they opened their mouths, which showed that they had been planning this for a long time.

Now they see a benefit to being associated with her, so they come up to her with their smug faces. It's really disgusting."

But most people didn't know about it.

At this moment, all they could hear was Vanessa Foley saying "parents", and all they could see was their lowly.

Compared to Cierra Boyle, she appeared particularly cold and unreasonable.

But she didn't want to talk about any favors with the Boyle family either.

The reason why she came tonight is to make things clear in front of everyone, to completely cut off ties with the Boyle family.

Just by revealing the relationship with Coby Barton, the Boyle family react like saw a piece of meat and bone. If her relationship with her parents was officially announced in the future, she didn't

know how the Boyle family would cling to her.

"What does Aunt Vanessa think I need to clarify?"

Cierra Boyle's beautiful face showed a smile, and he didn't take Vanessa Foley's threat seriously at

all.

In the slightly stiff smile of the Vanessa Foley, she slowly opened her mouth,

"You have already given me the relationship severance letterst, so I came here today to clarify

things,

Although you haven't been very fond of me since Ms. Boyle was taking back, but regardless, the grace of nurturing is greater than the heavens. My brother and 1 are not ungrateful people, and that's why we've come here today.

The only thing I didn't expect was that the family dinner you mentioned turned into a luxurious banquet inviting many guests. When my brother and I came over just now, we thought we got the

date wrong-

This is a clear indication that the Boyle family was using these guests as tools.

Although the people around already knew what was going on when Vanessa Foley started speaking, the nature of the situation was completely different when it was said by the person involved, especially when they were invited without being told the full truth.

The former could pretend not to know anything and watch a good show, consider this as wasting time for finding pleasure; the latter was like the veil being torn open, they were also involved in this farce and becoming a part of the show!

As expected, after Cierra Boyle finished speaking, many of the guests had lost the smiles on their faces.

Vanessa Foley couldn't laugh anymore, her mouth was getting sore.

She wanted to explain, but her throat was a bit dry and h**rse, so she could only lightly pinch her husband and give him a signal with her eyes.

Brian Boyle was slow to react to the situation, but he understood what Cierra Boyle meant.

Being pinched like this, he coughed and frowned, "The last time dad wasn't at home, that letter didn't count. Your mom was making trouble and you've been sensible since you were young. Why you making trouble with her?"

Vanessa Foley echoed, "That's right, Cierra. Mom was so angry that I took out the letter to drive you

out. But as soon as you left, I regretted it. I called you, but you didn't answer. You didn't even give me a chance to explain."

As she spoke, her voice was tinged with a hint of choking, and the meaning in her words expressed all of Cierra Boyle's lack of filial piety.

She continued, "The dinner tonight wasn't intentionally kept a secret from you. Your dad and I just wanted to surprise you, that's why we didn't tell you in advance that it was a formal dinner. You're also the daughter we raised, and we're so happy that you found your family after all these years."

It was as if she was a loving mother who loved her daughter dearly.

Cierra Boyle smiled. There wasn't even a hint of mockery in his eyes, just a faint smile.

Coby Barton, who was next to her, frowned and seemed to want to step forward, but he was stopped by Cierra Boyle.

“Coby, I can handle this.”

She whispered to Coby Barton, giving him a determined look.

The latter obediently withdrew his gaze and stopped moving. However, he had a sullen look on his face, as if a war g*d was guarding the little girl beside him from behind./

Cierra Boyle raised his eyes again and took out something from her handbag. At the same time, her cool words spilled out.

“Vanessa Foley, don’t make yourself sound so pitiful. It sounds like I’m conscienceless.”

“Exactly, you’re indeed conscienceless.” Vanessa Foley thought in mind.

But she didn’t show it on her face, speaking gently, “It’s my fault for making you angry last time. But Cierra, you should know that even if you find your biological parents, the Boyle family will always be your home.”

Unfortunately, Cierra Boyle didn’t give her any face and mercilessly exposed her. “Mrs. Boyle, don’t say such disgusting words. You don’t feel nauseous when you say it, but it makes me sick.”

Vanessa Foley was stunned.

The people around her also looked at her in surprise.

As for Cierra Boyle, she still had that faint smile on her face, which even looking at her seems pleasing to the eyes. One could hardly remember that they had been arguing just now.

She took out the letter from her bag and took it out in front of everyone

and unfolded it.

“This is the letter you gave me when you drove me away last time, I remember it clearly that you pulled it out on the spot, it wasn’t written on site. You’ve been prepared to drive me away for a long time. Why are you putting on an act now?”

“And Uncle Brian, you said that you were not here, so this letter is invalid. But isn’t the Boyle family seal on it affixed by you? Even if it hasn’t been notarized, it’s legally effective. Moreover, there were many people present at Ms. Boyle’s birthday party, and so many people witnessed it. It’s not really appropriate for you to say it’s invalid with just one sentence now.”

“Speaking of which you want to backtrack, I already knelt that night. Are you going to kneel me back tonight?”

She spoke with a smile, and the crowd burst into laughter.

Jiang Yu'an also smiled and met Vanessa Foley's eyes full of resentment.

If they want to say she's unfilial, she would accept it. Anyway, they were going to slander her.

When she behaved submissively, they criticized her for being a pushover. But when she stood up for herself, they accused her of being heartless.

Why didn't she be a villain and live a comfortable life?

The crowd roared with laughter. Brian Boyle was unable to maintain his composure.

He cleared his throat and spoke with a rough voice, "Cierra, although Mom and Dad were wrong, you shouldn't be so aggressive. We're a family, why hold grudges? Do your parents have to kneel down and apologize to you before you come back?"

If they really had to knelt down, he didn't believe that Cierra Boyle could withstand it!

However, the reality is different from what they think.

"Are you really want me to go back to the Boyle family?"

Cierra Boyle's words were filled with astonishment, but her reaction is still natural and elegant.

"Well then, why don't you kneel down first."

Chapter 93 Right of Inheritance

Vanessa Foley and Brian Boyle's faces darkened.

Obviously, they would not knelt to Cierra Boyle. However, they did not expect her to be so straightforward. For a moment, they were stiff in place, not knowing what to say.

Unfortunately, there was no one to speak up for them and defuse the situation, only those who enjoyed watching the drama followed speaking.

"I remember that on the day of Ms. Boyle's birthday party, after Mrs. Boyle gave the letter, Cierra Boyle sincerely knelt. At that time, Ms. Boyle even said that she is going to hire someone to insult Cierra. If it were me, I would have taken the letter and left without giving face to the Boyle family!"

"That's right. She's already thinking to hired someone to humiliate Cierra, who knows if it would even cause harm! They say that the kindness of raising someone is greater than heaven, but they treat their adopted daughter like this. If it weren't for Ms. Boyle having a little conscience and taking the letter while still kneeling, what else could there be in terms of kindness for raising someone?"

“That’s right. When they were trying to drive her away, I saw that Mrs. Boyle did not have a soft heart at all. Now that Ms. Boyle has found an amazing brother, the Boyle family start trying to invite guests and spread the word that she has another daughter. Do they think everyone is a fool?”

At first, the voices of discussion was not loud, but as they continued, they almost started to argue. It was almost sounds pointing fingers at Vanessa Foley and Jiang Botao to curse!

Even Cierra Boyle was surprised.

She looked in the direction of the loudest voice and saw Lydia Navarro in a red dress.

It seems that Lydia Navarro noticed her gaze, she even smiled at her, revealing a bright and

beautiful smile.

Cierra Boyle also curved her lips and calmly withdrew her gaze.

Looking at the Boyle couple standing in front of her, their faces were so dark that they almost looked like they were going to spew ink.

Especially for Brian Boyle, since he got involved with the Trevino family, he had been complimented by others when discussing business outside. When did he ever hear such words?

Let alone being pointed and talked by a group of women!

If it weren’t for the difficult situation he was in, all Brian Boyle wanted to do was shake off the hand of the person next to him and leave without even giving her a glance.

It’s all this stup*d woman’s fault. What’s she up to? She said that celebrities value their reputation the most, but obviously it didn’t work at all.

“Idiot!” He judged her in mind.

Vanessa Foley also complained in her heart.

She had invited so many guests because she was sure that this little b*tch would not dare to say anything in front of so many people in order to protect her her movie star brother’s reputation. Who knew she would really dare to speak up, and even aggressively demand that they knelt down.

Even if the Boyle family didn’t treat her well, they were still her elders. Even if she couldn’t call them dad and mom, she had been calling them uncle and aunt for so many years, how could she take things to such an extreme?!

“Cierra, are you insisting that I kneel down to apologize to you before you’re willing to let this matter go?” Vanessa Foley said.

Vanessa Foley didn’t want to knelt to Cierra Boyle,

nor did she want to be in such a passive state, so she immediately became aggrieved, with tears welling up in her eyes.

Of course, she didn’t have the ability to shed tears as Aleah Boyle did. She was just so angry that her eyes turned red.

Andy raised her eyebrows but remained silent.

But the expression on her face seemed to have said something for her. It was as if she was saying, “If you want to kneel, then kneel. Why waste so much breath?”

Vanessa Foley gritted her teeth and said, “Fine, then I’ll apologize to you today. I want to make it clear that I sincerely want to take you back to the Boyle family, not because you now have a distinguished brother!”

As she spoke, she made a move as if she was going to kneel down to apologize to Cierra Boyle.

“Wait a minute, Mrs. Boyle.”

Cierra Boyle suddenly interrupted her action.

A hint of viciousness and hidden pleasure flashed across Vanessa Foley’s eyes.

She knew that this little b*tch would not dare to really let her to kneel down with so many people watching. If she, as her stepmother, really kneel down to her, and the news was reported tomorrow, she would be cursed by millions of people!

Unfortunately, the next second, as soon as the words came out of Cierra Boyle’s mouth, the smirk

in her eyes froze completely.

“Mrs. Boyle, as I said before, don’t keep calling yourself ‘mom’,” said Cierra Boyle with a gentle

smile.

She held Coby Barton’s arm lazily, looked even more noble after dressing up than before when she had thick bangs at the Boyle family, as if she was born as a wealthy and pampered heiress.

The contrast between Vanessa Foley's low posture and Cierra Boyle's bright and beautiful appearance is even more striking.

She was still smiling, "When Ms. Boyle came back, I was fourteen years old. You drove me to eat and live with the servants of the Boyle family and asked me to call you uncle and aunt. Now ten years have passed, I can't stand it when you call yourselves mom and dad, and I guess you're not used to it either. Also, if you really want to kneel, then hurry up, no need to waste time talking so much."

After a pause, she looked at Vanessa Foley's pale face and added,

"Of course, my brother asked me to be a grateful person, so I won't make things difficult for you. When I left, I knelt to you. If you want me to come back, just kneel once, so that you won't say that I don't respect you as an elder."

Vanessa Foley gritted her teeth in anger.

She even talked about respecting her as an elder! She was forced to kneel and apologize, what respect was she talking about?

"I never knew this little b*tch could scheme so much with her mouth before. I really underestimated her!"

At this moment, she ignored the guests around her and glared at Cierra Boyle with resentment straightly away.

Despite this, Cierra Boyle was not angry, she even made a gesture with her hand as if to say "go ahead".

Vanessa Foley felt like pretending to faint and getting it over with.

She was so angry that her head ached. The nerves in her head were throbbing, and she looked at Cierra Boyle incredulously while holding her forehead.

Cierra Boyle's face was full of innocence and said, "Mrs. Boyle, why are you looking at me like that?"

If you really don't want me to come back, then my brother and I can leave now. You just need to say something. If you continue like this, I'm afraid that you will blame me if you faint later."

Once she said that, it directly blocked Vanessa Foley's attempt to feign unconsciousness.

The onlookers around had already begun to mock with disdainful eyes.

The Boyle couple really know how to put on a show. As soon as their biological daughter came back, they made their foster daughter change her address and even eat and live together with the

servants.

If they don't want to continue raising this daughter, they could have just let her go. But instead, they are trying to maintain a good reputation by keeping her here and making the poor girl suffer.

That's fine, if they don't want to continue raising this girl, then so be it. It's even not a big deal to raise the girl and the servant together. But don't claim that she's their adopted daughter to the outside world and still refer to themselves as her parents. It's embarrassing!

Someone has already speculated that it was because Ernest Trevino liked Cierra Boyle that the Boyle family acted in such a manner.

The bullying towards Cierra Boyle in the past was because she was young and didn't dare to speak out about her grievances. To outsiders, she was their adopted daughter, but inside the family, she was treated like a servant.

Those dirty little tricks were exposed in front of the crowd, and Vanessa Foley only felt that her head was buzzing.

She looked up and saw a man in a suit walking in slowly into the villa. Her heart was in her mouth.

It didn't matter what outsiders said. When they need help, they will come to them with lowered

heads.

But it's different with Draven Trevino. If he really believed the little bitch and didn't want to marry Aleah, who will come to the Boyle family ask for help in the future?

She denied it vehemently and insisted that she had never done it before, "Cierra, how could you have become like this? You used to be so well-behaved. Why are you saying such things now? When did we ever let you eat and live together with the servants? Your room is still there!"

Cierra Boyle had already guessed that she would say that, so she didn't bother to say anything more

to her.

“Let’s not talk about this for now. please fulfill your promise first.”

After a pause, she added,

“By the way, Mrs. Boyle, if you decide to let me go back to the Boyle family, does that mean I also have the inheritance rights of the family? I’m not greedy, I don’t expect to be treated the same as my sister Aleah. Can you tell me how much you can offer me?”

Chapter 94 Cierra Boyle, You’re Going Too Far!

Cierra Boyle knew very well why Vanessa Foley had taken out the letter so decisively when she was

kicked out.

“In essence, it was because she was afraid of leaving any loose ends. The adopted daughter might cause trouble again using this identity and take away some of their family property.

It was obvious that she is extremely greedy, but she thinks everyone is just as bad as she is.

They didn’t want to adopt her, but they insisted on keeping her with the Boyle family to maintain a good reputation.

It was boring when someone turns into such a villain.” She mocked in her mind.

She looked at her supposed foster parents in front of her, and couldn’t even remember what they looked like when Aleah Boyle was not around, and how they treated her then.

Perhaps there was also some love, or perhaps it was because they wanted to stabilize the marriage with the Trevino family, they would occasionally send her to be a well-behaved little granddaughter next to Ernest Trevino.

She couldn’t remember, nor was she willing to think about it again.

At this moment, she could only see the couple’s dark and gloomy faces, as well as the pair of eyes that suddenly became sharp and alert when they heard her mention inheritance rights.

They had already cursed out Cierra Boyle in their hearts.

If there weren’t so many people around watching, the two of them would have attacked Cierra

Boyle.

But no matter how deep their forbearance is, there will still be some clues that will show.

For example, Vanessa Foley's gaze towards Cierra Boyle was full of malice and unable to conceal it.

Cierra Boyle wasn't afraid at all. She only laughed and said, "Why do you look at me with such eyes, Mrs. Boyle? Or is it that you are not really sincere about wanting me to come back? Is it just because you see that I have found my biological brother and that it would help your own daughter's career by gaining this relationship, that you went through so much trouble to invite many guests and try to get me back?"

Her smiling voice was gentle and unhurried.

And it was precisely this calmness that became the last straw that broke the camel's back for Vanessa Foley.

"Fine, fine!"

Vanessa Foley said "fine" twice, staring at Cierra Boyle with gritted teeth, furious.

But even at this point, she still didn't tear her face apart, maintaining that pretense, "Since you insist on me kneeling, I will kneel!"

She chose to ignore the issue of inheritance, focusing instead on the act of kneeling.

Cierra Boyle raised her eyebrows slightly.

She did not want to return to the Boyle family for real, but she did not think that Vanessa Foley would really kneel down to her, so she didn't hurry to speak up.

The guests around were also waiting to see if Vanessa Foley would kneel or not.

Just as she reluctantly took a step towards Cierra Boyle, the deadlock was interrupted by a male

voice from behind.

"What are you guys doing?"

With his tall stature, Draven Trevino didn't need to squeeze in, as people around him had already made a small path for him.

As he stood there, the atmosphere immediately became a little different.

The group of people who were looking at Vanessa Foley mockingly just now also became restrained,

especially when they saw the pitiful appearance of Aleah Boyle, the daughter of the Boyle family, following behind Draven Trevino.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyle may not doing things right, but they can't deny the fact that their daughter has the ability to capture the heart of the president of the Trevino Group in the New York City. Even if others can't stand it, they have to endure it!

When Vanessa Foley saw Draven Trevino and Aleah Boyle appear together, her eyes lit up with joy.

She immediately straightened her back and looked at the two of them with tears in her both are back, I'm sorry for making a fool of myself."

eyes,

"You

"Mom, what's going on?"

Aleah Boyle went over to support her. The mother and daughter clung to each other, crying and asking, as if someone had bullied them.

Draven Trevino didn't follow her. He just stood aside and subconsciously looked at Cierra Boyle, who was about two people away, with a clear inquiry in his eyes.

He was standing far away just now, and could only see that there was a dispute happening here, but couldn't hear clearly what was happening.

But no matter what, the main character involved in it is undoubtedly Cierra Boyle.

Cierra Boyle didn't avoid his gaze, she maintaining a smile on her pretty face all along.

When she saw Vanessa Foley crying bitterly with Aleah Boyle in her arms, she had already guessed what they were going to do next. So, even before Vanessa Foley wiped away her tears and looked up, she spoke up ahead of them.

"It's not a big deal. It's just that Mrs. Boyle wants me to go back to the Boyle family. I said I would, I also asked how much property the family is willing to give me. Who knows that Mrs. Boyle seemed a bit unwilling to give me."

She brought up what Vanessa Foley had intentionally ignored.

"You are talking nonsense! It was clearly you who forced me to kneel down and apologize to you. You said if I didn't kneel to you, you wouldn't come back. You..."
Vanessa Foley's voice was sharp

and loud.

Now that Draven Trevino was here, she didn't care about her reputation anymore, starting to make herself seem helpless and pitiful.

Her tearful appearance at the moment made Cierra Boyle appear even more aggressive.

However, Cierra Boyle's expression remained unchanged, "So, does that mean Mrs. Boyle is willing to give me some of the family property?"

Vanessa Foley choked up.

Andy continued, "And about kneeling, I thought it was a serious part of tonight's grand ceremony and didn't realize you were uncomfortable with it. As your junior, how could I possibly force you to

do that?"

Her words made Vanessa Foley so angry that she almost spit blood!

Aleah Boyle gnashed her teeth in anger as well.

"A little sl*t like her dares to ask for a share of the family property? What a joke!" She thought to

herself.

"Sis, why do you keep talking about the family property all the time? Isn't the most important thing for our parents to organize this dinner is to bring our family together and have a happy time?"

She looked at Cierra Boyle with a puzzled and innocent expression.

With just a few words, she positioned herself as the weaker one, while the overbearing Cierra Boyle

was naturally dragged into a moral quagmire.

Take a look, the Boyle family has raised you up, and you don't even know to be grateful. Now that

the Boyle family wants you to come back and be a part of their family, all you can talk about is property. Have you no shame?

At that moment, the guests who had previously disdained the Boyle couple looked back at Cierra Boyle with some disapproval in their eyes.

"Family."

Cierra Boyle only smiled, her cold gaze fixed on them,

"Aleah Boyle, don't you feel sick when you say the word 'family'?"

Her voice was cold, but somehow, yet it carried a hint of unwillingness in its questioning.

Everyone's eyes were fixed on Cierra Boyle.

The evening gown swayed slightly in the wind, and the hair on her temples danced along with it. Her black eyes were filled with complex emotions, making her seem fragile and vulnerable.

Johnson didn't dare to look straight into her eyes, "Sis, what are you talking about? If you're still angry with me because of what happened last time, then I apologize to you."

Her voice was choked with s*bs, her face showing grievances and her eyes turning red.

"I didn't do it on purpose at that time. It was just a sudden illness that I couldn't control myself... If you hate our parents because of this, I'll kneel down and apologize to you!"

As she spoke, she really rushed towards Cierra Boyle.

But before he could kneel down, someone stopped her.

Draven Trevino intervened and held onto Aleah Boyle's arm, looking at Cierra Boyle coldly.

"Cierra Boyle, you've gone too far."

Chapter 95 Getting Even

As soon as Draven Trevino finished speaking, Aleah Boyle went limp and fell into his arms as if she had sprained her ankle or lost all her bones.

Cierra Boyle raised her eyebrow.

Many people looked at Cierra because of this scene.

As the news of Mrs. Trevino's extramarital affair had recently spread online, most people present were aware that Draven Trevino and this wife designated by Ernest Trevino were still not divorced.

Even though the marriage between Mr. and Mrs. Trevino had long been over, and it was well-known that Draven Trevino was going to marry Aleah Boyle, as long as the formalities were not completed, the nature of the relationship was still different.

Many people present couldn't bear to watch this scene. Behaving like this in front of someone's current wife, it is not too much to say she is the third wheel.

Moreover, it was you, Aleah Boyle, who exposed Mrs. Trevino's affair to the media. Now that the couple hasn't divorced yet, isn't it fair to say that you are the third party entangled with the man?

“Aleah, get up.” Draven Trevino said with no emotion.

Under the watchful gaze of the onlookers, Draven Trevino’s expression remained unchanged.

Aleah Boyle did not dare to play more tricks, “Sorry, Draven, the dress is too long...” said Aleah Boyle, standing up straight with the hem of her dress in her hands, looking guilty.

As with those people, the gaze of Draven Trevino was directed towards Cierra Boyle, not looking at Aleah Boyle anymore.

Aleah Boyle’s voice stopped abruptly. She followed Draven Trevino’s gaze to look over, a hint of viciousness appearing in her eyes.

To everyone’s disappointment, there was no trace of displeasure on Cierra Boyle’s face.

Like the majority of the crowd, she watched the scene in front of her with interest.

As she finally noticed the stares from the crowd, she exclaimed in surprise, “What are you all looking at me for? She hasn’t even knelt down yet, not to mention how much property I deserved.

How can I continue with this show?”

Her playful tone elicited laughter from the crowd.

However, some people couldn’t laugh.

As Draven Trevino’s gaze became dark, he stared at her for a long time before speaking, “Cierra, why do you have to be so aggressive? Last time, it was understandable that you were upset with

what happened and didn’t want to go back to the Boyle family. You could have just talked it out. Did you really have to create an uncomfortable atmosphere for everyone here?”

His tone became almost stern towards the end.

“Mr. Trevino, what are you talking about? What do you mean by saying that everyone is uncomfortable? I feel pretty comfortable in my heart,”

Cierra Boyle widened her eyes and replied innocently, her words leaving Draven Trevino at a loss

for words for a moment,

“And I think most of the guests here should be quite comfortable, with food, drinks, and a good show to watch. I have to say that Ms. Boyle’s acting skills are really good, worthy of her profession.”

She smiled and added, winking provocatively at Aleah Boyle.

Aleah Boyle gritted her teeth so hard that they were about to break.

She wiped away her tears and wailed, “What do you mean, sister? Are you saying that holding this banquet for you tonight was a mistake?”

We made such a big effort because we value you, don’t we? Do you really have to hate me and our parents just because the mistake I made in the past? Don’t forget, you were also raised by our parents!”

Her fierce words, coupled with Aleah Boyle’s resentful expression, made it seem as if Cierra Boyle

was a total villain.

She could almost imagine how much criticism she and Coby Barton would receive if the current scene of confrontation were posted online.

She gave a smile, with a hint of mockery in her eyes.

“You clearly wish I would just drop dead right now, yet you insist on calling me ‘sister’ so sweetly. Your acting skills are deserving my praising.”

Cierra Boyle asked rhetorically in disbelief.

Probably because her words were too straightforward, or because the gaze was too sharp, tearing apart the dark thoughts in Aleah Boyle’s heart. For a moment, she even forgot to cry and just stared at her blankly.

Unaware of the expression on the woman behind him, Draven Trevino only felt that Cierra Boyle was a bit too extreme.

He couldn’t help but frown and took a step forward.

But before he could say anything, he was stopped by Coby Barton.

“Mr. Trevino, although I had no intention of interfering in my sister’s past family affairs, don’t think that she has no one to rely on. As her husband, you have already helped outsiders once or twice. I don’t ask you to protect my sister, but I hope you won’t interfere too much.”

“It’s okay, Coby. Anyway, I’ve signed the divorce agreement with Mr. Trevino. It doesn’t matter to me who he wants to protect.”

Cierra Boyle tugged on Coby Barton's sleeve and comforted him in a gentle voice, without even looking at Draven Trevino,

"Anyway, this matter will soon come to an end."

Draven Trevino glanced at her face, but couldn't discern anything.

She maintained a smile throughout, and her delicate makeup seemed to put on a mask for her, concealing any genuine expression.

Cierra Boyle didn't pay attention to his gaze of measuring.

She turned her head and looked at the three members of the Boyle family opposite, her smile deepened, "You have been hypocritical to me for so long, it must be hard work."

"Cierra..." Vanessa Foley still wants to explain.

"Mrs. Boyle, save it. Let me finish first."

Vanessa Foley was still trying to save the situation. Unfortunately, before she could finish her words, she was interrupted by Cierra Boyle.

She spoke slowly, letting go of Coby Barton's hand, looking calm and composed,

"When my brother and I first arrived, we made it clear that we came to talk things out and settle accounts. I'm not interested in watching you all continue to put on an act, so don't pretend to be sad

anymore."

As she spoke, she opened her handbag again.

Suddenly everyone fell silent, and all eyes were on them.

Cierra Boyle took out two items from her bag.

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One is the relationship severance letters that everyone has seen and familiar with, with signatures and fingerprints.

The other was a debit card.

"The total amount in this card is eight million. It's an undeniable fact that you have raised me for the first fourteen years of my life, which cannot be erased. According to the annual allowance of 30

thousand dollars, the total amount for fourteen years is 4.2 million. My brother suggested rounding it up to five million for the sake of simplicity.

The other three million dollars were used to buy the birthday gift that Ernest had given me over the

years.

Although it's true that I have had the privilege of experiencing a certain lifestyle due to your identity, after you returned, Ernest also prepared gifts for you, so nominally speaking, I think the ownership of those things still belongs to me. I hope Ms. Boyle will return those things to me, and this 3 million can be regarded as compensation."

Her words were impartial, and even self-deprecating, as if she was speaking up for the Boyle

family.

She had put herself in a position of being unfilial and unrighteous, just to clarify things and get back the things that Ernest gave her.

If there was anything that compelled her to come back after everything in New York was settled, it would probably be to come back every year on Ernest's death anniversary and put a bouquet of flowers on his grave.

Vanessa Foley and the rest did not expect that Cierra Boyle came here today is to say these words, they felt both angry and suffocated in hearts.

However, Vanessa Foley quickly realized that those words were in their favor, and she immediately took the moral high ground.

"Cierra, you said that you couldn't erase the fact that we raised you, but now you're just using money to repay us for our kindness? Earlier when we hoped for you to come back, you couldn't stop talking about money. Our family never educated you in such a way!"

Cierra Boyle looked up, and the smile on her face suddenly disappeared.

"Mrs. Boyle I already put it properly. Do you really need me to explain everything in detail for you? Don't you know what the Boyle family has done to me? Why do I only account for the first fourteen years? Don't you know?"

Chapter 96 Full of Scars

An unnatural look flashed across Vanessa Foley's face for a moment, but she quickly recovered.

She denied it firmly, "What's wrong with the Boyle family? After you turned 14, besides letting you to give the room to Aleah, where have we wronged you? You were raised by the Boyle family, and now you're an ungrateful person!"

She roared at Cierra Boyle and finally revealed her true face.

Aleah Boyle chimed in, "That's right, sis. When I came back at the age of 14, Mom and Dad said that I was their biological daughter and asked you to give me your room, which you also agreed to do. Except for moving you to a smaller room to live in, isn't our life the same? We ate, wear, lived, and went to school together. What did our parents do wrong?"

She and Vanessa Foley insisted on this set of words.

Anyway, so many years have passed, there is no evidence, who can prove that they abused Cierra Boyle back then?

Back then, those old servants all went back to their hometown to take care of their grandchildren. Even if they were still here, she doesn't believe they would speak up for Cierra Boyle!

Not only did she refuse to admit it, but she also asked Draven Trevino to join her.

"Draven, you often come to my house to hang out with us. You know how we treat Cierra. Wasn't she always with us?"

Hearing this, Draven Trevino turned to look at Cierra Boyle.

She hid all her emotions and stood quietly in the middle of the crowd, with her back straight, facing

all the comments.

He didn't forget about the past; many images flashed through his mind.

From before Aleah Boyle came back, she used to smile brightly every day, to the time after she turned 14 years old and started dressing conservatively, sitting quietly on the sofa with her head

down.

Her black eyes were always hidden behind her thick bangs, making it impossible to see any

radiance from her.

Later on, he felt that Jiang Cierra Boyle was becoming more and more boring. Like a walking corpse, doing whatever the elders asked her to do.

When Ernest asked her to get married, she obeyed. He hated her because of that and even did not

want to talk to her.

But what if she agreed to get married for other reasons?

“Draven?”

Seeing that he was staring at Cierra in a daze, Aleah called him again.

Hearing this, Cierra also turned and watched at Draven.

Under everyone’s gaze, he remained silent.

After a while, he said slowly, “I don’t live in the Boyle family all the time. I don’t know what exactly happened.”

Aleah was stunned.

She didn’t expect Draven to say that. This was what she had said in his office this morning. How could he... How could he speak up for that b*tch?

A trace of astonishment flashed across Cierra’s face.

She was a little surprised that he echoed with Aleah’s words. It was really strange.

As for what Draven said, it did not surprise her that much.

“I don’t live with the Boyle family all the time, so I don’t know much about this. But when I visited, I didn’t notice Cierra being treated unfairly.”

The implication was that the Boyle family treated their biological daughter and adopted daughter

equally.

Of course, the premise was that there were outsiders around.

As for how did the Boyle family treat their adopted daughter most of the time when there is no

outsider around, it was still controversial.

However, it was obvious that Aleah had already taken his words as the evidence.

“Everyone, you’ve heard it. Mr. Trevino said that the Boyle family has never mistreated her. He grew up with me and he is the business partner of yours. His words should be trustworthy, right?”

On the other hand, other than saying that we’ve mistreated her, does Miss Cierra Boyle have any

evidence?”

“Of course I have.”

Her calm voice covered Aleah’s sharp voice, making others feel more comfortable.

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Aleah shut up and stopped pretending they were close sisters.

She sneered. “Well, if you have evidence, show it!”

She didn’t believe that Cierra had any evidence.

There was no witness, let alone physical evidence.

She thought: “She couldn’t possibly take off her clothes and reveal the wounds I made when I hit her, could she?”

She knew what she was doing when she hit Cierra. She deliberately chose the places where no one could see her wounds to hit. She didn’t believe that Cierra could take off her clothes in front of

everyone!

While she was thinking, Cierra took a step forward and unzipped her gown.

Aleah’s eyes widened.

When Draven saw her unzipping her gown, his heart tightened and he couldn’t help stepping forward to her.

However, he was stopped by Coby,

Coby’s expression was indifferent, and his eyes were cold. “Mr. Trevino, you seem to have forgotten what I said.”

Draven’s face darkened as well. “Look at what she’s doing!”

She was going to take off her clothes in front of so many people!

Coby stood still in front of Draven and said, "Cierra knows what she's doing."

As soon as he finished speaking, Cierra's gown fell to the ground.

Draven looked at Cierra darkly.

He found that the dress was still on her body. It just lessened a few wrinkled layers of cloth, which

reduced some sense of design.

It became a new gown, which was simple and elegant on her slender body. The hollow design added a bit of charm and beauty to Cierra.

Without those wounds, it would be more perfect.

All the guests present thought so.

They also sighed with emotion that how come the flamboyant beauty in front of them was covered

with scars.

There were knife scars, burns, and so much more.

One uneven scar after another, and there were bruises, which were probably from being pinched. All those scars left incurable marks on her body.

By checking the scars, it was not hard to tell that those scars were old. No one knew how many years they had been there.

Moreover, they were all on her back, which couldn't be self-harmed.

Many of the guests here had their own children. When they thought about how children in their teens had been abused like this, they couldn't bear to watch any longer and turned their heads away with tearful eyes.

There was dead silence in the room.

The deadlock was broken by Coby.

He took off his suit and put it on Cierra. He glanced at Aleah coldly and said, "Ms. Boyle, are you satisfied with Cierra's evidence?"

Aleah opened her mouth but couldn't make a sound.

She was speechless and she could only look at Draven.

She did not care about everything around her anymore. Now, there was only one thought in her mind. If Draven knew this, he wouldn't want to marry her, would he?

But Draven didn't even give her a look.

He had been staring at Cierra all the time, not even blinking.

"No wonder she reacted so strongly when I said those words this morning." He thought.

Ugly body? Haha, it was some people's hearts that were ugly.

It was him who was blind that had never discovered her pain. He even only felt that she was getting timider day by day. He thought she only dared to lower her head and listen to the others, and she completely lost herself.

But who would dare to raise their head and let themselves live in the sun when they were scolded and beaten all day long?

He blinked, and his eyes welled up with tears.

He wanted to walk over to Cierra, but Coby's clothe was already put on her, and he was always

standing beside her to protect her.

What could he do now?

Draven, I really didn't do it on purpose. You know how serious my illness was in the past. I didn't know what I was doing at all."

As Draven looked at Cierra, Aleah suddenly burst into tears and shouted.

But it didn't work anymore. Draven just looked at her coldly and avoided her touch.

Aleah's hand was suspended in the air.

Chapter 97 Stolen Life

Draven took a step back to put some distance between him and Aleah.

He lowered his eyes, which were as dark as a deep pool.

"You always said that it was because of your illness. When Cierra married me, you committed suicide because of your illness, so I sent her abroad. When she came back, you hired a bas*ard to insult her, and you said it was because of your condition, again! And last time, about the surveillance video, you begged for forgiveness with your illness."

Aleah never changed!

“Just because you’re sick, everyone around you has to listen to you and bear what they shouldn’t bear?”

Everything that had happened came out of Draven’s mouth, which made Aleah’s face turn pale.

It could be anyone else to blame her, but why did it have to be Draven?

“He must be very disappointed in me. Would I still be able to marry into the Trevino family?” She thought.

Aleah’s heart was filled with worry, and her hatred for Cierra grew even stronger!

It had been so many years. Why did she come here to talk about these things?

“It was Cierra who had occupied my identity and taken away my life. She deserved it. What right did she have to show off her misery?”

“I was the most pitiful one. Why was everyone criticizing me now?” Aleah thought.

But now was not the time to question Cierra. Aleah just wanted to try her best to restore her impression in Draven’s heart.

“But Draven, I really couldn’t control myself. I don’t know what happened to me at that time. You’ve read my diagnosis. And so many years have passed...”

“Yes, so many years have passed.”

Draven interrupted her coldly, his eyes full of disappointment and sarcasm.

“So many years passed, now you can pretend that nothing has happened?”

He looked at the crying woman in front of him. She still seemed pure and innocent, but he could no –longer see her as the same person as the little girl who used to secretly bring him cakes.

Was it just because of his three-year marriage with Cierra that made her end up like this?

But now the evidence shows that she had been a person who took pleasure in punishing others a

long time ago.

He could even guess what Aleah was going to say. "It had been so many years, why were they still caring about it and bringing up the past?"

However, time did not erase the scars on Cierra's body. Why couldn't she pursue the justice?

Even if the scars were cured, could she just pretend that nothing had happened?

It was Aleah's miscalculation. She didn't expect that there were still scars on Cierra's body,

Perhaps Aleah had thought about it before. Merely, she had not expected Cierra to be so bold as to take off her clothes in front of so many people.

And this perhaps was the truth.

Aleah didn't think that she was wrong. She looked at Cierra with tears in her eyes and suddenly became hysterical.

"You're very proud now, aren't you? You destroyed me in front of everyone. Are you happy now?"

Cierra stood still.

She looked at the crazy woman in front of her in silence, feeling pitiful for her.

As the old saying goes, the utterly detestable people may have their sufferings..

Cierra sighed slightly and said, "In the past, I only thought that you just pretended to be in bipolar disorder. I thought you got the diagnosis to pretend to be pitiful. Now it seems that you are really a

psy cho."

"Aleah, it's not me who ruined you, it's you."

However, Aleah smiled.

Since things had come to this point, what else could she care about?

What was there for her to be afraid of when even Draven was criticizing her?

She said to Cierra ferociously, "Stop pretending to be a victim. I'm the victim! If you hadn't stolen

my life, would you have had the chance to meet Mr. Ernest? You even stole my marriage with Draven. You're a thief, a thief who stole my life. What right do you have to preach at me?"

Cierra suddenly lost her voice.

It had always been a thorn in her heart that the Boyle family had wrongly raised her. She could say all the other grievances, but she could not refute this matter.

Her thin figure under the suit trembled slightly, which was noticed by Coby next to her.

Coby suddenly reached out, put his long arm around her back, and patted her gently.

He raised his eyes and looked into Aleah's eyes, who was in a state of emotional breakdown. His

tone was cold.

"Ms. Boyle, please think before you speak. If you haven't been educated, you can go back and study again to understand what stealing means. It's stealing if she deliberately changes the identity with you to be the daughter of a rich family."

"But the truth is that Cierra was accidentally lost and was carried by the Boyle family. If she did not be taken away by the Boyle family, she would have been the youngest and only daughter in my family. Not only me, but the other brothers will love and care for her. She will have the love of her biological parents, uncles and aunts, and the company of her friends of the same age.

"

"She can learn all the things that she's interested in, and she can travel all over the world. She would not be treated as a servant by the Boyle family and become your servant who can be punished and suppressed at will, nor can she be used by your family to gain fame and please the elders of the Trevino family!"

"Your family couldn't take good care of your own daughter and lost her as soon as she was born. Instead of self-examination, you put all the blame on Cierra. You are bullying her because she used to have no one to rely on. You really think that she can be manipulated by you, don't you?"

Coby's sharp words etched on everyone's hearts.

Furthermore, what he said was reasonable. The Boyle family's daughter has been left out and she was indeed pitiful. However, what right did she have to blame Cierra for stealing her life?

If it wasn't an accident, who would be willing to live the wrong life?

If Aleah was the precious daughter of the Boyle family, wasn't Cierra the apple of her parents' eye?

How could the Boyle family humiliate Cierra like this just because they raised her?

They just abused Cierra because she had no one to rely on.

However, Aleah didn't care about it. She only knew that she had suffered a lot over the years. "So what? It can't be denied that she took my life. Besides, you said that my parents lost me accidentally and it was their fault. Isn't your family careless to lose Cierra too? She deserves it. She deserves it!"

This kind of sophistry really made Coby laugh with anger.

It wasn't just Coby, the surrounding onlookers couldn't help but shake their heads and sigh as well, and their gazes towards Cierra carried a bit more sympathy.

At first, they were a little suspicious of who had left the scars on Cierra's body, but now they were

sure that it was Aleah!

In the midst of the crowd's sighs, some inappropriate soft tut-tuts were heard.

Looked for the sound, they could only see a sneer on William's face.

"I thought that the word 'steal' had already revealed the ignorance of Ms. Boyle, but now it seems that this is not the most horrible thing. The most horrible thing is Ms. Boyle's thought. You really need to ask for medical assistance."

As he spoke, he knocked himself on the head, full of sarcasm.

Obviously, he was sure that there was something wrong with Aleah's brain.

His tone made the atmosphere at the scene much more relaxed, but it also made Aleah full of

hatred.

She glared fiercely at Cierra, her entire body trembling with anger.

All of a sudden, she rushed towards Cierra madly, holding a knife in her hand,

The crowd were all startled by the sudden appearance of the knife.

Chapter 98 Crime of Intentional Injury

Aleah's movements were so fast that it caught everyone off guard.

It wasn't just Cierra who could not react in time. Even Coby, who was closest to her, didn't react in time. He subconsciously pulled Cierra away.

Even though his movements were swift, the blade still swept past his arm and left a wound.

The guests screamed and retreated one after another.

Some people stepped forward against the crowd. When Aleah raised her knife again and wanted to stab Cierra again, Draven and William Barton stood up at the same time and tried to stop her. A

Draven was closer and grabbed Aleah's wrist before William could make a movement,

"Aleah, calm down!" Draven said sternly.

However, when people went crazy, they couldn't control themselves at all. In the chaos, the knife cut through Draven's palm.

The blood was spreading. At the same time, Aleah stopped and looked at his hand in disbelief.

With a crash, the knife fell from Aleah's hand, and the chaos instantly quieted down.

Coby, who was tightly protecting Cierra, also relaxed and loosened Cierra a little.

William came over and asked worriedly, "Are you all right?"

Cierra shook her head.

Before she could react, she was pressed down in Coby's arms, and all she could hear was screams. Only then did she manage to stand firmly.

When she saw the scar on Coby's arm clearly, she tensed up.

"Coby, you..."

The gushing blood quickly dyed Coby Barton's white shirt red. The blood fell through the gaps between his fingers and slowly fell to the ground.

Cierra's eyes also seemed to be dyed red by this blood, wet in tears.

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

Coby was calmed and comforted her in a gentle voice.

In fact, he was fine. Although the knife was sharp, he dodged it and blocked Aleah's attack. In addition, the cloth was protecting him, so the cut was not deep.

It was just that the blood that flowed out had dyed his clothes red, so it looked rather ferocious and

terrifying.

However, in comparison, Draven was obviously more seriously injured.

He glanced at Draven and saw that his hand was also bleeding profusely, and the blood was even falling a little faster.

In contrast to the fact that no one asked about Draven, there were more and more people surrounding Coby and worried about him.

Coby laughed out loud. "Cierra, I'm really fine. I'll take care of it later. Don't worry, okay?"

Cierra's blank brain also reacted.

She grabbed William's arm with tearful eyes and said in a nasal voice, "William, take Coby to the hospital. I'll deal with the rest."

William Barton's expression was similarly unhappy.

From the fake affection of the Boyle family to Aleah's sophistry, there were a few times when he couldn't bear it and wanted to stand up for Cierra. However, they had agreed to let Cierra deal with it by herself, so he stood by and watched like Coby.

He didn't expect Aleah to be so out of control!

He said in an unfriendly tone, "You think I can leave you here alone?"

It was obvious that the knife was aimed at her, but it was blocked by Coby.

William knew that his tone was a little harsh. He rubbed his eyebrows and suddenly pulled out a person behind him.

He turned around and suppressed his emotions to ease his tone. "Ms. Navarro, can you please send Coby to the hospital and treat his wound?"

Before Lydia could come to her senses, she nodded and said, "Okay, I'll go now."

William heaved a sigh of relief and took out his car key. "Thank you."

"Boss, you're welcome. It's no trouble at all."

Lydia carefully took the car key from his palm. Her mind was full of the idea that she was going to the hospital with the famous actor.

"Amazing!" she thought.

It was something that she would never dare to dream of.

In the past, she had fantasized more than once about being in the same movie with him. Now, could it be considered as a kind of dream come true?

Although the reality was a little messy, it did not stop her from thinking about it.

Coby didn't pay much attention to Ms. Navarro. He just glanced at Cierra and said, "Then I'll leave first. Keep an eye on her. I'll leave the rest to you."

William nodded.

Coby turned around and said, "Ms. Navarro, let's go. I'll take you to the car."

The two of them left.

Many people left with them, not wanting to get involved in this farce anymore.

The other part of people was still watching, and some of them even said, "Mr. Trevino is also injured. Don't you need to bandage it?"

Heard this, Draven raised his eyes and looked at Cierra.

Unfortunately, Cierra didn't even look at him. She was still looking down at her palm hidden under the large suit.

Because she was in Coby's arms, she was fine, but her hands were stained with some blood.

-Coby's blood.

Cierra didn't look at Draven's wound, but Aleah, who was raising the knife, came to her senses.

Her dull pupils finally regained focus. When she saw the blood seeping out of Draven's palm, tears

rolled down her cheeks.

"Draven, I'm sorry... I'm sorry! I..."

She looked at the mess in front of her and her voice trembled.

"Hurry up and bandage it. I have a first-aid kit at home. I'll take you to bandage it!"

Vanessa Foley and Brian Boyle were also scared out of their wits. They stood rooted anxiously!

"We're screwed." They thought.

Hearing Aleah's voice, they came to their senses and quickly tried to remedy the situation.

"Draven, Aleah is right. Let her take you to bandage first. Oh my g*d, why are you bleeding so much? My G*d..."

Vanessa sighed with emotion and began to plan the next step in her heart.

But the most important thing now was to get Aleah away from the scene as soon as possible

As the main part of the accident, she'd better disappear from their sight so that they could deal with

the messy.

Before Draven could move, Aleah stepped forward and said, "Draven, let me take you to bandage your wound."

She didn't think too much like her mother. She just didn't want to see Draven lose so much blood. She felt sorry for him.

Unfortunately, before she could touch Draven, Cierra interrupted her.

"Aleah, you want to take this opportunity to leave after such a mess? I haven't settled the score for my brother's injury to his arm yet."

"Cierra, you're too selfish! You only know your brother. Didn't you see that Draven's hand was also injured?"

Aleah asked loudly.

These words almost made Cierra laugh out of anger.

She was selfish?

Could it be that she was the one who injured Draven?

It was ridiculous to blame her for this.

"His injury has nothing to do with me. All I know is that you hurt my brother on purpose. I've already called the police. I will hand over this to the law. You'd better pray that my brother is fine."

She turned around, grabbed William's clothes, and said in a low and hoarse voice.

"William, let's go out and wait. I don't want to stay here."

She was afraid that if she stayed here any longer, she would not be able to resist picking up the knife and stabbing it into Aleah.

If she was the one getting injured, she would let it go.

But the one who was injured was her brother, Coby.

She would not forgive Aleah.

She had no right to forgive her on behalf of Coby.

When she turned around, a burning gaze was fixed on her from behind.

Nothing to do with her?

So in her eyes, her husband's injury had nothing to do with her?

He looked down at his palm and sneered. Suddenly, he walked towards Cierra.

Chapter 99 Aleah Was Taken Away by the Police

“Draven?”

Aleah hurried to catch up with him.

She didn't care what Draven said about calling the police. She only regretted that the knife didn't stab her but hurt Draven.

“Mrs. Boyle, Mr. Boyle, you know that you have failed to educate a good daughter. Are you still going to be indifferent to this fact?”

When Draven heard Aleah, he paused for a moment, looked at Brian Boyle and Vanessa Foley, spoke coldly.

He didn't care whether they heard him or not and didn't stay any longer. Seeing that Cierra was about to leave the villa, he didn't dare to delay any longer and quickly chased after her.

Aleah still wanted to follow her, but she was stopped by Vanessa, who was extremely angry.

“Aleah, haven't you had enough tonight?”

She lowered her voice and said angrily.

Brian glared at Aleah, his heart was full of extreme disappointment.

He didn't want to see his wife and daughter anymore, so he turned to flatter the guests who hadn't left yet. "I'm really sorry that I didn't teach my daughter well and made a fool of myself in front of you. I'm afraid that today's banquet can't be held. If there's nothing else, please go back first. I'm afraid we have to deal with the mistakes of my daughter made and clean up her mess."

His words were quite polite, and these guests didn't mock him at present. They just sighed slightly

and intended to leave.

Brian sighed too, looking helpless.

But he didn't want to let them go just like that, so he added, "We didn't treat you well. Please forgive me. But you should know that what has been confirmed in the business has nothing to do with these personal grievances. I hope you will be careful with your words after you leave here. Next time, I'll treat everyone to a good drink!"

The people in the business world were all smart and could understand what Brian meant. They all smiled and left one after another with their families.

The meaning behind Brian's words was clear.

Such a bad thing had happened tonight, it naturally had a great impact on the reputation of the Boyle family. If it was spread out, their celebrity daughter would definitely not be able to stay in the hall of fame anymore.

But it was a matter of the upper class after all. As long as they didn't say anything, Aleah's position in the entertainment industry would definitely be preserved.

As for why they were willing to listen to Brian, it was obvious. Although the marriage with the Trevino family might be uncertain, after so many years, the interests of the Boyle family and the Trevino family had long been tied together. They had cooperated on many projects.

Every trade had been confirmed a long time ago. is it possible that Draven would rather lose money than expel the Boyle family?

Of course, it was impossible.

That was why Brian dared to speak in such a manner, telling these people to keep their mouths

shut.

The majority of the crowd felt injustice in their hearts. However, they also understood this principle. They knew what to say and what to not say.

What's more, it was the affair between the Boyle family and the Trevino Family after all.

It was none of their business.

Feeling sorry for Cierra? You'd better be kidding? If they had sympathy for her, how could they have gotten such a high position in this business world.

After the crowd left, only the Boyle family was left on the lawn of the villa.

Aleah recalled the scene at the dinner party and looked at the bloodstains on the ground. Only then

did she feel scared.

"Mom, what should I do now? If that b*tch really called the police, wouldn't my career be ruined?"

She looked at Vanessa anxiously.

Brian huffed coldly and roared, "You are afraid now? What were you thinking back then? You dare to stab Cierra in front of so many people? Are you losing your mind?"

It was one

thing to be ruthless in private, but how stup*d was she to raise the knife in front of so many people?

Thinking of that scene, Brian was really angry and scared.

How did he have such a stup*d daughter?

Aleah also felt wronged. Since she returned to the Boyle family, they had been obedient to her every day and had never scolded her..

Just thinking about it made her angry, so she spoke without thinking. "What right do you have to criticize me? If you're capable enough, why would I have to argue with Cierra? Also, our family's

business has been growing over the years. Isn't it all my credit? If it wasn't for me, would Draven have allowed you to participate in the project? You're lucky to have me as your good daughter. It's fine if you don't protect me, but how dare you scold me instead?"

Brian was furious and pointed at Aleah's nose. "You! How dare you!"

Vanessa tried to ease the atmosphere and shielded Aleah behind her.

“All right, all right. After being disturbed by an outsider, you and your daughter are going to have an internal strife now, aren’t you? The most important thing now is to think about what to do next.”

Brian flicked his sleeves and glared at Vanessa. “Look at your daughter!”

“My daughter?”

Vanessa’s anger rose too, and she pointed at Brian’s nose and cursed.

“Brian, tell me honestly, isn’t it because of Aleah that you can have such an achievement? If you don’t like my good daughter, you can coax Cierra, that little b*tch, back to raise her. She was so good at pleasing Ernest Trevino back then, why didn’t she bring you any benefits?”

“Also, how long has it been since Aleah entered the entertainment industry? Her income has already surpassed your old family. How dare you say that she is not good? Brian, didn’t you expand the Boyle family’s business to its current scale because Aleah begged Draven for help?”

“Now that something has gone wrong, you’re pointing at us and scolding us? Are you a man?!”

Vanessa didn’t let go of her words. Just as she was cursing, she suddenly heard the sound of police sirens coming from afar.

Regardless of the internal strife, the expressions of the three of them changed!

Cierra! She really called police! How dare she!

Aleah was the first to feel afraid. She grabbed Vanessa’s arm and said, “Mom, what should we do now? I don’t want to be taken away. I don’t want to go to jail.”

The crime of stabbing someone with a knife could be serious or easy to cover. It was hard to tell.

It could be just try to pick a quarrel and Aleah would be detained for a few days. But at worst, she

would be charged with assault and murder.

Aleah knew very well, but she didn’t expect Cierra to take it seriously.

After all, in her impression, Cierra was still the same idiot who didn’t even dare to cry after being beaten up when she was a child. Because whenever she felt wronged, she would hit her harder.

Although Cierra had changed, Aleah didn't take it to heart. There's always been a stereotype of Cierra in her eyes.

She didn't expect that the b*tch would really call the police so easily just as she said!

Vanessa comforted her. "Aleah, it's okay. I'll protect you. If they want to take you away, you need to agree with them. I'll get you out soon, okay?"

"I don't want to go. Mom, let's go beg Draven, okay? Call him now.

As the police got closer and closer, Aleah was very anxious.

Vanessa was also anxious.

She was confident that her daughter would be fine. But now that the police cars were here, it was impossible not to let them take Aleah away. If she really resisted, she would probably be charged

with a bigger crime.

She could only coax Aleah. "Be obedient. I promise you'll be fine. As for Draven, I'll tell him later. He's soft-hearted. He must be angry with you, but just for now. Believe me, okay?"

Aleah knew that Draven was angry, but she continued to cry.

"But Mom, if I leave with the police today and the media finds out, my career will definitely be

ruined. What should I do?"

Chapter 100 Draven Said: I Can Prove It.

That's right. Although the police won't report the arrest, it will be inevitable to leak the news.

Aleah was one of the best in the entertainment industry. If she was taken away, someone would definitely recognize her.

Although they threatened the guests to be careful with their words, how could they have the ability to threaten the police?

I'll Vanessa was so anxious that she patted her daughter's hand to comfort her. "Don't worry, handle these things. You can relax and cooperate with the police first. I'll take you out tomorrow, okay?"

Aleah thought that Vanessa was going to ask Draven for help. After all, in New York, Draven was probably the only one who had the ability to get her out of prison.

She cried with red eyes and grabbed

sa's hand more tightly. "What if Draven doesn't want to help me? He must be angry tonight. It's not certain whether he will marry me in the future."

Thinking of the consequences of not marrying Draven, Aleah wanted to die.

The police car stopped at the gate of the villa, and a man in uniform stepped in.

-Vanessa patted Aleah's hand. "Even if Draven doesn't agree, I have a solution. Your father and I have been in New York for so many years and have some abilities. Can you trust me?"

Aleah had no choice but to believe in her.

She was already being grabbed by the police. She wanted to struggle, but she couldn't move. She could only follow the police.

Vanessa looked at Aleah's back and sighed deeply.

She looked serious and wanted to discuss with Brian how to save Aleah's career. When she turned

around, she found that she was alone outside.

Brian had left a long time ago. He felt embarrassed, so when the police car stopped in front of his house, he turned around and returned to the villa.

Vanessa snorted, "Useless man, you can't be relied on!"

She looked at Aleah's back worriedly. After thinking for a moment, she took out her mobile phone

and dialed a number.

Outside the villa, Cierra stood next to the car with William, discussing.

Not far behind them stood Draven.

He didn't say anything to Cierra. He lowered his head and took out a handkerchief to treat the wound on his hand.

Because his right hand was injured, he could only wrap the wounds with his left hand, and his movements were so clumsy that he looked a little pitiful.

William glanced at him coldly and suddenly felt a little better. "Do you want to show a little mercy to your ex-husband?"

Cierra also saw it out of the corner of her eyes. She then raised her head and glanced at Draven.

Draven seemed to have sensed her gaze and raised his eyes, just in time to meet hers.

They were not far away, yet it was like there was a natural chasm between them.

Cierra looked away indifferently and said expressionlessly, "Why would I? He has his own fiancée to feel sorry for, so it's not my business. Besides, I don't have the mood to feel sorry for him."

The police had already brought Aleah out, and Cierra strode over.

She walked over and cooperated with the investigation.

However, Draven looked at her all the time.

She was wearing Coby's suit on her shoulder, which didn't fit her well. It almost reached her knees.

However, it was such a thin figure that firmly walked toward the police station step by step, just to seek the justice for her brother.

Draven looked down at his wound, which was still hurting, and sneered.

In that instant, a dispute broke out on the other side.

Not far away, Draven could hear it clearly.

It was Aleah who shouted, "What do you mean by hurting someone on purpose? I didn't do it on purpose. I just hurt someone accidentally! Cierra, don't exaggerate my crime. If it weren't my family, you may already starved to death for, I don't know, many years! You are ungrateful! You will

die a horrible death!"

The curses made Draven frown. After two seconds of silence, he walked toward the police car.

"My brother is still in the hospital bandaging his wounds. No matter what you're thinking, I'll make

you pay the price for hurting him." Cierra said calmly.

The police also was in a pickle.

They didn't see what had happened, nor did they have any evidence. Both sides held their own

opinions.

As for hurting people, they had already seen the photos taken by Coby. It was a fact that someone had hurt people. As for what the crime was, they had to investigate it thoroughly.

In any case, they wanted to see the evidence, not to judge who has the louder voice or to see who was calmer.

There was no point in arguing. The police planned to take Aleah away and detain her first.

Just as they were about to leave, they heard Draven's deep voice from behind.

"I can prove that Ms. Boyle deliberately hurt someone, and my hand is the evidence. If the police need to investigate, I can cooperate."

Hearing this, several people present were shocked and looked at him one after another.

Among them, Aleah was the most shocked.

She was shocked and sad. "Draven, how can you say that?"

He didn't avoid her eyes. "It's the truth."

The truth was that she had done it on purpose. Even if Aleah's illness had flared up and she couldn't control herself, she still wanted to stab Cierra with a knife.

Even if she didn't have any subjective ideas, it couldn't change her behavior which had happened.

Aleah fell into dejection and allowed the police to drag her into the car.

All she was thinking was that she was doomed.

Draven was completely disappointed in her and would never marry her again. As for that horrible man, he had never taken her seriously. Who knew what he would do to her?

She was really screwed.

The door of police car closed.

The police didn't say much to Draven.

Draven's identity was different. Now that his hand was injured, they did not dare to let him to take a

statement like this.

Anyway, this case was not urgent. They decided to discuss it in next morning and just drove away.

At that moment, only Cierra, William and Draven remained at the entrance.

Cierra didn't seem to have recovered from her shock. She couldn't hide the shock in her eyes. At the same time, when she thought of how Draven had protected her at the dinner party today, her mood

became a little complicated.

She moved her mouth, but spoke nothing.

Under Draven's gaze, she withdrew her gaze and turned to talk to William.

She said in a low and tired voice, "Let's go to the hospital. Coby's hand should have been bandaged. We can't let Ms. Navarro take care of him all the time."

It was obvious that she didn't want to talk to Draven, even if he had just helped her.

William did not take it seriously that Cierra was rude.

It was enough to exhaust her physically and mentally to deal with the matters of the Boyle family. How could she have the energy to face with Draven?

He could tell that Cierra was exhausted.

But he didn't want her to owe Draven anything, so he came to thank Draven.

"Thank you for helping, Mr. Trevino, I think your wound is a little serious. We're going to the hospital. Why don't you come with us?"

Draven was not in a hurry to respond. Instead, he looked at Cierra.

Her tiredness was written all over her face, and even opening the car door was hard for her.

But when he saw Cierra get into the passenger seat, his eyes narrowed slightly.

The passenger seat was reserved for girlfriends. He remembered that they had explained it to him like this not long ago.

They had not officially divorced yet.

However, it seemed that it was not the time to argue about this.

He was also exhausted. He glanced at his hand and said slowly, "Thank you, Mr. Barton."