

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 141 She also Spent Three Years

When Draven heard that, he paused.

Then, he raised his head and looked at Ryan with a strange gaze.

Ryan got goosebumps under his gaze. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Draven chuckled and put aside what he was doing. He said coldly, "It's said that Mr. West is a

playboy and takes good care of girls, whether they are beautiful or ugly. Why did you scold him in a roundabout way today?"

Ryan couldn't hold back his laughter when he heard this. "Yes, I did take good care of girls, but I didn't like vicious girls."

He indicated that Aleah was not a good person.

Draven didn't retort to him.

If it were in the past, he might defend Aleah. But now that all things happened, he was not a fool. He knew that Ryan was right.

Seeing this, Ryan knew that Draven knew what kind of person Aleah was. He snorted.

He couldn't figure out why he still married her when he knew that she had bad motives.

However, Ryan also knew that once Draven made up his mind, no one could change his mind.

Just as he had said, he was sick.

Of course, Draven heard the mocking snort.

He put down the document and pen and said in a deep voice, "I've told you before that it's my own.

decision to marry Aleah. If you don't like her, you don't have to touch her in the future. There's no

need to mock her."

I know her condition. Sometimes she can't control herself. I can understand, and I don't expect everyone to understand, but you don't have to persuade me. I know what I'm doing."

"Yes, you know what you're doing. You're the f**king soberest person in the world!"

Ryan didn't want to argue with him, so he left the office.

He got up, picked up his computer, and murmured while picking up his things.

"You can understand Aleah, so you can forgive her for doing bad things to others. Can you also accept that killing people without being punished if you are sick? Anyway, I can't understand. So don't try to persuade me. I know what I'm talking about."

Draven frowned and said, "Ryan, it's meaningless for you to argue with me. I only said that I could

understand her behavior, but I never said that what she did was reasonable. I'm not the victim, and I can't forgive her on behalf of others."

He looked at Ryan, who had already walked to the door with the laptop and continued, "If you still want to leave now, I'll ask Jason to clean up a small conference room for you as your office.

You can work there from now on."

Ryan was used to being casual. If he really wanted to get him an office, he wouldn't accept it.

The people were all hard workers. If they saw that he only came to the company once a week and worked casually, they couldn't accept it.

He stopped opening the office door and turned to glare at Draven.

"You're kicking me out? Alright, Draven, you're abandoning your friend for a woman, aren't you?"

Draven glanced at him and said seriously, "I have a professional psychologist. If you need help, I

can recommend her to you.'

"

Curling his lips, Ryan dejectedly returned to his seat.

He lowered his head and said vaguely, "This is the last time I ask you. Since you have seen clearly what kind of person Aleah is, why do you still want to marry her? Just because of the commitment?"

Although his tone was casual, it was clear enough.

Draven had heard it clearly and was even thinking about it.

He knew what kind of person Aleah was, but he still insisted on marrying her.

He knew that she had hired people to kill people, hurt Cierra with public opinion, and punished others when she was still young...

Why did he want to marry her?

Just because of a commitment?

Just as Ryan had said, he couldn't remember when he had said that to Aleah.

Perhaps he had said it casually, or he had said it to comfort her when she was in a bad mood. Or maybe he had promised her when his grandfather had asked him to marry Cierra.

In short, there were many possibilities.

He forgot the scene, but he didn't forget this sentence. It came from the sweetness in his memory that only belonged to him.

After being locked up in the darkroom by his mother, there was no water or food. After resisting the darkness, the cake suddenly appeared in front of him.

It turned out that there was not only bitterness in the world.

That was why he was unwilling to believe that those unkind things were caused by Aleah. Perhaps it was because he married Cierra.

Now that he divorced, it would be better for her to marry her.

He married her because he believed that the young lady in his memory would not be like that.

Thinking of this, he lowered his head and replied, "I delayed her for three years. I should marry

her."

Ryan was so angry at his reply. "You delayed her for three years, so you should marry her. What

about Cierra?”

It was even not three years, they didn't know if she had suffered any other mishaps.

After a long silence, Draven said, “I already made up her.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he felt that this answer was ridiculous. Before Ryan could mock him, he had already changed the topic.

“I know it's my fault. Now that I've divorced Cierra, it's time to stop the losses and stop making mistakes. You don't have to say anything more. You'll be tempted by the compensation. She doesn't suffer any losses, so you don't have to defend her.”

Ryan never thought about that.

He knew something about the partition of property. The Stream Villa alone was worth a lot of

money.

He didn't know why he felt sorry for her. It was probably because she had been pursuing Draven

since she was a little girl, but he never pay attention to her.

In other words, the couple he loved had a bad ending.

“All right.”

Ryan switched off. In the past two days, he had seen a group of people cursing Cierra online just

because of Aleah.

He also felt that they shouldn't have done this when he saw that Draven finally clarified for Cierra.

But after all, it was not his own business. He shouldn't worry about it. He should be relieved.

“I won't say it again. Let's work hard to earn money. I'll work for you, and you help me deal with

Bruno, okay?”

Draven lowered his head and didn't say a word. He glanced at his phone, and he had other feelings.

“Aleah spent three years. so does Cierra!”

Was his compensation enough?

Chapter 142 Not Her Home

He looked at his phone.

“What do you think will happen if she is by my side for three years?”

“What?”

Ryan didn’t listen carefully. He only heard the words “three years”.

Draven crossed his legs and looked at him in confusion. “You’re sick again.”

Ignoring him, Draven tidied up the documents on the table, picked up his phone, and got up. “Shall we have dinner?”

He was very calm, and he didn’t look like he was joking.

Ryan checked the time. “Now?”

Should I have breakfast or lunch?”

He had already taken the car keys. “The L’Opera Restaurant is far away from the company. It takes nearly an hour to drive there. It’s almost time for dinner. If you don’t want to go, then forget it.”

He took a step forward.

Ryan, who was sitting on the sofa, was stunned for a moment. When he came to his senses, he immediately jumped up and followed him.

“Of course! I’m going to eat!”

Before he could finish his words, the key was thrown in front of him.

“You drive.”

L’Opera Restaurant.

After learning of Dr. Charles’s arrival, Cierra reacted as if he were facing a great enemy.

She was nervous. Especially when Freddy personally went out to serve him, she was even unable to breathe smoothly in the kitchen, and she walked back and forth while causing the other chefs to be

nervous.

Layton couldn't stand that. When had she ever been so cowardly?

"Don't be nervous. There's definitely no problem with your cooking. Besides, Isn't it just a piece of cake for Dr. Charles to ask something? Those old bas*ard have great relationship."

As soon as he finished speaking, he was beaten

"Brat, who the f**k is that old bas*ard?"

Freddy suddenly appeared behind him and scolded him with a sullen face.

Layton immediately became obedient. "I'm sorry. I was wrong!"

Freddy raised his chin and said, "Why don't you cook when you know you're wrong? How old are you? None of them are as unreliable as you!"

Layton immediately went to cook.

The kitchen was restored to order. As the fire started to burn, Cierra couldn't wait any longer.

Since the moment she saw Freddy, her heart had started beating even faster, and she hurriedly ran over. "Freddy, how was it?"

Freddy became easy-going now and put his hands to the front.

He walked to a corner and whispered, "Cierra, I was just talking to that old bas*ard.

I thought that I would be able to let him help your mother. However, that old man has a bad temper, he only talked to me about eating and drinking. So...

Freddy's words made Cierra feel helpless, she was not nervous. "Freddy, I'm asking what Dr. Charles wants to eat. How are you going to... If he gets angry, you'll lose an old friend."

She didn't blame Freddy. After all, he wanted to help her.

However, it was said that Dr. Charles had a strange personality. He was only interested in delicious food and did whatever he wanted. If he was in a good mood, it would be fine. But if he was in a bad

mood, it would ruin their friendship.

Looking at Cierra who was younger than her, Freddy couldn't help grinning.

“Don’t worry, Cierra. Although the old man has a bad temper, he’s not that narrow-minded. I’m just mentioning it casually. Although he didn’t agree, he didn’t refuse either. We still have a

chance.”

He took Cierra to the preparation area, but his tone was a little serious.

“We’ll make the new dishes that we’ve been researching for the past two days. He would like it! If he’s not satisfied, then tell him not to come again!”

Cierra was amused by the old man, and she relaxed a little.

“Okay! Let that old man have a taste of the Mayo family’s cooking!”

As soon as they finished speaking, they began to work.

According to Freddy, Dr. Charles ate the same thing every time he came.

Instead of ordering the dishes on the menu, he went to the private room where he often went. He sat down on the private seat, picked up the teapot on the table, poured himself a cup of tea, and slowly

said something.

“Old man, cook something you are good at. Let’s eat while chatting.”

Freddy kept cooking, and he described the scene when he met Dr. Charles vividly, which made Cierra couldn’t help smiling.

When she was learning how to cook in L’Opera Restaurant, her master and Freddy had always been

like this.

They chopped all the things with an old knife. While processing the ingredients neatly, he muttered the legend he knew.

Something about the Mayo family. Where did the Mayo family come from, and how the royal chef passed down his cooking skills for such a long time?

As for himself, he was a chef during the war. When the war broke out, he rushed up with a big pot on his shoulder and killed more people than others!

Later on, when he got better, he came back to run L’Opera Restaurant. He planned to get married, have children, and do some good deeds. He wanted to take in children that others couldn’t afford to raise and pass down the cooking skills.

Cierra's notes.

Well, this was how she was picked up.

At that time, Aleah had just returned. She was only about 13 years old. Suddenly, she changed from a young lady to a servant who was easily beaten and scolded. She could not even stay in the Boyle family at all.

So she boldly ran away from home. Now that she thought about it, she was really rebellious. Wasn't she afraid of being abducted by human traffickers?

However, she was quite lucky to be adopted by her master.

Thinking about that, Cierra felt funny.

At that time, she felt that she was in a dilemma in the Boyle family, so she took a set of clothes from a servant and left, leaving all the things in the Boyle family, including the things given by Ernest.

She also wrote a long letter, thinking that she didn't owe them anything.

Then, she was taken in as a homeless person by her master because of her shabby clothes.

But unexpectedly, the Boyle family issued a notice, saying that the daughter of the Boyle family was lost and began to look for her.

On the day she saw the news, her master asked about her situation.

At that time, she cried and said that she didn't want to go back. Her master also said that L'Opera Restaurant would be her home.

But that night, someone from the Aleah family picked her up.

She still remembered that when she cried and hid in L'Opera Restaurant, everyone thought that she had run away again, but in the end, she took the initiative to come out and go back.

... Why?

When she finished cooking for Dr. Charles, she suddenly remembered something.

In addition to the servants of the Boyle family, there was also Draven who came to pick her up.

Unfortunately, it was not her home.

It would never be her home.

Chapter 143 Old Man

“Okay, it’s done! How’s it going?”

Freddy was cooking a cooked pork dish. The only difference was that it had been fried with pickled vegetables.

Compared with the traditional twice-cooked pork, this dish had the fresh taste of pickled vegetables, but because it had been boiled, it did not have a sour taste.

If this dish was eaten with rice, they would eat a lot!

Anyway, those brats in the kitchen had gained a lot of weight recently, and the rice in the kitchen had been reduced a lot.

When the dishes were ready, Cierra said, “I’m almost done. Send them over.”

She cooked a dish of Dr. Charles ‘s hometown cuisine, tur ducken.

Although Dr. Charles had settled down in New York, he had worked in his hometown in the early years and tasted all the delicacies there.

Even when he worked in New York, he often came to L’Opera Restaurant to order local snacks.

These dished were cooked according to Freddy’s suggestion so that Dr. Charles could remember his

hometown.

However, due to Dr. Charles’s age, they had improved the methods. The taste would be softer than before and would not be as chewy as before.

Cierra and Freddy personally served the two dishes.

On the way, she was still a little nervous. “Freddy, won’t our improved version be not to their

taste?”

Freddy was full of confidence. “Don’t worry, Cierra. That old man is very greedy. How can he not

like it?”

Cierra didn’t have as much confidence as he did, but since she was the one who made the dishes, she believed it would taste good.

The only thing she was worried about was Dr. Charles's attitude.

But she was not too nervous. She calmed down and followed behind Freddy to bring the dishes in.

Let's do our best and leave it to fate.

The thin figure passed by the corridor and two people saw her, which immediately made them stop.

"Isn't that Cici? Why is she still working at L'Opera Restaurant? Doesn't the best actor raise his

sister?"

Ryan was a straightforward person. The moment he saw Cierra, he said.

Not only did he complain about Coby, but also his good friend. "And what's going on? Didn't you say that you would compensate Cici? Why is she still here?"

How tiring it was to cook in the kitchen!

How could Cici do such a thing?

His goddess should dress up beautifully. Just like the girls of the West family, she could get anything she want. Usually, she should go shopping and have afternoon tea. If she was bored, she could go to work in her own company. How could she work here?

They should treat their daughter better!

At the very least, she should live a better life than Aleah.

Just thinking about it made Ryan angry. He immediately turned to look at his good friend next to

him.

Draven just looked away and the figure had already disappeared.

He glanced at Ryan next to him and said, "Why don't you ask her brother instead of blaming me? What does it have to do with me, her ex-husband?"

He emphasized the word " ex-husband".

Ryan snorted and said, "So you should reflect on why you are an ex-husband."

As soon as he finished speaking, a cold gaze was cast from the side.

“Do you still want to eat?”

Ryan immediately shut his mouth and made a zipping gesture. He took a step back and stood behind Draven, letting him leave first.

In the private room next door, Cierra, who was serving the dishes, was still a little nervous.

After all, it was different from usual, so it was inevitable for her to think too much about it. After

putting the two dishes on the table, she stepped aside cautiously.

In comparison, Freddy was much more casual.

As soon as the dishes were placed on the table, he sat down opposite Dr. Charles and began to eat as

if he was in his home.

Although L’Opera Restaurant was indeed his home.

“Have a taste. I specially made this dish for you. It’s a secret recipe of the L’Opera Restaurant. Others can’t eat it even if they want to!”

Dr. Charles glanced at Freddy and snorted.

He didn’t take the forks but put on airs. He glanced down at the two dishes and slowly said a few

words.

“It’s greasy, and it’s all meat. It’s unhealthy.”

“Why don’t I cook another vegetable dish for you” Cierra suggested from the side.

As soon as she finished speaking, she was interrupted by Freddy. “Why? He doesn’t pay for the meal. It’s good enough to have something to eat. Don’t even think about adding food to him!”

Not only that, but he also put a lot of food in Dr. Charles’s plate.

Cierra couldn’t help but smile.

On the other side, Dr. Charles was strange. After a long while, he picked up something and said, “You old man, you clearly know that I don’t want to eat this, but you made this on purpose. I think you want me to go to another place as soon as possible!”

Cierra, who was standing to the side, didn't understand what was going on and blinked innocently.

So Dr. Charles didn't like pickled vegetables?

Freddy was really a naughty man.

However, Freddy didn't care about it. Seeing that Freddy was about to throw the food out, he immediately stopped him.

"We've been friends for so many years. You don't even want to have a taste of the new dishes, do you? Just take a bite, okay? If you don't like vegetables, then you can try the meat."

He was persuading him.

Dr. Charles frowned, "Try it?"

Freddy nodded. "Try it!"

"Are you begging me?"

"I'm begging you!"

As he spoke, Dr. Charles tasted the meat. At the same time, he said something unpleasant.

"I'll tell you first. If it tastes bad, I won't swallow it."

"When did eat bad food?"

Freddy waved his hand and continued to eat the food made by Cierra. He had already eaten a lot, and he also drank a glass of wine.

On the opposite side, Dr. Charles also ate the twice-cooked pork. At first, his face was full of disgust, but then it returned to normal. After eating it, he couldn't help wanting to eat more.

As soon as he tried to eat, he saw that Freddy had been eating another dish. He couldn't help but interrupt him. "Old man, these are the dishes I ordered. Stop eating anymore!"

Freddy also acted shamelessly. He put the wine glass on the table and asked, "Did I stop you from eating?"

Dr. Charles didn't stand at the ceremony and began to eat.

At the same time, Cierra, who was standing to the side, also felt nervous.

But before Dr. Charles could pick up something, he was stopped by Freddy.

“Old man, today’s dishes are not for free. You have to think about it carefully before eating.”

Chapter 144 She Is Better Than Me

Hearing those words, Cierra immediately felt that the atmosphere was a bit different.

She wanted to say that there was no need to do this. Dr. Charles had retired. There was no need to threaten him, although it was just a meal.

She looked at the two old men, but she managed to hold back her words and stood silently at the

side.

Cierra still chose to trust Freddy.

After a moment of silence in the private room, Dr. Charles snorted and directly pushed away Freddy’s fork. He quickly picked up a piece of meat.

As soon as the piece of meat, which was still steaming, entered his mouth, they focused on Dr. Charles’s face, not letting go of any expression on his face.

Unfortunately, he ate a lot of delicious food. After eating the meat, he didn’t give any reaction. Instead, he put down the fork and washed his mouth.

“These dish is not very authentic.”

After spitting out the water in his mouth, Dr. Charles shook his head and commented.

This action seemed to have given her a result.

Cierra had already calmed down and she relaxed slightly.

Jaquan had already men tally prepared her before. Dr. Charles had a strange temper. Many top wealthy families couldn’t get anything from him.

Most of the time, her mother’s health was affected by her. As long as she went back and slowly nursed her, she would get better.

Getting a dose of medicine from Dr. Charles was like icing on the cake. If she couldn’t, she didn’t have to be too disappointed.

Thinking of Jaquan’s words and Dr. Charles’s expression, Cierra relaxed a lot.

“If it doesn’t taste good, I’ll get Layton to send another dish over. Freddy, please accompany Dr. Charles. I’ll go to the kitchen to keep an eye on them and see if there’s anything I can help with.”

She smiled at them. “Have a good meal.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she turned around and left.

Now that the matter was settled, there was no need to stay any longer.

The door was closed and Dr. Charles looked at the direction Cierra left. He picked up his fork and

couldn’t help saying, “Tsk, this girl has quite a temper.”

Freddy directly stopped him, and his face darkened. “If you don’t like it, why did you reach out with your fork? You old thing, you’re so thick-skinned!”

Dr. Charles was unhappy and began to compete with him, “I only said that it’s not authentic, but I didn’t say that it’s not delicious! You old man, you make your disciple look indecent!”

Freddy was so angry that he put down his fork. He slammed on the table and the dishes almost trembled. “Just tell me if it tastes good!”

Dr. Charles didn’t say anything. He held his fork....

He didn’t dare to move and looked at his old friend opposite him.

Thinking of Cierra, Freddy became angry and said to Dr. Charles, “You come to my restaurant all year round to eat and drink for free. It doesn’t matter if you don’t give me money. I just want you to do me a favor, but you put on airs here! You really have a good reputation and a bad temper. I shouldn’t have treated you to this meal!”

“Hey, you old thing, when did I say that I wouldn’t help you? I didn’t say anything. I just said that it’s not authentic. Do you think it’s authentic?”

Dr. Charles was also anxious. He sighed and said, “You have such a bad temper. The disciples you taught are all the same. She ran away before I finished my words. If she was my disciple, I would

scold her!”

Freddy didn’t understand what he meant for a moment,

However, he managed to control his temper. He glanced over and saw the thick-skinned old man start eating again. He chewed on it with relish!

Dr. Charles also raised his head. "What are you looking at? When I finish eating, don't say that I won't save it for you. I didn't steal it from you today."

They had a lot of food to eat, and he couldn't finish it.

Besides, he was the one who had angered his disciple.

Although he was thick-skinned, he still wanted to save his face.

At this time, Freddy finally understood what he meant, but he was a little worried. He asked tentatively, "Old man, do you mean that you are willing to check others?"

Dr. Charles ate slowly. "Then let your disciple cook more dishes for me."

Freddy frowned. "You don't like the dishes he cooked."

He remembered that this old man didn't like the food cooked by Layton.

He didn't understand. "When did you like the food cooked by Layton?"

"Layton? What else can that idiot do? You're the only one who's blind enough to pick such a guy."

Dr. Charles was so angry that he pointed at the food cooked by Cierra.

"But this one was great. She's talented. This girl's cooking skills are not bad."

Freddy suddenly fell silent.

Dr. Charles continued to eat and chattered, "I promised you to check for that girl's mother. No

problem! But I have to tell you in advance, let your her cook a few more meals for me."

Freddy finally couldn't help but blurt out, "Her seniority is higher than mine!"

"What?" Dr. Charles was stunned.

"I said, the girl's seniority is higher than mine!"

Although he was unwilling to admit it,

-the rules were set by his father, and he could not disobey them.

What's more, Cierra's talent was higher than his, so he was convinced.

It was just that he couldn't let go of himself in front of the old man. At such an old age, it was a bit embarrassing to call a girl as old as his granddaughter senior sister.

However, when he glanced at the dished, he immediately sat up straight.

He repeated it word by word.

“Her seniority is higher than mine!”

After leaving the private room, Cierra did not go straight to the kitchen.

Although Jaquan said that she should not force herself too much, her mother was affected by her.

Over the years, there had been doctors in the Barton family to nurse her, but it did not get better.

Maybe Dr. Charles could let her get better.

But what else could she do?

Cook another dish?

But wasn't it too rude for her to come out just now?

“What are you doing here, slacking off?”

Just as she was sighing, a man's deep voice suddenly came from behind.

Frightened, Cierra turned around.

As she moved, she took a step back, and then the pain swept over her. As she exclaimed, she fell into the fake pool behind her.

Draven's eyes darkened, and his pupils dilated.

“Cierra...”

Chapter 145 Cierra Injured

Seeing that the woman was about to fall into the pool, Draven grabbed her almost the moment she tilted her body and pulled her into his arms.

“Are you all right?”

Before she could steady herself, he said anxiously with worry in his eyes, “What are you doing?”

As soon as Cierra stood still from the shock before she could care less about the pain in her ankle, she heard his blame. She became angry.

"I haven't scold you yet. Why did you suddenly scare me? Are you crazy? Don't do that again!"

She pushed Draven away and was about to leave.

The moment she moved, she felt pain. She had underestimated the wound. She almost fell down

again.

Draven held her up subconsciously and didn't care about her rude words. After clasping her waist to stop her from moving, he looked down at her legs.

Her white socks had been dyed red.

As soon as he glanced at it, his face darkened.

"Draven, let go of me!"

Cierra couldn't see what was going on.

At this moment, she only felt that the hand on her waist was burning hot, which made her uncomfortable. So she did not care about the pain in her ankle and struggled to get rid of him.

"Don't move."

Suddenly, Draven squatted down.

It seemed that he had expected the woman would be disobedient. Just as Cierra was about to leave, he grabbed her uninjured ankle..

His warm hand made her stunned.

Next to the place was the lobby where diners came and went. The sound made Cierra feel as if his entire body was starting to heat up along with the temperature of his ankles.

She couldn't stand it anymore. She lowered her voice and pushed the person.

"Draven, are you crazy? Get out of my way!"

But the man squatting on the ground turned a deaf ear and rolled up her trousers.

"Draven."

The cold wind blew into her pants, and she was so anxious that she almost cried. She put more strength on the man's shoulder and said, "Don't look at it. I'm going to apply medicine!"

"Let me take a look. Bear with it for a while, okay?"

His tone suddenly softened as he carefully examined her wound.

From her heel to her ankle, it was probably cut by the iron sheet, leaving a mark along her ankle.

The wound is not deep,

Otherwise, the tendons in her heel would have been injured.

He rubbed her wound with his fingers and wiped away some blood. When he was sure that the wound wasn't serious, he heaved a sigh of relief.

Fortunately.

He got up and was about to speak, he suddenly paused and swallowed the words he was about to say.

He pursed his lips and said, "Sorry, I just wanted to check the wound. Does it hurt?"

He stared at the crying girl in front of him, feeling a little helpless.

Her gentle voice brought Cierra back to her senses. When he came to his senses, she became even

angrier.

She looked away and wiped the corners of her eyes casually. Her voice was slightly choked as she

said, "Get out of the way!"

But Draven didn't move. He frowned and said, "You have to go to the hospital. I'll take you there."

As he spoke, he bent down slightly in front of Cierra and turned his back to her.

The meaning of his action was obvious.

However, Cierra pushed him away. "Get out of my way. You don't have to pretend to be kind!"

Draven, who was squatting in front of her, was caught off guard and almost fell to his knees.

“I pretended to be kind? Cierra, you...”

He propped himself up. When he turned around and saw the tear on the woman’s face, he stopped abruptly.

Cierra jumped. When she heard this, she glared fiercely at him.

“What’s wrong? Don’t I know what’s good for me? Since Mr. Trevino is so patient with me, why

don’t you care about your fiancée? Her problem hasn’t been solved yet!”

He lowered his eyes and asked, “So you did that thing?”

She dared to admit what she had done. “It’s me, so what are you going to do? Beat me to vent your anger?”

She raised her chin and looked at the man.

The latter chuckled, he took a step forward and said, “Your proposal sounds pretty good.”

Cierra’s eyes widened. As he approached, she wanted to retreat, but she couldn’t move freely and could only lean her upper body back.

“I’m telling you, don’t mess around. There are people outside. If you dare to do anything to me, call for help!”

However, Draven was not afraid at all. He continued to walk forward.

I’ll

Cierra felt she couldn’t move anymore and her tone was both aggrieved and fierce. “Draven, I’ll call for help! You’re the president of the Trevino Group, and you are famous. Don’t blame me if you insist on embarrassing yourself!”

Draven chuckled and said, “Just do it. Anyway, my reputation has been ruined. People are calling me a sc*mbag. As for you, my dear ex-wife, I don’t know if you can afford to lose face.”

Cierra was furious. Just as she was about to throw caution to the wind,

She was too far back and was about to fall.

She cursed Draven in her heart and closed her eyes.

“What a jerk!”

She knew that nothing good would happen when she met him. She had been scared by him and got hurt. Now, she had to fall. It was so embarrassing!

But she didn't fall down. She felt a strong force on her waist. Then she was lifted up by someone.

As soon as Cierra opened her eyes, she saw the familiar man.

As for herself, she was clutching at Draven's clothes tightly, she was afraid that she would fall off.

She wanted to let go of him, but she was held in his arms, and her feet were in pain. She couldn't get out of his arms at all, so she could only lie in his arms pitifully.

He lowered his head and saw her pitiful look. He couldn't help smiling.

“Stup*d.”

He said with a smile.

Cierra struggled a little. “If it weren't for you, would I have ended up like this? Put me down!”

Of course, Draven wouldn't listen to her. He walked out and said, “Don't move, or I'll throw you out.”

Cierra didn't dare to move. When she was carried away, she felt that she would slip down, so she tightened her grip on him.

She couldn't help but muttered, “I feel uncomfortable.”

As soon as she finished speaking, he laughed.

Without waiting for Cierra to react, he exerted force and lightly pushed her away.

Cierra's eyes widened and her fingertips tightened. “Draven!”

As soon as she called his name, he had adjusted his posture.

“Are you feeling better now?”

The door of the private room opposite was pushed open.

Chapter 146 My Wife

When they looked at each other, Cierra was embarrassed.!

She didn't know if Freddy and Dr. Charles had seen her when she was amused by the bas*ard just now, but no matter whether they had seen it or not, she felt embarrassed.

"Mr. Draven, what are you...'

"

Dr. Charles was the first to react. Unlike Freddy, who was shocked, he was just a little surprised.

Hearing this, Freddy also asked, "Cierra, what are you..."

Cierra was more awkward.

She silently looked away and pinched Draven deliberately.

A slight tingling sensation came from his body. He glanced down at the woman with a faint smile.

"Dr. Charles."

He looked at Dr. Charles and greeted him before explaining.

"This is my wife. She accidentally hurt while playing over there just now. I took her to the hospital for checking. She was shy and didn't let me hold her, so..."

Dr. Charles's expression changed when he heard this. "Is this the girl that your grandfather arranged for you?"

He nodded. "Yes."

Cierra suddenly quieted down and stopped pinching him.

"But you were divorced, weren't you?" Freddy suddenly asked. As soon as he finished speaking, they looked at him at the same time.

Dr. Charles looked at Draven up and down. He was curious, but he didn't ask anything.

Draven suppressed his anger with his dark eyes, and his tone was no longer as polite as it had been

when he talked to Dr. Charles.

"Freddy, since you care about my wife's private affairs, why don't you go and have a look at the decoration of your restaurant? Fortunately, nothing happened to my wife today. But it would be a

big deal if someone died.”

Hearing this, Freddy couldn't control his temper.

Just as he was about to argue with him, a woman's was heard. “Draven, that's enough! What are you doing? Who's your wife? Put me down if you don't want to take me to the hospital, or my wounds

will heal!”

Freddy suppressed his anger and changed his attitude. “Mr. Trevino, you're her ex-husband after all. I won't bother you with sending Cierra to the hospital. It's not appropriate. You continue to enjoy your meal. I'll let someone to send her there.”

Draven's face darkened.

glanced at Freddy indifferently and said, “Draven, you'd better check your decoration. When you call someone to send her to the hospital. I'm afraid that will be late.”

Cierra raised her eyebrows. She couldn't help pinching him again.

She had used a lot of force, but Draven's expression didn't change. He glanced at Dr. Charles and said, “Dr. Charles, I'll take my wife away first.”

Even though he was exposed, he still called her his wife.

Dr. Charles nodded with a smile and glanced at his old friend beside him. “Go ahead.”

Draven nodded and turned to leave.

This scene made Freddy even angrier.

“Humph, not only did he take Cierra away directly, but he also treat me differently from the old

man next to me?”

The more he thought about it, the angrier he became. Freddy wanted to follow him.

However, before he could take a step forward, he was stopped by his good friend next to him. “There's a little conflict between the young couple. What are you going to do?”

“That's Cierra!”

“Oh, you're so old. Aren't you ashamed? Don't think you're young just because you're with young people all day long. Let me tell you, old man, we're not young anymore!”

“Bah! So what if I’m old?” Freddy refused to admit that, and he shook off Dr. Charles’s hand and

walked out.

As soon as he turned the corner, he met Draven who was standing in the corner.

He held Cierra and said with a smile, “I’m sorry, I didn’t pay attention to it just now. I just realized that you called Cierra a senior sister. It turns out that my wife works here because of this. Thank you for taking care of her during this period of time. I’ll take her to the hospital first. Goodbye, disciple..”

He quickly finished his words carried Cierra and left, leaving Freddy and Dr. Charles in dismay.

After a while, Freddy suddenly reacted. “Humph, this brat is taking advantage of me!”

Dr. Charles laughed. “Ha-ha! Draven called me Dr. Charles and called you disciple. What should I

call you?”

“Get out!”

All of a sudden, the room was filled with curses and laughter.

Outside the restaurant, there were also a few curses.

“Draven, are you out of your mind? Freddy is so old. How dare you make fun of him?”

Ever since they left the L’Opera Restaurant, Cierra had never stopped cursing.

But obviously, the man holding her didn’t mind at all.

He had the same expression as when she pinched him. It was not until he was beside the car that he lowered his head and said, “If you say one more word, believe it or not,

I’ll really bite you.”

He deliberately emphasized his words with his gloomy expression, as if he was going to throw her

in front of the car and bite her.

Cierra pursed her lips and glared at him fiercely. She really did not say anything.

The man snorted and let out a mu**led laugh. He raised his chin and said, “Open the door.”

He stopped next to the passenger seat and held Cierra as he faced the car.

Cierra frowned and struggled a little. "Put me down. I'll get in the car myself."

He lowered and said, "Cierra, are you being unreasonable? We're already here. Open the door."

He ordered.

If it weren't for the fact that she was worried that he would throw her to the ground, she would have punched him in the chin!

"Stop pretending, your son of a b*tch! B*tch!"

She cursed in her heart and glanced at the back door. Realizing that she couldn't get that, she could only pull the door of the passenger seat open.

It didn't open.

"You haven't unlocked your car and you're asking me to open the door. Is there something wrong with you?" Cierra was furious.

Draven raised his eyebrows and smiled. "Sorry, I forgot. The key is in my suit pocket. Get it."

Cierra refused. "Put me down! You, alas-"

Her tone changed because the man raised his arm and nudged her. She couldn't help exclaiming.

She grabbed his suit and glared at him. "Are you crazy?"

"Yes, a little. Go get the key," he replied lazily.

Cierra glared at him angrily and didn't move for a long time.

The next second, she felt an arm tightening around her waist. She immediately grabbed his clothes with one hand and reached down with the other.

"Don't move, Draven. If you hurt me, I'll post it online and expose you!"

His suit pocket was still within sight. When she reached out her hand, she accidentally touched his

waist.

Fortunately, Cierra felt at ease with a suit.

However, the man, who was holding her, lowered his head and said in a low voice, "Mrs. Trevino, tell me, what are you going to expose?"

Chapter 147 Why

He took a step forward and stared at her aggressively.

Only then did Cierra take out the car keys. When he heard the sound of the lock locking, he felt a chill down his spine.

Then, she was held in his arms, and the other side of her body was pressed against the car door.

They were in a strange way, but there was an indescribable sense of ambiguity.

"Draven, you..."

Cierra swallowed and looked at him like a frightened bird.

After a long while, she spat out a few words, "The lock..."

He lowered his eyes and stared at her. After a while, Draven raised his head and took a step back expressionlessly. "Open the door."

There was no extra emotion, and there was even a hint of coldness as if someone had offended him.

Cierra frowned. She didn't do anything just now, did she?

He was the one who let her get the car keys, and she just complained about it. "It can't be, can it? How could that bastard be so unpleasant?"

He was so stingy.

The car door opened, and Draven bent down to put her in the passenger seat. Instead of leaving, he squatted down beside her.

Cierra was puzzled. "What else do you want to do?"

Without responding, he grabbed her foot and said, "Don't move."

As he spoke, he opened the secret compartment in the car with his other hand and skillfully took

out a small first aid kit.

Cierra wanted to say something.

She looked down and saw that the well-defined finger was carefully rolling up her trouser leg, and the wound on her ankle was exposed.

The wound was not deep, so she didn't have to take off her shoes and socks. She just needed a simple treatment.

It was only then that Cierra saw the wound. It was a slender cut that didn't seem to be very serious,

but there was a lot of blood on his shoes, socks, and trousers, which looked a little scary.

wwwww.w

He rolled up her pants, took the medicine from the first-aid kit, and said, "I'll deal with your wound first. We will go to the hospital later. It won't be troublesome."

As he moved, she could also see the red marks on his hand. It seemed that the marks had not recovered very well.

At the very least, compared to Coby, his recovery was slow.

Cierra didn't pay attention to what he was saying. She looked at the mark on his hand. It wasn't until the cold touch was accompanied by pain that she got her sense. She hissed softly and wanted to pull her leg back.

However, her ankle was clasped, so she couldn't move.

"If it hurts, bear with it. It'll be fine soon."

He held her ankle and said in a low voice.

Cierra pursed her lips!

The warmth made her very uncomfortable.

She resisted the urge to kick him and suppressed the panic in her heart. "Draven, it's not a big deal.

You don't have to do this."

"Do you want to leave a scar?" he asked coldly without even raising his head.

Cierra didn't respond.

After a while, she moved her ankle unnaturally and said, "Draven, can you take your hand off me? I'm very grateful for your concern, but you make me very uncomfortable."

“Why?”

Hearing this, the man raised his head and seemed to be a little puzzled.

Cierra furrowed. She seemed to be even more confused by his question.

She thought for a moment and said seriously, “We’re not very close. Don’t you know that you

always make me feel uncomfortable? Just like you called me your wife in front of others. We’re divorced, but you still call me so intimately. Don’t you think it’s inappropriate?”

Afraid that he still didn’t understand, she added.

“We should have social distance.”

She spoke in a very serious tone.

He stared at her, sneered, and removed his hand at the same time.

“A social distance? Cierra, you and I grew up together. We even slept on the same bed and wore the same pants when we were young. Are you talking about social distance with me?”

“But we’re not kids anymore.”

Cierra looked back at him and said mercilessly, “Not only are we adults now, but we are also divorced. We have nothing to do with each other.”

Draven sneered and said sarcastically, “You grew up with me. Do you want to have nothing to do with me just by ending a wrong marriage?”

“Draven, can you stop being so naive?”

Cierra felt that he was being unreasonable. She spoke seriously again.

“Don’t always talk about what happened when I was a child, okay? Just like today, you helped me because of our childhood friendship. You think it doesn’t matter, but what about others? In other people’s eyes, you’re entangled with me, your ex-wife. Do you understand? You’re going to marry Aleah soon. What will she think if she sees it?”

Cierra felt that she really couldn’t understand him.

He could send her abroad for Aleah. When Ernest had tried to matchmake them, he had avoided her. In order to avoid arousing suspicion, he had not even wanted to see her.

But ever since she went back, he didn’t pay attention to it.

They hadn't completed the divorce procedures yet, so she could understand that he was dissatisfied

with the divorce.

What about now? They were divorced. What was he doing?

He took it for granted that it was good for her, but she didn't want to be a b*tch.

Cierra couldn't understand.

But not to mention her, even Draven couldn't figure it out.

All he knew was that as soon as Cierra finished speaking, he felt depressed.

He tried to understand what she meant, but when he thought about it, the nerves in his head hurt so

much that he didn't even have the ability to think.

Why couldn't he care about her?

Why did they have nothing to do with the divorce?

She should always be by his side, shouldn't she? She had always been with him since they were

children.

Feeling a headache, Draven decided not to think about it and started dealing with a wound on her leg again with a cold expression.

Cierra didn't know if he had heard it or not, so he tentatively asked, "Draven..."

But as soon as she said, she was interrupted by his cold voice. "Shut up."

Cierra fell silent, saying no more.

No matter how much she said, he had already carried her out today. Although she did not do it voluntarily, it would be hypocritical to say more.

Anyway, she helped him before.

In this way, she could enjoy herself at ease.

No one knew what was going on in her mind. At this moment, Draven's attention was focused on the glaring mark in front of him.

He was very focused. His eyes darkened slightly as he carefully wiped the wound. He was probably afraid that she would feel pain, so he blew on it at the same time.

“It’s done.”

After a while, the medicine was applied.

He put the first-aid kit back in place. When he got up, he said with a poker face, “There is no gauze in the car. Take care of yourself and try not to rub your pants on the wound before the medicine dries, understand?”

“Got it. Thank you, Mr. Trevino.”

Cierra responded, lifted her trouser leg, and withdrew it. Finally, she sat in the passenger seat.

She looked down and suddenly remembered something. She looked back at the man who was about to close the door.

“By the way, is your hand all right? Do you need to apply medicine again?”

Chapter 148 Long Time No See

“Cierra, are you concerned about me?”

He stopped closing the car door and stared at her.

Cierra frowned. “I...”

Before she could say anything, a mocking sneer interrupted her. “Cierra, you told me that we should have social distance.”

With a cold expression, he slammed the car door.

Her voice made Cierra’s heart sk*p a beat. She glanced at him in confusion.

Unreasonable!

She cursed in her heart and closed her eyes.

On the way to the hospital, Cierra didn’t say a word to him.

Probably because she had been in the kitchen for the past two days, she slowly closed her eyes and

fell asleep.

She was woken up by the ringtone of the mobile phone.

It was still a bumpy road, but when Cierra frowned and opened her eyes, she saw Draven's jaw.

"Draven."

Her voice was a little hoarse. She looked around and found that it was a garden path renovated by the hospital. "Have we arrived? Why didn't you wake me up?"

He tightened his hand slightly and said calmly, "You are a heavy sleeper. If I don't carry you out of the car and you will sleep until tomorrow."

It was far from L'Opera Restaurant to the Central Hospital, and it was needed nearly an hour.

On the way, she slept soundly. Now that she had just woken up, she was weak. She was still nestled in his arms as if she was going to continue to sleep.

"Well... then please let me down now. I can walk on my own."

"Can you walk?"

A low chuckle came from above her head. Even though Cierra was not very clear-headed at the moment, she could hear the sarcasm in it.

She didn't have time to think about it. Just as she was about to respond, the force on her waist suddenly disappeared. The weightlessness immediately made her cry out. She opened her eyes in

horror and grabbed his clothes.

There were already a lot of wrinkles on his suit, and she had pulled it up countless times today.

“What are you doing?”

Cierra frowned and glared at him. When he let go of her, he patted his clothes, trying to erase the

traces on them.

He looked down and snorted. “What can I do? You said you can walk. Well, you dragged me down by yourself this time. Don’t slander me again.”

“Humph!”

Cierra was at a loss for words. She felt that it was very difficult to communicate with this person.

There were a lot of people in the hospital. Compared with the L’Opera Restaurant in the suburbs, it was terrible, which made her even more embarrassed.

She couldn’t help but hide her face in his arms and whispered, “Let me go.”

“Let me down. There are so many people, and I’m not that serious.”

“Cierra, You’re being unreasonable, aren’t you?”

Draven walked steadily into the hospital, with no intention of letting her go.

“I’ve been holding you all the way, and my clothes were wrinkled by you, but I didn’t say anything. Now we’re at the doctor’s consulting room. Do you want more people to see you when you ask me to put you down?”

As he spoke, he lowered his eyes and glanced at Cierra, who was shrinking like a quail. For some reason, he was in a good mood and couldn’t help but smile.

There were people on the road. Occasionally, there would be people passing by them. This caused Cierra to become even more on guard.

Their things were still discussed on the internet, but he was still showing off like this. It didn't matter if he was photographed and cursed, but she didn't want to be cursed.

As if he could read her mind, he pushed her into his arms and said, "If you're afraid of being seen, just hide your face. It doesn't matter if I stick your saliva on my clothes."

"Shut up!"

Cierra couldn't stand it anymore and interrupted him.

Fortunately, it was not a long way. As she spoke, she was carried into the consulting room by

Draven and sat down directly.

Cierra knew that Ernest had spent the last few months in this hospital. The largest shareholder of this hospital was the Trevino Group, so she was brought here. She didn't even need to make an appointment.

It was this position that made Cierra unable to feel at ease.

She couldn't help tugging at the corner of Draven's clothes. "Hey, can't you let me sit over there?"

The doctor..."

Before she could finish her words, the door of the consulting room was pushed open.

The man in the white coat probably didn't expect that there would be someone inside. He stopped at the door and slammed the door shut again.

The room fell silent, leaving Cierra and Draven looking at each other in dismay.

After a while, the door was pushed open again, followed by shouts.

"Is this my office?"

"If you didn't go wrong, that's..."

Draven glanced back at the man, took out his phone from his pocket casually, and lowered his head.

to reply to someone.

Cierra's petite figure was directly blocked by him. She couldn't see the doctor, and could only hear a string of cannonball-like words.

"What do you mean by 'I didn't go wrong'? I haven't said anything yet. Not only did you ask her to sit in my seat, but you also hid her behind me. Draven. Which lover did you bring here? Aren't you afraid that your fiancée will come up and tear her apart..."

The man took off his white coat and walked over.

He stopped abruptly when he saw Cierra.

"

When their eyes met, Cierra, who was known as Cierra's lover, waved his hand and smiled politely.

"Long time no see, Adam... Is that your name? I don't remember it wrong, do I?"

He was also an acquaintance who had grown up with them.

Like Ryan, ever since Aleah had returned, he had kept less contact with Cierra. It could be said that they had not seen each other for many years.

However, there was one thing that did not surprise Cierra. Adam had really become a doctor.

After all, when she was in primary school, she only knew to cry after Draven. In addition to thinking about being his wife in the future, she had no other dreams. Her deskmate was reading a medical

book. It was no exaggeration to say that he was a little genius.

However, this genius was quite good-looking.

She stared at Adam and deliberately smiled.

Adam was stunned and said, "That's right."

As soon as he finished speaking, he ignored her and cursed Draven.

"What the f****k, your wife? Why did you bring her here? Aleah is still downstairs. Isn't it a hell to run into her?"

Before Draven could reply, Cierra said with a smile, "Dr. Chant, We are divorced. Although Dr. Chant kindly sent me here, don't worry. I don't have much to do with him."

She explained the truth coldly, causing Draven's face to darken.

He put away his phone and glanced impatiently at Adam, who was still in shock. "Give her an injection. I'm going out.

Adam's eyes widened. "Are you crazy? Where are you going? Don't you care about your wife anymore?"

Chapter 149 You Have Your Chance

The door of the ward was closed, and Draven was isolated from the outside.

Adam was stunned. "F*****k! He left just like that?"

Behind him, Cierra smiled and said, "You said Aleah is downstairs. Of course, Mr. Trevino is looking for his future wife. What is he doing here?"

Adam turned around and looked at Cierra with a complicated expression.

The latter got up from the chair and said with a smile, "Dr. Chant, can you give me an injection first or call a nurse? I still have something to do, so I can't stay here all the time. Thank you."

Although the wound wasn't very serious, it still hurt. Ever since she was injured, she hadn't gotten off the ground. When she stepped on the ground, she staggered and cried out in pain.

"Your leg is injured? Have you bandaged it?"

Adam subconsciously raised his hand, but they were a little far away from each other, and Cierra had already stood firm with the help of the desk. He could only pretend that nothing had happened and withdraw his hand.

Cierra didn't notice his strange expression. She sat down on the chair and said, "I've dealt with it. It's not very serious. I just accidentally got cut by an iron piece, so I came to the hospital."

"I've let someone get medicine. He'll be here in a while."

Adam sat down on a chair and waved his phone.

He took out a few candies from the drawer and ate one. Then, he threw the other to Cierra. "Would you like one?"

Cierra picked up the candy on the table. "It's been so many years, but you still like to eat candy as before. But don't you doctors pay attention to health? Don't stay up late and you should eat healthy food. You are an expert in heart treatment. Aren't you afraid that eating so much candy is bad for your heart?"

Adam snorted and said, "Our doctor is just an ordinary person. Everyone drinks and eats barbecues after work. As for staying up late, I don't want to stay up late. I feel nauseous."

As soon as Cierra put the milk candy into her mouth, the sweet and greasy milk fragrance spread in her mouth, and she smiled. "Thank you for your hard work, Dr. Chant."

"Please don't. Please don't call me that."

Adam raised his hands.

Just then, a nurse came in with some medicine. He got up and said, "Give her an injection. I have

something to do."

"Okay!"

The nurse came in with the medicine. When she turned her head and saw Cierra, her eyes suddenly widened. "Cierra..."

Adam stopped picking up his white coat. "Do you know each other?"

"No, I don't know her. I just saw her on the Internet.

I'm a little shocked to see you in person!"

The nurse hurriedly explained. She quickly glanced at Cierra and lowered her head, unable to hide the excitement on her face.

Cierra didn't have much of a reaction, she maintained a polite smile.

She had been mentally prepared for the fact that others would recognize her. It was not only because she had quarreled too much with Aleah on the Internet, but also because she made her relationship with Coby public.

The nurse was so efficient that she finished the injection in less than a minute.

Cierra rolled down her sleeves and smiled sweetly at the nurse. "Thank you."

Unable to control herself, the nurse asked excitedly and shyly, "Ms. Boyle, you are so beautiful! Can I take a picture with you?"

Cierra was stunned. After thinking for a moment, she nodded and said, "Okay."

"Thank you, Ms. Boyle. I'm leaving now. I hope you'll have a good life in the future! Men are unreliable. Bye-bye, and you will meet a better man!"

After taking the shot, the nurse put away her phone and said something to Cierra earnestly. Then, she quickly fled the scene, leaving behind Cierra, who had yet to react, with a faint smile.

This girl was quite interesting.

She propped herself up from the chair and turned around to see a man in a white coat leaning against the door. "Aren't you having something to do? Why are you still here?"

Adam didn't respond. He stared straight at her and asked, "Are you... really married to Draven, and then divorced?"

"Don't you know?"

Cierra was a little surprised. "Because of Aleah's identity, everything between me and Draven has been exposed by the netizens. Everyone knows that we are divorced and married. Don't you surf the

Internet?"

When she married him, Adam should have studied medicine abroad. It was normal that he didn't know about it. However, they were all working now, and the divorce between them was exposed on the Internet several times. It was hard not to know about it.

He knew about Aleah, so how could he not know the news about her and Draven?

Adam shook his head and took out his phone. "I'm too busy to play on my phone."

“If you’re curious, you can go and see for yourself. The news on the Internet is almost all true. I have something to do, so I’ll go first.”

Cierra got up from the chair and couldn’t help laughing when she saw the person who was obsessed with the phone.

She slowly walked up to him and asked, “Dr. Chant, where can I pay for it?”

Suddenly, she got close to him, which startled Adam. He rolled his eyes at her and said, “You don’t have to pay. Draven will pay for it.”

“Okay, then I won’t stand on ceremony. I’ll go.

Cierra waved her hand and walked out.

“OK,” Andrew replied.

He also waved his hand, but then he suddenly came to his senses and quickly blocked her way. “He hasn’t come back yet. Are you leaving just like that?”

The person he was referring to was, of course, Draven.

Cierra smiled and said, “Didn’t you say that Aleah is downstairs? Then he shouldn’t be able to come up for a while. If he comes to you, please tell him. Or you can just send him a message directly. You

should have his contact information.”

Adam stared at her with a complicated look for a long time. “Don’t you care about him anymore? Also, can’t you send a message yourself?”

Cierra was amused. “I’ve divorced him. Also, I don’t have his number, so I can only trouble you.”

She imitated him and pushed open the door without looking at his reaction. “Thank you for today. I’m leaving now. If you have time, go to L’Opera Restaurant for dinner. I’ll treat you!”

“Okay, okay!”

Adam said perfunctorily, his eyes still fixed on his phone.

When the door of the consulting room was closed, he seemed to come to his senses and repeated

himself.

“Oh my g*d, did she really divorce Draven?”

“Yes, why would I lie to you?”

The door of the consulting room was suddenly pushed open. Cierra leaned in with a smile on her face, which startled her.

“D*mn it!” A guilty conscience rose in him. He didn’t even dare to look at her. “Didn’t you leave?”

“I’m sorry, Can you lend me some money to take a taxi?”

Cierra was also a little embarrassed. When she went out, she remembered that her phone was still in L’Opera Restaurant and she didn’t have any cash on her. She could only ask someone for help, but she didn’t expect to scare him.

Adam was speechless. He took out his wallet from his pocket and said, “That’s all. Don’t pay me

back. Treat me.”

He gave the money into her hand and sent her to the elevator. Then he heaved a sigh of relief.

Then, she quickly took out her mobile phone, found an account, and sent a message.

“Tim! Here comes your chance. My deskmate is divorced!”

He seemed to be afraid that others would not understand, so he added.

“Cierra, she’s divorced!”

Chapter 150 I Have a Friend

At the end of the corridor of the hospital.

The phone rang again. After a while, it rang again.

A few seconds later, the call was finally connected.

“Draven, are you out Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 150Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 150Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 150f your mind? Why don’t you answer the phone? Where did you go? Tell me, what do you mean? Why did you leave me alone in the restaurant when you brought me here for dinner? Anyway, you have to pay. Come back and pick me up!”

An irritable voice came from the other end of the line. One could imagine Ryan was furious.

But on the other end of the phone, Draven was indifferent. It seemed that he was not listening to the phone carefully. He just stood silently in front of the window with no expression. His dark eyes were looking out of the window.

After shouting and cursing for a long time, Ryan finally couldn't stand it anymore. "Draven! What are you doing? Are you listening or not?"

"Ryan."

"Can I ask you a question?" he asked in a low as he suddenly interrupted him.

His tone, which had never been heard before, suppressed Ryan's anger. He even restrained his frivolousness and said in a serious tone, "If you have anything to say, just say it. Don't be so polite."

Just say it."

After a moment of silence, he said, "I have a friend..."

"Cough! Cough!"

Ryan suddenly coughed, as if he had choked.

But it didn't take long. "Go on, go on. What happened to your friend?"

Draven looked down at the people passing by the hospital downstairs.

There were different kinds of people in the hospital.

Glancing around, the image of Cierra in his arms appeared in his mind.

As soon as she woke up, she lay in front of her chest and asked to put her down in a daze. She was so scared that she woke up and buried herself in his clothes in shame and indignation, but she still asked to put her down.

Thinking of this, he couldn't help smiling.

But then he thought of something and suddenly stopped smiling. He was a little confused.

"Ryan, I want to ask you, If a person often misses someone and wants to tease her. then what's wrong with this person?"

Ryan replied almost immediately, "Is this your friend's thought?"

Staring downstairs. After three seconds of silence, Draven said, "Yes."

Ryan burst into laughter. "Draven, you've fallen in love with someone. Tell me the truth, have you?"

Cici? I told you that you liked Cici, but you still didn't admit it! Now, you've divorced her, and you're going to marry Aleah. You will regret it! Go and ask her to remarry! Hurry up!"

He said to Draven.

The noise made Draven pull his phone away from his ear. It was not until a while later that he spoke

again.

"Ryan, I do not love Cierra," His tone was very calm.

Ryan clicked his tongue and said, "Don't you love her? Fine, you have to tell me that you like Aleah, right? Fine, I'll take it as you like that woman. Then let me ask you, do you know her hobbies? Will you miss her from time to time?"

Draven was silent, and his fingers curled up unconsciously.

Did he love Cierra?

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

"I can remember everything you said about Aleah. But I don't know anything about Cierra except that she likes shrimp and her birthday. Besides, I haven't contacted her or seen her for three years. If I loved her, how could I tolerate such a big gap?"

Ryan fell silent as well.

After a long while, he stammered, "Then, then how do you explain your behavior? You like to tease her. You bad dog."

"I didn't know, so I came to ask you. You've been with so many women." His tone was full of disappointment.

Ryan was at a loss for words. "1..."

He had met a lot of women and had many girlfriends, but he was a normal man! Who would have the same thoughts as Draven?

Just as he was about to complain, the phone was hung up.

With a gloomy face, Draven impatiently put his phone on the windowsill.

Did he love Cierra?

What a joke! How was that possible?

As he recalled the time he spent with Cierra, he quickly got an answer.

The phone vibrated again. It was Ryan again.

As soon as the phone was connected, a voice came from the other end of the line. "Draven! You hung up again. I don't care who you like. Come and pick me up immediately!"

However, Draven ignored him and continued, "Ryan, I've just thought it through. It's normal for me to be special to Cierra. After all, we grew up together, so it's inevitable for us to be close. When I was studying psychology, I saw that it's not easy to be together with friends who grew up together.

For example, when I found out that my grandpa asked me to marry her, I was very rebellious and even gave her the cold shoulder for a long time. These are all in line with the theory in the book. I think I don't love her, but... I treat her as my younger sister."

In the past few years, while receiving psychological trauma treatment, he also minored in psychology and often used existing theories to analyze problems.

He calmly analyzed his relationship with Cierra and felt that his answer was clear.

Because it was kinship, he treated her differently.

It was because of this that he would do that to her. After all, who would marry his younger sister?

And most of the time, he was very annoyed when he saw Cierra. His attitude was exactly the same as his mother saw him. Every time she talked about him, she cursed him.

The theory and reality matched, and he heaved a sigh of relief.

Ryan was stunned.

How could anyone analyze their interpersonal relationships with psychology theory?

What's more, what was he talking about? A younger sister? A younger sister with no blood relationship?

Ryan didn't want to argue with him. "Hurry up and pick me up!"

"Sorry, I almost forgot about you."

It seemed that Draven had just remembered. He glanced at his watch and turned back. "I'm in the hospital now. Cierra's foot was scratched by iron. I brought her here to check,

so I forgot to tell you. I'll bring her back now and pick you up by the way. Wait for a while."

As soon as he finished speaking, the phone was hung up.

This time, it was Ryan who hung up the phone. He was so angry that he was about to clench his

teeth.

He thought, "She's my sister. He sent Cierra to the hospital as soon as she got injured, and I forgot about you."

He wanted to see when this blockhead would come to his senses and regret it!

At this moment, the person who had been secretly scolded was walking toward the consulting

room.

When the door was pushed open, she saw that Adam was excitedly playing on his phone.

Looking around, Draven didn't see Cierra. Frowning, he asked, "Where is she?"