

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 406

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Chapter 406 Alas-

Get Bogus

“Miss Barton, your eyes are so beautiful. It seems that I can’t bear to let you die like this.”

Patrick pinched her lightly and no longer increased his strength. He just looked down at her as if she was an ant, with pity and charity in his eyes.

His thumb slowly slid down Cierra’s chin, sliding down the blood vessels.

He suddenly loosened his grip and bent down slightly. His warm breath almost blew into Cierra’s ear.

“How about this? If you beg me to let you go, I won’t do anything to you. What do you think?”

Patrick tilted his head with a cold smile on his face, which made her feel a chill run down her spine.

Cierra’s eyes were red as she looked at him. She clenched her teeth and endured everything she had suffered.

Begging him?

Should she act like Aleah, pretending to be weak and delicate, crying and begging?

Or could it be that in order to survive, she had to put down her dignity?

Regardless of what sort of answer it might be, Cierra felt endless anger.

She took advantage of the moment when Patrick loosened his grip and spat at him.

“Get

lost!”

She didn’t know if it was because she was too angry or she bit her lips too hard, but there was a fishy sweetness between her lips and teeth.

At the same time, the man’s face was stained with bloody spittle.

What made Cierra even more disgusted was that not only was Patrick not angry, but he even sneered. He raised his hand to wipe the blood off his face and wiped his lips with his finger.

“...Don’t you feel disgusting?”

Cierra was unable to endure it any longer and she finally shouted those words.

Get Bo

As if he had heard something funny, Patrick tilted his head and looked down at her.

“Disgusting? Who are you calling disgusting? Everyone in the world is disgusting. They’re just wild beasts in a human skin. Why do they have to fill in some rules to restrain themselves? Isn’t this hypocritical behavior disgusting?”

Crazy!

Cierra cursed in her heart and tried her best to suppress the emotions to calm herself down.

She was not waiting for death. When she realized that Patrick no longer had any intention of attacking her, her hands, which were tied behind the chair, moved again.

Unfortunately, her hands were tied up tightly. Even if she tried her best to struggle,

there was nothing she could do.

Furthermore, due to the fact that she had fallen off once before, her left hand hurt whenever she moved it, let alone broke the rope a little looser.

Cierra closed her eyes and finally calmed down. She began to think about things carefully.

The earrings she was wearing had a positioning device, but in order to store electricity, she did not turn them on all the time. If she could press it, her brothers might be able to find her in time.

But now that her hands were tied, she couldn't move them at all....

"What should I do?"

Cierra pursed her lips, feeling a little discouraged. When she opened her eyes, it was filled with anxiety.

At the same time, she looked up and met a pair of inquiring eyes.

That face was very similar to the one in her memory, but with a completely different temperament. It was right in front of her, and their dark eyes met.

Cierra was in fright and subconsciously looked away when she came back to her senses.

Damn it, at this time, she was actually thinking of the past through that face.

However, it didn't matter when she thought about it.

At this time, she could only seek joy in bitterness like this.

Thinking back to the past... In fact, she was quite lucky.

When she was young and ignorant, she fell in love with someone sincerely.

There was no need to consider anything else. At that age, love was pure love.

Whether it was because of Draven's good looks or because her mind had been restrained since she was a child, which kept telling her that she should marry him.

She could still clearly feel her own feelings for him.

This reminded Cierra of a post on the Internet. Sometimes, it wasn't that she didn't like the person, but that she felt sorry for all the efforts she had made over the years.

It was not because that person was unworthy, but because she felt that she was unworthy.

"What are you thinking about?"

Just as Cierra was emptying herself, she was suddenly interrupted by Patrick's cold voice.

At this moment, Cierra was annoyed when she saw him. "Mind your own business!"

She didn't want to pretend any longer with this lunatic. He was a pure pervert!

No matter what posture she made, she would become his toy. It was better for her to relax herself so that she would not have to be on tenterhooks all the time.

She would feel better if she just scolded him like this.

If this lunatic pinched her again, she would spit on him again.

He had better kill her. If he couldn't, she would at least disgust him back!

Patrick didn't get angry at her scolding. Instead, he chuckled and said, "Miss Barton, you really have a temper. You're already hardly able to save yourself. What's the point of bickering with me here?"

Cierra glared at him. "Then what's your point? You treat everything as a game and tied Get By☆ me up here for no reason. You don't even have a purpose. What's the point of that? Are you just going to satisfy your ridiculous and stupid need for fun? Or are you so bored that you have to play tricks on me?"

"Who allowed you to talk to me like that?"

As if she had hit the sore spot, the laziness in Patrick's eyes suddenly disappeared.

All of the laziness turned into ice-cold icicles that stabbed straight at Cierra.

Cierra straightened her neck and said, "Come on! Kill me if you can. Don't let go of me like you haven't eaten anything! Kill me if you dare!"

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He raised his hand and placed it on her neck. When he heard the angry roars from her, he suddenly withdrew his hand.

He snorted and narrowed his eyes as he sized up Cierra. "You're really interesting. No wonder that kid from the West family has been missing you for so many years."

"Bruno West?"

Hearing this name, Cierra froze for a moment.

Her understanding of Bruno was limited to the time they had spent together. In fact, she didn't know much about him.

That was not accurate. To be exact, what she was familiar with was Bruno, who appeared in front of her like a gentleman every day.

As for the methods written on the paper, which were about how he had personally replaced his scumbag father, she had never seen the man like that before. In fact, she was unable to even imagine it.

A person who always did things according to the rules and even took everything into consideration when visiting others, how could he compete with the family members?

Of course, Cierra didn't want to know either.

If the method was used to protect himself, she didn't think there was anything wrong with it even if it was dirty.

But just like the man in front of her, he only hurt innocent people and made fun of her. He was purely a bastard!

Get Bonus

Cierra did not bother to ask Bruno about it. Instead, she suddenly became casual. It was

as if she had seen through life and death and was not afraid of anything.

She even shouted arrogantly, "Hey, loosen the rope around me."

Hearing this, Patrick narrowed his eyes even more.

Chapter 407 It's Not Embarrassing to see a doctor If you are ill

"Miss Barton, are you talking to me?"

Patrick turned around and looked down at her.

Cierra said for certain, "What else can I talk to in this room other than you?"

The man was about to die from blood loss, hanging on the wall without any movement. If it weren't for his weak breathing, everyone would have thought...

As for herself, her hands and feet were tied. Who else could she call?

Patrick seemed to have heard something funny. He looked her up and down and said, "Miss Barton, you're a little bolder. It seems that you don't know me well enough and you are ordering me around. Do you really think you're here as a guest?"

"But Mr

Trevino, didn't you invite me here?"

Cierra tilted her head like him and said wearily, "Your treatment is really bad."

Patrick sneered and glanced at Cierra coldly, no longer responding to her.

How could he not tell that Cierra was doing this on purpose?

But the fact that this woman could calm down so quickly and start to talk to him. casually showed that she was obviously not a good person as well.

This game seemed to be more interesting.

He stared at Cierra for a long time and suddenly smiled. "I don't think there's anything wrong with the way I treat my guests. If you're not satisfied, you should find a way to make me happy, understand?"

To make him happy?

Disdain flashed across Cierra's face.

Patrick didn't care about her rudeness at all. He said in his usual voice, "Miss Barton, don't you understand? Didn't I tell you the solution just now?"

He leaned over to get close to Cierra and let out a hissing breath.

"Beg me."

Get Bots

Cierra moved her head to the side to avoid his touch. She said innocently with the red marks on her neck "But I didn't beg you at that time, and you didn't kill me, did you? Do you not have enough strength to kill me, or are you reluctant to part with me?"

She deliberately imitated Patrick's tone and spat out the last sentence lightly.

Disgusting her?

She was going to disgust him back!

Patrick turned his head to look at her and suddenly chuckled. "Miss Barton's ways of provoking people are rather mean.

He straightened up and ignored her. He walked around the small messy house in his leather shoes.

Cierra also followed his footsteps and then noticed the house.

What came into view was Brian Boyle, who was suspended on the wall. Not far from him was an iron gate. Looking to the left, there was a tile-covered wall. The patterns on it were a little strange, and some parts were a little irregular, as if it had been hollowed out and something had been installed. She couldn't see anything.

She could only look away.

There was a single bed on her right. Of course, it was now an iron frame with rust stains. No one knew how many years it had been since someone had touched it and how many years ago people had lived here.

Behind her, when Cierra was still in the dark, she could vaguely feel that there was nothing special about the decoration on the opposite side. There was just a wall and no window. It was so oppressive that it drove people crazy.

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She glanced at the man who was pacing back and forth in the room. She felt that this man had probably grown up in such an environment.

He might be just like a wolf raised in a cage, who was still fed with raw meat to keep his animal nature, and were not given a suitable environment.

Therefore, he was neither wolf nor human.

Get Boys

In the end, he became a complete lunatic.

"Mr. Trevino?"

After observing the surroundings, Cierra called out to Patrick again.

The man was quite tolerant of her. He stopped and looked back at her. "Have you figured out how to satisfy me?"

Cierra shook his head calmly and said for certain, "I'm hungry."

Patrick narrowed his eyes.

He snorted, pulled the chair over from behind her, and sat down not too far away from her.

"Miss Barton, do you mind if I tell you a story first?"

"Will you ask someone to send food over after you finish speaking?"

Cierra was really hungry. Originally, she had received quite a bit of shock. However, now that she had recovered from the shock and exhausted all of her strength, she felt even more hungry.

Patrick didn't answer her question. He just leaned back lazily in the chair and looked around the room.

"Miss Barton, do you know that this house used to be the place where my good brother was punished? As long as he did something wrong or dissatisfied his mother or grandfather, he would be locked up here. Only when he realized his mistake and admitted that he was wrong and he wouldn't do that again, he could get out."

The man's lazy voice echoed in the empty space, piercing into Cierra's ears word by word.

He had not finished his story yet.

His lazy tone was light as he looked around. "Miss Barton, do you know how those ounce old bastards punished my brother? Do you think they just locked him up? Then you guessed wrong. They... they were quite interesting."

Patrick answered the question himself. Ignoring Cierra's emotions, he raised his hand and pointed at the irregular wall.

Get Bors

"Do you see that? There are some video devices embedded in the wall. When my brother was locked up, it was like the situation when you just woke up. It was dark all around, and he could only hear blood slowly dripping down from human body and gathering at his feet..."

When he saw Cierra shrink her feet, he paused for a moment and put on a mocking smile again. "Miss Barton, are you afraid?"

Cierra was speechless.

Cierra didn't reply and pursed her thin lips slightly.

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She didn't blame herself for angering Patrick, which at least showed that it was disgusting to him.

As for herself, she had already been disgusted before.

Thinking of the blood on her hand when she fell to the ground in the dark, Cierra felt a

little nauseous.

She had no appetite at all.

After all, it was better than being hungry all the time.

Looking at her pale face, Patrick chuckled and said, "Miss Barton, don't be afraid.

Compared with me, I'm very kind to you. I just showed you the sound I've dealt with. At least I didn't let you hear the sound of processing like they did to me. Have you ever heard the sound of a blunt knife cutting flesh? In the dark, your hearing would be magnified, and your imagination would become more vivid. You just can't see it, but you know what they are doing..."

"Shut up!"

No matter how strong Cierra's mentality was, she was unable to contain herself. She roared and interrupted him.

She eased her breathing roughly and said word by word, "It's not embarrassing to see a doctor if you are ill!"

Patrick chuckled and got up from his chair. "You can't take the torture anymore, can you? Don't you want to eat something?"

Chapter 408 I Beg You

Cierra glared at him and looked away.

However, she caught a very important clue from his words. She was not in another place, but in the Trevino Family's old house.

This is the place where Draven had been punished when he was a child, which was under an old tree at the back of the Trevino family's old house.

At that time, she only believed that they locked Draven up for closed study. She had never thought that there would be such a story behind it. Thinking about it, this house should have been abandoned after Ernest Trevino's health deteriorated and Draven began to take over the Trevino Group.

In other words, before she knew it, Draven was silently enduring some unbearable psychological torture.

Did that mean...

But it was meaningless to think too much about it. The past has happened. Even if she knew that sometimes he might not have done it out of his own conscience, the

consequences had already appeared. Talking too much was just an excuse to make both

sides feel better.

Cierra didn't know how to describe her feelings at the moment. She only knew that at this moment, the strong hatred in her heart seemed to never be touched again. Those feelings of unwillingness and resentment towards Draven in the past seemed to have blown away like the wind.

Perhaps it was even earlier when Draven was seriously injured and fell down in front of her in Los Angeles.

But at that time, she didn't have the mood to care about anything else. She could only do what she should do according to the instructions in her mind, so she naturally thought that those grudges had been buried in the deep sea, but she hardly realized that

they had already been extinguished by the fire.

"Miss Barton, what are you thinking about?"

Patrick was very dissatisfied with her sudden distraction. He watched as the expression on her face slowly changed from fear and anger to calmness and relief, as if she had

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figured out something that had troubled her for a long time.

How could this be?

Why was she still trying to reconcile with herself in such a situation?

"Miss Barton, I'm asking you. What were you thinking about just now?"

Patrick was very dissatisfied with Cierra's reaction. He approached the woman in the chair again and stared at her with his cold eyes.

Cierra raised her eyes and said in a normal tone, "I was thinking about Draven. It turns out that he has suffered so much."

She was frank and looked around.

As soon as she finished speaking, she clearly felt that Patrick's black pupils shrank

slightly, and the coldness around him became more.

Cierra didn't miss the expression on his face, nor did she make any unnecessary reactions. She continued to chat casually.

"According to Mr. Trevino's words, the place where you locked me up should be the Trevino family's old house, right? The most dangerous place is the safest place. Is that what you think?"

"Huh..."

Patrick reached out his hand and pinched her face. "Put away your wits."

"Do you think you can change anything by guessing your position? All the instruments in this room have been blocked. Even if you have other equipment, they will not be able to receive it. As for you, how can you escape with your thin arms and legs?"

Cierra's face was pinched, and her eyes suddenly looked more innocent. "I didn't have any other intentions. I was just curious. Besides, you just blocked me here to play with them and see how long it would take for them to find me. Or, when they can guess your thoughts correctly?"

Before she could finish her words, the strength on her face suddenly increased and interrupted her.

Patrick said in a threatening tone, "Miss Barton, you don't seem to understand me."

Get Boys →→

Cierra only felt like rolling her eyes.

Idiot!

It was just because his thoughts had been seen through that he flared into a rage from embarrassment.

However, she could not show such an arrogant expression in front of him when he was staring at her.

She blinked innocently and mumbled, "Then I was wrong. Could you let go of my hand?"

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She deliberately opened her mouth very hard, as if she was so painful that saliva

splashed out and fell on the hand on her face.

Cierra still put on a pitiful look and blinked at Patrick with grievance.

“Please...”

Patrick’s face darkened. He looked down at her for a while and silently let
hand.

go

of her

The force on her cheeks dissipated, and Cierra coughed, glancing sideways at the man.

Seeing that Patrick expressionlessly took out a handkerchief from his pocket and was about to wipe his fingers, she immediately spoke up.

“I’m sorry, Mr. Trevino. I really couldn’t control myself just now and caused you trouble. I’m very sorry.”

She said sorry, but there was no hint of apology on her face at all. She straightened her back and didn’t look guilty at all. It was obvious that she was very self-righteous.

Patrick paused and looked sideways at her again.

Cierra forced a smile.

Patrick sneered as he suddenly retracted his handkerchief. His fingers, which had pinched Cierra’s face, reached out to wipe the clothes on her shoulders.

Cierra was speechless.

He looked down at the stiff-faced woman and withdrew his hand with satisfaction.

Get Bott

He took a step back and sized up the woman who was still in a daze with interest. He chuckled and said, “Don’t play these childish tricks. If I weren’t so bored right now, do you think you would still be able to sit here?”

Cierra recovered after a moment and sighed softly. “I didn’t play any tricks. I really

didn't do it on purpose."

She could tell that...

The more serious she was, the more Patrick would tease her. The more playful she was,

the more unhappy he would be.

Therefore, it was better for her to start playing. It was quite interesting.

As she had expected, Patrick became serious and stopped teasing her. "I won't tie you up

for too long, but you have to pray that your brothers... Oh, and your childhood sweetheart and Bruno will come as soon as possible."

Cierra smiled at him and sat down on the chair quietly.

But after a moment of silence, she raised her head again. "Is there really nothing to eat?"

Patrick took out a lighter from his pocket and was playing with it from time to time.

When he heard her voice, he looked at her coldly.

"You can still have appetite?"

"But I'm really hungry."

Cierra sighed helplessly and looked at him pitifully. "I haven't eaten anything since this morning. I only ate little in the L'Opera Restaurant before you brought me here. It should be dark outside by now, right? You're keeping an eye on me when you are full. Even if I feel disgusting, I'm still hungry."

There was still no expression on Patrick's face, but he stopped playing with the lighter in his hand. His dark eyes seemed to be saying, "Act, continue acting."

Having received no response from him, Cierra could only sigh heavily. "If you don't give me anything to eat, just loosen the rope around my hand. It really hurts."

"Miss Barton."

Patrick suddenly sat up straight and said with a cold face, "You don't seem to

understand. I've told you not to play such childish and boring tricks."

The atmosphere suddenly froze.

After three seconds of silence, Cierra suddenly spoke.

"Then... I beg you?"

Chapter 409 Being Given Up

In the hospital.

As soon as Draven heard that Cierra was missing, he rushed over.

Ever since he returned to New York, Mrs. Trevino had been hospitalized due to physical discomfort from time to time. Recently, she had always complained about a headache and had almost never returned to the old house.

The clinic was not close to the hospital. In addition, it was the time to get off work, so there was a heavy traffic jam on the road.

When Draven arrived, Mrs. Trevino was having dinner with Anna.

"Madame, are you only eating this little today? Do you want some more? It's getting cold now, and the night is getting longer."

When Anna saw that Mrs. Trevino had put down her forks and that she hadn't eaten much, she couldn't help looking at her worriedly.

Mrs. Trevino waved her hand and said:" No, I have no appetite."

Anna picked up a warm wet towel to wipe her face. Even though Mrs. Trevino was still sick, her posture was still elegant.

It was at this time that Draven barged in.

He was panting heavily. It was obvious that he was in such a hurry that he did not dare to take a rest. His body was still wrapped in the chill of the autumn rain outside.

Mrs. Trevino was shocked. When she calmed down and found that it was her son she hadn't seen for a long time, she let out a long sigh of relief. "Why are you here today? Aren't you busy at the company recently? I thought you didn't care about me anymore."

She thought that Draven was here to see her.

Unfortunately, he didn't respond to her at all. After calming down for a while, he got straight to the point. "Where is she?"

The woman on the sofa was stunned, and her action of wiping her fingertips froze.

After a while, her expression returned to normal. Mrs. Trevino pretended not to

Get Bot

understand and said, "What are you talking about? Did you rush over in the rain just to ask me some strange questions? If you don't make it clear, how can I know who you are talking about?"

"You know that."

His breathing had returned to normal. Draven closed the door and walked toward her.

"He kidnapped Cierra and erased the surveillance video on the road. If I'm not mistaken, you should have contacted him a long time ago."

"It's Patrick, my brother, right? My mother."

As early as a few months ago, when he returned to New York he had noticed it. Logically, speaking, the injury on his face was completely different from the face in the interview.

But when he returned to the old house, Mrs. Trevino didn't ask him more questions. She

just asked him about his injury, not to mention that abuse him about the company affairs as much as she used to.

In the past, as long as there was something wrong with the company, what awaited him was all kinds of strong blame from Mrs. Trevino. How could she not even ask about it now?

However, at that time, he had just returned from Los Angeles. He found it hard to accept.

the fact that Bruno and Cierra were together. He was so depressed that he could not be

bothered to care about the Trevino family's mess.

He just wanted to protect the Trevino Group in New York, especially when he knew that Cierra accompanied him in the most difficult time of the three years.

But now, he was obviously not allowed to continue to play dumb.

Although he didn't know why Patrick had come to New York, he could guess that Patrick was targeting him from all the things he had done before.

Since that guy did not take the initiative, he naturally wanted to play with Draven.

Instead of looking for Patrick aimlessly in the entire New York, he might as well go straight to Mrs. Trevino, his lovely mother.

Mrs. Trevino was startled by his words and only came to her senses after a long while.

But she refused to admit the existence of Patrick. "I don't quite understand what you're talking about. Who was kidnapped? You should go to the police. Why are you looking for

me?"

Mrs. Trevino righteously raised her eyes and stared at Draven, her tone became as fierce as that time when she was punishing him, "If there's nothing else, go back and deal with the company affairs. Look at what you've done to the the Trevino Group during this period of time!"

"Huh," Draven sneered and confronted her with red eyes. "Mrs. Trevino, previously I didn't quite understand why I was different from other children when I was your child. Now I finally understand the reason why you were so unscrupulous is that the best child was robbed from you and you tried to train me to look like that lunatic, didn't you?"

"Who are you calling a lunatic?"

Mrs. Trevino suddenly raised her voice and screamed as if her tail had been stepped on.

The main point in her words confirmed his guess.

He was just testing Mrs. Trevino with those words.

In any case, he and Patrick were born in her belly. Even if their relationship couldn't be settled, he didn't believe that Mrs. Trevino could completely relate all her feelings to another child who she had even never seen before.

However, Mrs. Trevino's first reaction was to deny that Patrick wasn't a madman and

not anything else.

Then it seemed to have confirmed his malicious speculation in his words.

For so many years, she just wanted an even more outstanding child. The one who had been snatched away was the one she recognized. As for him, who had been robbed away

nourishment by his brother in the womb and had been abandoned by the Trevino family when he was born. Naturally, he had become a substitute.

She was unwilling to accept the fact that her healthy and strong child had been taken away, but she could only focus on another child.

She used all kinds of means to teach him in the same way, even in a more serious way.

Finally, she cultivated this abandoned child's ability into what she had imagined.

Get Bors

However, things did not go as she wished. His ability had been achieved, but he still went against her in every aspect.

She had gone against Ernest for a woman who was cursed by tens of thousands of people and even blindly protected that woman. Mrs. Trevino thought she was the one who was truly good to him, but look at what he had done! He really deserved to be abandoned by the family!

Her emotions were strengthened with each dispute, and as a result, she became more and more focused on another child she had never seen before.

The one she can't see is the best.

When Patrick really appeared in front of her, her selfishness began to quietly stir up.

They were both her children. Why couldn't she choose the obedient one?

The more she thought about it, the more resentment she felt for Draven.

She had put in so much effort to cultivate him. He was the most important person in her life. Whether it was about his marriage or anything else, she had put in a lot of effort for

his own good.

What did he do this time?

A few years ago, he had been blind for the shameless woman of the Boyle family. Now, he had tortured himself like a ghost for another woman. He was really the same as his dead father!

In her opinion, this son would sooner or later die outside for a woman like his biological father!

Mrs. Trevino had a grudge in her heart, and was also unceremonious to Draven, “If you’re here for that woman, get out of here right now!”

Chapter 410 Eat Very Well

“It seems that you are going to protect my good brother?”

Of course, Draven didn’t leave, nor did he get angry because of her words. He just asked calmly.

Mrs. Trevino ignored him. “Whatever you think, I don’t know what he’s doing in New York, nor do I know where he is. All I know is that even if he’s raised in the Washington D.C., he will still much more filial than you! At least when I’m sick in the hospital, he knows to greet me from time to time. What about you? I think you’re just as ungrateful as your dead father!”

“Let’s talk about whether I’m an ungrateful person or not later. But it’s an eye-opener for me that Mrs. Trevino is trying so hard to protect a criminal.”

Draven didn’t expect to get anything out of her. He glanced at her coldly and was about to leave.

When he opened the door and was about to go out, he paused and said without looking back, “By the way, Mrs. Trevino, I forgot to tell you. I don’t know if you have received the news, but I think I still need to tell you. Cierra is the daughter of the the Barton family in Los Angeles. My brother kidnapped her and what do you think the Barton. family will do if something really happens to her?”

As soon as he finished speaking, he didn’t stay any longer and walked away directly.

In the ward, Mrs. Trevino was stunned for a moment, as if she didn’t know what Draven was talking about.

When she understood, her face changed greatly.

Then, she immediately went to Anna and said, "Give me the phone. I'll call Addison and ask him. Don't let him do anything stupid again!"

Anna went to get her phone, she comforted Mrs. Trevino. "Madam, don't worry. Maybe Mr. Draven is deliberately lying to you. Mr. Patrick suddenly returned to New York, so he must have a sense of nervous. You should communicate with him and let the two

brothers meet. Why do they have to be so tit-for-tat? As for Mr. Patrick, I think he is a good person. He doesn't look like someone who will kidnap others. I cooked for him at noon today. He tasted some and praised my cooking skills."

"Is that so..."

Mrs. Trevino was skeptical and worried. "You'd better give me the phone. I'll call him and see if he's at home."

The ward was in a mess because of what Draven said. No one noticed that the door of the

opposite ward was half-closed and swayed as someone walked.

Ryan couldn't wait any longer downstairs.

When he saw Draven walking out of the building in a hurry, he went up to him regardless of the rain and asked, "How did it go? Did you get any news from your mother?"

"Let's go to the Trevino family's old house."

Draven immediately opened the door of the driver's seat and said.

But when he got in the car, he paused and went straight to the back seat. "You drive, as

soon as possible."

Ryan didn't dare to delay. It was about human life!

Who knew what Patrick would do to Cierra?

Even if the person who had been kidnapped was a stranger, they would inevitably be

worried when they heard about it on the news, not to mention that the person who had gone missing was Cierra.

In the back seat of the car, Draven did not stay idle. He used Ryan's phone to contact Bruno and then sent a message to William.

Of course, he didn't dispatch all the manpower to the Trevino family's old mansion.

The news he heard in the ward was very credible, but there were always cunning people. No one knew if there was any other place in New York where Cierra was locked up.

The

manpower under William were also searching all over New York. When he heard the news from Draven, he immediately sent half of their men to the the Trevino family' house, while the other half continued to search as planned.

Bruno contacted the Cambre family and the partners of the the West family in Los Angeles. After all, New York was not his place. He could only ask for help from others.

except for himself.

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It usually took more than 40 minutes to get to the Trevino family from the hospital.

This time, Ryan forcibly shortened the time by half and finally arrived at the gate of the old house.

At this moment, in the small room, Cierra was eating slowly.

In fact, she didn't have much appetite. The room was full of the smell of blood, and there was a madman staring at her, which was more or less disgusting.

However, she thought that if someone really came to save her later, she could eat to gain some strength and would not be a burden.

She mechanically stuffed the food into her mouth, and at the same time, she blamed herself.

If she had been more vigilant in L'Opera Restaurant in the afternoon, these things would not have happened.

Originally, she came here for the marriage of Lydia and William. Now everyone was worried about their own affairs before the wedding. It was really a sin.

When Cierra took a bite of coriander that she didn't like, she even wondered if she hadn't been picked up by William, or if she had disappeared directly from the plane as

Patrick had said...

However, as soon as this thought came to her mind, it was extinguished by Cierra in time.

She couldn't think like that.

A family reunion was the best way.

Since God had shown mercy to her and let her find her relatives, she would not give in because of artificial factors.

Moreover, she didn't think she was a burden.

William had once told her that she was the lucky star of her family.

She would definitely survive.

Get BoTM*

As Cierra stuffed food into her mouth, she kept giving herself positive psychological hints.

"Is it that delicious?"

Patrick looked at the squirrel-like woman in front of him, and her cheeks puffed up slightly because of the food. At this moment, when she heard the voice, she raised her eyes, but she still kept chewing.

An innocent look appeared in her dark eyes.

Patrick leaned back in his chair, rested his chin on his palm, and stared at her with interest.

That food was left to him by the maid of the Trevino family at noon. He took a sip and put it aside. He had just asked someone to heat it up and sent it to her. He didn't expect her to eat it so happily.

It made him also want to have a try.

With that thought in mind, he got up and walked towards Cierra.

Cierra slowed down her chewing and stared dully at Patrick.

Was this lunatic all right?

What was he trying to do? Was he here to poison her?

Patrick took her spoon and tasted with her hand.

Cierra was stupefied.

She glanced at the food in her bowl. Because it was leftover rice and she only used one

bowl, the mixture of soup and rice made her lose her appetite.

Mr. Patrick took a sip of the spoon that she had used and even ate it?

Was he all right?

“It tasted awful.”

Patrick swallowed the rice in his mouth and threw the spoon back into her bowl wantonly.

Get Bors

“How can you eat such terrible food? Are you a pig?”

Cierra was speechless.

If it weren't for the fact that she didn't like to waste food, Cierra would have thrown this meal at his face.

How could a good-looking man be a piece of trash?

She swallowed the food in her mouth silently, held back her temper, and said to Patrick, “I told you I'm very hungry. When I'm hungry, everything tastes good.”

Of course, she was lying. Although she was hungry, she didn't think the food was delicious.

It was just cold leftover soup.

However, she had eaten these when she was abroad. Since she didn't have much money on her, she could only make do with it and fill her stomach.

She forced herself to eat it. She didn't know how Patrick could tell that she was eating very well.

Looking at her dirty hair, the red marks on her face, and the blood on her body, Patrick suddenly wanted to laugh.

Just as he was about to say something, someone knocked on the iron door of this room.