

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 25 Your Wife Is Great!

Without a second thought, Draven walked straight to the center of the dance floor.

Meanwhile, when William saw this scene, he suddenly got up from his seat and walked forward with a livid face.

But in the next second, they both stopped at the same time.

There was a loud bang. The moment Ryan on the stage touched the hem of Cierra's but tocks, he was smashed to the ground heavily!

Everyone was shocked by this scene. The whole room was silent, leaving only the sound of Saks. Accompanied by that music, Ryan lay on the ground, which looked funny.

Without lowering her head to see the person on the ground, Cierra just glanced at Draven from a distance on the stage.

She looked away and glanced at the person beside her feet with a snort, tilting her head slightly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. West. I don't know how to love and tolerate people that I don't like, but I know very well how to vent my anger. Your good friend is here. I have to go. Tell him to finish the divorce as soon as possible when he's free."

After saying this, she stepped over Ryan and squeezed into the crowd in her high heels.

Ryan, who was lying on the ground, covered his waist, got up, and then went to find Cierra.

Unfortunately, there were so many people that he could not see Cierra at all. Before he could take a few steps, his line of sight was blocked by a figure in front of him.

"Excuse me."

Ryan shoved the person beside him even without looking at who it was.

"Ryan!"

"I asked you to look after her. Is this how you do that?" Draven could not take it anymore and spat out his name.

Even his hand almost touched her...

Thinking about the scene just now, Draven felt a sudden surge of anger.

Fortunately, Cierra reacted quickly. Otherwise, he would have been taken advantage of by Ryan!

"What's wrong with me? I just danced with Cici. Why are you so excited?"

After making sure that he could not find her, Ryan slowly retracted his gaze.

He felt his waist knocked out due to that fall. Now he was still holding his waist like a pregnant woman with a child.

However, he laughed without anger.

"Ah, I haven't seen her for so many years, but she has become more and more unique. She is much more interesting than before. Hey, Draven, do you have Cici's number? Give me that. I must capture her heart!"

Draven narrowed his eyes. "Did you hurt your brain? Don't forget that Cierra is still my wife."

"Come on! I know that, but aren't you going to get a divorce? Besides, you don't treat Cierra as your wife. If not for Ernest, you

wouldn't have married her at all."

Ryan's words rendered Draven speechless.

It wasn't enough. When Draven was silent, Ryan touched his waist and added.

"But I have to say, your wife is so great!"

Without the mood to argue with him, Draven thought of the scene of Cierra wrestling him over her shoulder.

With her fast speed and reaction, she was able to knock down Ryan before his hand touched her in such a small figure, which totally stunned him.

At least three years ago, she was still a young lady who only knew how to complain to Ernest. When did she even learn how to fight?

As his eyes darkened, Draven glanced at his good friend who was still reminiscing about the beauty. "How about the investigation?"

Instead of recalling the wrestling over the shoulder, Ryan was thinking about that dance.

When Cierra said she only had part-time jobs after attending classes abroad and that she didn't have time or need to practice dancing, she showed loneliness, which made her look helpless, pitiful, and sweet.

"I really don't understand you. Cici is just a little girl. There is nothing to investigate when she was abroad alone. When she danced with me, she said that she only had classes and earned money from part-time jobs. I guess that her stingy parents in the Boyle family didn't even give her living expenses."

Since Ryan had a tender heart for beautiful ladies, he felt indignant when he thought about how pitiful Cierra was.

Suddenly, he remembered that she had already married Draven when she went abroad. Then he immediately put on a questioning expression.

"Wait. She was already married to you. Why did you send her abroad without giving her money? Wow, you just leave a little girl alone outside. Are you human, Draven?"

Draven lifted his finger and asked for a glass of wine before sitting down in the booth. "Before asking me these questions, think about how she could throw you over the shoulder with your damn brain!"

Like Ryan, he also wanted to know why Cierra had not spent the money he had transferred every month.

After she went abroad, she never answered his calls, as if she had disappeared.

He could only get some news about her from his mother.

Since she was angry and did not want to talk to him, why should he take the initiative to provoke her?

But now it seemed that he had indeed gone too far.

Ryan also asked for a glass of wine and leaned lazily against the sofa, indifferent to Draven's question.

"She should learn something to protect herself. After all, she is alone abroad. What's wrong with a shoulder throw? It's only me today. If she really meets a pervert, Cici couldn't beat him."

Draven held the wine glass tightly and darkened his eyes. "Don't call her Cici."

“Why? Ernest named her. I named her that way. I just want to call her Cici.”

Ryan argued childishly. Thinking of the past, he sighed with emotion, “If I had known that she was so beautiful now, I would

- have asked her out back then.”

He looked at his right hand, still missing the dance with her.

“She didn’t like you back then,” Draven said with a cold snort.

“Yes. That little girl regarded herself as your wife at that time. She naturally didn’t like anyone else.”

Without arguing with him more, Ryan began to imagine the future.

He kicked Draven and turned his head to the side. “The news of your divorce has spread widely. When will you finish the procedures? If I move faster, maybe I will hold the wedding with you and Aleah at the same time.”

“Get lost!” Draven kicked him back.

This kick was hard, completely different from Ryan’s.

He wailed and then heard Draven’s cold voice.

“Your family must look down upon the Boyle family. Even if Cierra is still a member of the Boyle family, your family might not be able to let you get married to her. Moreover, she has already cut off all ties with the Boyle family.”

Ryan shook his head and fell onto the sofa. “You think too much, Draven. My brother needs a business marriage and should get married to a woman who has a powerful family background. I’m different. If I can get my wife back, my mom will be happy.”

Draven

looked down at the whiskey in the glass. “Even so, the premise is that she wants to marry you.”

Even if the West family didn’t consider the woman’s family background, Cierra might not want to marry him.

There was another meaning in his words. Back then, when Ernest asked him to marry Cierra, she was willing to marry him.

Ryan was not stupid and knew what Draven meant.

He showed a meaningful smile and slowly looked at Draven.

“But Draven, even if Cici doesn’t want to marry me, you have to divorce her. You are putting it off and even trying to stop me from dating her. Don’t tell me you like her and don’t want to divorce her?”