

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 3 The Seat for His Girlfriend

Cierra deliberately dawdled.

She came out of the villa after a second call from Draven.

When Draven saw Cierra jogging over, his slightly furrowed brows smoothed a little. He turned sideways and placed a gift box on the passenger seat upright.

“Sorry, I took a nap and made you wait for a long time.”

Cierra explained as she pulled the door to the back seat of the car.

Draven glanced at her through the rearview mirror and tightened his grip on the steering wheel. “You’re going to attend the banquet just like this?”

“Huh?” Cierra lowered her head to look at her clothes. “Isn’t this okay? It’ll just be a family banquet.”

Draven threw the gift box onto the passenger seat to her. “Go change them.”

The white box had Sprinco logo on it. The box was carefully wrapped up. Cierra recognized it at a glance. It was the latest dress Sprinco launched.

She hesitated and put the gift box back. “I can’t change into the clothes you want to give Aleah.”

Draven tapped his finger on the steering wheel. “We haven’t told anyone about our divorce yet. Are you going to embarrass my family by attending a banquet like this?”

“But...”

“I have another gift for Aleah. It’s given by a company for free. I forgot to bring it with me.”

Draven coldly interrupted her, his tone unquestionable. “Change your clothes.”

“Alright.”

Helpless, Cierra could only hold the gift box and go back to change into the dress before coming back.

The light blue dress made her skin even fairer. The hem was sparkling as it moved as if it was a mobile painting.

The dress was a bit loose on the waist. It wasn't Cierra's size, or Cierra would love it.

After changing her clothes, Cierra quickly went downstairs. When she opened the door of the back seat, she found that it was locked.

Draven's displeased voice came from inside the car. "Sit in the front."

Cierra frowned. "This is not proper, right?"

In her view, only Draven's girlfriend or someone close to him could take the front passenger seat. However, she fitted neither of the conditions.

Draven glanced at Cierra. "Is it appropriate to treat me as a driver?"

"I don't mean that."

Cierra scratched her head and explained herself to Draven.

Draven listened and stared at her in silence for two seconds. "Aleah isn't you. She won't care about such a small matter. Get in the car. I don't want to say the same thing again."

Cierra insisted. "Then I'm not going. I guess she doesn't want to see me."

She held the hem and left. The sound of the horn stopped her, followed by Draven's voice. "Get in the car."

Cierra pulled the back seat door and opened it.

She raised her eyebrows, held the hem, and went in. Because of both the improper size and the complicated design, it took her a while to tidy it up.

Draven started the car. "The skirt is not of your size?"

Cierra was indifferent. "No. It's a bit loose. When we get there, I'll use the pin. Don't worry, I won't embarrass you."

Before Cierra finished speaking, the car slowed down sharply and interrupted Cierra's uttering.

She did not fasten her seat belt and hit her head against the front seat. Her mind went blank.

Jerk! Even if he wanted to kill her, he didn't need to do this. If an accident happened, Draven would also die.

Cierra silently fastened the seat belt. She looked outside the car window at the surroundings that were moving backward.

She was abroad because she occupied the position of Mrs. Trevino. At that time, everyone knew that she liked Draven. It was more convenient to kill her to give Aleah that position back then. Now that she had signed the agreement, he wouldn't have to make her disappear.

To avoid future trouble, Cierra hoped to settle the divorce as soon as possible.

"Well, have we completed the divorce formalities?"