

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 81 Please Remember Me!

Cierra sent a message in the group chat to tell everyone he was safe.

As soon as he sent the message, he received a call.

It was Floyd.

Feeling a little guilty, Cierra took the initiative and said gently, "Floyd, why did you wake up so early?"

She woke up at four o'clock in the morning, and it was only after four o'clock after she ate. It was still 15 minutes away from five o'clock.

Floyd didn't pay attention to her greetings. He went straight away and said, "Are you still with Draven?"

His tone sounded a little unfriendly.

Cierra was stunned for a moment, but on second thought, he understood how he knew it.

At that time, she was drinking with Ryan at Ninth Club. He could find out her whereabouts with a little investigation.

William had also been in New York for a long time, so he should have some ability to do so.

She had received phone calls and messages since last night because she was worried that it would be unsafe for her to stay with Draven alone.

Even if she believed in his integrity, other people might not believe it after the accident abroad, especially when all the evidence showed that it was probably Draven.

Even if there was no evidence, he was still the prime suspect.

But at that time, it was not the time to argue about the case. Cierra only wanted to appease Draven

first.

“I’m sorry, Floyd. I was drunk yesterday and lost consciousness. I just woke up. It just so happened. that he was at Ninth Club as well and I still haven’t finished the divorce procedures with him yet. It

seems... natural for him to take me back from someone else?”

The person on the phone snorted with anger.

Through the phone, Cierra even felt creepy by the voice.

She acted like a spoiled child and said, “Oh, Floyd, I didn’t do it on purpose. I would have gone home

if I had any sense. I was already asleep at that time.”

As for what happened yesterday, Cierra could not remember well. However, she could still vaguely

recall some scenes of his conversation with Ryan.

Ryan seemed to have witnessed something and cursed loudly before he left.

She didn’t have time to think about it carefully when she heard Floyd’s voice ringing in her ear.

“Cici, Jaquan and I are not angry with you because you’re with Draven right now, but because you secretly went out for a drink and didn’t tell your family when you didn’t come home at night. Do you understand what I mean?”

William, who had been quite a casual person, suddenly became more serious, which made her daunted.

Cierra knew that she had gone too far this time, so she apologized honestly, “I’m sorry, Floyd, to keep you worried.”

She felt like crying and almost burst into tears.

She felt guilty, but more because she felt the concerns and care of her family.

She had never experienced this before.

Cierra looked out of the window and hoped that morning would come.

She really wanted to go home and cook for William and the others.

Floyd could tell that she was in a bad mood. He was not a sentimental person, so he quickly changed

his tone.

“You naughty girl, you know you’ve made us so worried. How dare you go out for a drink alone next

time?”

Cierra wanted to refute that she was not alone, but after thinking about how it was her fault this time, she could only be silent and let Floyd criticize.

“I won’t drink anymore, David. I won’t even drink if I am with you! I will never drink. That won’t happen next time!”

She spoke righteously.

Floyd’s anger had already subsided when she apologized, but he was still putting on airs.

“What’s the point of telling me that now? I’m not in New York. You should be thinking about how to explain it to Coby and William. Oh, right, Harold is also with you, isn’t he? When he’s angry, he

won’t talk to you. Tut-tut... Let’s see how you can coax him.”

Hearing this, she was simply feeling a headache.

She thought about it and felt it was quite a trouble. If she had known earlier, she wouldn’t have

come out with him to drink.

She was feeling regret, really regret!

Clerra suddenly didn’t want to talk about this topic.

She leaned against the bed and chatted with him while charging the phone.

“By the way, why haven’t you gone to bed yet? William has told you where I am. You’re not just waiting for my news, are you? Are you still trying me?”

She couldn’t hear it clearly over the phone, but she could still vaguely hear the sound of keyboards.

Although Floyd and Harold had started a company together, the main business was left to Harold. He spent most of his time in the club.

He was not young, but he was not very old either. He still had the physical strength and ability to play in the competition, hoping to win a few more championships in the competition.

When Floyd heard this, he cursed first.

“Stupid girl, do you have a conscience? I call you every half an hour and you tell me that I didn’t wait for your news. Why don’t you buy your own ticket for the finals next month? And stop counting on me?”

His cursing tone was finally correct, matching his personality.

Cierra grinned. “Please don’t, Floyd, I’m kidding. I’ll come over from New York right now and apologize to you!”

The person on the phone snorted. “Get off! Don’t bother me! My training time is very precious. I

don’t have time to see you.’

“Then next month, when you win the championship and don’t have to train all day long, I’ll come to see you. Okay?”

Cierra knew that Floyd was no longer angry, so she relaxed and shook her legs outside the bed.

“I’m busy.”

The man on the phone pretended to be indifferent. Knowing that she was safe, he was relieved and began to pretend to be impatient. “If there’s nothing else, I’ll hang up. Don’t disturb my training.”

“Okay, okay, okay. Go ahead with your work. See you next month.”

Cierra didn’t

continue to chat with him.

She had known the working schedule of their Esports Club before, so such a schedule was normal in

the past.

But because the finals were held abroad this year and there was a time difference, they started training at home and went to bed at night.

Even so, he should have gone to bed by now.

Strictly speaking, he didn't dare to sleep because he didn't get news from her.

Even if he knew that she was safe, he didn't dare to take any chances.

Thinking of this, Cierra's complicated emotions were brewing again. After hanging up the phone, she added something more.

"Floyd, don't forget to take a rest. See you next month."

"You're so pretentious. I'm going to sleep!"

Floyd couldn't stand her coquetry and said stiffly, "I'm hanging up!"

"Okay, then I won't bother you anymore. Bye."

Cierra smiled. "Remember me!"

!

The man on the line cursed again before hanging up.

After chatting with Floyd for a while, Cierra's mood improved, and she knew how to apologize to

her other friends better.

She only sent a few more messages to her three families in New York, and she even sent more words to Jaquan and Nick. in Los Angeles.

She apologized for her mistake sincerely and begged She was sure that Jaquan and Nick wouldn't

scold her.

Coby looked cold, but in fact, he was the easiest one to coax, so she was not very worried.

Like William, David had a quick temper. It should be fine for her to coax him and beg for forgiveness as well.

However, it seemed that it was not easy to appease Harold.

Just as Lucas had said, he was angry but did not speak. Usually, he was dull and it was hard to tell whether he was angry or not. She needed to coax him.

As he thought of this, her expression became complicated.

When she was laughing and pondering in bed, what she didn't know was that the man standing at the door saw all her expression.

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Chapter 82 Cierra was rejected by Draven

Draven didn't mean to eavesdrop on her phone.

He came over and suddenly remembered that there was a spare charger in the master bedroom. Coincidentally, his cell phone battery was not enough, so he came over to borrow one.

Unexpectedly, when he was about to knock on the door, he heard her delicate voice saying, "Remember me!"

So she suddenly stopped and thought a lot in his mind.

He thought, judging from her tone, "she was obviously talking to someone who was very close to

her."

Her voice was so sweet that he only knew when Aleah hadn't come back yet.

So, who was she reminding?

The door was ajar, so he could hear her clearly. He looked up slightly and saw the woman's face in

the room.

She smiled and hesitated in front of the phone, like a stupid woman in love!

At the thought of this, his face suddenly turned aloof, and he knocked on the door angrily.

Hearing the knock on the door, Cierra turned around and saw the half-closed door. She immediately got up, put on her slippers, and trotted over.

"Why are you here? What's the matter?"

Her tone was a little surprised, but she was still thinking about how to coax her other family, so she didn't pay all her attention to him.

Not long ago, she had even blushed because of his good shape and build.

Draven looked down at her face and realized that she was distracted. "I come for the charger."

"Ah?" Cierra let out a cry and frowned.

"But I've just charged it, and it's only 10% power now. Can you lend it to me for a while? Do you want to catch up on sleep first? I'll return it to you when you wake up, okay?"

She talked to him in a pleasant tone.

At least, compared to the previous few times, she was behaving more easy-going. It was just right

to show her kindness when it was time to bow her head.

But when she thought that she bowed to him just to chat with another man, Draven felt outrageous.

"No."

He refused her straightforwardly,

Cierra didn't expect him to turn hostile so quickly.

He had been okay with that earlier and had even cooked noodles for her.

Even if there was a little unhappiness when she was washing the dishes, he still agreed to her

request.

Why was he so outrageous all of a sudden?

However, Cierra did not say anything else. After all, he had shown his cards. She was too ashamed to continue bothering him.

As long as she didn't play with her phone too much, she could hold on until dawn and call William to pick her up.

Thinking of this, she pulled out the charger and sent it to him.

Her face was obviously not as pleased as before, and she even looked a little aggrieved.

"Here you are."

Cierra shoved the data cable into his arms, not making him easy as well.

He subconsciously raised his hand and touched her cold fingertips. He held the thing in his hand and did not move for a while.

He stood at the door, and Cierra did not close the door. She looked at him unhappily and asked, "Is there anything else?"

Her bright face revealed her desire to close the door and to see him off if there was nothing else.

He looked down and met her angry almond-shaped eyes. He was silent for two seconds.

Then, he said slowly, "If I remember correctly, there should be a data cable in the drawer beside the

bed."

Cierra Boyle raised her eyebrows, looking surprised.

He put down his bent arm and said, "If you can't fall asleep, you can go to the study to read for a while. If the battery is not fully charged, you'd better not play with your mobile phone all the time."

He thought, "She was chatting happily with her boyfriend as soon as she turned on her phone. Why was she so anxious to talk more at this time?"

"Besides, their divorce procedures had not been officially completed yet."

After thinking for a while, he was about to turn around and leave when he added, "I'll ask Jason to find time to complete the divorce procedures soon, but before the divorce certificate is officially issued, you'd better control yourself."

After saying that, he turned around and left.

Cierra, who was holding the door handle of the master bedroom, was stunned for a moment. After thinking for a long time, she still couldn't understand what he was talking about.

She thought, "What did I do? Why should I control myself?"

"Is it because I went for a drink with Ryan, or is that anything I did to make him misunderstand me again?"

"The last time we met was because of the elevator accident, wasn't it? Why was this (bas t a rd)holding a grudge for so long?"

That must not happen.

Cierra frowned and closed the door, but she didn't waste her time on this matter. She had to continue charging her phone and think of a way to coax him.

Hearing what he said, she found a charger in the third drawer of the bedside table.

When she was looking for it in the room just now, she only opened the first drawer and saw that it was empty. So she did not continue to rummage through it. She did not expect that there was really another charger inside.

However, the other things in the drawer also stunned her.

There were a total of five packs of sanitary pads, three packs for daily use, and one pack for night use. Also, there was one tiny pack.

"Did Draven prepare these for me?" She thought.

Cierra thought of the awkward dinner party last time and then thought of the quarrel she had with Draven when she returned to the Stream Villa. At that moment, looking at the sanitary pads in the drawer, she felt complicated.

"He didn't think that she would stay in Stream Villa for a long time, did he?" She wondered.

"Or did he think that she would always come back just in case?"

"Or perhaps, he had prepared it for Aleah."

"But that shouldn't be the case. Since he said he wouldn't..."

"He wouldn't bring Aleah here."

Moreover, this house was under her name. Even if she didn't want it, it still belonged to her.

Even If Draven didn't feel uncomfortable bringing Aleah here, Aleah would probably feel uncomfortable herself.

But she didn't think too much about it. She took the charger, closed the drawer, and set the question

aside.

Two hours later, the sky slowly brightened.

At first, the sky was blue-gray, and then the red sun shined above the mountaintop. It was only the

blue sky and white clouds left in the end.

Cierra received replies from her family one after another.

First, it was Jaquan, and then it was Nick. He didn't blame her. He just told her to stay at home if she wanted to drink or to take William and the others with her.

Then it was Coby. He didn't even scold her. He only asked where she was and wanted to pick her up.

William and David had the same good temper. He scolded her for like 60 seconds. When he calmed down, he asked her where she was and said that he would pick her up with Coby.

She sent the most messages to Harold and even sent voice messages to him, but all the messages seemed to sink into the sea and there was no reply.

Although Harold had a cold temper, he would always reply to whatever she said to him or asked him

in the past.

It seemed that he was really angry.

Thinking of that, Cierra felt a bit discouraged.

She didn't give up and continued to send messages, but there was still no reply.

She didn't stop until Coby called her and said that he and William had arrived at the gate of the villa.

She didn't have many things, so she had already changed into the clothes she had dried yesterday.

As for the new clothes she had changed out of last night, she had checked them out. The clothes in the room were all new with tags on them. She decided to take them with her and transfer the money

to Draven.

Thinking of this, she took her bag and mobile phone and was ready to leave.

However, as soon as she pushed the door open, she bumped into Draven, who was standing at the door of the master bedroom.

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Chapter 83 Didn't She Say They Were to Pick Her Up?

He raised his hand and was clearly planning to knock on the door. However, just as Cierra was about to come out, he stopped abruptly.

However, even with that being the case, Cierra was still frightened by him.

“Why are you here?”

It was early in the morning. When she opened the door, she saw someone. It was lucky that she was

not stunned.

He slowly put down his hand and frowned slightly when he saw the disgust on her face.

However, she quickly regained her usual elegance and calmness. “I think it’s about time. I have to go to the company to work. Do you want to give me a lift?”

It was inconvenient to take a taxi here, and she was brought here by him yesterday. If she couldn’t leave the villa, he could give her a ride.

But judging from her dress, it was obvious that she had a plan.

Sure enough, Cierra already rejected him.

“There’s no need. Thank you for your kindness, Mr. Trevino. But my family is here to pick me up. He’s downstairs now, so I won’t bother you anymore.”

Hearing this, he didn’t say anything.

The paternity test report on the Internet was true. Landen was her own brother, so it was natural if she said someone was coming to pick her up.

He stepped aside and said, “Let’s go down together.”

Cierra glanced at him in surprise.

“After two hours, he was no longer angry?” She thought.

She had finally seen through this man.

Fortunately, it was Aleah who would marry him in the future, and her divorce could be considered to have escaped the suffering.

He had no idea what Cierra was thinking at the moment.

He walked forward and said slowly, “Now that you’ve found your family, you have someone to rely on. When we divorce, I won’t interfere with your life anymore.”

Cierra looked up at him with a complicated expression.

GIANA

“He’d better not interfere now.” She thought.

“So, when are you going to ask Jason to complete the formalities?”

She went to the porch to change her shoes and asked casually.

Compared to trying to figure out what was going on in his mind, Cierra was more concerned about

the divorce.

As he was tying his tie, he paused upon hearing that

He suddenly felt a stuffy sensation in his chest. He had just undone the Windsor knot. “It’ll be done by the end of this month. You don’t have to be in such a hurry.”

“I’m not in a hurry.”

“It had been so long. Why was she still in such a hurry?” She thought sardonically.

She had already explained that she didn’t need to be in a hurry because she didn’t have to start another new relationship.

She raised her eyes and glanced at him. Seeing that he wasn’t done yet, she didn’t have the patience

to wait for him.

“I’m done. I’m leaving now. My family is still waiting for me outside.”

Anyway, they were not going together.

He didn’t look up at her.

She suddenly thought of something and turned around. “By the way, I’ll take away the clothes I wore last night. You can check how much it costs. If you go to the Boyle family tonight, I’ll transfer the money to you. If you don’t go, I’ll transfer it to you next time. What do you think?”

There was no expression on his face at first, but when he heard this, he sneered.

He looked up and asked, “Do you think I need the money for this dress?”

Not to mention that everything in the master bedroom was prepared for her, when they divorced,

this villa would belong to her.

“What was she thinking? Why did she have to care about the gains and losses of this dress?” He thought.

However, Cierra was serious. “But...”

“But..., but what?”

Before she could finish her words, she was interrupted by him. His face was extremely cold.

“If you have to settle accounts, then even if you calculate how many things you took from the Trevino family when Ernest was still alive and how much Ernest took care of you. If you settle a piece of clothing clearly, then we’ll write off the old accounts, right?”

Suddenly, he remembered that she had said that she would cut off everything in New York when they got divorced, so he became even more serious and cold.

Cierra was also shocked by his tone.

She didn’t know why he was so angry all of a sudden. She just didn’t want to owe him too much.

She thought, “She couldn’t pay back those things in the past, but she almost lost her life because of him and his lover. Why couldn’t they be written off?”

“Moreover, it was Ernest who had given her love and help. What right did he have to say something like that?”

It took a while for her to calm down.

“I’m sorry.”

She said. Her eyes were fixed on the ground, and the true emotions on her face could not be seen.

He could only see a forced smile on her face.

“Mr. Trevino, you’re right. I’ve owed you enough in the past. I really have to care about these two clothes. I’ll shamelessly accept them. I hope you won’t be bothered by it.”

What a hypocritical exchange of pleasantries.

Cierra felt that she was wearing a mask, and her smile was a little stiff.

Without waiting for his reply, she left.

It was only when she was out of sight did he come back to his senses. He didn't mean to say that she

was ungrateful.

He wanted to explain, but she had already gone far away.

He was the only one left standing with a frown.

As soon as she walked out of the villa, she took off his mask.

The fake smile on her face disappeared in an instant. She was so angry that she kept scolding him.

“(Ba st ard), stinky man!”

Yes, she was the one who got it all.

She was taken care of by the Trevino family, not him. “What right did he have to say something like

that to me?” She thought.

She remembered how he had treated her back then.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. She wanted nothing more than to step on the wildflowers at her feet as if they were the face of Bertram.

But in the end, she held back and only picked up a small flower and cursed again.

“Who made our little princess unhappy? Well, look at how ruthless she is, torturing the flowers.”

The black Maybach stopped in front of Cierra. The window rolled down, and a man wearing sunglasses appeared in front of her.

His teasing tone made her laugh out loud, and the anger on her face disappeared.

“William.”

She acted like a spoiled child in front of William and apologized first. “I'm sorry. I went out for a drink without telling you yesterday. I made you worry.”

They didn't get angry on the way here, but they still snorted. “You know you're wrong.”

“I know, I know I was wrong after a sip of wine. I didn’t know I was so bad at drinking that I got drunk after a sip and didn’t even know to call you.”

“But don’t worry, I’ve found Ryan. He’s reliable. I’m safe...”

“Get in the car.”

Hearing this, William’s face darkened. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw the man coming out of the villa and suddenly interrupted her.

He thought, “When she went out for a drink with the famous Mr. West, she even said that he was

reliable.

“She didn’t go home at night and stayed with him. This stupid girl claimed that she was safe!”

Cierra didn’t think much of it and immediately got into the passenger seat.

After fastening her seat belt, she found that Coby was in the back seat.

She apologized again. “Coby...”

“Well, it’s good that you’re fine. Don’t do this again.”

Coby knew what she was going to say and immediately interrupted her.

Then, he took out a bunch of roses from the back seat and handed them to her.

Glancing at William’s gloomy face, she added, “William bought it for you.”

“Thank you, William!” |

She took it and giggled at William.

The windows on both sides of the front seat were open. As soon as Draven came out of the villa, he

saw this scene.

He thought, “Didn’t she say that her family came to pick her up?”

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Chapter 84 My Good Family

“Her family!

A man who gave her roses.

Well..."

Draven stared at the black Maybach that was slowly driving away and sneered.

She must have been chatting happily with her so-called family as soon as she turned on her phone early in the morning.

He stared at it for a long time. It was not until the car drove away that he withdrew his gaze, and his

face was stern.

From beginning to end, the people in the car did not look at him.

Cierra liked roses.

In the past, if she had a crush on someone, she would hope that someone would give her a bunch of roses, even if there was only one.

Later on, perhaps because she had been too obsessed with it and had never gotten it, she gradually transferred this kind of love to herself.

"If no one gives it to me, then I can give a rose to myself.

"Why do people always focus on others when they live?

No one loved me, I was the one who loved myself."

When she was abroad, she specially selected a course on plants to study how to grow roses.

The small rental apartment she lived in was full of roses.

Later, she was found by the Barton family, and there was no shortage of people to send her flowers.

Knowing that she had a special affection for roses, they would give her a bunch of roses and even bring some special rose seeds or potted plants when they remembered.

Every time she received the roses, Cierra would smile exceptionally happily.

No inatter what kind of feelings a bouquet of flowers was sent to her, it was worth cherishing.

William glanced at his younger sister who was only staring at the flowers and couldn't help but ask, "Are you happy?"

“Thank you, William. I’m very happy.”

Cierra’s gaze was still fixed on the flowers, a brilliant smile on her face.

She was staring at the patterns of the petals, wondering if she could put such colors and patterns on the clothes or other designs.

Before she could think further, a faint voice came from the side.

“We were worried about you at home, but you went to drink alone and got drunk. When you received the flowers, you acted as if nothing had happened.”

As William said this, he even let out a long sigh. It was obvious that he was resentful.

Usually, Cierra would immediately refute him.

William was the one who had been with her for the longest time. He was such a mean person always said such things.

But now, she didn’t dare to do that.

The smile on her face faded a little, and she looked at him timidly.

and

She didn’t know if he was still angry, because sometimes, even if he was angry, he would deal with the things that he should and coax her.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt that she was wrong.

“William... I didn’t go out deliberately yesterday to get drunk.”

She was careful.

Trying to explain himself, she said, “I heard that Draven finally asked someone to go through the divorce formalities. I was so happy that I asked someone to drink with me.”

William snorted, glanced at her, and saw through her thoughts without hesitation.

“Are you happy? If you are happy, why didn’t you ask us to come with you? Why did you have to look

for Mr. West?”

It was obvious that he was still worried.

He did not say much because he didn’t want to make her embarrassed.

However, Cierra nodded. "That's because you didn't allow me to drink. You gave me some milk at the bar last time. I was afraid that you would scold me, so I found someone else."

William was so angry that he laughed. "You're afraid?"

Cierra acted like a spoiled child. "Of course, I know. There won't be a next time, okay? Don't be

angry. I know I was wrong."

He couldn't be bothered to talk to her.

He was not angry at all. He couldn't keep an eye on her all the time since she had grown up.

However, when he couldn't get in touch with her, he was still a little worried. After finding out where she was, he didn't think much about it.

If he was really angry, he would have been like Harold, too lazy to look at her. If he was really angry, he wouldn't have been in the mood to send her flowers.

That wouldn't have happened.

What he said just now was just a casual remark.

He was well aware of Cierra's feelings.

It was normal that he couldn't let go. If it was not easy to let go of the feelings and love that he had grown up with her. He wouldn't give her up since she was the one he took back to the Barton family.

However, she was determined to get a divorce, instead of putting all her eggs in one basket. By using the Barton family to arrange a marriage with the Trevino family, she knew what was right and what was wrong. It was enough as long as she didn't live stupidly.

As for love, no matter how strong it was, it would be diluted by time. "So what was the hurry?" He

thought.

The reason why he didn't explain his love for her at this time was naturally... to teach her a lesson.

Listening to her apologizing next to him, William slowly smiled while driving.

Coby, who was sitting in the back seat, couldn't stand it anymore. "Cierra, William isn't angry anymore. Don't apologize to him. When he heard the news last night, he went back to his room to sleep. He was teasing you."

His cold voice slowly came out of his mouth, as if they were listening to a movie star performing in

the cinema.

When Cierra saw the smile on his face, she knew that he was not angry at all.

Thinking that she was going to the Boyle family with Coby that night, Cierra turned to look at the person in the back seat.

She leaned against the passenger seat. "Coby, are you really going to the Boyle family with me tonight? You don't have to go. I'll go over and make a scene by myself."

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After signing the contract, Cierra didn't want to have anything to do with the Boyle family.

But if they came to her and ruined Coby's reputation, she wouldn't let them off easily.

"I'll go with you."

Coby said in a low voice and

rejected her suggestion.

The discussion was also echoed by William. It was rare that they did not stand by Cierra.

He curled his lips and said with a hint of sarcasm in his eyes, "Let Coby go with you. If the Boyle family wants to pretend tonight, let them do so. Let's see what response they will get when their behavior got known by others."

Cierra's expression turned serious.

She didn't even need to think to know what the Boyle family was up to.

As an actress in the industry, Aleah had been highly regarded by Draven for the past three years.

However, this was only in terms of data. The fashion endorsement and traffic data match the number of her fans, but unfortunately, there were not many works of hers.

In the three years since her debut, she had been the lead of every TV series, but later there were all gossip and complaints about the film and television. No one knew how many gossip videos she had supported.

In the end, she wanted to enter the film industry, but she had to rely on the Trevino Group to find the producer and get the script in the same group as Coby.

She was supposed to be the lead, but unfortunately, she failed on the first day of filming and was directly driven out of the crew and replaced by the original female lead.

Aleah spent so much effort to discredit her and Coby this time. She must have something to do with this matter. She wanted to take revenge, but she didn't expect that she would fail.

At this dinner party, the Boyle family just wanted to invite Coby to clarify the matter. In this way,

they could prove that there was no conflict between them and it was just a misunderstanding.

When the time came, Aleah would apologize and let bygones be bygones. She could still make a name for herself in the entertainment industry.

Even if Coby didn't go there to make peace, as long as he was photographed by the Boyle family, he wouldn't be able to explain.

This was the reason why Cierra didn't want to go with him.

Coby must know such a simple reason. There was no need for him to follow her. "Why..." She wondered.

Cierra didn't quite understand.

But soon, she understood.

She received a Line message from Lydia. After reading it clearly, she raised her eyebrows in

surprise.

She had slept all night, so some news had been blocked.

Chapter 85 You're So Disgusting!

The message sent by Lydia was a photo. It seemed that someone was going to hold a wedding

ceremony.

It roughly said that in order to thank the Boyle family for raising her all these years, Coby specially came to visit the Boyle family and intended to marry someone in the Boyle family. Therefore, the Boyle family specially held a dinner party tonight and invited friends from all over the world to the Boyle family to witness this moment.

Cierra read the message on her phone again and couldn't help sneering.

The last time Vanessa called her, she only said that Brian had come back and invited them to a family dinner. Now it became a wedding banquet.

"How dare she!"

Before Cierra could reply, Lydia had already revealed it on her behalf.

Lydia texted, "The Boyle family is too shameless. Last time on Aleah's birthday, they caused such a

big scandal and forced you to cut off the relationship. Now that you have been with an award-winning actor, they are doing this instead. They are so disgusting!"

They were so disgusting!

Cierra lowered his gaze as he slowly typed.

"You're invited too?"

Lydia replied, "I am not. Aleah will have a headache if she sees me."

Cierra knew about this.

After Lydia signed with XR Entertainment, she took out a good script. The TV drama had not been aired yet, but some tricks on the set had been released. Her acting and fighting skills were excellent, and many netizens had already urged XR Entertainment to broadcast it.

It was also because of this that some netizens compared Aleah with her.

Lydia's last lead role was snatched away by Aleah. It was a martial arts drama adapted from the hit. After it was shot, it did not achieve the expected effect at all. Aleah's image was not in line with the

role at all.

Compared with Lydia's acting, many book fans naturally mocked Aleah and even dug up a lot of dirt on her.

They found that she was supported by many resources, and had a bad temper. Along with the recent disturbance, everyone would have a headache.

Of course, the biggest failure of an actress was that she had no acting skills.

However, what Cierra was more concerned about was the message that Lydia sent her later.

It said, "My family asked me to come over. The Boyle family invited a lot of people from the upper class to tonight's dinner party. They asked me to come over and present myself to them. They are waiting for me to be chosen by any man so that I can sell myself at a good price."

Cierra couldn't help but frown.

Before she could type, she received a positive message from her.

Lydia continued, "Well, lol, but even if someone likes me, I won't get married. It's impossible to tie me up. I'm afraid the staff can help me call the police."

There was also a cute emoji attached.

Cierra felt relaxed.

She typed, "Why are you still coming? What if you're really tied up?"

"If you come, you'll regret it."

She had learned about Lydia's situation in the Navarro family. Although she was the biological child of the Navarro family, she didn't know why Lydia didn't have a good relationship with her mother.

Even the adopted daughter and son of the Navarro family lived a better life than her.

She was different from Lydia. Lydia didn't get lost. Instead, she grew up in the Navarro family.

It was just that she had heard that her temper was a little bad. When the Navarro family adopted another child, she had an illusion that they had abandoned her and wanted to raise another child.

After all, the second son of the Navarro family had passed away and they could bear no more

children.

They couldn't rely on Lydia. They could only rely on the adopted children.

But... it was too much that they want to give their biological daughter away as a tool for marriage.

Cierra Boyle looked at the words and still felt uncomfortable in her heart.

She was not afraid that the Navarro family would use Lydia as a tool for marriage. Because it was a trend among many families. At least in this circle, even if Navarro was wronged, the law could protect her.

What she was afraid of was that the Navarro would take Lydia as a tool and send her to any man's

bed.

In the upper class, there were a lot of dirty things like that.

Thinking of this, Cierra's frown deepened.

However, the girl was very relaxed.

Lydia typed, "Don't worry, they won't dare to do anything to me. Of course, I'm here for you. I'm worried about leaving you alone in a wolf's den! I have to protect you.

Cierra couldn't help but smile as she read the last sentence.

Lydia was in a poor situation, but she was still in the mood to worry about others.

However, the majority of the people in this world were the same. Even though they were clearly living miserable life, they could not bear to see others suffer.

Thinking of it, she knew Lydia had suffered a lot but had also received a lot of kindness.

When she was targeted by Aleah, she was abandoned and had to eat and live with the se**ants. The seniors in the villa were still very kind to her. They would secretly give her money and hide some delicious food.

And Ernest, knowing that she was having a bad time in the Boyle family, often took her to play in the Trevino family.

When she was abroad, her relatives hadn't found her in the first year. She was so poor that she could only buy the leftovers from the bread shop, but she was given a piece of cake on Christmas,

which was very sweet.

But now, she could still get close to her family and friends.

She was still very lucky.

After thinking for a while, she replied to Lydia, "Okay."

A

After putting the phone away, she turned to look at him and asked, "By the way, William, how's my friend doing in your company?"

She was afraid that he would not be able to remember Lydia, so she added.

"It's the daughter of the Navarro Family. She had dinner with us at L'Opera Restaurant last time. Her name is Lydia. Do you remember her?"

"I remember. What happened to her?"

? "

An unnatural look flashed across William's face, but it disappeared in an instant. "Her agent is only taking care of her now. It should be going well. What's wrong with her?"

"Nothing. I just hope that you can take good care of her. After all, I don't have many friends."

When the car arrived at William's residence, Cierra got out of the car with the flowers in her arms

and said,

Lydia was an unfavored young lady, who dares to speak up for her friend outside. Cierra felt that she was a true friend that she could make and hoped that Lydia would be able to live a better life.

After parking the car, William said with a poker face, "You don't have to say it. I paid a lot of money to sign her as my actress, so I naturally have to take good care of her."

However, it was strange because his tone was too serious. Coby who was sitting in the back seat, couldn't help but pause and glance at William.

Cierra didn't notice anything and couldn't help but sigh when he thought of Lydia's situation.

"Miss Navarro said that she was going to attend the dinner party of the Boyle family tonight. She said that the Boyle family wanted her to make friends with some young masters at the dinner party, so that she could unite with the Boyle family through marriage. It's true the Navarro family has trained their adopted daughter into a president, but treated their own daughter like that. Is she really their biological daughter or not?"

At the end of the sentence, she was a little indignant.

William stopped and said, "What did you say?"

He probably felt that he was a little emotional, so he added an explanation.

"The company has arranged a lot of work for her recently, but they don't have her get married. Did she agree?"

At that moment, even Cierra was able to tell that something was between them.

She looked at Coby, coughed softly, and nodded with a smile.

"She agreed. Her family forced her to go there, but there was nothing she could do."

Chapter 86 Someone Tried to Kidnap Her and Guess Who Did That?

As soon as she finished speaking, William's face darkened, and his sharp brows furrowed tightly.

But before the two people next to him could look over, he had returned to his casual look.

"It's fine as long as she doesn't affect her work. I haven't recalled the cost I spent on her yet."

Cierra Boyle followed behind William Barton, changed the topic and didn't mention Lydia Navarro

anymore.

"William, do you want to go with us tonight? The Boyle family suddenly changed their mind and turned their family banquet into a group of people's dinner party. They didn't invite you?"

It was said from Lydia Navarro that the Boyle family had invited almost the entire upper class of New York, and even some families they usually looked down on had been invited. Some low-key wealthy families had also received invitations.

Of course, it was up to whether they were invited party or not.

Although William Barton was not in the name of the Barton family, XR Entertainment was still a big company. Now he had some influence in New York, especially in the entertainment industry.

As expected, the Boyle family should have sent the invitation card.

William Barton snorted and did not deny it. "Do you think they are qualified to let me attend the Boyle family's dinner party?"

His tone was full of sarcasm. When it came to the Boyle family, William Barton was so arrogant.

“So you’re saying that you’re not going?”

Cierra Boyle followed behind him, his eyes full of ridicule.

“Ms. Navarro, are you not going? What if any young masters really like Ms. Navarro...”

“What does that have to do with me?”

Before Cierra Boyle could finish his words, he was interrupted by William Barton.

He stopped, turned around, and retorted, “Lydia Navarro is just an artist of my company. Cici Barton, don’t think at random, okay?”

Her footsteps came to a sudden halt and she was caught off guard. Cierra Boyle bumped into William Barton’s chest, causing her nose to ache.

She covered her nose and nodded heavily. Her eyes were naturally red, and she looked aggrieved and pitiful.

“Are you all right?”

Coby Barton, who was standing behind him, frowned and asked worriedly.

William Barton frowned and looked at her.

Cierra Boyle raised his head and waved his hand. His nasal voice was heavy as he said, “It’s okay, it’ll be fine later.”

William Barton snorted coldly. “It serves you right.”

Cierra Boyle glared at him. “How dare you say that about me? Thank goodness my nose is real. If I did it like those artists in your industry, you know you would have to pay for it.”

As soon as he finished speaking, there was a moment of silence, and then the three of them burst into low laughter and finally changed the topic.

In contrast, the atmosphere in the president’s office of the Trevino Group was not so good.

Early in the morning, all kinds of tasks were assigned to Draven Trevino, making it hard for him to

breathe.

Only Ryan West slowly walked into the office with a cup of coffee in his hand.

It was only then that she felt a little more relaxed.

“Hey, who provoked Mr. Trevino early in the morning?”

Not only did Ryan West bring coffee, but he also brought breakfast and placed it on the coffee table in the reception room of Draven Trevino’s office.

“Let me guess. Did my lovely Cici p*ss off your ex-husband when she woke up early in the morning? Or did Mr. Morgan fail to satisfy her in some way last night? Why is it so early...”

“Ryan West.”

Before Ryan West could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by Draven Trevino.

wwwwwww

However, the person who was wrapped in anger didn’t feel anything and was still fiddling with his breakfast slowly.

When she heard Draven Trevino call her name, she scratched her ears indifferently.

“Yes, I can hear it with both ears. Mr. Trevino, you don’t have to shout so loudly.”

“Can’t you just speak normally?” Draven Trevino couldn’t stand it anymore.

“Tsk, tsk. Come on, what’s wrong with me?”

Ryan West couldn’t help rolling his eyes at him.

Draven Trevino squinted at him and said, “You’re eating abnormally.”

No ordinary person would eat coffee with fried dough sticks like this.

“What do you know? This is a combination of Orient and Western elements.”

Ryan West snorted and retorted.

He finally placed all the food on the coffee table, then slowly picked up the coffee, took a sip, and slowly took a bite of the fried dough stick.

The fried dough stick, which had just come out of the pot, was still crisp and made a clicking sound in the office. The smell of oil was mixed with the fragrance in the office, and the smell was indescribably strange.

Draven Trevino couldn't stand it anymore. He put down the pen and closed the lid. He looked at Ryan West with his dark eyes and asked, "Can you go to the break room and eat before you come

back?"

Ryan West's words were unclear. "I'm busy."

As he ate, his eyes were still fixed on the computer. He tapped on the keyboard with his free hand from time to time without looking at him.

It was obvious that he was still holding a grudge against Draven Trevino for setting him up

yesterday.

Draven Trevino pursed his lips, remained silent for a moment, and said slowly, "If you're still angry about what happened yesterday, I apologize to you. But when you go back, you should know that Bruno West didn't take advantage of you. What belongs to you still belongs to you."

"How dare he take advantage of me? Get lost!"

Ryan West raised his eyes, glanced at Draven Trevino, and snorted.

He was not angry because of Bruno West at all.

What he was angry about was that Draven Trevino had used Bruno West to disgust him.

But the disdain on Ryan West's face only lasted for a few seconds, then he suddenly sat up straight

on the sofa, looking serious.

"Isaid."

"Draven, you don't f**king have multiple personalities, do you?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the office fell silent.

The man at the table was also silent. He held the pen and did not move for a long time.

After a long time, he lowered his voice and looked up. "What did you say?"

He did have a m*ntal illness. He had been seeing a psychologist since Ernest Trevino passed away.

But he didn't tell anyone about it.

Including his mother, Sue Skinner, and also Ryan West.

Except for his personal doctor and himself, no one knew that he had a m*ntal illness.

But he was clear about his condition. He had also checked the medical records. In addition to claustrophobia, there were some other symptoms that had little impact on his life.

He couldn't have multiple personalities.

Ryan West didn't notice anything wrong from Draven Trevino. His eyes were fixed on the computer

in front of him.

After pausing the video on the computer, he handed it directly to Draven Trevino and said, "Take a look for yourself. Does this person look like you?"

Draven Trevino's face was full of impatience, especially when Ryan West approached him.

But when he saw the picture on the computer clearly, he suddenly froze.

The surveillance video was paused, and the time and place was very clear.

He had been to Ninth Club yesterday.

In the video, there was a man in a suit hiding in the crowd. Although half of his face was hidden in the light and shadow, the other half of his face and figure could be seen clearly. It was none other

than Draven Trevino!

"When Cici was drinking last night, we noticed that someone was secretly watching her. In addition, she said something after she got drunk last night, so I investigated it overnight. I didn't find anything abroad, but I found that on the day she returned to the country, someone was trying to follow her at the airport. Guess who was behind it?"

Ryan West clicked on the mouse, found another document, and looked at Draven Trevino.

Chapter 87 The Woman

The information was not about anything else, but about the funds in some accounts.

Draven Trevino might not be able to understand anything else, but he knew the account name.

It was a small company under the Trevino Group. That was to say, the funds were drawn from him.

Even if he was not a direct person, he had something to do with him.

Ryan West explained, "This is the money that Cici received from the group of people who surrounded her when she returned to the country. Although the money was not taken from your account, it still has something to do with you."

"

In other words, if this matter was done and investigated by the police, he would be implicated, but it could not be regarded as evidence to arrest him. Only others would suffer.

Draven Trevino stared at the document for a long time.

Then, he scrolled to the surveillance video of Ninth Club, and the video was still frozen in its

original position.

He looked at the man on the screen, who looked very similar to him. His voice was low and h**rse.

"It's not me."

"

Frowning, he analyzed.

"Yesterday, I left for Ninth Club half an hour after you left. When I got out of the car, I went straight to you, and I didn't stay in the crowd at all."

Even if he had time to stay in it for a long time and appeared in Ninth Club one after another with Ryan West, he didn't have time to change his clothes and hide in the crowd before coming back.

Furthermore, there was no need for him to keep an eye on Cierra Boyle.

He appeared directly in front of her and took her away in front of everyone.

"Maybe it's just a man who looks a little like you. Well, let's not talk about this."

Ryan West turned off the surveillance video and focused on the previous information.

It was illegal to spend money to hire killers to besiege Cierra Boyle.

To be exact, it was an attempted crime.

I didn't ask anyone to do it."

Draven Trevino glanced and said lightly.

Ryan West didn't deny his words. "I believe it's not you, but it's enough to prove that someone

wants to do something to Cierra Boyle. And you should understand that if she didn't have Draven, a best actor brother, she might not be able to appear in front of you and me now."

It was rare that he did not call her by that intimate name. Instead, he called her Cierra Boyle solemnly.

The meaning of her words was very clear. If it weren't for Cierra Boyle's good luck, she might have been in trouble when she was abroad and wouldn't have the chance to return home now.

Draven Trevino was aware of the result as well.

His throat tightened. "I'll find out who did it."

Ryan West sneered. "You already have an answer, don't you? Draven, why do you have to protect

such a woman?"

With a serious look on his face, he stared straight at Draven Trevino.

This was the first time he showed such an expression in front of Draven Trevino. Even when they were working together to deal with Bruno West, he had never shown such an expression.

Draven Trevino turned the laptop around and pushed it in front of him. "Don't convict anyone

without evidence."

Ryan West still had the same expression on his face. "Yes, there's no evidence for this matter. What about the last time? So many people saw Cici made a fool of herself at the Boyle family dinner party. Do you think that's also without evidence since you were also at the scene?"

Of course, it was about the incident at Aleah Boyle's birthday party where someone tried to

humiliate Cierra Boyle.

There were no news reports about it outside, but it had been spread in the upper class. They just

didn't dare to say it in public for the sake of Draven Trevino's reputation.

Who would have a problem with Draven Trevino liking such a woman?

didn't

Ryan West didn't care about it in the past. Anyway, it was not him who got married. His brother could do whatever he wanted. It was fine as long as it didn't affect him.

But now, he really didn't understand at all.

The atmosphere was silent for a moment.

After a long time, Draven Trevino said, "That's not the same thing. What happened last time was done by Aleah, but it doesn't mean that she was the only one who harmed Cierra Boyle in the past. I'll ask someone to investigate what happened abroad and this matter. If it really has something to do with Aleah in the end, I'll give Cierra Boyle an explanation."

As he mentioned Aleah all the time, it showed that he was defending her.

Ryan West suddenly felt frustrated at his failure to live up to his expectations.

He looked at Draven Trevino for a long time and let out a long sigh. "So you still want to marry that woman?"

He had long changed the way he addressed Aleah Boyle to "that woman".

At first, Draven Trevino would say a few words, but now he didn't bother to correct.

After a brief pondering, he said, "I promised her that it wouldn't change unless it's a grave

mistake."

In other words, his plan to marry Aleah Boyle would not change.

He would still divorce Cierra Boyle and marry Aleah Boyle.

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Ryan West turned off the computer, took a pen, and twirled it between his fingers. "It's not a big mistake, so it means that it isn't a big mistake to hire paid Internet trolls to deal with your ex-wife by ruining the reputation of others?"

Draven Trevino frowned.

Ryan West continued, but his tone suddenly became much more serious.

He tapped the computer with the tip of his pen. "If the truth turns out to be what your future wife Mrs. Trevino did in the end, will you still marry her? I said if."

He added.

Draven Trevino looked up at him and asked, "Do you think I can't tell right from wrong?"

Ryan West shrugged and nodded seriously. "A little."

Draven Trevino was so angry that he laughed. He didn't want to talk to him anymore.

He picked up the pen and started to work again.

"Marrying Aleah Boyle was something I told her many years ago. I can't go back on my word, so you don't have to say it anymore. As for Cierra Boyle, I admit that I took less care of her, and there are many things I don't know. When these things are investigated clearly, I will give her an explanation and apologize."

"Don't take care of her. What if the disaster is caused by your care?"

Ryan West didn't want to say anything more. He took away his laptop and resumed to be careless and casual.

"If you really want to marry Aleah Boyle, then get the divorce certificate with Cici as soon as

possible. Don't even think about taking care of your ex-wife. She's defending your fiancée. Women are all very petty."

Draven Trevino frowned and was about to refute.

But before he could finish his words, he was interrupted by Ryan West.

"Don't disobey me. Although I'm single now, I've been sleeping with a lot of women. Come on, my advice."

After that, she patted him on the shoulder and was about to leave with her laptop.

take

Draven Trevino glanced at his shoulder and watched as Ryan West walked leisurely. When he opened the office door, he betrayed him and said, "If you're free, I suggest you go to the hospital for

a check-up."

Ryan West stopped in his tracks. "What do you mean?"

"I don't know if you've stained with anything dirty," Draven Trevino said faintly.

Ryan West was at a loss for words for a moment. He gritted his teeth and said, "Don't worry, I'm still chaste. Except for having more experience than you, a man without sex, I'm as clean as you!"

After that, she slammed the door and began to curse in her heart.

"He deserved to be blind enough to marry a woman like Aleah Boyle, and that's why he had dumped

his wife for no reason!"

"Serves you right."

Just as he was feeling angry, a woman's voice suddenly interrupted him. "Did Mr. Jordan quarrel with Draven? Why is he so angry?"

Ryan West was so scared that he took a step back and looked at Aleah Boyle warily. "Why are you here?"

Chapter 88 Dinner Party? Isn't It a Family Banquet?

"Why not?"

Aleah Boyle showed an innocent look.

Ryan West didn't want to see her, he planned to bypass her and leave.

However, Aleah Boyle stopped him. "Ryan West, do you want to go to my family's dinner party tonight with Draven?"

Ryan West was about to refuse when he heard her say,

"It's a banquet for my family to marry my sister Cierra Boyle. Although you've been abroad for many years, you still grew up

when you come to celebrate."

with my Her brother Draven should be very happy to see you

Ryan West narrowed his eyes and placed his hands in his suit pockets. "Who's going to marry, Cierra Boyle?"

Aleah Boyle nodded. "Yes, I remember that you used to have a good relationship with each other. Haven't you heard of it?"

Ryan West was silent for two seconds before he suddenly smiled and said, "Okay, since you've asked, how can I not go?"

Aleah Boyle also smiled. "See you tonight."

Ryan West only gave her a view of his back.

Behind her, the smile on Aleah Boyle's face gradually disappeared, leaving only resentment.

"What is there to be arrogant about? He is just an abandoned son of "the West family. What is there

to be proud of?"

She glared at his back angrily, restrained her expression, turned around, and walked toward Draven Trevino's office.

Unfortunately, before he could push open the door, he was stopped.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Boyle. The president has ordered that everyone needs to make an appointment to

see him."

Aleah Boyle was stunned. "I used to be direct."

Jason Parker was sweating profusely. She smiled apologetically and said, "You said it was in the past."

In the past, Mr. Trevino had never given this order. After the incident last time, he had broken the

rules.

Ms. Boyle made use of her convenience to copy the surveillance video and post it on the Internet. No one dared to let her in.

The receptionist had let Johnson in for the sake of her status as Mrs. Trevino, Mr. Trevino's future wife. However, when they arrived at the president's office, Jason Parker did not dare to do so.

It wasn't that he sympathized with Cierra Boyle, but the documents in the president's office might be confidential, and there were even more in Draven Trevino's office.

Thinking about it, she felt a lingering fear. Last time, she copied the surveillance video and her private schedule. What if she copied the company's confidential information next time and caused losses?

The boss would not do anything to his fiancée. Not to mention that they had to think of a new plan, their bonus might be gone.

"No, I can't let her go."

Aleah Boyle finally understood what was going on. Thinking of the various posts that were still scolding her on the Internet, she cursed in her heart.

She smiled at Jason Parker and said, "Please inform Draven that I have something to tell him. It

want to go in and see him."

Jason Parker felt a chill run down his spine, as if a snake was crawling up his neck.

He nodded, not paying attention to his forehead!

Cold sweat broke out. "Please wait a moment.

After a while, he came out of the office.

"Ms. Boyle, Mr. Trevino invites you in."

The smile on Aleah Boyle's face widened. "Thank you, Miss Parker. Just you wait."

After that, she walked in with her high heels.

When the door closed, only Jason Parker was left, shivering.

In the office, Aleah Boyle stepped in and put on a different smile. She looked pure and innocent, without a trace of viciousness.

When Draven Trevino looked at her, he suddenly remembered what Ryan West had said to him.

As she was thinking about this, her attitude towards Aleah Boyle was indifferent. "Why are you here?"

Aleah Boyle pursed his lips. "You don't want me to come over, do you?"

Draven Trevino frowned and said in a cold voice, "There are a lot of things to do in the company

recently. If there's nothing else, try not to come during my working hours."

Aleah Boyle was stunned, as if he hadn't expected such an attitude from him.

"Draven, are you still angry with me because of Cierra Boyle?"

She bit her lip and looked carefully at him.

"About what happened last time, I..."

"What happened last time is over. Don't mention it again."

N

www

Hearing her aggrieved and pitiful voice, Draven Trevino didn't think much of it before, but now he felt upset.

"Why are you here today? If you don't have anything about me, I still have something to do."

It was obvious that he was chasing her away.

Aleah Boyle was so surprised that he didn't dare to stare blankly anymore. He hid the innocent and aggrieved expression on his face and didn't dare to say any more nonsense.

She said, "My mother asked me to come over. Didn't she hold a dinner party for Cierra Boyle tonight? My mother was afraid that you would forget, so she asked me to remind you."

Hearing this, Draven Trevino frowned slightly and said, "Just send a message. Besides, since I promised to go, I won't break my promise."

"Actually, I wanted to see you. If I had known that you were going to be busy, I wouldn't have

come."

Aleah Boyle smiled shyly.

However, Draven Trevino was not happy with her words. Instead, he got to the point and asked, "Isn't it a family dinner tonight? Why is it a dinner party? Why did you invite someone else?"

"Oh, they've invited some other guests."

Aleah Boyle slowly explained.

"My mother said that when she drove Cierra Boyle out, she was more or less sad. She was afraid that my sister was still angry, so she wanted to make a big fuss. This also shows that Cierra Boyle still has a status in the Boyle family. It's not a rumor. She was an adopted daughter driven away by

us."

When he heard this, he remained silent. He rubbed the pen with his fingers, but there was no extra

expression on his face.

No one could guess what he was thinking from his expression.

Aleah Boyle stared at his face for a while and suddenly sighed.

"It's said that the Boyle family forced Cierra Boyle to leave, but Draven, we grew up together in our teens. You know very well how our family treat her."

"Apart from the time when I was sick, Cierra Boyle's food, clothing, housing, and transportation were all the same as mine. My family also allowed her to continue studying. Ernest wanted to see her, and my family also sent her there in a beautiful way. Have I ever treated her badly?"

She lowered her head and spoke slowly, as if she didn't understand the rumors outside.

"In the past three years, she was abroad. She changed her phone number and didn't contact us, so our relationship gradually faded away. Also, I guess Cierra Boyle's still angry with me for what I did last time. I held this dinner party because Mom and I want to apologize to Cierra Boyle. After all, we are a family. How can we break up so easily?"

"But, isn't the timing too coincidental?"

Draven Trevino put down his pen and looked up at Aleah Boyle. "She just admitted her relationship with Landen Birley, and now you're throwing a big dinner party. Is that good?"

If it were an ordinary family banquet, Cierra Boyle would have brought her brother over to have at dinner party to talk about the kindness of raising him. Then they would be able to completely cut off

all ties.

Now that he had an award-winning actor brother, he didn't think that Cierra Boyle needed to rely on the Boyle family.

On the contrary, because of what had happened at the birthday party, he had probably wanted to end it all a long time ago.

At the very least, if he were Cierra Boyle, she would never want to be back to the Boyle family again.

Humans were selfish. He was not a good person, and he would choose the best one according to the

situation.

From Cierra Boyle's point of view, leaving the Boyle family was the best choice.

"Draven, do you also want Cierra Boyle to break up with us? But we grew up together, and my

mother can't bear to..."

Aleah Boyle didn't expect Draven Trevino to be so blunt and didn't know what to do.

She had said so much just because he wanted to figure out the concept of the dinner party tonight, but in the end, it was exposed by him!

It was as if his dark little mind had been completely exposed in front of everyone.

Chapter 89 I'm Not So Necessary

"If I remember correctly, it was Mrs. Boyle who took out the divorce agreement in the Boyle

family."

Draven Trevino didn't listen to her explanation. He was quite calm just like an outsider.

He frowned and said in a puzzled tone, "It was Mrs. Boyle who drove her away, and now you say that you don't want her to come back. Have you ever asked her what she thinks?"

Aleah Boyle froze on the spot.

She didn't expect that Draven Trevino would speak up for Cierra Boyle and stand on the side of that

little bitch.

She hated Cierra Boyle so much that she wanted to tear her apart!

He was obviously a good-for-nothing, but there was a movie king whose background was

unknown.

Why didn't she die abroad?

No, she should have been strangled as soon as she was born!

Without Cierra Boyle, how could so many things have happened?

But she didn't dare to show her anger in front of him.

All her emotions were piled up, and Aleah Boyle burst into tears.

"Can't my mother regret it? You haven't been living in my house all the time, so you don't know anything. Cierra Boyle said that she would leave. She was more heartless than anyone else. She

didn't even look back when she left!

"Now she has her own brother to support her. How could she turn back to the Boyle family who

raised her? My mother is the only one who shed tears at home all day because of what happened last

time. It's not easy for her to get a chance to ask my sister to come back, but you all think that it's because she has a great brother and that our Johnson family wants to play up to him!"

She spoke very excitedly, as if she had suffered a great grievance.

"I told my mother not to hold any dinner party, but she insisted. You see, it's true!"

His words were also very skillful.

After all, in the eyes of outsiders, no matter how the Boyle family treated Cierra Boyle, she had grown up in the Boyle family.

However, she broke off all ties with her adoptive parents after suffering a little grievance. How

cruel she was!

They did not know what sort of life Cierra Boyle was living in the Boyle family, nor did they know that Cierra Boyle had nearly lost his life.

Even if it was heard that she had almost been defiled by a hooligan because of her biological daughter, so what? She was fine, and nothing had happened to her. Why was he still not giving her up?

Draven Trevino belonged to this category as well.

As Aleah Boyle had said, he had not been living in the Boyle family for a long time. How could he know what had happened there?

Anyway, the love and care from her childhood was obvious. Aleah Boyle was sure that she had morally better opinions or standards, so she was not afraid that she could not deal with Draven

Trevino.

However, the man in front of her did not listen to her..

Looking at Aleah Boyle, who was crying bitterly, Draven Trevino frowned deeply.

“Aleah, calm down first.”

“Calm down? Draven, how can I calm down?”

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The effect was not as expected. Aleah Boyle was so angry that she stood up from the sofa and spoke

in a sharp tone.

But she soon realized that she had lost her composure and adjusted her tone.

“Draven, others might not know about our family, but what about you? You’ve been taking care of us all these years, and our business has grown many times. It’s enough for us to have you, but why do you have to attach yourself to others?”

What he said made sense.

But who would dislike having more money?

With the support of the Morgan family and the award-winning actor to help her develop better in the industry, there was no need to worry about the Boyle family not being able to go further.

Even if Cierra Boyle's brother didn't want to bring her along, she could make use of his power.

Moreover, he had raised her. How could he deny the relationship between the two families? If he denied it, he would be ungrateful and it was not good for his career. Only a fool would deny it.

All smart people knew that cooperation was a win-win situation.

But right now, she knew that she had to calm Draven Trevino down first.

After all, he was still the big backer of the Boyle family. If he was disgusted by this matter, the loss would outweigh the gain.

"Draven, Cierra Boyle agreed to the dinner party. Before I came to you, I heard my mother call her, and she said that she would come tonight. You won't break the appointment, will you?"

"She agreed?"

Suddenly, Draven Trevino looked up.

"Yes, if you don't believe me, you can ask Cierra Boyle."

Aleah looked calm.

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In fact, she didn't know if she had called Cierra or not, but no matter if he went tonight or not, the dinner party would definitely be held tonight.

Now that Cierra was here, she could finally establish a relationship with the award-winning actor.

If she didn't come, it would mean that they had broken the appointment. They were arrogant and rude. If she couldn't build a relationship with them, it wouldn't be a loss for her to give the award-winning actor some anti-fans.

When Draven Trevino heard this, he subconsciously reached for his phone, but as soon as he got up, he put it down.

He remembered that his phone had been blacklisted by Cierra, and that the woman was no longer in Stream Villa, so he had nowhere to ask.

When he retracted his hand, the man remained expressionless.

"I see. I'll be there tonight."

Since the person involved had agreed, there was no need for him to think about anything else.

Aleah didn't stay in the office for long. "Well, Draven, you go ahead with your work. I'll leave now."

Draven Trevino didn't ask her to stay.

Aleah glanced at him. The man had already lowered his head and began to read the documents without even raising his head.

She bit her lip angrily and turned around with a long face.

Cierra Boyle, it's all that little bitch's fault!

Sooner or later, she would make that woman completely disappear from this world!

In William Barton's villa, Cierra Boyle sneezed.

After coming back from Draven Trevino's office, she picked up the unfinished design drawing in her room and finished the last part.

After finishing her draft, she took a look at the message on her phone and suddenly realized that

something was wrong.

She seemed to have never seen Harold Bernard-Barton since she came back.

And she even had not received a reply from Harold Bernard-Barton yet.

"Come on, is he still angry?" Cierra frowned and thought to herself.

She didn't dare to stay in the room for long, so she quickly went to Harold Bernard-Barton's room.

to find him.

If he was really angry, she could explain it to him face to face.

The room was right next door. Cierra looked at the tightly shut door and suddenly felt a little timid.

After hesitating for a while, she raised her hand and knocked.

"Excuse me?"

A young man's clear voice came from inside, sounding a little low through the wooden door.

Cierra cleared her throat. "Harold Bernard-Barton, are you in the room? I have something to

trouble you with."

As soon as she finished speaking, there was no sound inside.

It was so quiet that it was as if the voice just now was Cierra's illusion.

She knocked on the door again. "Open the door, please."

Harold Bernard-Barton did not keep silent and refused her directly. "I'm busy now. If there's anything, please go ahead and ask Coby Barton and William for help."

At this time, Cierra knew that it was really not easy to coax him.

She didn't feel it when she chatted with David Barton in the morning.

It was all her fault, because she drank too much and couldn't remember anything, which made her family worried.

She didn't give up and clung to the door. "But Harold Bernard-Barton, William and Coby Barton are not as good as you at computer. Please let me in."

It was quiet inside for a moment, and then there was the sound of footsteps.

Cierra was secretly delighted. She thought that Harold Bernard-Barton had come to open the door for her and was ready to admit her mistake obediently.

But before she could stand up straight, she heard a voice coming from inside.

"If William and Coby Barton cannot deal with it, you can turn to Floyd Bernard-Barton, because he knows this as well. At the very least, there's still the second son of the West family who's drinking with you. I don't think I'm necessary for you."

Chapter 90 A Little...

Cierra was stunned at the door, and the smile on her face froze.

When she realized that Harold Bernard-Barton did not intend to see her, she suddenly felt a little

helpless.

She hesitated in front of the door and didn't know what to say. She just left and waited for him to

calm down.

After hesitating for a while, she looked at the closed door, restrained her aggrieved and delicate voice, and turned it into sincerity,

"Harold Bernard-Barton, I'm sorry. I know you're angry with me. I made you worry last night. The main thing is, I didn't know that I couldn't drink so much... I didn't mean to not tell you that I was safe. I just woke up this morning. When I woke up, I sent you a message to explain. Can you not be angry?"

Harold Bernard-Barton still did not reply to her.

Cierra pursed his lips and stood at the door for a while before finally turning around.

She didn't go back to her room and shut herself off like Harold Bernard-Barton.

She went downstairs, sat on the sofa, and began to reflect with a pillow in her arms.

She hasn't had this sense of frustration for a long time.

Ever since she returned to the Barton family, her brothers had treated her very well. She had never experienced the relationship before.

It was also because of their unreserved love that she could act like a spoiled child in front of them

unscrupulously.

It seemed that no matter what she did, they could satisfy her. No matter what she did wrong, they

could forgive her.

It was only at that moment that Cierra came to a realization.

She couldn't do whatever she wanted just because they doted on her.

On the second floor of the villa, Coby Barton and William Barton stood side by side by the railing and watched their little princess sitting on the sofa with a sad face.

Looking at her for a while, there was a hint of reluctance in Coby Barton's eyes.

"Are you sure you don't want to talk to Harold? He ignored Cierra. I don't know if you will think too much about it. After all, she has just been taken home..."

“What do you mean by just bringing her home? It’s been two years.”

William Barton interrupted her, and he glanced down the stairs.

“Don’t spoil her all the time. If you don’t teach her a lesson, I’m afraid she won’t dare to go home for the next ten days or half a month. If she goes out for a drink without telling anyone, she will be neglected by Harold Bernard-Barton.”

“You cooperated to ask me to be a bad guy, and you all pretend to be all good brothers. Then you will continue to spoil her after coaxing her, right?”

Suddenly, a voice came from behind her.

Hearing this, Coby Barton and William Barton turned around and found that Harold Bernard-Barton was standing behind him.

However, the latter did not say anything. He just glanced downstairs with his cold eyes and pursed his lips slightly.

It seemed that Coby Barton knew that William Barton had not been getting along with Cierra Boyle for a long time and couldn’t bear to see his youngest sister unhappy, so he decided to be a mediator.

“Harold, go and talk to Cierra. She knows she was wrong. She apologized to us when she woke up early in the morning. There’s no need to ignore her all the time.”

“Besides, she’s not a child. It’s not good for her to be so restrained.”

That was true. If she were an ordinary young lady who had grown up, it would not be a big deal for her to go out and drink with her friends.

But it was different for Cierra. Back then, if not for the fact that William Barton had decided that she looked familiar and that they had known each other for a few more days, he might not have discovered her disappearance at all. He might not have been able to recognize her as a member of the Barton family if she had not been frozen for a night in the snow.

At present, although it was not so dangerous in the country, no one could guarantee absolute safety.

What’s more, it was the infamous second son of the West family who was drinking with her, and it was Draven who took her away!

Therefore, William Barton didn’t agree with Coby Barton.

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Harold Bernard-Barton didn’t agree.

He looked away and said slowly, "I found something. Come with me."

After that, he turned around.

Coby Barton frowned. "Then, Cierra..."

"Don't worry about her. The two children are arguing. They'll be fine in a while."

William Barton put his arms around Coby Barton's shoulders and followed Harold Bernard-Barton.

Harold Bernard-Barton felt a little unexpected. "Come on, William, I'm not a child."

"No, you're not." William Barton coaxed him.

Harold Bernard-Barton could feel his perfunctoriness without looking back.

However, he did not refute it.

Before Cierra came back, he and Floyd Bernard-Barton were the youngest. Cierra and Cierra Boyle's age was related to 10 years, and 8 years related to Harold Bernard-Barton. In their eyes, he was probably just a child.

But now was not the time to argue about this.

He took them into the room and opened the computer documents. Part of the surveillance video of Ninth Club began to play on the screen.

"The second young master of the West family has been investigating Cierra recently. He probably can't find anything abroad, but he got some information at home. I hacked into his computer this morning and found this video."

This surveillance video was the one that Ryan showed to Draven in the office this morning.

Half of the man's face was almost the same as that of Draven, but the other half was hidden in the light and shadow, so the whole picture could not be seen.

However, no matter who it was, the first thing that came to their mind was that it was him.

Including Coby and William Barton.

Harold Bernard-Barton shook his head and denied their speculation. "It's not him. It was Draven

who took Cierra away from the surveillance camera. They were wearing different suits, so Draven

didn't have much time to change his clothes. But there's a high chance that there's something

wrong with this man."

William Barton stared at the other half of his face. She felt that she had seen him somewhere before, but her mind was always overlapping with Draven's face, so she couldn't think about it carefully.

He said in a rare serious tone, "I don't care if she's here for Draven or something else. Keep an eye on Cierra before returning to Los Angeles."

Coby nodded. "I'll take good care of her tonight."

"Cierra's."

It was relatively safe in the villa, and L'Opera Restaurant had also arranged for people to stay in the South Pavilion. However, the bodyguards could not enter the banquet, so the chances of an accident were higher.

Even without this person, it would be quite dangerous to go to the Boyle family.

"I'll go with you tonight."

After a moment of silence, William Barton still spoke.

Coby was surprised and suddenly thought of something. A smile appeared on his cold face. "Aren't you not going?"

The tense atmosphere eased up a little.

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William Barton sighed faintly. "It's all because of this little girl. Otherwise, I wouldn't have bothered to go. If anything happens to her in the Boyle family, my parents will skin me alive when I get back, and Jaquan Barton won't spare me."

Harold Bernard-Barton watched them bickering and left silently with his glass of water.

Downstairs, Cierra was no longer sitting on the sofa.

When he didn't see her, Harold Bernard-Barton frowned slightly and quickened his pace downstairs. At the same time, he looked down to see if he had received any new messages.

"Hello, Harold?"

A warm voice came from the kitchen, with a hint of surprise.

“Are you downstairs? Are you hungry? Do you want to eat something first? What do you want to eat for lunch? I’ll cook for you.”

Her eyes were bright, her hands were covered with white flour, and her face was stained too.

Probably because she heard the sound of the stairs, she ran out of the kitchen without cleaning up.

When he saw her, Harold Bernard-Barton heaved a sigh of relief.

He didn’t want to talk to her at first, but when he saw her like this, he didn’t feel angry at all, so he didn’t want to be stiff anymore.

“Yes, go downstairs and get me a glass of water please.”

He raised the cup in his hand and went straight to the dining table.

Cierra came over and said, “Is there anything you want to eat? I’m going to make some dumplings now. When it’s time, I’ll cook. Tell me what you want to eat. I’ll prepare it later.”

Harold Bernard-Barton was silent. He rubbed his fingers against the transparent glass and ignored

her.

The light in Cierra’s eyes dimmed a little.

She asked tentatively, “Are you still angry with me?”

“A little.” Harold Bernard-Barton replied.