

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 11 Will You Still Marry Me?

As soon as Cierra finished speaking, Aleah and Vanessa's expressions suddenly changed.

Even if they soon recovered their calm, most people saw their expression at that moment. When those people thought of the previous events, even the dumbest person would know what was going on.

They thought, the Boyte family wants to chase away Cierra, this *adopted* daughter who is not related *to* blood, and also wants to *gain a good reputation for* themselves.

Stop *daydreaming!* It's nothing of the sort!

Cierra achieved the desired results.

She said, "I know my limitations, so I won't stay. I won't pursue today's matter. I'll treat it as repaying all these years of raising me. From now on, I, Cierra, have nothing to do with the Boyle family. I won't use the Boyle family's name on the outside. Please rest assured!"

After she finished speaking, she turned around and left directly..

Draven, who was beside her, subconsciously caught up with her. Before he could take two steps, he was stopped by Aleah behind him.

"Draven, are you angry with me? I also don't know why I did those things. I really don't know..."

Cierra paused for a moment at her hypocritical words.

When Cierra saw the man lowering his head and comforting Aleah, the mocking smile on her lips deepened, and she finally left without looking back.

"Hey, Ms. Boyle, wait for me!"

The one who caught up to Cierra was Lydia. She looked good and had no depression after being slandered by netizens. Her

smile was very

infectious.

“Do you mind if I leave with you?”

Cierra shook her head and said, “Do as you please.”

She did not have much of a reaction and looked so cold.

However, Lydia, who was following beside her, could not stop talking.

“Ms. Boyle, can I take the liberty to ask if you are playing cards in the room? I’m quite curious. What’s ‘You’re great!’?”

Cierra did not speak, but the two followers of her rushed to explain loudly.

“Well! That’s because of our perfect cooperation! Win three rounds in a row!”

Lydia added, “Then what about that sentence ‘Me again? I really can’t take it anymore?’”

“That’s because I lost too much. Even my underpants were about to lose to them! Whoever lost a round would take off one piece of clothing. I was about to lose all of mine. Fortunately, you guys came in time!”

Another follower scratched his head.

In comparison, the atmosphere in the room was much more depressing.

Almost all the guests had left, only Aleah, her mother, and Draven were there.

Aleah looked at Draven pitifully, her eyes red.

“Draven, are you blaming me? I don’t know what happened to me at that time. I couldn’t control myself when I thought that she was your wife. I don’t want this to happen either! I know I am wrong. I only died outside...”

Vanessa cried, “It’s my fault. Aleah, if I hadn’t lost you, you wouldn’t be like this. You are my only child. You can’t have any

accidents!”

The scene reappeared. It was just like three years ago when Aleah found out about Draven’s wedding.

Draven pursed his lips tightly, and his dark eyes were deep.

After a long time, he straightened up slightly. “Cierra won’t pursue the matter. You don’t have to think too much about it. Don’t do such things again in the future.”

Vanessa quickly explained, "Aleah is sick, and she doesn't mean it."

Draven replied, "I know that, but the illness is not the reason for her to do something wrong. If anything happens to Cierra today..."

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Suddenly, he stopped...

Draven did not want to think about those kinds of bad things.

He retracted his gaze, not intending to stay any longer.

"It's getting late. Have a good rest. I need to go."

Aleah sobbed, "Draven, you must be blaming me."

Draven gave her a deep look

He shook his head and said, "I'm not the victim. I don't have the right to blame you. Take good care of yourself, and you'll get better."

Aleah probed carefully.

"Well, Draven, you said that you'll marry me after you get divorced. Will you keep your promise?"