

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 111 Draven's Apology

"I'll ask Anna to help you apply the medicine."

As soon as she spoke, Cierra got up from the sofa and brought the small bowl to the kitchen. However, a minute later, she came back alone.

She didn't expect that she would be driven back by Mrs. Trevino, who didn't allow Anna to follow her. Mrs. Trevino even scolded Draven in the kitchen.

This action of helping without any results made Cierra feel a bit awkward. She immediately didn't want to get close to Draven.

Out of the corner of his eye, Draven saw her figure and looked up at her.

Seeing that she was alone, there was no reaction on Draven's handsome face. He only changed a cotton swab and continued to poke the blood around his wound.

"Sorry, Anna and Mrs. Trevino are still busy."

Cierra walked over and looked down at his clumsy action with a frown.

"Why don't you wait for a while? The kitchen is almost cleaned up."

If he continued to wipe the wound like this, the wound would probably be even more serious.

However, Draven chuckled with disdain in his heart.

He raised his hand and threw the cotton swab into the trash can. Regardless of whether the wound had been cleaned or not, he picked up the gauze from the first aid kit.

"Wait for what? Wait until my mother comes out and scolds me, saying that I deserve it?"

Cierra fell silent.

When she went to the kitchen to call for Anna just now, Mrs. Trevino did say something similar,

even harsher than what Draven said.

Sue said. "Why should we apply medicine to him? It's best if he dies outside! Others even cut his skin with a knife, but what about him? He even ran to the hospital to guard Al eah, for fear that she would die. He didn't even know how he died, but he had the face to care about others. Cierra, let him

do whatever he wants. He deserves it!"

In the past, Cierra would have said that Draven deserved it.

However, she knew very well how Draven got injured. If he hadn't blocked it that night, maybe the knife would have landed on Cierra or other innocent people.

As a matter of fact, she could not say that Draven deserved this injury.

"Let me help you apply the medicine. You can't do it like this. If you bandage it before it gets cleaned up, it will get inflamed."

Seeing that Draven was about to wrap up the wound like this, Cierra couldn't stand it anymore and hurriedly said.

The right hand had been moving a lot, and it seemed that Draven didn't care about it at all. If he continued to deal with it casually, it might become more and more serious, and his hand might be

disabled.

She didn't want to think of his hand every time she met him.

"What are you waiting for? Stretch out your hand."

Cierra's movements were very fast. She first took out the medicine and tweezers, then cut the gauze into a suitable length with scissors and placed it aside for backup.

She had to clean up the wound first and take care of the surroundings.

She had to remove the bruises, apply the medicine, and finally bandage them. She couldn't do it casually like Draven did.

She pulled over a small stool and sat down beside his legs. Seeing that he still didn't move, she

repeated.

Draven frowned and curled up his hands on his lap. "No need. It's not a serious injury."

This action provoked Cierra even more anger. She glared at him and said, "Give me your hand!"

Draven pursed his lips and looked down at her angry eyes. After hesitating for a while, he reached

out his hand to her..

“Maybe it’s a little...”

Draven slowly opened his mouth, but was interrupted by Cierra’s anxious voice.

“What’s wrong with you, Draven? Don’t you feel the pain? Mrs. Trevino is right. What Mrs. Trevino said is right. You deserve it! Your hand is injured, but you still hold it tightly. If it’s disabled, don’t blame me!”

Cierra was truly angry. She had never seen someone who did not cherish himself this much.

Cierra thought. “It was the same on the night of his injury. He could have bandaged his wound first, but he insisted on driving to the hospital with them. Why didn’t he bleed to death?”

Draven frowned even more. “Why should I blame you?”

“Shut up!”

Cierra interrupted him and began to wipe his wound with a cotton cloth soaked in medicine. The coldness and pain spread to his brain, making Draven tense up a little.

The bloodstains were slowly wiped away, revealing the original appearance of the wound. In addition, because of Draven’s willfulness, it looked particularly ferocious.

Only then did Cierra realize how deep the wound was.

If it had been a little deeper, or if the cut had been a little higher, it would have injured his bones.

“If you’re afraid, I can handle it myself.”

Seeing that she had been staring at his palm, Draven couldn’t help curling up his hands to hide the flesh and blood.

“Don’t move!”

Noticing his intention, Cierra raised her eyes and glared at him.

Cierra changed the medicine and applied carefully. “It may hurt a little. Bear with it for a while.”

Draven lowered his eyes and looked at her fair and beautiful face. He wanted to ask her if she was afraid or not, but then he thought of something. He didn't say anything and just replied with a

“hmm“.

The cotton swab that was dipped in the medicine was gently wiped next to the wound.

Cierra was very serious and even blew lightly on the wound on his palm. When she needed to apply the medicine again, she repeated as if she was coaxing a child, “If it hurts, just say it. I'll be gentle.”

Draven remained silent the whole process and said nothing.

He didn't feel any pain, but when the cotton swab landed near his wound, it tickled his heart a little.

It tickled.

He couldn't describe his complicated emotions. He just hoped that time would slow down a little.

Unfortunately, there would be an end to the peace.

“It's done.”

After applying the last bit of medicine, Cierra heaved a sigh of relief. She fetched the gauze that had been cut and bandaged Draven's wound.

“Your wound is so deep that your bones are almost exposed. You have to take good care of yourself. The hand is very important. If you don't take good care of it, you will regret it.”

She was very skilled in bandaging. After tying a beautiful knot, she began to pack up the medicine on the coffee table.

Draven looked down at his hand and didn't pay much attention to Cierra's words.

He was wondering if Cierra could bandage his wound a few more times if he recovered slowly.

However, he suppressed this thought in an instant. Thinking of her skilled cooking skills, he couldn't help but ask, “Did you bandage yourself when you were in the Boyle family? Or... did you learn it abroad?”

Cierra's hands froze and she turned around to look at Draven with a complicated expression.

She didn't remember the matters after drinking, so she was still stunned when Draven asked her about going abroad.

But she didn't ask him how he knew about it.

Draven should know it since it was done by Aleah.

But even if he knew, he didn't do anything to Aleah, did he?

He was afraid that Aleah would die, so he went to the hospital to guard her.

Cierra's expression slowly turned cold, and her voice became colder. "Draven, this has nothing to do with you, right?"

Draven frowned. He didn't understand why the person who was applying medicine to his wound had suddenly changed her attitude.

Subconsciously, he wanted to roll up his hands. Looking at the bandaged gauze, he held it back.

"Sorry, I'm just curious. If I make you think of those unpleasant things, I'll apologize to you."

Chapter 112 Stay Over

Hearing this, Cierra glanced at him and didn't say anything. She just quietly packed up the first aid

kit.

"Put it back. Try not to use your right hand in the next week. You must have a family doctor. If you really can't bear it, go to the hospital. Don't take your body lightly."

Cierra pushed the first-aid kit in front of him and wiped her hands with a wet tissue calmly.

Draven did as he was told.

When he came back, Sue was already holding the sliced fruit next to Cierra and they began to chat

again.

Sue did not mention what had happened in the Boyle family. She only asked about the current situation of Cierra after she returned to the country, as well as her brother's situation.

Instead of sitting down, Draven just stood quietly behind the sofa and scrolled through his phone with his left hand.

They didn't talk for long. Cierra suddenly said that she was leaving. "Mrs. Trevino, it's getting late. I have to go back. If I'm late, my brother will be worried."

Draven raised his eyes and looked at her.

Sue didn't want to let her go, so she grabbed Cierra's hand.

"Why do you go back? It's late at night, and it is far away from the city. Why don't you stay here for one night? Your room has always been there, and the things inside are exactly the same as before.

Anna cleans it every two days. It's not dirty."

Anna chimed in, "That's right, Ms. Boyle. I change the quilt every week. I'm looking forward to your coming back to stay for one night so that Mrs. Trevino can be happy. It's just that Old Mr. Trevino is no longer around. If he were still here, he would have been looking forward to your return a long time ago."

"But..."

Cierra still hesitated.

If Ernest were here, Cierra would have stayed in the old house without saying a word. But now...

However, Anna's mention of him made Cierra miss him so much.

Sue saw through her thoughts and seized the chance. "Cierra, you haven't been back for three years. You used to live in the old house for a long time. Why don't you rest for a night? It doesn't matter. By the way, you can also see the things Ernest left for you. As for your brother, you can just make a phone call. If you are afraid, let me talk to them!"

Cierra was amused by her words, and she was also moved.

She remembered that there were indeed a lot of things in the old house worth taking a look at.

She had lived in the Trevino family many times in the past, because she didn't have to be bullied by the Boyle family if she lived here, let alone be beaten and scolded.

Ernest Trevino also doted on her and had specially prepared a room for her. Cierra was afraid that Aleah would take a lot of things from her if she brought them back to the Boyle family, so Cierra put them in the old house of the Trevino family.

“Okay, Mrs. Trevino, I’ll stay here for one more night. Don’t mind me.”

Sue rolled her eyes at her. “What nonsense are you talking about? I can’t wait to raise you as my own daughter so that you can live here and accompany me every day, but you don’t want to recognize me as your godmother. You keep calling me Mrs. Trevino, which makes my heart break!”

Cierra merely smiled without saying a word.

It was still uncertain whether Sue was sincere or not. Even if she was sincere, Cierra would not

agree.

It was too embarrassing for the ex-mother-in-law to become a godmother. It was better to refuse.

“Since Ms. Boyle wants to live here, I’ll pack up two clean clothes for you.

Anna beamed from ear to ear.

Since Old Mr. Trevino had left, the old house had rarely been so lively today. Not only was Sue happy, but Anna was also very happy.

Just as Anna was about to go upstairs, Draven, who had been standing silently beside, finally said, “Anna, please pack up a set of clothes for me. Thank you.”

Anna was about to respond when she was interrupted by Sue. “What are you doing here? It’s so late at night. Aren’t you going to watch over our little fairy? Why do you want in my house?”

Draven said confidently, “It is not safe to drive on the mountain road at night.”

As for Aleah, he directly ignored it.

Sue sneered. “It’s not safe tonight? Didn’t you leave after dinner every time? We can’t keep you stay

no matter what!”

Cierra sat at the side, sipping a cup of coffee.

She didn’t care if Draven would stay for the night or not. Since she had made up her mind to stay in

the old mansion, she had considered it.

Anyway, she had stayed with Draven at Stream Villa, so it was not a big deal. The main reason why she stayed was to see what she had hidden in the Trevino family.

Sue kept scolding Draven, and then she suddenly changed her tone. "If you want to stay here, leave your phone here. Don't run away as soon as you get a call. If anyone wants to die at night, you, a super hero, have to save her!"

Not to mention the fact that Aleah had committed suicide this time, this kind of thing had happened a lot when Old Mr. Trevino was still alive.

At that time, Draven was still in the old house and was strictly controlled by his grandfather. He didn't buy another house in the city. However, he was stubborn. Although he came back to live every day, he would drive away as long as he received Aleah's call. Even in the middle of the night, he would drive away. Sue often scolded him because of this.

Cierra also knew about these things. Hearing Mrs. Trevino's request, she suddenly felt much more relaxed. She was sure that Draven would definitely leave.

Although she didn't mind if Draven stayed in the old house or not, she would feel much more comfortable if he left.

To her surprise, Draven turned off his phone and placed it on the coffee table without any

hesitation.

He no longer stood by the side and sat down directly on the sofa. He looked up at Anna and said, "Please prepare a set of clothes for me."

Anna glanced at Sue.

Sue nodded with a reluctant expression on her face.

"Humph." She snorted and nodded slightly.

Anna responded to Draven and turned to go upstairs.

Sue couldn't be bothered to look at him. She glanced around the coffee table and suddenly smiled.

"You made it yourself, didn't you? I haven't tried it yet."

Cierra smiled and said, "I learned it from the chef in L'Opera Restaurant. I thought that you didn't Jack anything, and it was a waste to buy things, so I brought some snacks made by myself. I don't know if you like them."

She brought some snacks. The snacks in the box were shaped like apples. If they were not of different sizes, they would make people think that they were real apples.

“It’s so beautiful that I can’t bear to eat it.”

Sue sighed with emotion as she took a deep bite. A look of amazement appeared on her face.

“It tastes good. It’s better than those sold in the cake shops outside. Those cakes are too sweet. In my opinion, our ancestor’s craftsmanship is better, and the appearance and taste are more exquisite!”

Cierra didn’t deny her words. “If you like it, I’ll bring you some more next time.”

When Cierra learned how to cook from her master, she could master it quickly, so she preferred western food before. Although she didn’t deny that western food had its own characteristics now, she felt that she had to learn more about other styles of food.

Especially after staying abroad for three years, she felt that she was ignorant in the past

This time, when she returned to L’Opera Restaurant, she picked up the skills that her master had taught her before. Every time she made delicate pastry, she felt a sense of accomplishment.

In a corner that no one paid attention to, Draven also picked up a piece of cake.

At the entrance, a sense of familiarity arose spontaneously.

Chapter 113 Don’t You Like Him Anymore?

It was as if the scent had overlapped with a certain memory, causing him to grab onto some fleeting

memories.

However, when he took another bite, there was only the sweet taste of the cake left in his mouth. It was sweet but not greasy, and it tasted really good.

Probably because Draven wanted to find the taste in his memory, he wanted to take another piece. As soon as he reached out his hand, he was slapped back by Sue.

“Cierra made them for me. I’m already giving you face by letting you eat one piece. How can you have the nerve to take it?”

Draven raised his head and glanced at Cierra.

Cierra just smiled, took a sip of coffee, and didn't want to say anything to help him out.

Draven thought. "Obviously, Cierra doesn't want to see me, just like my mother."

Instead of getting angry, Draven withdrew his hand silently and wiped his fingertips with a tissue.

"I'll go upstairs first. You can continue to talk."

He really went without taking his mobile phone on the coffee table.

Looking at his proud back, Sue snorted. "I'm annoyed to see him."

Cierra didn't know what to say.

Before Cierra returned to the country, Draven didn't have a good relationship with his family, especially Mrs. Trevino. Cierra hadn't been in the country for three years, so she didn't know much about them. Even if she wanted to ease the tension between them, there was nothing she could do.

Moreover, it was none of her business.

As she sat there obediently, Sue suddenly turned around and spoke in a gentle voice.

"Cierra, I heard that you made it clear to the Boyle family at the dinner party the day before yesterday, right?"

Cierra didn't expect Sue to suddenly bring up this topic.

She had thought that Sue would talk about it when she first arrived at the Trevino family, but she hadn't said anything during the meal, so Cierra thought that it was over.

However, this matter had long been spread in the circle, and Ryan knew it clearly. As the hostess of the Trevino family, Mrs. Trevino naturally had some information channels.

Mrs. Trevino

even knew that Aleah had committed suicide, let alone such a small matter.

Without denying it, Cierra nodded and spoke the truth.

"It should have been made clear on Aleah's birthday last time, but I thought that there were still some things in the Boyle family. What's more, I did grow up eating the Boyle family's food, so it's better to settle the matter clearly. Otherwise, the Boyle family will stick to me in the future. They won't let go of my brother all the time."

"I thought that they were not good in the early years. If it weren't for the favor given by Old Mr. Boyle and the fact that Old Mr. Trevino valued friendship, we would have broken off the relationship with the Boyle family long ago!"

Sue was so angry that she even turned to comfort Cierra.

"It's good that the relationship is broken. Just take it as spending money to eliminate the disaster and never contact them again!"

Cierra nodded, and then she nodded lightly.

"That's what my brother meant."

Therefore, Cierra felt that it was not a loss to buy off the disturbance of the Boyle family with 1.5

million dollars at a time.

It was a pity that although she wanted to buy some of the things that Ernest had given her in the past, she knew very well that Aleah had thrown them away after taking them.

Cierra thought. "Forget it. Anyway, I have left some important things in the Trevino family. It's just

a pity."

Just as she was sighing with emotion, her hand was suddenly grabbed by Sue, and her voice lowered again. "Cierra, I heard that not only did those people from the Boyle family take your things, but they also hit you. Is that true?"

Cierra was silent for a few seconds before nodding slightly."

"How dare the Boyle family be so arrogant!"

Sue's eyes instantly lit up with anger.

"Mrs. Trevino, it's all in the past, and I have a family now. I will live a better life in the future. I've cut off all ties with the Boyle family. Just make up for what happened in the past."

Cierra had discussed with her elder brother and the others that as long as the Boyle family did not make any more trouble in the future, the grudges in the past would be written off as repayment for raising Cierra.

If they still didn't let her go, they couldn't blame the Barton family for interfering in New York.

Sue

was so angry that she looked at Cierra lovingly. “You’re comforting me instead. The Boyle

family is really inhuman. I really don’t know what Draven is thinking about. If it weren’t for the fact that all the men of the Trevino family died early, this company would never have been handed over to Draven so early. It’s better to take it out to do public welfare than to support the Boyle family!”

Sue didn’t care about the company’s affairs, but it didn’t mean that she didn’t know anything.

The Trevino Group had been developing rapidly in recent years under the leadership of Draven, and they had cooperated with the Boyle family for countless projects. It could be said that without the Trevino family, the Boyle family could not be so influential in New York at all.

Once the Trevino family withdrew their investment, the Boyle family would collapse.

The more Sue thought about it, the more determined she was to prevent Draven from marrying

Aleah.

Absolutely not!

As she thought of this, Sue tightened her grip on Cierra’s hand.

“Cierra, do you not like that brat at all now? You have indeed been wronged abroad for the past three years, but I remember that you were very happy when you married Draven. Are you really going to divorce him?”

As soon as Sue finished speaking, Cierra subconsciously wanted to withdraw her hand from Sue’s.

In the end, she held back and just smiled. “Mrs. Trevino, you know that love can’t be forced. I was

young

when I got married. I just reached the legal age. Now my experience is different. Love can’t be ranked first. It doesn’t make sense whether I like him or not.”

Her words were euphemistic, but her refusal was firm.

Cierra thought to herself. "That's right. Since I am at such an age, I can't just talk about love and feelings. In this world, the most important thing and the most useless thing is love. In the future, I will put my family first. As for the love between men and women, I have buried the most beautiful love. Even if I fall in love with someone in the future, I will probably first think of this mentally.

tiring experience."

Sue had a complicated expression on her face. "Does that brat really have no chance? What if he turns around and changes it?"

Cierra's smile deepened. "Mrs. Trevino, you're wrong. I have never had a chance. It's not that he

doesn't have a chance.'

Ever since she was a child, Cierra had been watching Draven from behind.

It was not she that was giving him a chance.

Even if he turned back, she was tired and didn't want to walk anymore.

She smiled and said indifferently, "If Draven turns around, I'll also turn around."

Sue's heart sank to the bottom of the sea.

Cierra had made it very clear. Judging from Mrs. Trevino's expression, Cierra knew that she had understood.

She didn't want to talk about it anymore. She got up and said, "Mrs. Trevino, it's getting late. Let's go to bed."

Sue sighed softly and stood up from the sofa. "Forget it, it's the Trevino family's loss.'

"Children have their own blessings. You don't have to worry too much, Mr. Trevino. Mr. Trevino will always meet someone good in the future."

After making it clear, Cierra no longer pretended in front of Sue and directly called Draven Mr.

Trevino.

It could be said that she had completely disowned the relationship between them.

Sue was also helpless. "Cierra, are you serious? Don't you feel anything at all? At that time, you liked Draven so much and stuck to him every day..."

"Mrs. Trevino."

Without waiting for Sue to speak, Cierra interrupted her softly, the emotions in her eyes slowly turning cold.

Chapter 114 Draven, Get Out of Here!

“You also said it was in the past, but people will grow up eventually. How can we stay in the past forever? As for the feeling...

Cierra let out a light chuckle, her eyes cold.

“I can only say that he used to be a special existence in my life, and he is still the same now. It is just that the current me will no longer be the same as before. I will no longer give up on other important things in my life because of a slight difference.”

What’s more, Draven was no longer as important to her as before, let alone make her give up everything else.

On the contrary, Draven was the one she should abandon.

If she abandoned this love, she would find that there were better things in the world.

The traditional catering culture she liked, the designs she was interested in, and she could weave her dreams unscrupulously... There were also many people she loved and respected, as well as those who doted on her.

Therefore, there was no need for her to stick to the relationship that was claimed to be love, and it was still a poor one-sided love.

Cierra used to naively think that this was creating a relationship with the person she liked with the shortest mathematical expectations. Once a one-sided relationship formed into two arrows, it could express to people that it was the beauty of love.

But now, she only felt that she was a fool.

Cierra didn’t want to talk to Sue anymore. “Mrs. Trevino, I’m going upstairs to rest, so I won’t

continue chatting with you.”

Sue didn’t stop her this time. She smiled wearily and said, “Let Anna take you upstairs. I have said too much just now. Cierra, don’t take it to heart.”

Cierra also smiled. She nodded and left without saying anything else.

She came to see Sue because the Trevino family used to take care of her, but it didn't mean that she had to obey them in everything.

Cierra knew everything that had happened tonight

For example, it seemed that Draven had been scolded all the time by Mrs. Trevino, as if she was venting her anger on behalf of Cierra. But in fact, Cierra could see through all the twists and turns.

It was just that Mrs. Trevino didn't like Aleah and didn't want to see Draven marry Aleah into the Trevino family.

As for her, although she might not be worthy of the son of the Trevino family, Mrs. Trevino had seen her grow up and Cierra was chosen by Ernest Trevino. They knew her clearly.

Instead of getting a divorce and finding a new daughter-in-law to control her son, it was better to try her best to remedy this marriage. Anyway, the Trevino family did not need to unite by marriage to support the company.

Speaking of Sue's kindness to Cierra and how she treated her as her own daughter, Cierra could only say a mixture of truth and lies.

Mrs. Trevino did treat Cierra well. Cierra was sure that if she really became the Trevino family's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Trevino wouldn't treat her badly.

However, she was not related to the Trevino family by blood. How could she be Mrs. Trevino's real daughter?

After thinking it through, a relieved smile appeared on Cierra's face.

She didn't think too much about it. She just felt that it was normal.

If Mrs. Trevino treated her well with all her heart, Cierra would feel guilty. This kind of relationship

was good.

While she was thinking, Anna had already led her to the door of the room. "Ms. Boyle, I'll put your clothes by the bed. They're all clean. You can just change them."

Cierra nodded. "Thank you, Anna. Thank you for your hard work."

Anna smiled and said, "It's what I should do. Go to bed early and remember to send a message to

your family."

“Okay,” said Cierra. She greeted Anna and went in.

Fortunately, she had just received a reminder. She almost forgot to send a message to William and

the others. When she turned around, Cierra took out her mobile phone and told her three brothers on WhatsApp.

Of course, she was afraid that they would be angry again, so she specially added, “I used to live in the Trevino family when I was a child. I have secretly hidden something in the Trevino family and I want to take this opportunity to recall it.

After playing the emotional card, Cierra added that it was difficult to drive on the mountain road at night, and the safety reason made her stay for one night.

In this way, even if William and the others had a problem with it, they couldn’t say anything.

Cierra typed so many words that she didn’t hear the sound of the door being locked. It wasn’t until

the bathroom door was pulled open that she turned around subconsciously.

What she saw made her widen her eyes in horror. “Draven? Why are you here?”

Draven came out of the bathroom, and he was wrapped in a bath towel around his waist. There was nothing on it, and the mist filled his surroundings. Droplets of water dripped down from his wet hair, flowed down from his strong chest, slid to his abdominal muscles, and finally entered the bath towel along the smooth and firm lines.

It made people’s mouths dry.

Hearing this, Draven raised his eyes and glanced at Cierra.

Compared to the panic on the woman’s face, Draven looked much calmer.

It was not that he was not surprised, but the moment he saw her, he frowned, and then there was no extra expression on his face.

He casually dried his hair with a towel and walked over. “Anna said I should sleep in this room.”

Before Cierra could react, she saw Draven’s firm chest moving towards her, and she subconsciously

moved away.

But Draven stopped in front of her.

Cierra was stunned, and there was a hint of panic in her dark eyes.

“What... what do you want to do? I’m telling you, don’t mess around!”

Cierra couldn’t help swallowing.

Draven smiled, and his eyes, which had always been indifferent, were filled with a faint smile.

“Cierra, I should be the one asking you this. I entered the room first. I haven’t even asked you why you’re here, but you took the initiative and even asked me to...”

“You asked me not to mess around. Look at me now. Who is messing around?”

He deliberately lowered his voice and bent down slightly so that his eyes were on the same level as

Cierra’s.

Draven’s deep eyes met hers. Droplets of water slid down from his cold and hard face, sliding down

his sturdy back and chest...

As they got closer, Cierra could see more clearly, and the indescribable emotions in her heart burned even faster.

She looked away in a panic, feeling like she was about to run away.

Seeing the decoration of the room clearly, Cierra immediately regained her confidence. “This is

obviously my room. There’s no problem for me to ask like this!”

She suppressed the complicated emotions in her heart and looked back stubbornly.

Draven followed her gaze and looked at her face again. His smile didn’t fade. “Your room?”

He emphasized the two words in a low voice, with a hint of teasing.

Cierra felt uncomfortable under his gaze. She reorganized her words and said, “I used to live in the room in your house. Is that okay, Mr. Trevino?”

Still smiling, Draven said, “I didn’t say anything. You were the one who rushed to explain.”

He stood up straight and wiped his wet hair with a towel.

Cierra gritted her teeth and glared at Draven in exasperation.

Draven didn't take it seriously. He wiped his hair and looked up at her. "By the way, where is your hairdryer? I'm going to blow my hair. You can take your clothes and take a shower."

"Draven Trevino!"

Cierra finally couldn't take it anymore. She gritted her teeth and pointed at the door.

"Get out of here!"

Chapter 115 The Wedding House in the Old House

Draven glanced at her indifferently and curled his lips. "Okay, open the door and I'll get out of here right away."

Hearing this, Cierra came to her senses and remembered the voice that came from behind her when she was sending a message to William.

However, she didn't know that Draven was in the bathroom at that time, so she didn't take it

seriously.

If it was true.....

Cierra looked up and met Draven's smiling eyes. She couldn't help gritting her teeth.

She didn't believe it and walked toward the door.

Sure enough, the door was locked.

Cierra angrily twisted the doorknob a few times, but it still couldn't be opened. She was so angry

that she kicked the door open.

Behind her, Draven, who had witnessed everything, couldn't help laughing.

"You're still laughing!"

Cierra turned around and glared at him.

After returning to the country, Cierra had thought of being schemed against by the Boyle family and even by Draven, but she had never thought that Sue would scheme against her. And the other party” was Draven!

At the thought of being in the same room with Draven tonight, Cierra was burning with anger.

Especially when she saw there was a lazy look and a smile on Draven’s face, she became even more

angry,

Regardless of Draven’s muscular body, Cierra asked directly, “Draven, did you do it on purpose?”

“What?”

Draven was stunned for a moment, but he immediately came to his senses.

When he met Cierra’s angry gaze, the smile on his face did not fade.

“I did it on purpose? Cierra, use your smart little head. If I had done it on purpose, I would have done something to you when you got drunk and snuggled into my arms last time. Why should I wait

until now?”

“Draven, you...”

Cierra’s face turned red. On the one hand, it was red with anger, while the other was red with

shame.

“It was impossible that I snuggled into your arms!”

Cierra’s momentum weakened, but her voice was not low.

After getting drunk, she couldn’t remember anything, so she didn’t have the confidence to refute.

According to Ryan, it was indeed Draven who had taken her away that day, and it couldn’t be

excluded that she...

“How can you be sure that it’s impossible for you to snuggle into my arms? You can’t remember anything after drinking so much. Do you want

me to use my connections to get the surveillance footage of the Ninth Club and see how active Mrs. Trevino was that day?"

Draven deliberately drawled as he looked at Cierra's expression of shame and indignation. The smile on his face widened.

The last sentence, especially the words "Mrs. Farrell", was particularly clear.

Cierra was so angry that she almost rushed over to cover Draven's mouth.

But when she saw the man's naked body, she resisted the urge and glared at him angrily and said,

"Stop it."

"Where's the hairdryer?" Draven asked.

He asked casually.

Cierra didn't want to look at him. She walked around him and took her phone to the sofa. "In the

bathroom cabinet."

When she used to live here, the hairdryer was usually placed there. If Anna hadn't moved, it should

still be there.

Draven glanced at her and saw that she was looking at her phone unhappily. He didn't say anything more and went to the bathroom with a towel.

Soon, there was a buzzing noise from inside.

Cierra's mind was in a mess as she randomly tapped her phone.

She couldn't tell her brothers about being locked up in the same room with Draven, but she was not in the mood to say something to them.

This made her even more upset. Cierra scrolled through her phone to vent her anger.

The sound in the bathroom stopped. She threw her phone on the coffee table and fell onto the sofa.

That was the scene that came into his sight as soon as Draven came out.

Cierra buried her head in the corner of the sofa and lay on it with her body tilted. Her lower body was hanging on the ground, and her movements looked extremely funny.

The smile on Draven's face had long disappeared. He had just wanted to tease Cierra, but now that he looked at her again, he knew that Cierra really didn't want to stay with him.

After a moment of silence at the door, Draven walked towards Cierra.

"Go wash up. No matter how much you don't want to stay with me for one night, it will pass after a night's sleep."

He sat down on the sofa and poured himself a glass of water.

Cierra's eyes were closed, but when hearing his voice, she opened them and sat up. She looked at Draven coldly and asked, "Do you really want to sleep in the same room as me?"

Draven shrugged and said, "What can I do? My mother locked us together, and I can't get out. You can't let me jump out of the window, right? Can you take care of me when I'm lame?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Cierra threw a pillow at him and said, "Draven, why didn't I find you so mean before?"

During the meal, Draven was as silent as a mute. Now, he was so talkative.

Take care of him? Dream on! He might just die!

As if he could read her mind, Draven avoided the pillow and glanced at her. "Mrs. Trevino, I advise you not to curse me to death. The divorce procedures haven't been completed yet. If I die, you won't be able to remove your title as Mrs. Trevino for the rest of your life."

"If you die, I'll remarry immediately!"

However, Draven smiled and said, "Then I'll try my best to live longer."

This topic made Cierra realize that something was wrong. As she spoke, she fell into his trap.

"Do you have any shame? You live longer? Even if you live longer, we have to get a divorce!"

The man sitting opposite her finally stopped smiling.

He looked up at Cierra and did not say anything else.

The room fell silent all of a sudden.

After a long while, he drank a cup of water and then broke the silence.

He put down the cup and said gently to Cierra, "Go and have a rest. I won't do anything to you. I can sleep on the sofa or on the floor. It's getting late. It's more difficult for you to waste your time here. You can't quarrel with me all night, can you? You might as well sleep. What do you think?"

That was the truth. Cierra was just angry.

But there was no better way at the moment.

She got up from the sofa and took the clothes prepared by Anna.

Before entering the bathroom, Cierra looked back at Draven and couldn't help but want to scold

him.

"Draven, you said that Anna asked you to live in this room. Are you stupid? Everything in this room is mine, and you went in. How can you say that I'm stupid?"

Draven raised his eyes and snorted. "Mrs. Trevino, when you wash up, think about what's the difference between this room and the one you used to live in."

Cierra frowned.

Just by looking at her expression, Draven knew that she had forgotten everything.

But at the same time, he also felt a little worried. His pajamas were extremely loose, but he still felt his chest stuffy and flustered.

He spoke as he fixed his gaze on Cierra.

"This is the wedding room we changed after we got married. Have you forgotten?"

Chapter 116 Let's Make do with It

The wedding room.

If it weren't for Draven's words, Cierra wouldn't have any impression at all.

She raised her eyes and glanced around the room. The decoration was roughly the same as what she remembered. However, if she took a closer look, she would find that it was obviously different.

Another cloakroom was added.

What's more, the carpet beside the bed was connected to the balcony outside, but it was covered by the curtain. Only after being reminded did Cierra notice it.

It used to be a window in her room.

Obviously, this room was not where she used to live. It was just that her belongings had been moved

here.

"You remember now?"

Looking at her expression, Draven said with certainty.

Cierra looked away and glanced at him indifferently. "Yes, thank you for reminding me, Mr. Trevino. I just remembered. I'm sorry, but I have to occupy your and your future wife's room

tonight."

Draven choked and frowned. "Cierra, can't you talk nicely?"

Cierra curled her lips and said, "Mr. Trevino, how to talk nicely? Am I wrong? We will divorce sooner or later, and you will marry another woman sooner or later. You can't demolish the old house. There will always be a wedding room for you. Isn't this the best one?"

That was the truth. Once Draven got married again, even if he bought a new villa outside, they would definitely prepare a wedding room for them in the old house.

It was obvious that this room had been renovated in the master bedroom on the second floor of the old house. If they wanted to remodel the wedding room, they would have to do it on the basis of this room. Cierra's words were right.

"But we haven't divorced yet."

Draven stared at the beautiful face and suppressed his anger.

The smile on Cierra's face widened.

She raised her eyes, looked around the room, and finally called out his name. "Draven."

She didn't call him Mr. Trevino, nor did she call him by name when she was angry. Instead, her tone was indifferent, as if they were old friends who hadn't seen each other for many years.

Cierra withdrew her gaze and looked at the man's face.

“When I married you, I set off from the Boyle family and completed the wedding ceremony with you in the hotel. You left the hotel halfway and left me there alone. In the end, I was sent to Stream Villa and waited for you there alone. What I waited for was the news that you asked me to go abroad.”

“I’ve never been to this wedding room, let alone seen it. So what if I’ve heard of it and forgotten it?”

Cierra

had been staring at Draven’s face the whole time. When she saw his anger gradually disappear and his face darken, she suddenly felt the pleasure of revenge.

She thought. “Will he care that I have forgotten about the wedding room?”

“Doesn’t he not even care about this marriage?”

“When he saw me off, he didn’t hesitate at all. Why does he hypocritically call me Mrs. Trevino

now?”

“I don’t want to hear it.

“I will no longer be full of expectations and fantasies like before.

“I will do the same as he did in the past, crushing the hope without hesitation. Sooner or later, I will replace all the special things that belongs to him with other things.”

“I’m going to wash up. Since Mr. Trevino can’t go out, we have to make do with this room tonight.”

Cierra picked up her clothes again and felt much more relaxed after saying those words. She even began to discuss with Draven where to sleep.

“By the way, Mr. Trevino, are you going to sleep on the sofa or the floor tonight? You’re too tall. Why don’t you take out another quilt from the cabinet and sleep on the ground? It is just one night. It shouldn’t be a problem, right?”

Draven looked up at her without saying a word.

Cierra didn’t care at all and looked straight into Draven’s eyes. “Mr. Trevino, do you want me to

sleep on the sofa? After all, I’m a guest, and I’m a girl...”

“Cierra...”

Draven couldn't stand it anymore and interrupted her. His low voice was replaced by anger again.

Cierra waved her hand and smiled. She turned around and walked into the bathroom with the towel

and clothes in her arms.

After Cierra closed the door, the anger on Draven's face slowly faded away.

He got up from the sofa, pointed his hands, and then curled up slightly. His thumb rubbed the joints of his index finger, and his eyes narrowed as he looked around the room.

Not to mention that Cierra had never lived here before, he had never lived here either.

Old Mr. Trevino suddenly fell ill and his body quickly sank. His dying wish was to see them get married.

Draven had forgotten how he felt when he promised Old Mr. Trevino. He was probably a little annoyed, but he didn't refuse.

Afterwards, he married Cierra and they moved out of the house.

Old Mr. Trevino had told him about it in the hospital when the room was renovated.

Old Mr. Trevino said that no matter what, the wedding room should be prepared. There would always be a time when they came back to live. He couldn't let the young couple spend the Christmas in the villa, and it would be more lively if they stayed in the old house.

Old Mr. Trevino also said that on the day of their marriage, the young couple stayed in the villa. No matter what, they had to go back to the old house the next day. Although there were not many people in the Trevino family's generation, the elders were watching.

"What else did he say?" Draven couldn't remember.

He only knew that what he was impatient to listen to back then had now become a dream in his

mind.

If it weren't for Aleah, or if he hadn't sent Cierra away, would the story really develop as Ernest had

said?

When he got off work and returned to Stream Villa, there would be food that she had prepared for him everyday.

During Christmas or some other festivals, he would go back to the old house with her to pay his respects to his deceased father and had dinner with his mother. Just like tonight, he could even participate in it. Unlike now, when he turned around to look, there was no one by his side.

“Draven, are you outside?”

A sound suddenly came from the bathroom, breaking the man’s thoughts.

Draven turned around and looked behind him. He only saw a little steam rising from the bathroom

door, and the woman’s voice became more obvious.

“Can you do me a favor?”

Draven walked over and stopped not far away from the door like a gentleman, looking at the door with a small crack.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Can you... can you help me find another set of pajamas in the cloakroom? I accidentally wet my clothes just now,” Cierra said hesitantly.

“Wait a minute.”

Without thinking too much, Draven went to the cloakroom to look for her clothes.

If he thought about it a little, he could tell that something was wrong with Cierra’s words. The bathroom was separated. How stupid was she to be able to get her pajamas wet?

At this moment, the stupid woman in the bathroom was looking at the clothes in her hand angrily.

Wrapped in a bath towel, Cierra really couldn’t figure out how a businessman could be so stingy. How could he make pajamas like this? There was so little cloth.

She didn’t expect that this dress was given to her by Anna.

Cierra couldn’t figure it out, nor did she want to think about it.

Even though she was sure that Draven wouldn’t do anything to her even if she went out dressed like that, she had to save her face!

Now, she could only hope that Draven could find her a suitable dress in the cloakroom.

After a while, Draven knocked on the door with his fingers. His low voice sounded a little embarrassed.

“There are no extra pajamas in the cloakroom, only some ready-made clothes and winter clothes. I took my shirt. Would you... like to make do with it?”

Chapter 117 Do You Want Me to Leave Now?

There was no sound from the bathroom for a long time.

After a long while, Cierra spoke again.

“Can’t you find it? It doesn’t matter if it’s thicker...”

Cierra thought. “Although it is early summer, the temperature at night is not high. Moreover, the Trevino family’s old house is built on the mountain, and I might need to cover with a quilt according to the temperature at night, so it is okay to wear thick clothes.

“Anyway, everything is better than the two pieces of cloth in my hands.”

Draven fell silent as well.

After a while, he said, “I’ve searched all the places I can find. Why don’t you wear your old clothes and come out first? Then you can look for it yourself.”

Draven was about to leave.

“Wait!” When Cierra saw through the frosted glass that the figure was about to leave, she could only shout, “Give me the shirt...”

Then, the bathroom door was slightly opened, and the woman’s slender arms stretched out.

The only flaw was that there was a scar on her arm that broke the beauty.

Although it was just a shallow cut, it was obvious that it was imprinted on her white skin, as if there was a dark crack in the white jade, which made people feel uncomfortable.

Draven stood still and stared at the scar. In the end, it was covered by the door and he couldn’t see anything else.

Draven thought. “How many scars are there on her body

this?

“At the last dinner party, only her back was exposed, and the mottled marks were shocking and

unforgettable.

“Unexpectedly, there are scars in other places...”

In the bathroom, Cierra didn't get the clothes for a long time. She slightly enlarged the gap between the door and the frame. Covering herself with the bath towel, she poked her head out and asked, “Why are you in a daze?”

Because of this movement, the shoulder bone of her arm was completely exposed, and the scars on it were completely revealed in front of Draven.

The cut was like a centipede lying on Cierra's shoulder, hurting his eyes.

“I'm sorry.”

Draven looked away and hurriedly stuffed the white shirt into Cierra's hand before turning around.

Cierra looked at him in confusion and then lowered her head to look at herself.

She thought. “How could he have such a big reaction when only an arm was exposed?”

“Don't tell me that Mr. Trevino is still an innocent boy?”

Cierra didn't have time to think about it. She had been in the bathroom for a long time. If she stayed there any longer, her body would be wrinkled by the steam.

Withdrawing her gaze, she closed the door and changed her clothes again.

Draven's shirt was much bigger than hers, almost as big as a dress.

She was not as tall as the members of the the Barton family. She was probably restrained by the Boyle family when she was growing up, so she was only about the same height.

In comparison, her brothers and Draven were about 20 centimeters taller than her.

It didn't matter. Anyway, she was not disabled or sick.

After coming out of the bathroom, Cierra was wrapped in the slightly lower air in the room and

couldn't help sneezing.

Draven looked up and fixed his eyes on her for a few seconds. Then he pursed his lips and closed the door of the balcony.

The night wind in the mountain was blocked by the windows, and the temperature in the room seemed to suddenly rise, especially in the silence where neither of them spoke.

“Are you... really going to sleep on the floor?”

After a long while, Cierra broke the silence.

The man who was preparing the quilt didn't stop. He just replied with a “hmm” and didn't even look up at her.

Cierra couldn't help but frown slightly.

She thought that according to this man's bad temper, he would refute her anyway, such as, “If I don't sleep on the ground, will Mrs. Trevino want me to sleep with you?”, or other sarcasm.

But in fact, he didn't say anything.

“Draven, are you angry?”

Cierra kept staring at him. After sitting cross-legged on the bed, she picked up a pillow and tilted her head to look at him.

“No, why did you ask such a question?”

After getting the quilt ready, Draven looked up at her indifferently and then lay down on the ground, looking at the ceiling. No one knew what he was thinking.

Cierra smacked her lips. “Didn't I see that you were in a bad mood? I thought the distinguished Mr. Trevino was wronged to sleep on the ground.”

Seeing that Draven had laid down, Cierra stopped sitting and lifted the blanket as well.

“By the way, do you want a pillow? Here you are.”

Although it was a question, Cierra had already taken one to the person on the ground.

“Thank you.”

Draven reached out to take it and thanked her.

“Then I'll turn off the light.”

“Okay.”

The room suddenly darkened, and as the light disappeared, it fell into silence again, leaving only the rustling sound of the trees being blown by the mountain wind from time to time.

After an unknown period of time, the woman on the bed suddenly propped her head up with her arms and asked in a low voice, "Draven, are you asleep?"

The man on the ground did not say anything.

Cierra pursed her lips and tried to get up from the bed to play with her phone.

It was unknown whether it was because she was sleeping in a new place or because someone was sleeping on the ground next to her. Cierra couldn't fall asleep.

However, before she could sit up, the man's deep voice rang out.

"You can't sleep?"

"Ah!"

The voice that suddenly sounded scared Cierra!

She jumped and exclaimed directly.

Patting her chest, she frowned and complained, "You scared me to death."

In the dark, the man's thin lips curled into a faint arc. "You're too naughty."

Cierra snorted and tried to turn on the light to get the phone, but before she could reach out her hand, the man stopped her.

"There is no charger in the room. If you play too late, it will be very troublesome to go back tomorrow morning."

Cierra retracted her hand in embarrassment, lay back down on the bed, and stared at the ceiling in

boredom.

She suddenly realized that Draven's voice was very clear, and he didn't sound like he had just

woken up.

"Draven, can't you sleep?"

She propped herself up with her arms and glanced at the man lying on the ground.

Draven didn't deny it..

Cierra heaved a sigh of relief with satisfaction. She lay down on the bed and said with a smile, "So- you can't fall asleep either. It's good that I am not the only one who can't sleep!"

The man on the ground chuckled and did not say anything.

The room fell silent again.

The wind outside was getting stronger and stronger, and there was a faint buzzing sound of thunder. It seemed that it was about to rain.

It was thunder shower in summer. It should stop by tomorrow morning, but...

Looking at the light shining through the curtains, Cierra couldn't help frowning.

"Draven."

"Cierra..."

The two of them spoke at the same time and then spoke at the same time again.

"You go first."

"You go first."

After that, there was a burst of low laughter in the room.

After laughing for a while, Cierra spoke first, "I'll speak first."

"Okay," Draven said.

Cierra looked out of the window at the flickering light and pursed her lips. "Aleah is probably looking for you tonight. Your phone is downstairs. Why don't you..."

"Cierra..."

Before she could finish her sentence, Draven interrupted her coldly.

"You suddenly opened your mouth just wanting me to leave this place in this weather?"

Chapter 118 How Many Scars Do You Have?

Cierra was silent.

After a long while, when there was no sound outside the room, as if the thunder and lightning were just pranks, Cierra's voice sounded again.

“Isn’t she afraid of thunder?”

Her words stirred up many things in the past.

It was on Old Mr. Trevino’s birthday, as well as in this old house.

Old Mr. Trevino didn’t like Aleah, and he didn’t like to celebrate his birthday at such an old age. He only invited his family to have a meal together in the old house as a celebration.

Cierra was naturally invited.

At that time, Aleah had almost confirmed her relationship with Draven, but Old Mr. Trevino had never agreed. He had also announced to the public that the only granddaughter-in-law of the Trevino family was Cierra, so Draven was particularly rebellious.

He came back very late.

He didn’t come back until the dishes on the table had been cleaned up. Old Mr. Trevino didn’t want to see him and went upstairs early.

Cierra secretly saved some food for Draven and heated it up in the kitchen when he arrived.

That night was also a rainy day. At first, it was also a low thunder.

She remembered that when she had heated the food and brought it out, Draven had rushed out in a hurry after receiving a call. He had even comforted the girl on the phone gently, telling her not to be

afraid.

From beginning to end, he didn’t look back at Cierra.

With a flash of lightning, Draven slowly disappeared from her sight.

Then, there was a loud thunder. Cierra was so scared that she threw away the bowl in her hand. The hot soup splashed on her leg, and the bowl was broken into pieces.

The noise was drowned out by the rumbling thunder. Anna had already fallen asleep since it was late at night, so Cierra could only endure the fear and pain to clean up the pieces and hot soup.

The next day after the rain, no one knew what had happened at night, and everything was still the

same.

So far, no one knew that Cierra was actually afraid of thunder.

Her brother didn't even know that. Cierra would hide in her room on a rainy day and sleep or endure

it.

She firmly believed that fear could be overcome, even if it was inborn.

She asked Draven to leave because she wanted to stay alone.

It was windy outside. Lightning flashed across the sky again and shone in through the curtain, but there was no thunder.

Cierra said in a low voice, "Draven, you

"I'm going to sleep. Be quiet."

The man interrupted her mercilessly, just like how he had turned around in the past.

Cierra didn't say anything else.

In fact, she didn't want him to leave just now. Not to mention how much energy it would take to open the door, she was not stupid. She could understand the meaning behind Draven's words.

Whether it was because he didn't care much about Aleah or because he kept his promise, he had to

be here tonight.

She opened her mouth, but wanted to ask what he wanted to say just now.

But since he was angry and didn't want to talk about it anymore, there was no need for her to ask.

Cierra turned over with her back to Draven and slowly closed her eyes.

As long as she closed her eyes before the thunder, she would not be afraid.

Rumble!

An earth-shattering thunderclap rang out.

Cierra shivered. Her eyes were closed, her forehead was covered with cold sweat, and she was

muttering something.

The heavy rain hit the parasol trees outside the house and the glass on the balcony, accompanied by

the rumbling thunder.

Another clap of thunder!

Cierra on the bed couldn't stand it anymore and exclaimed.

"Cierra..."

Draven had already woken up when hearing her whisper. He thought that she was having a

nightmare, so he ignored her. But hearing her terrified voice, he finally couldn't help getting up from the ground.

He went to turn on the lights. The old house used the old circuit board and the switch had already been turned off when the thunder struck.

He had no choice but to pull the curtains on the balcony.

When the light entered, he could clearly see the situation before him. The woman had long since buried herself under the blanket, her head tightly covered. Only when the thunder rumbled did she tremble slightly.

Sleeping like this would not be good.

"Cierra..."

Draven lifted the blanket slightly so that she could breathe fresh air and not suffocate herself to

death.

But before he could finish his move, he froze.

The woman on the bed curled up into a ball, almost like a shrimp. The hair on her forehead was completely wet with cold sweat, and the shirt was a little messy because of her sleeping posture, revealing a large piece of skin underneath....

Draven couldn't help looking away, but when he saw the scars inside, he couldn't look away.

Another clap of thunder.

Cierra was so scared that she trembled, as if she wanted to curl up a little. She held her head with both arms and tried to get closer to a dark place, Her petite body slowly moved into the quilt behind her, and she seemed to be muttering something.

Draven lowered his head and slowly approached her, trying to hear what she was saying.

“It’s so cold, so cold...”

“Don’t hit me, please... don’t hit me...”

“I want to live, I won’t die... I’m not afraid, I’m not afraid...”

Draven lowered his eyes and looked at her face. Looking at the beads of cold sweat on her forehead,

he felt like it was like the situation where he was trapped in a dark and narrow room.

He vaguely thought of Aleah’s face.

Every time it rained, she would say that she was afraid and wanted him to accompany her.

Draven also went.

But now that he thought about it, every time he went there, he would only sit with her for a while or eat something. Aleah was not afraid at all.

Draven blinked and raised his finger slightly, trying to push away the wet hair on Cierra’s forehead.

Unexpectedly, as soon as his fingers fell on her face, his arm was held tightly.

“I’m not afraid... I’m not afraid...”

Cierra was still mumbling.

Draven glanced at his arm and said in a low voice, “Cierra, don’t be afraid. It’s just thunder. Don’t be afraid.”

He pulled the blanket over her and gently patted her on the back.

“No... no...”

“Not what?” Draven asked patiently.

“It’s not Cierra. It’s Cici. Cici is not afraid...”

Hearing that, Draven’s face darkened.

“What Cici?”

He asked in a hoarse voice, and a bold idea suddenly appeared in his mind.

Cici...

The woman holding his arm frowned. It seemed that she didn’t understand his question, but her

voice was clear.

“I’m Cici, not Cierra.”

Draven’s eyes darkened. He stopped coaxing her and asked, “Cici Barton?”

Abruptly, Cierra frowned and narrowed her eyes, “What name? Too old–fashioned!”

“Cierra, you are not Cici Barton. William is your...”

Before Draven could finish his words, another clap of thunder came from outside and interrupted

him.

The woman next to him was shocked again and held his arm tighter.

Her clothes were torn apart as she moved, revealing the complete scar on her shoulder.

Instead of asking about her family background, Draven let her hug him and asked another question

in a hoarse voice.

“Cierra, how many scars are there on your body?”

Chapter 119 She Was Scared

The woman holding him did not speak, but tightened her grip, as if she wanted to drag him to lie down with her.

The thunder outside the window gradually died down, but the rain was getting louder and louder. It poured down on the eaves.

Draven looked down at her and pursed his thin lips. After a long time, he couldn't bear to look at the faint scar again and tried to pull up her clothes.

As soon as his warm fingers landed on her shoulder, the woman lying on the bed suddenly opened her eyes and sat up straight.

"What are you doing?" She stared at him.

Draven's hand was still in mid-air. When he met Cierra's gaze, he didn't know whether to retract it

or not.

After a while, he withdrew his hand and looked away. "Your clothes are in a mess. Tidy them up."

Cierra got up very suddenly. The white shirt slipped down from her shoulder, and the looming whiteness made people dare not to look at it in the darkness.

The woman seemed to be a little puzzled. She slowly lowered her head and then slowly frowned, as if she couldn't understand his words.

Only then did Draven realize that something was wrong with her.

"Cierra..."

He raised his hand and waved it in front of her.

Another bolt of lightning flashed outside the room.

Under the light, Cierra blinked as well, but her eyes were exceptionally clear. Other than staring at

him, there was no other emotion.

It was as if her soul had been stripped away, leaving behind only a shell.

Draven pursed his lips. Suddenly, he wasn't in the mood to look at her anymore. He just quietly tidied up her clothes and buttoned up her shirt.

Cierra was obedient. She knelt quietly in front of Draven and let him serve her.

When the top button was about to be fastened by him, a soft voice finally came out.

"I don't want this. I feel uncomfortable."

She moved her neck to avoid his touch. Her frown made her look like an innocent child.

Draven raised his hand as if he wanted to pat her on the head, but he suppressed the urge.

He looked at Cierra in silence for a while before asking, "Cierra, how old are you now?"

In the psychological analysis, there had been cases like this before. Normally, people would lose part of their memory for a short period of time due to extreme fear or special circumstances to protect themselves.

Draven didn't know what Cierra had gone through to become like this, but he was sure that what she had suffered in the past must have been more cruel than he had imagined.

There was another clap of thunder outside the window, which startled the woman in front of

Draven.

She shivered and looked around, as if she couldn't find anything to hide herself. Her eyes were a little confused, and she could only hold her legs tightly.

It rained heavily, as if it had hit Draven's heart and made him feel a burst of pain.

He lowered his head and picked up the thin blanket, trying to cover Cierra with it. However, as soon as he approached, the woman in front of him suddenly hugged her head and let out a whine like an

infant beast.

"Don't hit me. I can give you money, all of it..."

She first said it in English, and then quickly repeated it in a foreign language.

Just like that, Draven's movements froze in midair.

His throat was a little tight, and he said word by word, "I won't hit you. Don't be afraid, okay?"

Cierra raised her head slightly from her arms, her dark eyes filled with fear. "Are you... really not going to hit me?"

She tested him carefully.

"Yes," Draven said in a hoarse voice and pulled up the quilt. "No one will bully you again. Don't be afraid. It's all right."

He patiently coaxed her. "If you don't believe me, look around. Is this your room? There are no bad people here."

Cierra truly followed Draven's words and looked around. The vigilance around her entire body slowly relaxed, but she still didn't completely relax.

However, compared to before, the situation was much better now.

'My room.'

She repeated it emotionlessly and got under the quilt.

Draven felt a little relieved and said, "No bad people will come into your room, and no one will hit you. Go to sleep, okay?"

The rain was getting lighter and lighter, and there was no urgent knocks. Only big raindrops fell from time to time and hit the eaves.

Instead of sleeping, Cierra looked at him with her clear eyes and asked, "Did you drive the bad guy away?"

Before he could reply, Cierra suddenly reached out to grab Draven and looked at him with her

watery eyes.

"I'm still so scared. Can you sleep with me? I don't dare to sleep."

Draven frowned and looked hesitant.

Sierra had already given up the position on the bed and said pitifully, "I won't touch you, okay? I'm fine as long as you're by my side."

Draven lowered his head and looked into her eyes. After a while, he heard a low voice coming from

his chest. "Okay."

Cierra's bright face lit up with a smile. She immediately lay down beside him with a pillow in the middle and vowed, "Don't worry, I won't touch you."

It was as if she was afraid that she would take advantage of Draven.

The gloominess in the man's eyes had mostly disappeared. He couldn't help curling his lips, and then bent down to get a pillow and lay down beside Cierra.

Probably because she was no longer afraid, Cierra quickly closed her eyes and hugged the pillow and calmed her breathing.

Draven glanced sideways at her, and under the dim light outside the room, his gaze landed on the small scar on her forehead, and his eyes darkened slightly.

He had thought that it would be the only scar on her body, but it turned out to be the smallest scar on her body.

He withdrew his gaze and looked at the ceiling, slowly emptying his mind. Listening to the sound of the rain outside the room, Draven was not sleepy at all.

After an unknown period of time, when Draven finally felt sleepy, a furry head suddenly came into

his arms, with a soft fragrance.

Draven frowned and subconsciously raised his hand, but he put it down after thinking of something.

However, his drowsiness completely dissipated.

Cierra wrapped her arms tightly around Draven, as if she was treating him as a large doll. Her soft limbs were wrapped around him, and her head found a comfortable place to lean against.

Draven was not a saint. The place where he was stuck seemed to be on fire, and he couldn't help but want to lift the quilt.

He pursed his lips and carefully tried to push Cierra away.

The deep thunder rumbled, and the woman in his arms trembled again and her arms tightened.

After thinking for a while, Draven stopped.

So he listened to the rain all night and didn't think about anything else. Finally, he fell asleep before dawn.

Cierra had a good dream.

When she woke up the next day, it was already clear. Only the raindrops on the branches of the trees fell and hit the eaves, making a sound.

It made people calm down.

After closing her eyes and listening for about seven or ten times, Cierra opened her eyes in

satisfaction.

Then, she screamed and kicked away the man she had been hugging all night!

Chapter 120 Draven Was Kicked off the Bed

Draven was kicked to the ground.

Fortunately, the bedding he had placed on the ground last night was still there, so he didn't fall to the ground.

But even so, he was scared. Especially that he didn't sleep well made his face gloomy.

Cierra didn't know what was going on and immediately complained, "Draven, you're actually such

a person! Why didn't you tell me earlier that you weren't used to it? What did you climb up to the bed in the middle of the night?"

The man looked up at her and sneered.

"I climbed up? Cierra, you forgot everything again?"

Draven was still burning with anger and didn't want to talk too much with her. He went straight into

the bathroom.

Cierra's brain also began to spin rapidly.

She didn't drink last night, so naturally, she didn't forget. Even though some of her memories were blurred like a dream, the scene of her pleading to sleep with him while saying that she was afraid was very clear in her mind.

Moreover, when she woke up just now, if she remembered correctly, it seemed that she was the one who was hugging Draven tightly.

Cierra smacked her head, feeling discouraged and helpless.

She thought. "Oh my god, what did I do?"

"He might as well let me die!"

"It was just thunder. I have never been like this before. Why did it happen last night?"

The more Cierra thought about it, the more embarrassed she felt. She pulled the blanket over her

head and rolled around on the bed.

After entering the bathroom, Draven splashed some water on his face and then slowly came to his senses.

Thinking about what he had done just now, he felt that he had gone a little too far. He shouldn't have lost his temper at her. Cierra had suffered something she shouldn't, and it led to her series of actions last night.

Thinking of this, Draven came out of the bathroom and was about to apologize to Cierra when he saw such a scene.

He was stunned at first, and then a faint smile appeared on his handsome face.

It seemed that this stupid girl remembered it.

Without further ado, Draven went back into the bathroom.

After washing up, Draven came out of the room and found that the room had been cleaned up. The quilt on the bed had been folded neatly, including the bedding on the ground placed at the end of the bed.

When Cierra saw him come out, a trace of embarrassment flashed across her bright face. "You... you're done?"

Draven raised his eyebrows and looked at her meaningfully.

Cierra's ears were burning, and her fingers were tightly gripping the corner of her clothes.

She was still wearing the large white shirt. Perhaps she had been tidying up the room just now and hadn't had time to change her clothes.

"If you're done, I'll go in."

After a while, Cierra raised her hand and pointed to the bathroom.

Draven nodded and made way for her.

The woman walked past him and was suddenly stopped by him.

“Cierra, so you remember what happened last night?” Draven asked.

Cierra stopped in her tracks and loosened her fingers that were hanging by her side.

After a while, she gritted her teeth and said, “No! I lost my memory. I don’t remember!”

Judging from her tone, Draven was now completely sure.

“Okay, you don’t remember.”

He nodded seriously, and then couldn’t help bursting into hearty laughter, which was pleasant to

the ear.

But in Cierra’s ears, it became an ear-piercing melody.

She leaned to one side and glared at him. “What are you laughing at?”

“Okay, okay, okay, I won’t laugh.” Draven tried to hide the smile on his face, but he couldn’t control

it at all.

Cierra’s face turned red. “You’re still laughing!”

Draven coughed and said, “I’m just thinking about something happy.”

Cierra was speechless.

She glared at Draven with red eyes.

Seeing that he was about to anger Cierra, Draven quickly turned around and said, “I’m going to change my clothes. Hurry up and wash up.”

Cierra looked at his back, bit her lip, and then stormed into the bathroom.

When she came out of the bathroom, Draven had already changed his clothes.

His black suit jacket was thrown on the bed, and he was wearing a white shirt and suit pants. The most basic style made him look noble.

He was picking out a tie and looking down at the various styles in the drawer. He was casually rolling up his sleeves, revealing half of his strong forearm.

Seeing that he was about to roll up the other sleeve with his right hand, Cierra couldn’t help but frown. “Didn’t I tell you not to use that hand? Do you have to cripple your right hand?”

She stopped Draven, glanced around the drawer, and chose a dark blue tie.

“This one.”

She looked at the suit. It was the most basic style. Except for the expensive fabric, there was no other complicated design, and there was no need to match with any complicated patterns. A tie with pure color would be perfect.

Draven rubbed his tie and felt that the fabric was not bad, so he accepted it with peace of mind.

Then, he handed the tie to Cierra.

Draven frowned and looked up at him. “What are you doing?”

Draven said calmly with a smile, “You said it. It’s inconvenient to move my right hand. Sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Trevino.”

Cierra felt her ears burn again. “Can you not joke around like this?”

Cierra couldn’t help but retort and took the tie.

Her gaze did not miss his palm. There were more bloodstains on the white gauze wrapped around the wound, but the color was already dark. Maybe she had accidentally touched his wound last night.

In that case, it didn’t matter if she helped him.

“Keep your head down,” Cierra said as she looked away.

Draven bent down slightly to let her put it on for him.

They were very close to each other. From time to time, Draven’s nose was enveloped by the faint fragrance of last night.

He lowered his eyes and saw her petite figure. She was wearing his clothes....

He didn’t dare to look straight at her. When he looked away, he saw her bright face, delicate skin, slightly pursed red lips, and a pair of dark eyes. At this moment, Cierra was working seriously.

“It’s done.”

It had been a long time since Cierra had put on a tie. In the past, she had only done it last year when she was designing clothes. This year, her main work was on jewelry.

Looking at the good result, Cierra was quite satisfied.

However, Draven didn't think so. He glanced at himself in the mirror and felt a little uncomfortable.

"Did you help anyone else?" Draven asked coldly.

Just as Cierra was about to pull down his sleeve, she suddenly stopped.

"It's none of your business."

Instead of helping him pull his sleeve, she went straight to the cloakroom.

In addition to Draven's clothes, there were also a lot of women's clothes of the season. Like in Stream Villa, Mrs. Trevino usually prepared them in case someone came to live here.

Draven looked back at her and pursed his thin lips.

He didn't ask any more questions. He just felt uncomfortable when thinking of her tying ties for other men in the past or in the future.

The more he thought about it, the more annoyed Draven became. He couldn't help but want to tear

off the tie.

As soon as his fingers touched it, he put them down again. He lowered his eyes and pulled down his sleeves. Then, he picked up the suit on the bed.

Cierra picked out a dress and changed very quickly. Soon she came out of the cloakroom.

The long dress couldn't hide the marks on her shoulder, but the weather was cool after the rain, so she put on a thin knitted shirt, looking gentle and noble.

Seeing her come out, Draven's anger dissipated.

"Is the door open?"

Cierra looked at her reflection in the mirror and asked casually.

Hearing this, Draven looked up and saw that the door was half-closed. He didn't know when Anna

had come.

“Yes,” he replied.

“Let’s go then.” Having picked out a satisfactory dress, Cierra was in a good mood and a smile appeared on her face.

Draven withdrew his gaze from her, nodded, and followed her out.

Passing by the bathroom, Draven stopped and said, “I’ll take the clothes to Anna. She’s old and it’s inconvenient for her to go up and down. You can go down first.”

“Okay,” said Cierra. She suddenly thought of something and rushed into the bathroom.

“Wait a minute!”

Her voice stopped abruptly when she saw the cloth in Draven’s hand.