

# Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

## Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 15 Your Wife?

Draven's eyes suddenly darkened. His body moved before his brain could work. He fiercely hit the face of the tall man with his fist!

Draven's move was so fast and unexpected.

Cierra was shocked and then hurriedly checked William's condition. She did not even have time to curse Draven.

But before Cierra could touch William, her wrist was grabbed.

She struggled to free her hand from Draven's grasp. "Draven, let go!"

Draven was strong and pulled Cierra easily toward him. "Cierra, you disappeared for a week and didn't go home. Is this how you fool around outside?"

Cierra was so angry that her face turned red. She wanted to bite Draven. "Draven, what's wrong with you? You hurt me. Let go of me!"

At that, Draven loosened his grip a little, but he still held Cierra tightly. "You should not come here. Go home with me." Cierra wanted to laugh. "Draven, if you have a problem with your brain, please go to see a doctor. You said I should not come here. Is it illegal for me to talk about work here? Besides, why should I go home with you? Let go of me!"

"Talk about work? Did you accept a man's flowers during work?"

Draven suddenly thought of the woman holding the red roses that night. The side profile of that woman matched Cierra's face. Draven turned furious.

"Cierra, even if you are driven out of the Boyle family, you should not sink so low! Do you know what kind of person he is?" Having just recovered from the punch, William couldn't help but laugh when he heard such a sentence.

"Mr. Trevino, what kind of person am I? Which law stipulates that I can't send flowers? Besides, if someone sinks because of accepting a bouquet of roses, there will be many people who sink in the world."

William wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and sneered at Draven.

Draven misunderstood them because William gave the roses to Cierra.

Although it was quite a misunderstanding to send roses... What right did Draven have to misunderstand them?

During three years of marriage, Draven had left his wife overseas and ignored his wife. But now he shed crocodile tears.

How laughable!

Draven pulled Cierra behind himself, and his gaze met William's.

"Mr. Barton, how could I talk about what we both know? You are inside the entertainment industry. You must know the industry is very complex. My wife has seen little of the world. I hope you can let her go."

"Draven, we are already divorced. Do I need your permission to accept a bunch of flowers? What right do you have to manage my affairs?"

Cierra forcefully shook off Draven's hand.

The divorce was probably a blow to Draven. Draven suddenly loosened his grip, allowing Cierra to easily break free.

Cierra's fair wrist turned red. She frowned and rubbed it, walking straight to William.

"Did it turn red?" William was worried.

After Cierra returned home, everyone treated her as a princess, afraid that she would feel uncomfortable. William thought, the damn *man* caused my *little sister's hand to turn red*. What if he hit my *sister*?

"Does it hurt? Shall I take you to get some medicine?"

Cierra did not feel any pain. But at that moment, she only wanted to quickly stay away from Draven. She nodded without thinking and looked very aggrieved.

Draven felt a little guilty because of the welt. But when he looked up, he saw the two people intimately huddled together. He thought the situation was harsher than seeing the welt.

"Cierra, we just signed a divorce agreement. Before the formalities are completed, you are still my wife."

At that, Cierra stopped in her tracks.

She slowly raised her eyes and wore a mocking smile. "Your wife? Mr. Trevino, you now admit that I'm your wife. Don't you find it funny? You said we haven't completed the formalities yet, and we're still man and wife in name. But since you can care for Aleah in our marriage, can't I look for my second love in advance?"

"Your second love?"

Draven gritted his teeth and repeated the three words. He stared at Cierra with his dark eyes and felt tight in his chest.

He glared at William. "Is he your second love? You are so shortsighted."

William was not happy to hear that. "Mr. Trevino, what do you mean? My girl is so farsighted to choose her second love, who is much better than her first love."

"Your girl?" Draven glanced at William coldly.

William was confident. "She is mine, not yours."

"That's enough!"

"I

Cierra interrupted them, who were arguing like primary school students. The argument then stopped.

Cierra looked up at Draven calmly.

"Mr. Trevino, if you have time to teach me a lesson here, why don't you complete the formalities? I know I am a poor judge of men. But you have no right to manage my affairs."

Draven was even angrier. "Do I have no right? As long as I don't complete the formalities for a day, you will be my wife for a day. Do you think I have the right or not?"

Cierra smiled slightly as she suddenly walked close to Draven.

"Mr. Trevino, are you not marrying Aleah?"