

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

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When Draven received the photo, he was driving.

Draven glanced at his phone while waiting at the traffic lights. Noticing the nonsensical words, he picked up his phone.

Then, Draven could not move his eyes away.

The old signboard that was filled with a sense of age was surrounded by neon lights. A woman wearing an old-fashioned dress stepped in the light and shadow with her high heels, looking exceedingly fascinating and charming. On her shoulders, there was a black suit, and the woman held the man beside her with her slender white arm. It was like a movie poster from old times.

Even though the photo was taken a little far away and only half of the woman's delicate face could be vaguely seen, one could still recognize who the woman was at a glance.

Not to mention that the man the woman was holding was the one Draven had beaten up not long ago. That was the president of XR Entertainment, William Barton.

How *could William actually take Cierra to that kind of place?* Draven thought.

Draven stared at the photo and didn't notice that the traffic lights had turned green.

The cars behind Draven urged desperately, and someone even got out of the car and knocked on Draven's window.

Draven turned a deaf ear to that and directly called Ryan back. Then Draven turned the steering wheel with a livid face and drove straight in another direction.

"Cierra is at Ninth Club?"

As soon as the call was connected, Draven asked, gnashing his teeth.

Ryan also followed Cierra in at this time, his eyes following the outline of the beautiful figure. It seemed as if he could not see the crowd around him that was swaying with the lights and music.

Ryan asked for a glass of wine, and said casually, "Is there anything wrong with your eyes? Can't you recognize the usual place we hang in?"

It is not like Draven has never been *to Ninth Club* before, Ryan thought.

It wasn't that

Draven didn't recognize the place, but he still had the last bit of hope that William would still have some conscience and wouldn't take Cierra to such a place.

Now that Draven heard the deafening noise over there, he drove even faster.

"Keep an eye on Cierra."

"Don't worry, you don't have to tell me."

Ryan shook his wine glass and suddenly thought of something-

"Draven, why are you suddenly concerned about Cierra? Haven't you always thought that she was annoying? Now that you're divorced, you even called me to help you investigate her life overseas. Now you even ask me to keep an eye on her. What's the matter with you?"

Draven didn't bother to argue with Ryan. Instead, Draven reminded Ryan in a cold voice, "I haven't divorced Cierra yet. In the name of law, she is still my wife."

Ryan said earnestly, "Draven, you can't have it both ways. Anyway, you are going to marry Aleah. How about divorcing Cierra as soon as possible so that I will have a chance to chase after Cierra..."

Before Ryan could finish his words, Draven had already hung up.

Ryan clicked

his tongue lightly and looked up again, only to find the beautiful figure near the bar counter had already disappeared.

The colorful light and shadows above the dance pool were dazzling, and the noisy stereo sound made people sway uncontrollably.

Cierra followed behind William, shuttling through the crowd and stopping by a booth. "The man should not be able to find me now. He is still on the phone."

Cierra asked for a glass of wine and glanced in Ryan's direction.

Having been tailed many times abroad, Cierra had a keen eye for people's gazes. She noticed someone staring at her when she was photographed secretly in the doorway.

With a cold face, William took Cierra's wine away and put it back on the bartender's tray. "Get her a glass of milk"

The bartender was stunned. He nodded and turned around with the tray.

The people nearby also heard what William said and turned around to have a look

Cierra blushed from being stared at. She couldn't help but kick William on his calf. "... William, you brought me to the bar to drink milk?"

William squinted at Cierra. "You want to drink?"

Cierra shrank her neck and looked towards the dance floor. "... I want to dance, too."

William didn't say anything this time. Instead, he chuckled, picked up a glass of wine, and sat down.

The bar is full of disco music, and William believed no matter how mischievous Cici was, she would not run up dressed up like this because it was too embarrassing.

and dance

However, something was impossible to guard against.

Cierra was indeed a person who knew what was proper for the occasion. If Cierra had worn something else today, she might have rushed into the crowd at this moment. However, what she was wearing didn't fit the mood, so she had no choice but to be

an eye candy.

Well... Cierra was an eye candy who was still holding a glass of milk.

At this time, the deafening music on the dance floor suddenly stopped.

Everyone was stunned. A moment later, a well-known classic song sounded in this area.

The decadent music from the saxophone was romantic and elegant, which was compatible with the swaying crowd and seemed

to even add some charm.

It was unknown when Ryan had found Cierra. Now Ryan stopped directly in front of Cierra, extending his hand to her like a

gentleman.

"Long time no see, Ms. Boyle. I was wondering if I might have the honor of dancing with you."

Cierra did not move, leaving the man in front of her to remain bent.

“It has indeed been a long time since we last met. I remember that you seem to have been abroad all this time. When did you come back, Mr. West?”

Cierra remembered Ryan, Draven’s childhood friend.

Before Aleah was back, Cierra was also a frequent participant in the parties of the aristocracy in her circle. At that time, she was quite acquainted with Ryan.

But later on, Cierra was excluded from this kind of social life. And Cierra happened to be in her teens at that time and it was the time for her to establish her circle of friends and the values of life. Cierra, who had been pushed out, naturally didn’t have contact with those young masters later.

“It has only been two days since I returned. I was just hanging around and it was quite a coincidence that I met you.”

Ryan did not get angry after being treated like this. He still had that playful smile on his face, showing his temperament as a dandy.

“I haven’t seen you for so many years. Why don’t we catch up on the old days together, Cici?”

As soon as Ryan finished speaking, Cierra still didn’t say anything. However, at the side, William had already raised his eyes and coldly swept his gaze over.

How could *Ryan actually* call Cierra *Cici*? William thought.

Ryan also noticed William’s sharp gaze and looked over.

But before Ryan could even meet eye to eye with William, Ryan’s vision was blocked by Cierra who had gotten up.

“I’m flattered that you still remember the nickname I got more than ten years ago, Mr. West. It seems that I have to dance with you.”

Cierra raised her hand and placed it on Ryan’s broad palm.

The suit on Cierra’s shoulder thus fell. Cierra picked it up with another hand and threw it to William.

With her lips curved, Cierra called William intimately and said in a playful way which might cause some misunderstanding, “Honey, I’ll catch up with my old friend first. I’ll come back later.”

After Cierra finished speaking, she ignored William's dark face and followed Ryan to the center of the dance floor.

The handsome man and beautiful woman caused a commotion in the crowd.

Ryan had gone abroad since he graduated from high school and had only occasionally returned. The girlfriends he had slept with in the past few years were all foreign girls who were quite open. And in Ryan's eyes, those girls were nothing compared with the reserved classical beauty in front of him. Ryan's large palm landed on Cierra's slender waist, and he did not even dare to exert any force. Even Ryan's dance steps were half a beat slow.

"You seem to be a little out of practice, Mr. West."

Cierra suddenly looked up.

Ryan only felt his palm burning. He lowered his eyes to stare at Cierra's black hair and coughed lightly. "It has indeed been a long time since I danced."

Cierra curved her lips. "It doesn't matter. I haven't danced for a long time either. When I was abroad, I took classes and worked part-time, and I didn't have time to practice dancing. Besides, there was no need."

Cierra did not know if Ryan had investigated her. Cierra's life records abroad were all made up by Harold. Others might not be able to find anything, but Ryan was an exception

Cierra thought since Ryan had already returned, it was very likely that he often hung out with Draven...

Cierra glanced over Ryan's shoulder with cold eyes, and she saw a familiar figure walking towards her from afar.

*Cierra suddenly took a wrong step and twisted her foot, her petite body falling straight into Ryan's arms.

And that hot palm also uncontrollably slid down towards Cierra's waist.

Below the stage, Draven got furious and his face darkened.