

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 401

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Chapter 401 Goodbye

Those gossiping people didn't know that it was the reality that he wanted to survive.

After enduring the humiliation under the control of his father and gradually replacing him, no one knew the hardship he had suffered. In the end, others said he became an ungrateful and ruthless

person.

How laughable! How innocent!

She didn't think that a person's means were terrible. As long as his means were not used on innocent people, what was wrong with protecting himself?

What was the difference between those words and those that didn't know the truth and those that

attacked Lydia?

Thinking of that, Cierra even felt a bit dissatisfied with Ryan.

"Ryan, I don't want to argue with you because of our friendship, but can you stop being so childish? It's true that Bruno's actions in the past were a little controversial, but it's not your turn to argue about it. Who do you think gave you a stable life as the second young master of the West family? Do you think you earned it step by step by yourself?"

Ryan was instantly enraged. "Cierra, you..."

He almost cursed out loud. When he met Cierra's dark eyes, he gritted his teeth and calmed down in

the end.

In fact, when he thought about it, her words did make sense.

Although he grew up in the Cambre family, Bruno had been responsible for his follow-up expenses abroad. He had been drinking and playing outside when outsiders thought he was a member of the West family.

Although he wanted to ruin the West family's reputation, he had to admit that there were still

people in the circle who were willing to tolerate him for the sake of the West family.

He just couldn't accept it. Why did Bruno leave him so easily? He didn't even care about Mr. Chester's illness and just left.

Bruno didn't care about Ryan, didn't care about his family who really took care of him.

Even if there was a reason, was there anything more important than one's life?

Like a little beast that refused to be defeated, Ryan refused to leave. He stubbornly and silently stood in a deadlock with Bruno and Cierra.

many

The deadlock was still broken by Bruno. He protected Cierra and pulled her into his embrace. In a

gentle voice, he advised, "You've just landed. Go and eat something first. Put aside other

Get Bo

unimportant things for the time being, okay?"

To Bruno, he had been bearing those insults for a very long time and was accustomed to them.

In his opinion, discussing with others was the most useless thing.

As long as he was capable enough and really did something to replace his father, no one would dare to say anything in front of him.

By the way, he didn't think that person was his father.

That person killed Bruno's mother, Bruno had just sent him to prison and waited for his death

sentence.

Bruno didn't do anything else.

ww

However, because of his identity, Bruno was cursed by others. In addition, he did not handle the matter of the Cambre family well, so it was inevitable that there would be some controversy.

Bruno didn't want to defend himself. He was constantly reminding himself to think about more in

the future.

But Bruno didn't expect that Cici would defend him.

Moreover... this feeling seemed to be good.

But Bruno didn't want her to think about him like this.

He should protect Cici.

Hearing this, Cierra retracted her gaze from Ryan and left with Bruno.

Behind him, Ryan was furious.

"Fuck, what does she mean by that? We haven't seen each other for less than two months, and she's already protecting Bruno? Draven, to protect her, your face..."

"Let's go."

Before Ryan's anger could end, he was interrupted by Draven.

Draven didn't say anything else. After interrupting Ryan, he left directly, as if he hadn't heard the

farce at all.

Ryan was stunned for a moment, and then he came to his senses and hurriedly caught up with him. "Draven, are we leaving just like that?"

Draven didn't even look at Ryan. "Then what else do you want to do?"

Draven's voice was slow, and his face was as calm as ever.

But for no reason, there was a hint of loneliness in his voice.

What else did he want to do?

What else could he do?

He deserved it. Now that the person he liked had been with someone else, he was no longer qualified to comment on it.

Draven opened the door and got into the driver's seat. Then he glanced sideways at Ryan and asked,

"Are you going back by yourself?"

Ryan pursed his lips and reluctantly sat in the passenger seat. He was still dissatisfied.

"I'm not speaking up for you. Considering what you've done in the past, it's only right that Cici doesn't turn

back, but she and Bruno..."

"Bruno is very good."

Instead of listening to Ryan's complaints, Draven recalled the scene when he bumped into them.

In fact, Draven had seen them a long time ago. When he passed through the corridor of the L'Opera

Restaurant, he saw Bruno holding an umbrella to shield Cici from the raindrops.

They were a perfect match. It was none of his business.

Without him, Cici obviously lived a better life-there were relatives who loved her and those who liked her, and she responded to them with the same feelings.

Seeing that Cici was living a good life, what else could Draven be dissatisfied with?

As for Draven, he might just be a little unwilling to give up.

Thinking back to many years ago, when he suddenly appeared behind Cici, she would also be

pleasantly surprised.

Draven didn't want it by himself.

He himself...

The rain was getting heavier, and Draven's vision seemed to be obscured by the fog outside, so he couldn't see the road ahead clearly.

At a moment, Draven seemed to be lost in thought. He saw a graceful figure in front of him. She was turning around under the tree in spring, talking and laughing.

Draven didn't even see it clearly before the figure transformed into a ball of mist and vanished completely.

As soon as Draven stepped on the brakes, the car suddenly stopped in the middle of the road. He was

Get Bonus

still in a trance and couldn't wake up.

When the car suddenly stopped, Ryan stopped muttering.

Ryan was shocked. He glanced at Draven whose face was pale.

“Draven... are you all right?”

Fortunately, L’Opera Restaurant was built in the suburbs. Usually, there were not many people coming to this place. Otherwise, something bad would have happened if they drove like this.

It took Draven a while to come to his senses.

He looked down at the back of his hand, which was bulging with blue veins, but the beautiful figure in his mind was still lingering.

Really? Was he willing to see Cici marry others?

Really?

“I’ll drive. Go to the back seat and have a rest.”

Ryan didn’t ask him about the situation. He had already gotten out of the passenger seat and replaced Draven in the driver’s seat.

For safety’s sake, Draven didn’t refuse and got out of the car.

the mess After coming back from Los Angeles, he didn’t have a good rest at all. He had to clean up left by Patrick and add dirt to Aleah’s grave. In addition, he was forced to work overtime without recovering from his injury. It wasn’t easy for him to hold on until now.

Draven leaned against the backseat with his eyelids drooping. He weakly said, “Send me to Doctor

Ann.”

Ever since Draven found that he had a mental illness, he had hired a psychologist. Over the years, he had visited regularly, and his emotions had been under control.

However, now that Draven had returned from Los Angeles, it seemed that no matter how hard he tried to cooperate with the treatment, it was useless.

Draven could even dream of her every time even he fell asleep by taking medicine.

He was even willing to indulge in it.

Chapter 402 A Gift

Draven woke up two hours later.

Draven fell into his own fantasy. Under the guidance of Doctor Ann, he finally calmed down and entered a beautiful dream.

In the dream, there was still no Aleah, and Cierra was still the beloved daughter of the Boyle family. She followed him around with a bright smile every day.

Draven was happy that she was looking at him like that.

So it was natural that he didn't want to wake up from his beautiful dream.

If it weren't for Ryan's emergency, Draven would probably be able to sleep for a long time.

Before Draven could get a good look at Cierra, his sleep was interrupted. He pressed between his eyebrows and asked impatiently, "What's the matter?"

Ryan didn't care about anything else and said in an anxious tone, "Ryan said that Cici was missing and blamed it on you. What do you think is going on? He threw all the dirty things at you, didn't he? I'm in a hurry too. She disappeared right under their noses and I haven't scolded him yet!"

"What did you say?"

Only then did Draven come to his senses and widen his eyes in shock.

Draven no longer cared about the impatience of waking up from his dream. He took the suit by the bed and put it on.

Ryan quickly followed. "Where are you going?"

"Where else can we go? Find her!"

Draven lost his balance and stumbled out of the consulting room.

Ryan was equally anxious. He thought that he had some sense left and chased after Draven. "But where are you going to find her? You have to find someone to investigate first. What's the use of you going by yourself?"

Draven put on his suit and calmed down. Hearing this, he glanced at Ryan and said in a cold voice, "Now that we're in New York, who do you think will be stupid enough to take Cierra away?"

Ryan suddenly came to a realization. "You mean, that person of the Trevino family..."

Although the Barton family didn't publicize the return of my daughter widely, they didn't deliberately hide it anymore. Now that the Barton family and the Navarro family were connected by marriage, some people would more or less know about it, so that it wouldn't be embarrassing when they tried to build a relationship.

G

The Navarro family wanted to spread the news that the Barton family had arrived in New York. Since he could find out more about Cierra from others, they could naturally do the same.

Now that the Boyle family was no longer powerful, they would naturally not provoke the Barton family. Who else would do such a thing except for that person?

Except for Draven, the Barton family was equally anxious.

Cierra had only gone to the L'Opera Restaurant for a meal and then went to the bathroom. Then she

was gone.

The surveillance footage showed that they had deliberately let them know that Cierra had been taken away. However, when they reached a fork in the road, the footage behind them disappeared.

They were deliberately trying to provoke him.

When Cierra woke up, her vision was blurred. It took him a long time to adjust her eyes to the

darkness in the room.

She had been...

Her hands were tied to the chair, and her mouth was taped. It was pitch-black as far as the eye could see. There was not even a window on the wall. Cierra turned her head to look behind her. She could only vaguely hear the sound of water dripping. It was slow and without rhythm, like a messy song before being tortured.

Cierra didn't know how long she had waited. In fact, she was a little scared. This kind of environment was almost the same as the kidnapping three years ago. The similar environment

reminded her of the situation at that time.

But at this moment, Cierra could only force herself to remain calm, and her mind was racing. Who kidnapped her here? How should she negotiate with the other party later?

While Cierra was thinking, a hoarse voice came from behind her.

Cierra suddenly opened her eyes.

It should be dark outside, and the people who came in did not turn on the lights. Except for the flash of light when the iron door hit the wall in front of her, there was no change in the room.

In the darkness, her hearing also became sharp.

As the sound of footsteps slowly approached, Cierra's entire body was like an infant beast, her back tightly pressed against the ice-cold chair.

"Miss Barton, you look... very scared?"

His footsteps stopped beside Cierra, and his breath blew into her ear like a snake's tongue, causing her frightened.

Cierra gritted her teeth in pain and tried her best not to make a sound.

Get Bog

The next second, the man's hand fell on her face and touched the end of the tape. "Ah, I almost

forgot. Miss Barton, I'm really sorry for making you suffer."

As he spoke, he did not apologize at all. He tore off the tape casually and even tore off a strand of her

hair.

Cierra frowned in pain, but from the experience of the last kidnapping, she could not show weakness in front of the kidnapers.

Cierra remembered that last time, the more she cried, the more the group of people cut her as if they had seen blood.

So at this moment, even if she was afraid, she tried her best to remain calm.

After the pain on her face eased a little, she looked up and tried to find the person who had kidnapped

in the dark. "Excuse me... why did you kidnap me, Mr. Trevino? I don't think there's any grudge between us, right?"

Even though she deliberately kept calm, he could still hear the light war in her voice.

Her trembling voice echoed in the air. It was not until the voice completely disappeared that the man chuckled.

"You call me Mr. Trevino?"

Patrick smiled, walked up to Cierra, and raised her chin with his fingers.

Patrick tilted his head and his figure looked particularly terrifying in the dim light. "Do you know who I am?"

Cierra couldn't help trembling.

It was not cold in the room. Although it was autumn, she was wearing a lot of clothes.

She was scared.

Her tied-up hands moved and her fingertips curled up. "I accidentally heard about you when I was in the Trevino family. I guessed."

Of course, it was a lie.

When she was in the hospital, she had just heard from Draven that he had an elder brother in the world.

Later, she curiously asked the elders of her family about some secrets of the Trevino family.

According to Mr. Chester, the Trevino family in New York was just a branch of the Trevino family in

Get Bonus

Washington D.C.. Because Ernest had done something wrong back then, he had been driven out of the main family.

Her grandfather worked hard and developed his own business in New York. However, the

well-known families in Washington DC. were in decline and had no descendent because of the plane

accident. Therefore, when Draven and his brother were born, the main family chose one of the

strong children and took him away.

The identical twins began to compete for nutrients in their mother's womb. When they were born, they could tell who was the weaker one. Then, Draven was raised by Ernest Trevino and Mrs. Trevino. Probably because they were unwilling to accept the fact that their children had been taken away, they were particularly harsh on Draven.

However, these were all gossip that Cierra had heard from others. As for the specifics, perhaps only

Mrs. Trevino who had passed away knew about it.

Cierra only knew that the child who had been taken away had become a lunatic and had tied her up here for no reason. She didn't know what he was going to do.

As if sensing Cierra's fear, Patrick let go of his hand and took a step back to stay away from her.

"Miss Barton, you don't have to be so nervous. I just can't think of a suitable way to invite you out, so I can only do this. I invited you here just to give you a small gift."

Chapter 403 Kidnapping

A gift?

Was kidnapping a gift for her?

If it weren't for the current situation, Cierra would have rolled her eyes at him.

But at this moment, she could only suppress all her emotions.

The two locks tied to the back of the chair hurt Cierra a little. She moved her wrist and said in a

slightly hoarse voice.

"Mr. Trevino's way of treating guests is a little too novel. I think we can sit down and discuss it, right?"

Her voice was raised in the dark room, and so did

He probably took out a chair and rubbed the cold and light sound of Patrick.

a cat was scratching on a wooden board.

it against the ground, making an ear-piercing sound, as if

After that, he sat down on the chair and said in a pleasant voice, “Miss Barton, you are right. We

should sit down and have a good talk.”

Cierra was speechless.

Was this what he meant by a good talk?

Cierra moved the hemp rope on her wrist as if she was venting her anger, which made her wrist

hurt a lot. However, no matter how hard she moved, the rope refused to loosen and tightened.

“Miss Barton, don’t move. The rope is rough. I don’t remember how I tied it in the dark. The more

you move, the tighter it becomes.”

Seeing Cierra’s actions, Patrick couldn’t help but remind her in a loud voice. His joyful voice

sounded like he was teasing a pet that had been locked up.

Cierra was enraged by Patrick’s attitude and disregarded her own safety. She couldn’t help but

curse, “What exactly do you want? You kidnapped me just to gossip here?”

“Oh, you finally can’t hold back your temper? Didn’t you pretend to be calm just now? Even if you were so scared that your voice trembled, you still wanted to have a good talk with me, didn’t you? Now you do not want to pretend to be calm?”

Patrick ignored Cierra’s anger and teased her as usual.

Cierra bit her lip. She couldn’t see the man’s face clearly, but she could see a dark figure standing in

front of her.

Get Borts

If it weren’t for the fact that her body was shackled, she would have lifted her foot and kicked him

who was in front of her.

Cierra restrained her anger slightly and calmed herself down. "So, Mr. Trevino, what do you want to talk to me about? Or, do you have any gifts for me?"

you want

Perhaps it was because Patrick had not done anything too vicious to her yet, but he was just sharp-tongued. The fear in Cierra's heart faded a little, and she tried to stall for time.

Patrick was patient and sat opposite Cierra in a relaxed manner. "Gift? There's no hurry. Anyway, you and I have nothing to do. Why don't..."

He suddenly paused....

Cierra immediately became alert. "Why not what?"

Although Patrick had not done anything to Cierra yet, he was definitely not easy to deal with according to his past behaviors.

Instigating Murder!

He killed people, even wantonly replaced Draven's identity, and said some strange words in the interview. Obviously, he was a bold and reckless maniac. Who knew what he would do to her on a

whim?

When Patrick saw this, he chuckled and said, "Miss Barton, you're really interesting."

Cierra pursed her lips. She didn't want to talk anymore, nor did she ask about what was behind

Patrick's words.

Anyway, she was not interested.

Obviously, Patrick, who was opposite her, didn't care whether she cared or not.

Patrick crossed his legs and said lazily in the dim room, "Do you know? In fact, three years ago, when I cooperated with your fake sister, she asked me to kill you. Alas, it's a pity that I'm so kind. that I did not kill you at the critical moment. Otherwise, you would have died on the plane abroad. How could you have found your brother's parents? Miss Barton, I invited you here, but you didn't

even want to chat with me. You really let me down."

Patrick's pretentious words made Cierra want to vomit.

As Cierra listened to the content of his words, she felt a poisonous snake slowly climbing up her

back.

As soon as Patrick finished speaking, the dark room quieted down again, leaving only the irregular sound of dripping water, which was so strange that it made people feel a chill on their backs.

Patrick seemed dissatisfied with Cierra's silence. He suddenly stood up from the chair and grabbed

her chin with his fingers. "Why aren't you saying anything? Are you dissatisfied that I did not kill you that time?"

Cierra wished she could bite off Patrick's finger right now!

Not satisfied?

Was it all because of his charity that she was still alive now?

Her breathing became heavier, and the dim light fell on her face. Cierra saw a face that was very similar to that of Draven. She could vaguely see that there was no scar on it, which was completely different from Draven's face that had been touched by the fire yesterday.

Patrick's fingers were cold, just like him.

Cierra's stomach was filled with disgust. She wanted to turn her head away to avoid Patrick's touch,

but his fingers were getting tighter and tighter.

Finally, she couldn't stand it anymore. She gritted her teeth and glared at him. "Let me go!"

Patrick was finally satisfied, but he didn't let Cierra go. He rubbed her chin with his fingers and said, "Let you go? No way. Since you've made me unhappy, you have to let me get some benefits before I let go of you, right?"

Patrick lowered his gaze and looked at Cierra with a sneer on his face.

"I really regret it. I should have cooperated with you back then. I let you, a beautiful woman, wander around for so many years, and even left behind a body full of scars..."

Patrick raised his other hand, gently placed it on Cierra's face, and slowly lowered his hand.

His hand slid across her right cheek, and ears, and gradually fell to her neck...

But before Patrick could finish do, he was interrupted by Cierra!

Cierra spat on Patrick's hand without caring about her image.

After all, only her head could move. Her feet and hands were tied by hemp ropes, so she couldn't move. She could only resist like this.

Patrick was stunned. He probably had never thought that there would be such a disgusting method, and it came out of a lady's mouth. For a moment, he stopped raising his hand in the air like a statue.

It was only after a long time that Patrick managed to react. At the same time, he grabbed Cierra's neck and slowly tightened his grip.

His voice was no longer as lazy as before, but a little cold.

"You're quite bold."

Get Borus

"Hurry up if you want to do something to me. There's no need to disgust me like this! I've already disgusted you once, so we're even."

Cierra really didn't want to endure his torture, so she stuck out her neck and retorted, ignoring the increasing pressure on her neck.

In any case, the worst case scenario was to suffocate in the darkness. Cierra had even experienced injuries all over her body, so what was there to be afraid of with such a straightforward method?

Cierra was just sad. She had just returned to the Barton family for a short time and had not spent enough time with her parents. She had not met Jaquan Barton and Wanda officially reconcile, nor

had she seen the wedding of Lydia and William. She still wanted to watch Harold participate in the world competition...

When her breathing became weaker and weaker,

Was she really going to die at the hands of Patrick?

Chapter 404 Don't You Like This Gift?

As the scene in front of her became more and more blurry, Cierra seemed to feel a little unconvinced. She gritted her teeth and secretly argued with Patrick.

Even if she couldn't protect herself at all.

Just when Cierra thought that she was about to be killed like this, the force on her neck suddenly

loosened, and her whole body fell to the side.

Abruptly being released, Cierra had no time to care about the pain of his head hitting the ground.

She instinctively gasped for breath.

Cierra was tied to the chair, and her body was twisted as she fell. Her left arm was pressed under her

body, and when the oppressive pain reached her brain, she finally regained some consciousness.

It was still dark. Her fingers, which were stuck to the ground, seemed to have touched some sticky liquid, and there was a faint sweet, and rusty smell in the air.

A chill suddenly spread from the soles of Cierra's feet to the top of her head. She didn't care about

the pain and completely woke up. Even the irregular sound of dripping water in the room became

extremely clear.

If Cierra guessed correctly, the liquid she touched and the sound of dripping water...

When Cierra thought of the night when she was kidnapped abroad, she began to imagine some uncomfortable scenes, and her emotions were magnified in the dark!

”

”

Cierra finally couldn't help curling up on the ground and retching,

She didn't know how long it had been since she was kidnapped. She didn't eat anything. When she

came to New York from Los Angeles, she only ate a little in the L'Opera Restaurant. And because of the distance, she didn't eat much. At this time, even if she wanted to vomit, there was nothing in

her stomach. She only felt that her throat was bitter, and the smell of iron before her breath was

obvious.

Patrick took several steps forward and stopped in front of Cierra.

Patrick must have squatted down and cast another shadow over the already dark room.

"Can't you stand falling like this? I thought that Miss Barton, who has experienced so many setbacks, should be brave and fearless. Why are you acting like a..."

Before Patrick could finish his words, he suddenly stopped.

He probably smelled the sweet smell in the air and sniffed gently. After a moment of silence, the sound of the dripping water fell into his ears.

G

Then, Patrick suddenly chuckled and said in a clear tone, "It turns out that Miss Barton found out

the gift that I gave you. No wonder you were so scared. It seems that it's not your fault. If it were a

man, you would also be scared. You don't know that my younger brother was scared like this since he was a child, but he was fake. You..."

Cierra couldn't understand what he meant, but she could vaguely guess what Patrick was talking

about.

There was probably another person in the room.

Of course, it couldn't be ruled out that what he said was false.

But...

But what did Patrick mean when he said that Draven was scared in the past?

The lights in the room suddenly lit up when Cierra was writhing on the ground and thought while she endured the pain.

Cierra narrowed his eyes. Her pupils had long adapted to the darkness, and it took her a long time to

see the room clearly.

Just as Cierra was getting used to it with her eyes closed, Patrick helped her up from the ground and

turned the chair around.

Cierra finally saw the facilities in the room clearly, as well as the person hanging in front of him.

At this moment, she finally understood what Patrick meant by “surprised”!

Cierra’s eyes widened and her breathing suddenly quickened. She was so scared that her eyes were a little empty, and she could not shout.

That wall...

Cierra had already guessed who that person was. Merely, her mind was completely blank.

She looked at the blood slowly dripping from his body, from his feet, his arms, and even his chin...

Drop by drop, the blood gathered on the ground and formed a stream, sliding to her feet.

Because she fell just now, her pants were stained, and her hands...

Cierra felt nauseous. In reality, she really couldn’t control herself and started retching crazily on

the chair.

If the hemp rope hadn’t tied her up, she probably wouldn’t have been able to stand up at this time. She curled up on the ground and felt sick.

It was too disgusting....

Get Bo

The person beside her, no... he was not a human at all. A devil! He was a devil! The kind that crawled

out from the 18th floor of Hell!

However, Patrick still looked very innocent.

Patrick walked up to Cierra and asked pretentiously, "Miss Barton, don't you like this gift?"

Cierra tilted her head and did not move.

Her eyes were slightly dull, and her body was almost instinctively venting some emotions.

A gift?

Was this the gift he mentioned?

Cierra's entire body was trembling in the chair. Her hands were curled up tightly behind the chair,

and she relied on the pain from his palms and arms to wake herself up.

"If this is Mr. Trevino's gift, then who are you going to deal with me?"

Cierra was not naive enough to think that Patrick would let her go so easily.

At first, Cierra didn't know why Patrick wanted to kidnap her, but now it seemed that he didn't need

any motivation at all.

It was purely to satisfy his evil heart.

Cierra even felt that the reason why Patrick didn't kill her in the past was because he felt it was fun, just like a cat catching a mouse. After catching the mouse, the cat didn't bite it to death and eat it. directly but had to play with it under its claws until it ran out of patience and swallow it. If it was a

cat that was full.

Maybe it didn't even have the patience to eat. It would tear it up and throw it aside, regardless of what kind of thing it was.

Cierra thought to herself, "Patrick is such a person."

Patrick ignored all the rules in the world and let himself do whatever he wanted.

Just like at this moment.

Patrick seemed to be dissatisfied with Cierra that she lowered her head and did not want to look at the person who was hanging on the wall. He approached her and pinched her chin, forcing her to raise her head to look at the dying person opposite her.

Cierra suppressed the urge to vomit and glanced at Patrick out of the corner of her eye. "What... what exactly do you want?"

"I told you, I just want to give you a gift."

Get Bonus

Patrick was extremely innocent. He let go of his hand and squatted down in front of Cierra, looking

at Cierra sitting on the chair calmly.

"Miss Barton, don't you like it?"

Like.

She didn't like it at all!

Cierra wanted to spit again.

Cierra raised her eyes. She was so weak that she couldn't hide the resentment in her eyes when she

looked at Patrick.

Naturally, this flash of emotion could not escape Patrick's eyes.

Patrick smiled and said, "Miss Barton, it seems that you are really not satisfied. I thought that you

would be happier if I tied up your adoptive father who didn't do anything for you and helped you

vent your anger. I didn't expect..."

Patrick sighed faintly, straightened up, and turned to look at the person hanging on the wall.

"It seems that this gift is useless."

Chapter 405 I Won't Let Him off Even if I Die!

The person who was hung up suddenly struggled, perhaps hearing Patrick's words.

A wave of fear rose in Cierra's heart. Even though she was busy enough with her own affairs, she couldn't help but stop Patrick. "What do you want to do?!"

Patrick glanced sideways at her and asked with interest, "Don't you not like my gift, Miss Barton? Since you don't like it, I'll deal with it. Is there a problem?"

Cierra felt a chill run down her spine.

She suppressed her disgust and said in a low voice, "Mr. Trevino, I don't know why you bothered to find a gift for me, but in all fairness, Mr. Boyle didn't hurt me the most on my way to growth. Even if he was really wrong, it doesn't seem worth it for you to do this."

From Patrick's words, Cierra could tell that he was up to no good.

He was just using her name to bully others.

Then she would go along with what he said.

If he treated it as a game, he would definitely abide by the rules made by himself.

Even if he acted recklessly, he should continue to pretend to be an actor.

As expected, Patrick did not move forward, and more interest appeared on his face. "Miss Barton, do you mean that you are satisfied with this gift, but that there is something wrong with this person? Then who do you want me to help you deal with?"

He closed in step by step, and the blood dripping from Brian Boyle fell to the ground along with his footsteps, causing her heart to tremble.

Cierra no longer tried to force him back. She forcibly endured the disgust and looked him in the eye, avoiding the question behind him.

"Am I wrong? Since Mr. Trevino has cooperated with Ms. Boyle before, you should understand how my situation was created. Brian Boyle was just a little greedy, but both before and after Ms. Boyle came back, he seemed to treat me the same. Since he has never suppressed me before and never humiliated me later, how can you say that my suffering was related to Mr. Boyle?"

To be honest, Brian Boyle was a man who only cared about his own interests. Before Ernest Trevino passed away, he had been nice to her.

Well... at least he was nice to her in front of others.

As long as he could make use of it, Brian Boyle would not be stingy with his smiling face.

Of course, he didn't spend most of his time in the Boyle family. He was either on a business trip or

trying to build a relationship with others, so he didn't have time to care about her.

Perhaps he didn't even care much about Aleah, his biological daughter.

That was why pushing all the blame onto Brian Boyle was truly... too excessive.

"Miss Barton's words seem to make sense."

Patrick pretended to be deep in thought and nodded. Suddenly, he frowned and seemed to be a little.

puzzled.

"But I've already turned him into this state for you, Miss Barton."

"What should we do?"

Then, he tossed the question to Cierra.

Fortunately, this time he did not force her to answer who he should transfer this "gift" to. Cierra silently heaved a sigh of relief.

Everything in the world has cause and effect.

Aleah had been punished for what she had done. Her new identity had been exposed, and even the people who helped her had been implicated. There was no need for her to do it herself.

As for Vanessa, Aleah's mother, she must be having a hard time since Aleah was in such a state.

Draven's face has been mostly disfigured, and this has been tortured himself. What else does he

need?

On the contrary, the biggest difficulty and the backstabber was that the person in front of her.

Cierra didn't dare to bring up the previous topic again, nor did she dare to expose her true thoughts in front of this man. She could only beat around the bush.

"Didn't Mr. Trevino say that it's a gift for me? Although it's wrong, there's no reason to take it back. I like it very much. That's it, okay?"

"Of course."

Patrick nodded. As he spoke, he took a step closer to Cierra.

“Since Miss Barton likes this gift very much, then... how can you give me a gift in return? Hmm?”

Cierra was stunned.

In the end, this person still wanted to implicate her? Well, he had spent so much effort to tie her up here. How could he let her go so easily?

Get Bortol

She bit her lip and loosened her grip. “What gift do you want me to give you, Mr. Trevino?”

The smile in Patrick’s eyes grew wider. He approached her step by step, his toes pressed against her bloodstained shoes.

There was nowhere for Cierra to retreat to. Her shoes almost hid into the chair, and her tone became a little flustered. “Let me tell you, if you touch me, even if I die, I will drag you down with me. Even if I don’t have the ability, my brothers won’t let you off!”

“Is that so?”

Patrick raised his eyebrows and held her chin in his palm again.

“Your brothers? Do you think I would have invited you here if they had scared me?”

Who knew?

It was obvious that the man did not take anyone seriously. Maybe he was not capable at all, he was only not afraid of anything, so he could do whatever he wanted here.

Cierra’s heart was filled with indignation. When she felt his touch, she immediately froze and subconsciously struggled for a moment.

But as soon as she struggled, she clearly felt that the strength on her chin was a little heavier, so she simply stood in a deadlock with him.

“Mr. Trevino, even if my brothers aren’t a threat to you, then...”

“What about Draven, Bruno, and the others? One of them can’t deal with you, but what about ten?”

Do you think it’s worth it to get revenge on so many of them in order to teach me a lesson?”

Cierra pretended to be calm as she finished her words and stared straight at Patrick.

She was gambling.

She bet that this man still had a little bit of normality and had the instinct of human beings who sought profit and avoided harm.

However, it was obvious that he was not a normal person.

After hearing Cierra's words, he suddenly burst into laughter. "Isn't it better to have so many people to play with me? Miss Barton, your words seem to make me feel more interesting."

His long fingers moved downwards, grabbing Cierra's neck again, imprinting on the original red marks, slowly tightening.

Cierra's breath caught in her throat and she glared at him with bloodshot eyes.

However, Patrick seemed to be enjoying it. Looking at her tears flowing uncontrollably, he felt as if

he had found an interesting toy.

Get Bortas

"Miss Barton, you really don't know me at all. I wanted to keep your life, but after hearing what you said, I suddenly feel that your suggestion is more interesting."

Cierra's eyes turned red, and her tears fell because of short breathing.

When death came again, her state of mind was completely different.

This time, unlike the despair when she was pinched last time, she kept staring restively in the

direction of Patrick.

It seemed as if she wanted to imprint him in her mind. Even if she became a ghost, she would not let

him off!