

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 421

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Chapter 421 Humiliation

To walk with bare feet.

How was this a solution? This was clearly an insult!

It wasn't just Cierra who was seized, even the three people behind Draven were stunned.

Asking a man to walk barefoot in exchange for being a hostage was definitely more humiliating than anything else.

Among them, Draven was the only one who was relatively calm.

His expression didn't change, and he maintained the same posture as he confronted Patrick.

With a smile on his face, Patrick said, "What's wrong, my dear brother? Don't you think it's a good idea for you?"

"Don't go too far!"

Ryan, who couldn't hold back his anger, immediately roared back, "Let's fight if you have the guts, or just call the Trevino Group. Isn't it disgusting to humiliate people like this?"

Patrick glanced behind him and raised his eyebrows slightly. "Who are you? Who are you to speak here? Who do you think you are?"

"You!"

Ryan was pulled back by Bruno before he could finish his words.

Bruno warned him in a low voice, "Don't get involved in the Trevino family's affairs. What if Cici gets hurt because of your impulsiveness? Ryan, can you use your brain before doing anything? Don't do it before thinking of it."

When Ryan was stopped, Patrick was looking at the two brothers with great interest.

Then, he turned to look at Draven and let out a long sigh.

It seems that my dear brother doesn't agree, otherwise..."

As his dagger fell, Draven's indifferent voice rang out.

Get Bo

"I agree."

The words came out of his mouth casually like a casual chat.

As soon as he finished speaking, the surroundings seemed to be silent, and even the chirps of birds and frogs couldn't be heard..

Except for Patrick and Draven, everyone else was shocked and in disbelief.

"Draven."

Just as Draven was about to move, Cierra suddenly interrupted him.

She looked at him with a complicated look in her eyes. Her voice was hoarse, but it was very tough.

"Stand there and don't

come over.

The wind in the forest was noisy, and the rustling of fallen leaves swept into everyone's ears with her words.

Draven pursed his thin lips and didn't say anything.

He seemed to be considering, yet also seemed to be remembering Cierra's words, and then throwing them to the back of his mind.

"Miss Barton, you don't take me seriously at all."

When the atmosphere was silent, Patrick bit Cierra's ear and said in a low voice like a poisonous snake.

"Aren't you afraid that this dagger will cut your face when you speak to my dear brother like that in front of me?"

He pressed the dagger against Cierra's chin, already exerting a bit of force.

It was not enough to make her face bleed, but it could cause slight pain.

There was no woman who didn't love her face, especially a beauty.

Patrick thought to himself, trying to see if there was any expression on Cierra's face.

Unfortunately, apart from anger, there was nothing else.

Cierra didn't even want to talk to him. She just glared at him and turned her head away.

But Patrick's crazy action made the person on the other side nervous.

"Don't touch her!"

Draven hurriedly took a step forward, his eyes were turning red, and his tone restrained because of his action. "Don't touch her. I agree to your request as long as you don't touch her."

His throat felt tight as he stared at Patrick's hand, afraid that the dagger in his hand would move again.

At the same time, his tall figure slowly descended under everyone's gaze.

When his right foot landed on the wet ground, Patrick's lazy voice rang out beside Cierra's ear.

"Miss Barton, are you touched? A man is willing to do this for you, tsk..."

"Patrick Trevino."

Cierra suppressed her anger and shouted out the name of the person behind her.

The man was still indifferent. "Hmm? What's wrong, Miss Barton? Don't you new gift?"

like

my

A gift?

It was a gift again.

Cierra bit her lips and suddenly hit Patrick's head on his chin.

Her hands, which were tied behind her back, had ground the hemp rope. After regaining

her freedom, she threw a punch at his face with almost all her strength.

"Have I given you face?"

"Gift! I'll give you a gift!"

"You pervert! It's an insult to a rat if I call you a rat. Who do you think you are? Do you think it's fun to play with others?"

If it weren't for the hemp rope on her feet that hadn't been untied, Cierra would have

kicked him a few more times.

It was also during this period of chaos that Draven quickly ran towards her.

The others were no exception. The moment they saw Cierra's actions, their hearts almost jumped out of their chests and they ran towards her at the same time.

After all, that lunatic, Patrick, was still by her side. He was like a ticking time bomb. Who could guarantee that nothing would go wrong again?

Only by taking this opportunity to control this lunatic would they be able to get Cierra out of danger.

But it was too late.

After all, it was inconvenient for Cierra to move.

Although the hemp rope on her hands was loosened when she leaned against the tree so

that she could break free just now, her legs were still tied, and it was inevitable that she would fall to her knees when she moved.

As for Patrick, who had been punched by her, he was not someone to be trifled with. He

had taken a heavy blow just because he had not been prepared for it. How could he have been beaten up by Cierra all the time?

At the same time that the four of them ran over, he tried to regain control of Cierra in the chaos.

The scene was chaotic.

After the rain, the soil became loose, and no one knew what kind of land was under the thick pine tree,

Perhaps under the pine needles there was a huge stone, a thick piece of land, or a gully.

When Cierra dropped, her mind went blank.

The only thing she could think of was to beat this lunatic to death. She didn't know how to remedy the situation when it suddenly happened.

By the time she realized what was going on, all she could hear was the whistling sound of the wind and the panicked shouts above her head.

They were calling Cierra or Cici.

They were calling her home.

Therefore, when she fell into the cold lake and felt the pressure of the water coming from all directions, she didn't feel panic and fear, and their voices still echoed in her ears.

She would never die so easily.

She would go home.

The person she loved, the person who loved her, the person she wanted to see and the person who wanted to see her were all waiting for her. She would never sink into the water like this, and would never disappear from the world like this.

She kept encouraging herself and was trying her best to break free from the shackles of

the water.

Until her ankle was suddenly wrapped in a strong force.

Chapter 422 Falling Off the Cliff

Cierra didn't know how she got ashore.

She was pressed into the bottom of the water, and then she was lifted up by the floating

force.

There was nowhere to stand in the water. As she rose and fell, she once thought that she was going to be buried in the cold lake.

The cold water wrapped around her from all directions was like a thin net. It began to tighten as if it had caught prey, and then sank her into the water.

The situation was critical. There was a warm and powerful palm under her feet, which dragged her into the water again.

By relying on her survival instinct, Cierra tried to break free from the grip and rush towards the surface of the water.

But she had no choice. The more she struggled, the tighter the grab became.

Just when she thought that she could take advantage of the tide to step on the man below, she was pulled back into the deep water by a strong force!

She was so close to taking a breath.

It was like being almost able to grab a driftwood on the surface of the water. At this time, the people standing on the shore smashed a stone, making the waves keep the

wood away from her.

As a result, the hope of survival was also shattered.

All of a sudden, Cierra felt a

of defeat.

If she would really be buried here, she would definitely drag someone down with her!

The force in the water was originally entangled with her, but she took the initiative to turn into one of the forces and began to fight with the other party.

It was a good thing to perish with this lunatic.

However, it was different from what Cierra had imagined.

She had thought that she would be dragged by Patrick to die together, but she was dragged up in a desperate situation.

Get Bogue

When her red lips were blocked, she gradually lost consciousness because of the lack of

oxygen.

It was like a dream.

In addition to the sound of running water, she could still hear William calling her.

Not only William, but also her mother, father, and Jaquan...

She had fallen into a nightmare and given up struggling. Going with the stream was probably in her current state.

If she really disappeared from the world and integrated into the mountains and rivers, it didn't seem to be unacceptable.

However, she felt a little regretful.

She hadn't seen William marry Lydia, or Bruno had reconciled with Wanda, and her mother's health had not improved completely.

There were still a lot of things to do.

If she hadn't returned to the Barton family, she might have been able to leave calmly.

But in the end, she had seen them already.

"Wake up!"

As her consciousness grew hazy, Cierra seemed to be able to hear the chattering of angry roars in her ears.

"Miss Barton, you'd better wake up."

“I went through so much trouble to drag you ashore. I didn’t want to see you become a corpse.

“Cierra! If you don’t wake up, I’ll throw you back into the water. At least you can make some contributions by feeding fish. What’s the point of lying on the shore without opening your eyes?

“Cierra, wake up!”

Get Boys

“Cough.”

The accumulated water in Cierra’s lungs was cleared, and she came back to her senses.

Was she... not dead?

Her tired eyelids moved, and the dazzling sunlight made her unable to open her eyes.

Since her body was so weak that she couldn’t move, she simply lay on the shore like at salted fish. Other than raising her hand to show that she was alive, she didn’t do anything else.

Alive...

She was still alive.

Although Cierra did not open her eyes completely, she was still conscious.

She knew very well who saved her, and she also knew who the man beside her was.

She couldn’t believe that this lunatic would save her.

When she was dragged into the water by him, she thought that he was going to take revenge on her and trample her underfoot.

Unexpectedly, when she used up all her strength, it was Patrick who pulled her ashore.

However, she did not have the energy to think about these things at the moment.

She just wanted to have a good sleep. She was really tired.

When Patrick carried her on his shoulder again, she spat out another mouthful of water.

Feeling a little sorry, Cierra weakly expressed her thanks.

No matter what he was thinking, he was indeed saving her.

Patrick seemed to have heard something funny. He clicked his tongue and said, "Miss Barton, are you thanking me? I thought you wanted to kill me."

After this experience, he had exhausted a lot of energy, and his hoarse and teasing words clearly showed how tired he was.

It turned out that this person also knew what tired was. Cierra thought to herself, "I

Get Bogus

thought he was made of iron."

After walking on the mountain road for so long, falling into the water with her, and struggling to drag her ashore, he still had the strength to carry her.

If it weren't for the fact that Cierra could tell from his tone that he was at the end of his rope, she would have wondered if he was a robot or if he had undergone some genetic modification as in a super movie.

Fortunately, reality was not so sci-fi.

She leaned on Patrick's shoulder and chuckled wearily. "Mr. Trevino, how would you know that I didn't intend to kill you? It's just that I've always been clear about gratitude and hatred. Since you saved me, I naturally have to thank you."

Although she hated him, she still had a conscience.

No matter what he had done to her, she owed him a favor this time.

Even though he was the reason why she fell into the lake.

At the top of the mountain.

When the four saw Cierra and Patrick fall off the cliff together into the bottomless lake, they could no longer stand still.

"Hurry up and send someone down to salvage them. What are you waiting for?"

If William hadn't been rational, he would have jumped down with Cierra.

He didn't dare to delay any longer. Thinking that the later it was, the more likely it was to be dangerous, he immediately took out his mobile phone and hurried to call his men.

It had not been easy for him to find his sister. How could he let her disappear from his sight?

William was so shocked that his hands trembled. He tried his best to hold the phone tightly.

He gave the order and received a call from Jaquan at the same time.

William didn't hide anything and told Jaquan everything truthfully. Then, he waited for Jaquan to blame him.

Get Bonus

After all, it was his fault that he had lost Cierra.

William only prayed that Cierra was safe, otherwise...

He didn't dare to think about what would happen next. He was so anxious that his voice was trembling.

"Coby, Nick, and I have arrived in New York. Send us the location. We will bring rescue tools and people here."

Jaquan didn't blame William. Instead, he gave the order in a calm voice.

In addition to sending more people to the mountain, he also sent two helicopters and various salvage equipment and ensured that they would arrive as soon as possible.

His voice was restrained, with a hint of soothing magic.

"William, don't be too pessimistic. Since you've brought Cierra back once, you can naturally bring her home again. Go and find her. Good people will be blessed by the heavens. She'll be fine."

"Okay, I got it, Jaquan."

William's throat felt tight as he suppressed his emotions.

He closed his eyes and said, "By the way, Jaquan, don't tell Mom and Dad about this for the time being, especially Mom. Try to keep it a secret."

"Yes, I know."

Chapter 423 Search

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The Barton family had sent a lot of people, and Draven was not idle.

New York was the territory of the Trevino family, and there was no need to mention the people he could mobilize.

Mount Shasta could be considered a project that the Trevino Group had invested in. Back then, Brian Boyle had arrogantly tried to hide it, but he didn't know that he had already been watched by many people in New York.

It was not until the mess appeared that he gradually disappeared from everyone's sight.

Originally, he thought it was a profitable deal, but the construction site was directly abandoned before the big market could be opened.

Although Draven had known about it for a long time, he had never thought about it.

It was a good idea to build a resort on the top of the mountain, which was more than 3 thousand feet above sea level, but the road along the mountain was not finished yet. No

one knew if anyone was willing to climb to the top of the mountain on the muddy road.

The poor couldn't afford the fee, and the rich were afraid of dying on the road. Brian Boyle was full of fighting spirit and made such a big project on the mountain.

What's more, Draven didn't expect that one day he would stand on the top of the mountain and watch the person he loved fall.

For the whole day, the Barton family and the Trevino family had been searching on the mountain, and Bruno had asked the Cambre family for help, and they had been searching from underwater to deep in the mountain.

Unfortunately, it was to no avail.

"None of them was found?"

When Jaquan brought Coby and the others to Mount Shasta, the results of the first round of underwater salvage were upsetting.

William said with a serious expression, "I didn't find Cierra and that lunatic, but I caught some of his men on the mountain. I didn't get anything out of them."

Patrick's men were very tight-lipped. No matter what method they used, they couldn't

Get Borus

get any information.

He used to question people in Mount Mist and prison before, but it doesn't work here. It was like interrogating a group of mutes.

He had no choice but to focus on searching for her.

There was a drizzle in the air, making it more difficult to search. Several underwater teams had changed shifts, but there was still no news at all.

"Even if they float downstream, it can't be so fast."

The disappointing news came to everyone's ears again and again, which made them even more upset and depressed.

Jaquan was still rational. "According to what you've seen, it should be easy to find them in this lake. We've been looking for them for a few hours, but we still can't find them.

We've even searched other waters. I guess they've probably swam ashore."

"Is it possible that Cierra has been taken away by Patrick's men?"

Coby's character was similar to that of Jaquan. No matter how anxious he was, he did not show it on his face.

After analyzing the situation, Jaquan nodded with a serious expression.

"I prefer this answer."

Searching under water was tantamount to confirming that something had happened to Cierra and Patrick.

The danger caused by falling from the cliff was not low, but it should not be so easy for people who knew how to swim to die in the water.

They didn't know whether Patrick could swim, but they knew their Cierra well.

Moreover, she had taken part in all kinds of survival training before in order to meet the needs from time to time.

Since they couldn't find Cierra and Patrick after searching for a whole day, they naturally preferred that they were still alive somewhere.

But they still couldn't find her, and this problem had not been solved.

Get Bonus

During the stalemate, Nick, who had been silent all this time, stood up.

"Didn't William catch a few lackeys in the mountain? Let me have a try."

"Nick, are you sure?"

William was a little tentative.

In the eyes of Jaquan and William, the rest were all juniors, especially Nick, not to mention Coby and Cierra.

Moreover, Nick usually stayed in the laboratory and did not have many opportunities to go out. In his brothers' eyes, he was just an academic nerd. How could they know that he had other thoughts?

"Let Nick have a try."

When Jaquan recalled how he and Clark had seen Nick that night in Los Angeles, he suddenly felt that Nick might be the most suitable person.

Hearing Jaquan's words, William was still a little suspicious.

However, there was nothing else he could do at the moment. With the attitude of making every possible effort, he led Nick over.

On the other side, the Trevino family also caught someone with the same identity.

Just like what the Bartons saw, they were so stubborn that even Ryan couldn't help but praise them for their tough bones.

When Draven heard the news, he wiped his wet hair with a towel and said in a hoarse and casual tone.

"Take them to me. I'll ask by myself."

After rescue team arrived, Draven had personally searched in the water. No one knew how many times he had dived into the lake.

Others took turns to rest, but he seemed not to be tired at all.

Ryan sent someone to grab Patrick's men and followed Draven over.

"Draven, can you still hold on?"

Get Bonus

Draven's whole body was drenched, and his eyes were bloodshot because of diving too

much. However, he didn't look tired at all. He just looked very unreasonable.

He didn't answer Ryan's question at all. After entering the tent, he unscrewed a bottle of

water and drank it.

All water entered his stomach. Droplets of water slid down his neck and down into his clothes.

Draven put down the bottle and said, "Cierra and Patrick are still alive."

Ryan was shocked. "How do you know?"

Draven's eyes darkened, and the scar on his face, which had been licked by the fire, looked a little ferocious.

"Someone found traces of people passing by the shore in the area I'm in charge of, and the reeds on the shore were also pulled by someone. They must have borrowed the force

to get ashore, which led to the destruction. So it can be inferred that they are still alive."

"Isn't it a waste of time to search for so long underwater today?"

Ryan slapped his thigh and sighed with emotion.

His expression was interrupted by a cold look from Draven.

They couldn't find anyone around, so they decided to go into the water in a hurry

Moreover, this lake was not small, and the traces found by Draven's men were not close.

to the place where Cierra and Patrick fell. It could only be said that the search was within the scope. How could he say that underwater work was in vain?

If this was a waste of time, then what about the searching all over the mountain?

Ryan immediately apologized. "It's good that they're alive. What are we going to do next?"

As soon as he finished speaking, there was a noise outside the tent. It was the man who had brought Patrick's men over.

Draven looked out, and his voice suddenly turned cold.

"What else can I do? I'm naturally going on."

Get Bonus

If Cierra was still being held down by Patrick, they would have to find him. His subordinates would naturally have clues.

If Cierra had escaped from the water alone, the rescue team would definitely bring her back safely.

But he wouldn't let go of Patrick either.

Thinking of this, his face darkened, and his voice turned cold.

"Bring him in.

Chapter 424 Escape

At dusk, Cierra didn't know where she was.

She only knew that she was like a piece of driftwood, staggering in the water, or as sitting on a MegaDrop. It was so bumpy that she didn't dare to open her eyes.

After an unknown period of time, the bumpy sensation finally subsided, allowing her to catch her breath and rest. She curled up in a corner and lay down in peace of mind.

But there was someone next to her who pulled her to lie down.

Then, she felt that someone was feeding water into her mouth, she finally stopped struggling and absorbed what she needed by instinct. After that, she fell asleep.

Her consciousness gradually cleared up. When she opened her eyes again, she saw that the morning sun was like blood, dyeing a large area of clouds red.

Cierra was a little mesmerized.

It was not that she had never seen the morning sun before, but it was the first time she had seen it in such an environment.

She was surrounded by mountains. The clouds had not yet dissipated, but the dusky sun was slowly scattering. There were sounds of orioles around, which made her feel relieved and get rid of all her tiredness,

Cierra didn't know if it was because of the scenery or because she had had a good rest yesterday, but although her whole body was sore, her chest was unblocked. She was calm and happy, even if she was in a place she didn't know.

It was a natural cave. Although it was very simple, it was clean and could shelter people from wind and rain.

The temperature dropped in this season, and in the mountain it was even colder. Except for birds, there were not many chirping insects. There were some grass at the entrance of the cave, as well as a pile of burned gray wood in the middle, indicating how she had survived last night.

This was also something that Cierra was unwilling to face.

It was hard to imagine that she survived by the help of her kidnappers when she was unconscious.

Was it because she was a hostage and couldn't die?

Get Bonus

But it seemed that there was no need to treat her so well as a hostage.

Cierra lowered her gaze and glanced at the coat she was wearing.

Because it had been wet, it was still wrinkled after being dried. There were even some weeds in the pocket.

Seeing his coat in such a state, Cierra didn't know if she should say that she was a valuable hostage, or if Mr. Patrick didn't take this matter to heart at all.

However, Cierra was not in the mood to think about these things.

She was so hungry that she was thinking about how to find something to eat in such a deep forest and how to go down the mountain from here.

As for the others, she could only think about it in her mind for a while and immediately put it behind.

In the face of survival, other things were not very important.

Cierra got up and moved. She glanced at Patrick, who was still sleeping soundly opposite her, and paused to think for a moment.

If she left just like that, would it be considered that she had escaped from this man's clutches?

But what if there were other people outside? After all, it was not impossible for him to get in touch with his own people since he could make a fire here and bring her water. Or

what if she was caught by this lunatic before she could find William?

After thinking about it for a while, Cierra asked tentatively.

"Mr. Trevino, Mr. Trevino?"

There was no movement from the person lying on the ground.

If it weren't for the ups and downs of his chest, Cierra would have thought that he was out of breath.

The sun outside had completely risen, evaporating the raindrops from yesterday. When it was warm again, she felt a little hot.

Get Boros

At this moment, Cierra also noticed that something was wrong with Patrick.

The cave they were in was not covered by many plants, and the sun could shine down unscrupulously, which was too hot and brilliant.

According to normal people's reactions, they should open their eyes and move to another place, unlike Patrick, who frowned and did nothing else.

"Patrick Trevino."

Cierra finally mustered up the courage to move closer.

Her figure covered up a lot of sunlight, which probably made Patrick feel comfortable, so he instinctively fell towards her.

Cierra was stunned. Patrick's entire body was pressing down on her, almost causing her to flip over.

"Hey!"

Cierra pushed Patrick away and he fell heavily to the other side as if he had lost his bones.

His head hit the rock of the cave, and the noise made Cierra feel a fear.

She was stunned for a moment. When she came to her senses, she rushed out of the cave without thinking.

There were thorns and bushes everywhere in the mountains, and she didn't know which road to take. She only knew that she had to stay away from that lunatic and run further.

She didn't want to see this lunatic again.

Thinking of what had happened in the past two days, what she had heard from the Trevino family's dark room, and all the things that had happened in the mountains, Cierra didn't dare to look back.

It was like a nightmare, which almost made her die in the mountains and never see her family again.

She didn't know how long she had been running. She only knew that her legs were a little sore and that the thorns made her arms bleed, so she had to hold on to the tree to rest,

Get Borius

The place where she stood just happened to shed some sunshine on her body, which made her feel warm after a while.

There was a wild chestnut that exploded on the treetop, its outer shell full of thorns splitting apart, the small grayish-brown fruits inside falling, coincidentally smashing at Cierra's feet.

She looked down and saw the fruit lying in the sun. Suddenly, her nose twitched, and she couldn't help but burst into tears.

There was no one in the mountain, it was so empty that not even birds could be seen. Apart from the rustling sounds of the wind blowing through the leaves, only Cierra's hoarse voice remained.

She cried very seriously, like a newborn child in the hospital who cried and started to know the world. She tried to wash away the experience of the past two days with her tears.

After crying this time, she would never think of it again.

Because Cierra cried too hard, she was a bit exhausted. Furthermore, she had not eaten anything. Thus, she was feeling very comfortable and also a bit tired.

She sobbed slightly, silently picked up the small chestnuts on the ground, and ate them one by one.

This sort of wild fruit was very ordinary in taste and small in size. However, to people who were unable to find any food in the deep mountains, it was akin to a life-saving straw.

Cierra was almost done eating and filled her own pocket with chestnuts.

In addition to the wild chestnut trees, there were also some jujubes that tasted sour, barely able to quench one's thirst. Cierra didn't pick much, merely putting a few on the chestnuts.

Then, she looked up at the trees, intending to find a new exit to go down the mountain.

But this place was really absurd. Unlike yesterday's mountain road, which was full of tall pine trees, there were some short bushes around, and the vines blocked the road.

Cierra could only rely on her intuition to stay as far away from Patrick as possible.

Get Bogus

But when she was about to set foot on the journey, the back of her hand touched a cluster of bushes, which made her suddenly stop.

She vaguely remembered that when she was in a daze, someone brought some water to

moisten her throat.

The mountain wind blew away the dew that had not evaporated from the branches. Coincidentally, it fell in front of her.

It was also in that moment that she suddenly made up her mind to turn around again.

Chapter 425 Serves You Right

When Cierra returned to the cave, the person on the ground was slowly waking up.

His whole body was burning hot, and every move he made seemed to be tortured.

Hearing the noise coming from the entrance of the cave, he slowly glanced around and clenched the knife in his hand at the same time.

When he saw Cierra, he closed his eyes and breathed a sigh of relief without noticing it.

“How dare you come back after running away? Can’t you find the way? Or is there something wrong with your brain?”

Leaning against the stone wall, Patrick opened his eyes and glanced at Cierra.

Cierra ignored him. She walked over and laid out the coat that she had covered the night with, then put the chestnuts and jujubes she had picked up on it.

Not only that, but there were also two wild fruits that she had seen on the way back. All the other fruits on the tree had been pecked clean, leaving only two for her to pick.

“Where did you fetch water last night? I’ll get some water and peel some chestnuts for you. As for how to get out of here, can you guide the way after you recover a little strength, okay?”

Patrick narrowed his eyes and said in a hoarse voice, “So you came back because you didn’t know the way down the mountain? Are you so stupid?”

For a moment, Cierra really wanted to snatch the knife from Patrick’s hand and give him a hard slap.

In her life, she had never seen such a cheap person like him.

In terms of shamelessness, Draven was no match for him!

She pursed her lips and didn’t say a word. She silently peeled the chestnuts that she had picked up, peeled one for herself, and then peeled another one for Patrick.

When the food on the ground was almost enough, she clapped her hands, picked up a dry shell at the entrance of the cave, and asked again.

“Hey, in which direction did you fetch water?”

Get Borus

The mountains were magical. Many years ago, they might have been submerged by the water and a lot of shells could be found in the ground.

The one in Cierra’s hand was slightly bigger. She didn’t know where Patrick got it, but she saw it when she woke up in the morning.

Patrick glanced at her. He was drowsy, and his voice was similarly hoarse.

“Go south for about 1,500 feet and then follow the sound of water. Remember to mark the way.”

“Got it.”

Cierra secretly took Patrick’s words to heart and bent down to put the jujubes back into her pocket.

This thing didn’t taste good, but the juice could be smeared on the trunk as a mark. If

she was really lost in the mountains, it could be found as a mark.

After that, she patted her pocket and looked up at Patrick, who was resting with his closed.

“Besides, I’m not as stupid as you think. I know what I’m doing.”

Hearing this, Patrick opened his eyes slightly and sneered with disdain.

eyes

“Do you know what you are doing? Do you mean that you have escaped from me, the kidnapper, and ran back by yourself?”

Cierra pursed her lips.

In this matter, she admitted that she was a little stupid.

Her sense of reason told her that she should leave while Patrick had a fever and couldn’t

-move

But when she thought that he might die in this cave, without water, food, or even facing unknown wild beasts, she couldn’t walk anymore.

Even though if he died here, it had nothing to do with her.

However, every time Cierra thought of the fact that she could save someone, but she

Get Bogos

just stood by and watched him die, she felt a wave of discomfort in her heart-an discomfort that she disliked.

What's more, it was all thanks to Patrick that she was able to survive.

Looking at Cierra's silent expression, the smile on Patrick's face widened.

"Could it be that I have guessed Miss Barton's thoughts correctly? Did you really come back halfway with a conscience?"

His tone made it seem like he needed a spanking,

Patrick didn't avoid Cierra's eyes, and there was a hint of joy in his weak voice.

He picked up a chestnut by his side, but he didn't eat it. He just pinched it a few times and said in a very ambiguous tone.

"Or could it be that Miss Barton doesn't intend to leave at all? Can I take it that you went out to look for food and water for me and was worried that I would die here?"

"You deserve to die here."

Cierra didn't sink into self-defense and immediately retorted.

She glanced at him coldly and said, "I can't find a way out, so I have to keep you as a guide."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

Cierra glared at him fiercely. "So you'd better close your mouth and sober up. Otherwise, I'm afraid I'll stab you with the shell of a chestnut if you lose consciousness!"

Patrick sighed slowly, put the chestnut in his mouth, and said in a low voice, "I thought

you were kind. After all, I saved you once. I didn't expect that I was thinking too much. It's really sad."

This wretched look made Cierra want to smash the shell in her hand on his face.

If this person died, he would definitely die of his unpleasant behavior, not starving.

Cierra couldn't be bothered to talk to him anymore. She took the things on the ground

Get Bogus☆

angrily and left. Before she left, she didn't forget to scold him secretly.

The voice was loud enough for the people in the cave to hear clearly.

However, the man did not get angry. Instead, he laughed happily, as if his fever had subsided.

His body was partially hidden within the cave, with the light covering his face. Cierra could only see a bony hand reaching out, picking up another chestnut under the sunlight.

He put the small chestnut into his mouth.

It tasted so sweet.

Mount Shasta.

Night fell completely on the top of the mountain, but no one slept.

Draven came out of the tent. His suit jacket was casually draped over his shoulders, but

two buttons of his shirt were undone.

It was clearly trembling cold on top of the mountain, but he seemed to have finished marathon in hot summer.

Someone passed by him and was scared away by the coldness on his face. A faint smell

of blood could even be smelt.

Only then did Ryan realize that Draven had come out of the tent. He had not lit the cigarette in his mouth yet, so he quickly threw it away and chased after Draven.

“Draven, how is it going?”

“I have some clues.”

With that, he strode toward the Bartons’ tent.

When Draven arrived, the brothers of the Barton family were discussing countermeasures.

“Send some people to the place that Nick mentioned, and arrange for the others to go home to rest. It’s a hard day, and we can’t keep everyone busy on the mountain. In addition, remember to pay as much as possible.”

Get Bopus

William nodded. “I understand, Jaquan. Then I’ll take our men home first. You and Nick can go to the place where that person mentioned.”

“Ok.”

Jaquan nodded and found the equipment with Nick.

It was not easy to walk on the mountain road at night, but since he had already gotten the news from Patrick’s men, he had to get there in time.

Time waited for no man. If he missed it, he might regret it for the rest of his life.

It was not until that Jaquan and the others noticed Draven and that there was something wrong with him.

Draven took a step forward. Because of the faint smell of blood, his words sounded a little cold.

“Mr. Barton, my men caught a lackey of Patrick’s in the evening. I just got some news. I think it will be helpful to find Cierra, so I came to talk to you.”