

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 426

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Chapter 426 Try Again?

Hearing this, Jaquan and William looked at each other.

They didn't refuse Draven, but because of his identity and what he had done in the past, they were still prejudiced against him.

However, the more information they had, the more confident they would be in finding Cierra, so naturally, they would not refuse him.

So Jaquan stepped forward and said with a decent attitude, "Mr. Trevino, is there any news?"

Coincidentally, Nick had also interrogated a location. If Draven told the same answer, would also mean that Patrick's man was not lying. The chances of finding them would be higher.

Patrick didn't hide anything and slowly spilled the beans.

As soon as he finished speaking, the Bartons all looked up with gloomy eyes.

It was the same place.

It meant that the person who had been taken away by Nick was not lying.

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If Patrick was still alive and Cici was still in his hands, they would meet there in the end.

After thinking for a moment, Jaquan did not dare to delay any longer. He turned to Nick and ordered, "Take some people there as soon as possible!"

After making the arrangements, he did not forget to thank Draven.

“Mr. Trevino, we are very grateful for your kindness. The location you gave us is the same as what we found, so it should not be wrong. If you still have people, I hope you can help us. If my sister comes back safely, we will definitely come to thank you.”

In this sort of situation, they would naturally not pursue the matters of the past.

The more people he had, the better his chances of winning. Jaquan wouldn't pretend to be aloof just because of what Draven had done in the past, so that he wouldn't waste his energy looking for Cierra.

That was a different matter altogether. Besides, in a sense, Draven was the benefactor of their business.

Due to their prejudice against their grandfather, they did not even go to the hospital to visit him properly. Now that they thought about it, they had gone too far.

Draven had never taken these things to heart. For him, it was fine as long as Cierra was

fine.

Now all he wanted was to see her safe and sound.

At this moment, on the mountain, Cierra was staring blankly at the crescent moon in the sky.

The sun rose in the day, and the moon hung high in the night.

She rested her chin on her hand and recalled what had happened during the day. It was unbelievable to this day.

If it were before this morning, she would never have thought that she would take the initiative to take care of a person she hated extremely.

She couldn't even remember how she felt when she came back to find Patrick.

Now that she thought about it, she didn't feel much.

In the deep mountains and forests, she couldn't find the right way. It seemed good to have someone by her side. At least she didn't seem to be so lonely.

Perhaps when Patrick recovered, she would regret what she had done today.

But when she thought that a living person would die in front of her, she would feel guilty in the future, and she would regret it even more.

Cierra sighed lightly. She suddenly felt a little sad.

She really wanted to go home.

Although the beautiful scenery during the day could make her feel comfortable and open-minded, at night, she only felt that the mountains and rivers were full of passers-by. If she had relatives by her side, she would definitely feel relieved.

Cierra rested her chin on her hand and changed her posture. She leaned against the stone wall of the cave dejectedly and looked at the moonlight scattering on the ground.

Get Boos

She picked up some shells and piled them up under the moonlight. She was childish and

innocent, like a child playing house.

"Miss Barton, what are you doing?"

In the cave, Patrick couldn't help but ask out.

Cierra threw away the stones and shells in her hand one by one and looked up at the moon. "I didn't do anything. I was just a little bored and looking at the moon."

"Look at the moon?"

Patrick's tone was surprised.

Cierra looked calm. "Yes, what's wrong?"

Patrick sneered and closed his eyes in disdain. "Then you're really bored."

Hearing this, Cierra was so angry that she retorted in a cold voice, "So what if I'm bored? If it weren't for you, would I have to sit in this deep forest and watch the moon?

Without you, I would be enjoying the moon at home with my parents and brothers right

now!"

What was wrong with him?

It was not his turn to be sarcastic here.

The more Cierra thought about it, the angrier she became. She picked up a handful of

stones and threw them at Patrick.

Her strength was not small, and Patrick was weak at this time. One or two stones

jumped on his face, which made him frown in pain.

He closed his eyes irritably and opened them again, revealing a bit of impatience. "Miss Barton, do you really think that I won't hit you just because I saved you once?"

"Come and strangle me right now if you can."

Cierra shouted at him, revealing her palm-covered neck.

This lunatic had hit her many times, especially when he was angry and often pinched her. She didn't know who had spoiled him.

Now that he was weak, she naturally had to seize the opportunity to take revenge.

Get Boston 0

After all, she had always made a clear distinction between kindness and grudges!

Hearing that she was shouting, Patrick could only close his eyes again. "Miss Barton, you may not have the experience of admiring the moon at the top of the mountain in the future."

The sarcasm in his tone was obvious.

Cierra couldn't be bothered with him.

If she argued with a lunatic, wouldn't she become a lunatic as well?

If she had to fight back every time Patrick mocked her, she would be exhausted.

So Cierra did not respond. Instead, she rested her chin on her hand and looked to the sky

again.

Just like when she was a child, she looked at the stars and the moonlight above her head and thought of the vast and ethereal universe.

In a trance, the mountain wind blew with a hint of chill, which made her calm down.

"Is it really that beautiful?"

After an unknown period of time, Patrick's cold voice came from behind.

His voice inadvertently joined the mountain wind.

He also raised his eyes and looked at the crescent moon with Cierra. "The moon hangs in the sky every night. What can you see from it?"

"What do you know?"

She rested her chin on her hand and said without looking back, "I hope you understand the feeling of missing someone."

Looking at the moon and thinking about the things in her heart, how could she be

bored?

“The feeling of missing someone.”

Patrick repeated in an indifferent voice, his tone full of discomfort.

Get Bogus

“Only fools like you would worry about something as boring as love all day long

“Yes, we are stupid. We are not as smart as you, Mr. Trevino. You can walk more than ten miles without rest. You are the light of civilization, a master of science and technology, and a noble with high taste. We are naturally not as good as you. We are not as bored as you that you need to kidnap people for fun.”

Cierra threw out a series of compliments, but everyone could tell that she was mocking him.

Being ridiculed, Patrick’s face darkened. “I dare you to say that again

Chapter 427 The Wound Is Inflammation

“I’m praising you for being noble. So what?”

Cierra glanced at the pale-faced Patrick and was not afraid at all.

When she was kidnapped, she dared to scold him and even dragged him into the water. How could she be afraid of the lunatic who was so sick that he couldn’t stand straight at the moment?

Patrick’s blood surged, and he seemed to be struggling to get up.

But as soon as he sat up straight, he fell down again as if he had lost his bones, and his face became paler because of the pain.

It didn’t look like he had a fever at all, but more like...

At this moment, Cierra also noticed that something was wrong. Especially after Patrick moved a little, she smelled the faint smell of blood in the air.

She approached him with a serious expression and raised her hand to look at where he was sitting.

But before her fingers could touch him, she was slapped away. "... Stay away from me."

Patrick's tone was weak and stubborn.

Cierra had a look of disgust on her face as she looked at him with a complicated expression. "Don't flatter yourself. You're smelly and dirty. Do you think I want to touch you?"

Patrick's brows were knit together tightly while his eyes revealed a ferocious glow, and he was extremely like an infant beast that was on the verge of danger and was already tainted with blood yet still maintained its battle.

Cierra only glanced at him. Looking at his defensive look, she suddenly thought of something.

She pretended to be surprised and said exaggeratedly, "Do you think I'm going to do something to you? Wow, really? Don't you know what you look like now? Besides, even if it's the right time and place, you..."

Her words were half probing and half mocking.

Get Bogos

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"Me what?"

However, Patrick took her words seriously and sat up angrily.

However, the pain on his body pulled him back. He could only glare at Cierra angrily.

Cierra clicked her tongue and said, "Don't you know? Do you think you're clean? If I

remember correctly, Aleah was diagnosed with that disease in the hospital. Who knew that you..."

"Stop!"

Her words hit the nail on the head, but she was interrupted by Patrick angrily.

Cierra shut her mouth at the right time and glanced at the place where he was sitting.

Under the cold and white moonlight, she could vaguely see the winding brown marks. It seemed that some parts of it had dried up and were stuck to the soil like an incomplete oil painting.

Because Patrick's clothes were brown, and he hadn't moved much during the day. Perhaps he had, but she was fetching water outside at that time, so she naturally didn't know that there were other wounds on his body.

According to the amount of blood on the ground and Patrick's pale face, it seemed that the wound was not small.

How could he bear it?

"Where are you injured? What happened? Is it serious?"

Patrick closed his eyes without saying a word.

Cierra waited for a while, but she couldn't say anything after seeing his face.

Anyway, the injury was not on her body. He deserved it.

As the saying goes, when others are sad, I'm happy. This was how Cierra felt now.

At first, she was a little upset because she missed home, but when she saw Patrick's pitiful look, she inexplicably smiled.

She was in a good mood and felt sleepy quietly.

Get Rogers

"The water is here. If you need it at night or you can't stand the pain, you can solve it yourself. I'm going to sleep. Don't disturb me."

As soon as she finished speaking, she pulled off the dirty coat and casually covered herself with it. Then, she really fell asleep.

When Patrick opened his eyes and saw Cierra sleeping peacefully, he was even angrier.

This woman...

Patrick closed his eyes and relaxed for a while before lifting his clothes with a cold face.

The wound was caused in the lake. When he went ashore, he hit a rock. Under the impact.

of the current and the need to take a person ashore, he didn't have time to think about anything else.

Moreover, he was in pain all over his body at that time, so he didn't notice the wound. It wasn't until he was exhausted that he suddenly realized that his abdomen had been cut by a sharp stone, which was comparable to a knife.

This was also the reason why he chose to temporarily stop in this cave, not directly going down the mountain to find his people to help.

The clothes were ripped open, and the wound was badly mutilated. The smell of blood also came to his face.

Cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Every movement made him feel as if all the nerves

in his body were being torn apart, not just from the wound.

He knew very well that if this wound was not treated, the consequences would be even more serious.

But the current situation was not optimistic at all. The only living person around him was unreliable.

Patrick raised his eyes and looked at Cierra, who was sleeping opposite him. He pursed his lips and held on for a while before he couldn't help but speak.

'Miss Barton.'

It was rare for him to call her in an emotionless tone.

Get Bogot☆

Cierra naturally wasn't asleep at this moment. She could not sleep in seconds, let alone in such an environment.

She heard the sound but did not move.

Patrick hesitated for a while. Because of the pain in his abdomen, he was breathing weakly. "Miss Barton, can you help me?"

Cierra still didn't move.

Before lying down, she had said that he had to solve everything by himself and not to bother her.

Seeing that she didn't move, Patrick stretched out his long legs and tilted the tip of his shoe.

He didn't have the strength to kick her hard, but just kicked her several times.

It was so annoying, like a mosquito in summer, or a fly that couldn't be caught.

About a minute later, Cierra finally couldn't help but sit up straight.

"Didn't I tell you not to bother me? The water is..."

Her voice stopped abruptly when she saw Patrick's wound.

She had never faced such a wound before. It was bloody and ferocious, looking a little scary under the dim fire.

Perhaps it was because the wound had not been treated for a day, there were inflammation and pus near it. Some of the skin and flesh around had already changed color, but it could not be seen clearly under such light.

When Cierra was injured abroad, she only knew that she was seriously injured, but she had never seen the wound face to face.

In the hospital, it was bandaged very well. When the nurse changed the dressing for her, she closed her eyes.

Later on,

all that remained was a withering flower-like scar.

This was the first time she saw a badly injured wound.

There was no time for her to think much, so she quickly calmed down and asked in a serious voice, "What should I do?"

Get Bonus

Patrick propped himself up with his hand and suddenly threw out a dagger with his other hand.

The dagger hit the rock lightly, followed by the weak voice of Patrick.

He closed his eyes and said, "If your hand doesn't shake, help me remove the rotten meat around and wash the wound with water. If it's convenient, please wash my shirt. I'll bandage with it briefly later."

Cierra pursed her lips, looked down at the dagger at her feet, and picked it up in silence.

The dagger was pulled out of the sheath, shining with a cold light under the firelight.

Cierra didn't move. She raised her eyes and looked coldly at Patrick.

"What do you think will happen if this dagger stabs your wound again?"

Chapter 428 The Moon

Patrick sneered disdainfully. "If you want to hurt me, why wait until now? You don't even have to come back today. You can leave me here alone and wait for death."

Without food and water, he could not guarantee the basic energy needs of the human body. He had no choice but to wait for death.

If she really wanted to kill him, why did she bother to dirty her hands?

Seeing that he had misunderstood, Cierra smiled.

"You think too much. I didn't want you to die at all. If I stab you, it's just revenge for what you've done to me in the past two days. After all, you pinched me like this, so you have to pay something, right, Mr. Trevino?"

She touched her neck with a harmless smile.

The dagger in Cierra's hand made her words seem rather credible.

The cave suddenly quieted down, and the sound of firewood burning could be heard.

Patrick raised his eyes to look at her, and the weakness in his eyes suddenly turned into

a seriousness.

Cierra was very satisfied with his expression.

Most of the fear in the world came from the unknown.

Of course, there was also a portion that came from knowing, but had to quietly wait for danger to descend.

It was like informing a death row criminal of the execution time, and then reminding him every single day. This process should be extremely torturous for him.

When she was tied up in the dark room by Patrick, she had experienced the former kind of fear: Naturally, she wanted him to try this feeling, even if it was in another way.

Sure enough, when Cierra slowly approached Patrick with the dagger in her hand, Patrick's face gradually turned cold.

Cierra was not afraid.

She knew that Patrick had no strength at all at the moment, and his hands might even

Tut Bongs

be trembling. Otherwise, he wouldn't have handed over the task of cutting the rotten flesh to her, a pure newcomer who had never even seen serious injuries before.

Therefore, when Patrick released the signal of danger, the smile on Cierra's face became

even wider.

"Mr. Trevino, how deep do you think I should pierce to ensure that you can survive and make you feel full of pain?"

The blade swept across his wound. Although she didn't touch it, for some reason, made him break out in a cold sweat, as if the pain was spreading.

it

Cold sweat gathered on Patrick's forehead. He tried his best to restrain himself from torturing her. "Hurry up if you want to do it. Don't dawdle."

He gritted his teeth and used a lot of strength to speak, probably because of anger.

As soon as he finished speaking, he suddenly collapsed to the side.

"Don't try to blackmail me. I haven't figured out how to do it yet. What do you mean by leaning on the dagger?"

Cierra was frightened!

She quickly withdrew the dagger to prevent Patrick's injuries from worsening.

But she didn't have time to think about it. When the man fell heavily on her, the experience of daytime seemed to have reappeared.

Unlike in the daytime, his body temperature was even higher, especially his head, which

was so hot that it was almost enough to roast eggs.

It was cold outside, but Patrick seemed to be very cold. He kept leaning against her like a child.

"Mr. Trevino?"

Noticing the temperature on his forehead, Cierra didn't dare to joke with him anymore.

This was his real retribution. She didn't even need to do anything and he felt like he was

about to die.

She pushed Patrick, who seemed to be a little unconscious because of the fall. He just

Get Bo

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leaned against her and didn't move anymore.

Cierra couldn't help rolling her eyes.

Gritting her teeth, she spent a lot of effort to push him away from her shoulder and help him lie down near the fire.

It was also at this moment that Cierra saw the dried bloodstains on the ground.

A large area. It was estimated that he had been bleeding since last night before she woke up. During this period, he didn't get any bandages, and now it began to get inflamed and

hot.

Cierra silently withdrew her gaze and put the coat on Patrick's lap. She took out a tool

and prepared to fetch water in the dark.

When she got up and was about to leave, her wrist was suddenly grabbed.

“Where are you going?”

The man seemed to have woken up all of a sudden. He exerted a lot of strength in his hand for a moment and then loosened it weakly.

Cierra furrowed her brows as she glanced at his arm. “Now, I’ll get some water. You’re having a terrible fever, so I have to give you a cold compress. The water I got this afternoon shouldn’t be enough.”

Patrick closed his eyes weakly and didn’t say anything else.

Hearing the sound of Cierra coming out of the cave, he suddenly added.

“When will you be back?”

As soon as he finished speaking, not to mention Cierra, even Patrick himself was stunned.

He turned his head away as if trying to smooth things over. “You’d better hurry up. I don’t know what’s going on in the mountains at night. I don’t have the strength to collect your body if you die.”

“Tsk, take care of yourself first!”

Cierra looked at him with disdain and turned to leave.

Got Blogus →→

What else could there be in the mountains at this time of the year?

If she was a beast in the mountains, she would come out to find something to eat during the day and curl up in the evening to keep warm.

It was so cold that no one dared to come out.

Cierra walked slowly along the road. She kept complaining in her heart and cursed Patrick’s ancestors in passing.

At this moment,

The people in the cave slowly opened his eyes after Cierra left.

With one person less, the cave suddenly became quiet.

The firewood burned with a whoosh, occasionally splashing out a trace of sparks, falling on the ground and then extinguished.

The moon in the sky was moving and slowly sprinkled on Patrick's hand, which he couldn't see before.

He lowered his gaze, and the image of Cierra leaning against the entrance of the cave and looking up at the sky suddenly appeared in his mind.

Thinking of this, he also looked up.

The sky was full of stars, and around the moon, there was only one lone light, which was still very far away.

This was a scenery he had never seen before.

It was rare to see such a sky in the city, and few people would look up at the stars in the city full of neon lights.

The moon was quite common.

However, he couldn't understand why someone would like the moon.

In particular, there was a very stupid poem-sharing the same moonlight, just like we are gathering together forever.

Get Bogus →→

Everyone was lonely in this world. Why do they have to gather?

If satisfied with the six elements and obtained the basic energy, people would be able to

survive. As for the extra desires, such as eating delicious food and women, after they were dealt with, it seemed like there was only boredom left in this world.

He didn't know what was so good about the moon.

But at this moment, there seemed to be nothing else to do but look at the stars and the moon.

If it weren't for the fact that he was exhausted, he would have even sat in the same" position as Cierra and propped up his chin with his hand to look at the sky.

She was innocent and naive, but he was yearning for it.

But why hadn't she come back yet?

It had been a long time.

Did something happen to that stupid woman?

Chapter 429 Why Did It Take You So Long to Come Back?

Get Bogos

Once his thoughts started to emerge, it was as if vines had grown roots and were continuously extending outwards.

The fire in the cave flickered, but because no one added firewood, it seemed to be extinguishing.

Patrick lowered his eyes and threw a handful of firewood in.

He saw that the fire had dimmed a little because of the branch that had just been thrown. in. After a light sound, the flame suddenly rose, lighting up the whole cave.

At this moment, Patrick suddenly propped himself up in pain and struggled to stand up.

The moment he got up, he felt dark in front of him for a moment. He almost lost all his strength and fell straight towards the ground.

Fortunately, at that moment, before he fully fainted, his body instinctively propped himself up against the stone wall in the cave and stood up.

He pursed his lips and relaxed for a while. Finally, he managed to stand up.

He raised his eyes, glanced at the cold night outside, and stumbled out.

He had been to the place where the water was extracted, and it was not far away from here. Logically speaking, the woman should have come back a long time ago, but she didn't.

Patrick wouldn't have guessed that Cierra would run away at this time.

If she wanted to leave, it was obviously a better time to leave during the day, instead of bringing him food and water during the day.

She hadn't come back for so long. Maybe...

Patrick didn't dare to think too much about it. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead, and his consciousness gradually blurred after a few steps, so he walked very slowly.

Finally, he tripped over a bush in the wilderness and had no choice but to stop.

He closed his eyes, trying to wake himself up.

When he opened his eyes again, he felt dizzy.

Get Bogus

The moonlight fell on his feet, and he seemed to see a few shadows vaguely.

Suddenly, he felt a sense of powerlessness.

At this age, he had never had such an emotion-he didn't know what to do next.

He used to do whatever he wanted in the past. He never deliberately looked at the future.

However, at this moment, there seemed to be no way around.

He couldn't even force his way through.

But why?

He couldn't figure it out.

Perhaps it was not that there was no way forward, but that he was a little afraid. He was

afraid that if he took one wrong step, he would be the only one left.

What?

Was he actually afraid?

Why?

Why?

He would not have such unnecessary emotions.

That shouldn't be the case!

He suddenly tightened his grip on the tree trunk, and his fingertips were almost bleeding.

Patrick lowered his eyes and pressed hard on the wound with trembling hands. The intense pain woke him up.

Cold sweat broke out on his forehead, as if he had been drenched in rain. His entire back

was wet.

After the pain subsided for a while, Patrick raised his eyes again.

Get Borus

There was no emotion in his dark eyes.

He looked up at the road ahead with no expression on his face.

After pausing for a moment, Patrick saw the path towards water.

As long as he walked along this path, he could see with his own eyes whether Cierra had

died outside or she had deliberately not come back.

But he suddenly lost interest.

Blood oozed out from the wound on his abdomen. He turned around and left.

"Patrick?"

The moment he took a step forward, Cierra's clear voice suddenly came from behind him. It came from a distance and lingered in the empty forest for a long time, like the song of birds.

After a while, Cierra caught up to him. "Why did you run out? Are the wounds okay? Can you hold on?"

Patrick looked down at the woman who was holding the water and walking up to him, with mixed feelings.

He couldn't describe how he felt at the moment.

How should he describe it?

It was as if something had suddenly blocked his chest, making him panic, but he didn't dislike this kind of emotion.

He had never had such a feeling before, and he didn't know what it meant.

He just instinctively hoped that this kind of emotion could last a little longer.

It was very strange and uncomfortable, but he didn't want it to disappear.

It was like a deaf person suddenly regained his hearing and came out of the hospital to hear a concert. It was like a blind person regained his sight and looked up at the sun in the sky.

mfeful to him, but he was not

He instinctively knew that this kind of feeling was willing to restrain his emotions. No matter how it echoed in his heart, just like Cierra's

voice calling him, it did not dissipate for a long time.

Get Boron

Cierra didn't know what Patrick was thinking at the moment. She just glanced at the small pool of blood at his feet. For a moment, she didn't know whether she should be surprised or show other expressions.

After thinking about it again and again, she finally raised her head and squeezed out a few words.

"You're so awesome. You can still come out in this state. You're really something!"

All of a sudden, the emotions in Patrick's heart disappeared.

His throat was dry, and his voice was hoarse. He said weakly, "I'm already like this. Do you think I'm... awesome?"

"What else can I say?"

Cierra blinked.

He was really awesome. She remembered that when she was seriously injured, she had

only one thought.

The sooner she died, the sooner she could reincarnate.

Wasn't it awesome to see someone who was about to die but still had the strength to come out?

When Cierra saw Patrick's speechless expression, she seemed to have realized something.

This compliment didn't seem to be appropriate.

But what could she do?

She couldn't comfort him against her conscience, could she?

She had no feelings for this lunatic.

The comfort and worry were left to the people who were important to her, not the enemy.

Get Bogus

She saved Patrick just because she didn't want to see her own kind die.

She was happy to see him in pain.

If he really died, there was nothing she could do.

"Are you okay? Can you walk back?"

When Cierra came to her senses, she did not delay any longer. She finally thought of the way back.

It was very cold in late autumn night. She didn't have a coat and there was no fire outside. She had to go back as soon as possible.

Hearing her words, Patrick glanced at her coldly. "Am I okay? What do you think?"

His tone sounded like he was gnashing his teeth.

Cierra rolled her eyes at him. With one hand holding the water, she led the way and said, "Then who told you to come out? It's so late at night, and you're injured. Why didn't you stay there properly? Why did you come out? Now, it sounds like you're blaming me."

"You know it's late at night..."

Halfway through his sentence, Patrick suddenly swallowed his words.

He lowered his eyes and didn't say anything else. He followed the footprints left by Cierra step by step.

Cierra couldn't help but turn around to take a look.

"I know it's late at night. What's wrong?"

"Walk fast."

Patrick didn't answer.

Cierra frowned and said in disgust, "I came out so late at night because I saw that you had a fever and wanted to get you some water. Why did it become my fault? Patrick, do you have a conscience?"

Patrick didn't reply.

"That's right. I don't want to talk about conscience with a pervert like you. If you had a

Get Bonus

conscience, you wouldn't have been so bored as to come to me, let alone kidnap me in New York. Alas... I wasted my time."

Patrick was still silent.

When they were about to reach the cave, Patrick, who had been silent all this time, suddenly spoke.

"Why did you take so long to come back?"

Chapter 430 The Same Kind

"What?"

Cierra cursed all the way, but when she suddenly heard the person behind her speak, she

didn't react for a moment.

Obviously, Patrick had no intention of repeating himself. He held the stone wall and sat down again.

The pain made his face change. He closed his eyes and endured for a long time before he

came to his senses.

It wasn't that Cierra didn't hear what he said, but she didn't quite understand what he meant.

At this time, she finally understood why the man endured the wounds on his body and went out. It was probably because she hadn't come back for a long time that he planned

to go out and look for her.

Feeling the joy of teasing him, Cierra couldn't help teasing him. "Say, Mr. Trevino, are you worried that I'll be in danger outside, so you went out to look for me?"

"How is this possible..."

Before Patrick could open his eyes, he retorted.

When he opened his eyes, his entire body suddenly froze.

The cold sweat on his forehead was soothed by a burst of coolness, and the irritability and depression all over his body seemed to be relieved by the cold wet cloth.

He did not even notice that Cierra was so close to him when he closed his eyes.

At this time, an inexplicable emotion rose in his heart.

In the past, those women were nothing more than a kind of physical release.

This was the first time that he had allowed a strange woman to approach him without any rejection.

Cierra was focused on taking care of Patrick. If she knew what he was thinking, she would slap him on his face.

She put a wet cloth on his forehead and said in a casual tone.

Get Bogs

"I'm just joking. Who doesn't know that you're a lunatic? You came out to look for me

just because you're afraid that I'll run away. You're really sick. If I wanted to run, why would I have to wait until the evening? It's just that I'm kind and can't bear to see my own kind dying alone on the top of the mountain. Ask yourself, if it were someone else,

will he stab you to death?”

Cierra chattered non-stop, and her busy work did not stop either.

She didn't just go out for water.

She also divided her shirt, kept some for him to bandage the wound, and wet the rest as a physical antipyretic cotton cloth.

It was late at night, and she didn't complain about how cold she was.

She had only gone out for a short while before this person caught up to her.

Cierra also suddenly felt a bit lucky that she didn't run out during the day.

According to this madman's temper, if she was caught before she could find William, who knew what would happen to her?

As the saying goes, the more friends you have, the better.

Although Cierra didn't know why Patrick looked for her.

However, based on the fact that he had dragged her out of the lake, she felt that it was still possible for her to build a good relationship with Mr. Patrick.

It was not good to offend people too much in business. She had to think about the Barton family.

Although, she didn't know if her decision was right.

Cierra wrung out a piece of cotton cloth. Just as she was about to ask Patrick to remove the clothes on the wound, she heard a cold snort from the man.

“Kind? Miss Barton, you said you were kind?”

The sarcasm in his words made Cierra feel inexplicably uncomfortable, so she stopped talking.

“What else can I do? Don't tell me you are kind?”

Get Boys

Cierra wished she could smash the cotton cloth on Patrick's face or stuff it into his mouth to shut him up.

In a fit of anger, she suddenly didn't want to do anything. She just glared at Patrick.

Perhaps the cold compress on Patrick's forehead made him feel a little better, and the arrogance in his bones rose again.

Out of the corner of his eye, he glanced at the fuming Cierra and the mockery on his face

grew even more intense.

"Miss Barton, you yourself said that I'm a madman. Instead of killing a lunatic, you tried your best to take care of him at night. How can this be called kindness? Outside, you'll be scolded as a goody-goody. Do you understand?"

Under the dim light of the fire, Cierra's expression slowly turned solemn.

It wasn't that she was angry, but as soon as Patrick finished speaking, she suddenly realized that there was no point in arguing with this lunatic.

So she calmed down.

"I just loved life and gave great help to others, but ignored my own interests.

"But some people think that this behavior was mostly to complete others but hurt myself in the end. What a pure idiot. Is this what Mr. Trevino means?"

Patrick snorted and didn't say anything.

Cierra felt an itch in her throat. She took a sip of water and said, "I don't agree with you. If being kind is also a mistake, then the world is really terrible."

Patrick was still silent.

"As for myself, I know very well what I'm doing. Indeed, in your eyes, I might be an idiot. I helped someone who hurt me. I even brought you water in the late night to relieve your fever. After you recovered, you might even threaten me again, strangle my neck, and tell me.

"Miss Barton, you are so stupid. If you had stabbed me to death, things wouldn't have happened today."

Get Boys

Thinking of this, Cierra started to laugh.

On the other side, Patrick's eyes were cold.

He looked over as if he was looking at an idiot.

After Cierra smiled, there was a hint of sadness in her eyes.

She looked up at Patrick and said indifferently, "I don't know what will happen if I save you, nor do I know how you will treat me and my family in the future. But I hope that you can let go of my family out of your instinct. I don't care about anything else.

"Additionally, the most important reason why I turned back was because I felt that I could not look directly at the death of my own kind.

"Patrick, you and I tried our best to survive in the lake. I think it's a pity to let you die like that. You told me before that you survived in a desperate situation, so you should

understand how important life is."

Patrick was still silent.

"Actually, I don't want to talk to you about this. I've experienced a lot of malice since I was a child. However, I seem to have met a lot of good people. My teacher, Freddy, and my family. It seems there is no shortage of good people in this world, so I still believe that people are born to be good. Patrick, I may understand that some things you do are because you are bored, but I hope that you can stop and look back at the stars and the moon."

Look at the universe.

Look at how small humans were.

Why did he have to do these things that were harmful to others and himself for the sake of the so-called fun?

As soon as she finished speaking, there was only the sound of firewood in the cave.