

## Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 431

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#### Chapter 431 Naive

After a long silence, there was a disdainful sneer.

“You are really foolish to the point of being a little naive.”

Patrick tilted his head and forced a smile.

Droplets of water slowly slid down from his forehead. It was unknown whether it was his sweat or the drops of water gathered from the cotton cloth.

Patrick wiped away the water drops casually with a smile on his face.

“Miss Barton has scolded me a lot along the way. I think your description of me is quite accurate. Don't you think it's stupid to say these words to a lunatic?”-

She wanted to make a deal with a lunatic and let him be a good person.

What a joke.

“It seems that you're right. But I still want to ask you one thing, Mr. Trevino...”

Cierra paused and tilted her head to look at Patrick with a smile. “Mr. Trevino, what were you thinking when you saved me in the water?”

If he was really a heartless devil, why would he help the human beings at a life-and-death moment?

Wasn't it ridiculous?

Patrick snorted. “You said I'm a madman. I can do whatever I want when I'm crazy. I don't think I'll think too much about it.”

“Yes, that’s true.”

Cierra nodded in agreement. “Then can I understand that Mr. Trevino wanted to save me out of instinct?”

“If you choose to save me without thinking, instead of stepping on me in the water, can I speculate from your behavior that you are not a complete devil?”

Their eyes met, and the atmosphere in the cave became a little subtle.

The water droplets on Patrick’s forehead continued to fall, but he didn’t wipe them

Get Bout

away this time.

Water drops fell from his eyebrows to his chin, and finally to his neck, then completely disappeared.

“What’s the point?”

He said indifferently.

Instinctively, he maintained a hint of humanity, but when he was awake, he still chose to be a demon. Wasn’t that more terrifying?

Cierra curled her lips. “Of course. At the very least, it proves that what I saved was my own kind, not some other creature.”

She picked up the clean cotton cloth and said to him.

“Raise your clothes.”

The wound had to be treated. Otherwise, the surrounding rotting flesh would become even more serious.

Cierra didn’t have the confidence or courage to remove the rotten flesh around his

wound, but it was enough to simply clear it up.

Judging from Patrick's condition, he should be able to hold on until tomorrow morning.

She would find a way to take him out of the mountain tomorrow morning.

He had to go to the hospital.

If this continued, the wound would completely rot and cause inflammation. It was unknown if the other organs in his body would be affected.

"Tore off my clothes?"

Patrick didn't move at all and just let out a low chuckle.

Cierra's face was expressionless. She had been planning on how to store food and water tomorrow, but when she suddenly heard this, her thoughts were interrupted.

She raised her eyes, glanced at him coldly, and came over with the cotton cloth in her hand.

"Patrick, I seem to have forgotten to tell you something."

"What..."

Before Patrick could finish his words, she covered his mouth with the wet cotton cloth in her hand!

Perhaps Patrick had never expected such a scene. He stayed rooted to the spot. Other than glaring angrily at her, he did not do anything else.

Cierra lightly smiled. Before Patrick could react, Cierra grabbed the rope and tied his hands together.

“Although I’m very kind-hearted and can’t bear to see others die in front of me, I’ve been seeking revenge for the smallest grievance during this period of time. I don’t want to endure the loss at all.”

The rope was hung on her leg when she woke up. Cierra didn’t expect it to be used at this.

time.

As soon as she finished speaking, she tightened her grip on the rope, which seemed to affect Patrick’s wound. He grimaced in pain for a moment.

“Stop!”

Patrick gritted his teeth.

Cierra lowered her head and tightened the rope with a smile. “Yes, I can hear you. You don’t have to yell so loudly.”

After tying the rope, Cierra began to examine his wound.

Compared to before, the wound at this moment seemed to be even more terrifying. It wasn’t just because it was since yesterday, but also because Patrick walked out with his tattered body.

As a result, the hideous wound split open again, and the mixture of flesh and blood became even more terrifying under the dim yellow light.

This time around, Cierra did not have a difficult expression on her face. She had already seen it several times. As such, she should naturally not reveal any fear.

Get Bo

She cleaned up Patrick’s wound with a gloomy face. She didn’t know what was wrong with it. There were mud, leaves, and other things stuck to his pus, which looked a little ferocious.

Patrick's mouth was gagged. When the tingling pain hit him, the veins on his forehead bulged.

Gritting his teeth, he glared at Cierra with his eyes.

Cierra didn't care. She glanced at him out of the corner of her eye and snorted.

"Don't look at me like that. I'm treating your wound out of kindness. Don't look at me with that dirty face like I owe you money. Besides,

"Well, if it really hurts, you can take a bite of this shirt. Look at how considerate I am."

She deliberately did not control her strength when wiping the wound. She just needed to wipe the dirt off.

As for the rotting flesh nearby, Cierra was at a loss as to what to do.

She looked at Patrick hesitantly. "Hey, you said earlier that you wanted me to help you get rid of this rotten flesh. Do you still need it?"

Patrick had just gone through a baptism of pain, and his entire body was drenched in cold sweat.

When he heard this, he opened his eyes and saw Cierra gesturing with a dagger.

"You're in so much pain after I wiped your wound. If I cut your rotten flesh without any anesthetic, could you bear it?"

Cierra asked him hesitantly.

Glancing at his wound, she clicked her tongue again.

"But your wound seems to be a little inflamed. What if it gets worse if I don't cut it off. Why don't I have a try?"

She didn't even heat the dagger on the fire. Instead, she moved her hand over.

Patrick subconsciously shrank back and looked at her in shock, biting the cotton cloth. Even the pain had temporarily disappeared.

Get Bonus

Although he couldn't say anything, his eyes were clearly warning her not to mess around.

Cierra smiled amiably and said, "It seems that Mr. Trevino is still a little scared, but the more scared you are, the more I want to try. What should you do?"

As she slowly approached, Patrick leaned back against the stone wall.

As he struggled, the cotton cloth in his mouth loosened a little, and his vague words finally spilled out with a bit of gnashing.

"Miss Barton, don't forget that you praised yourself as a kind person not long ago.

Chapter 432 A High fever

"But you didn't agree with me."

Cierra smiled at him and looked down at the dagger in her hand. She even raised her hand to try the blade.

The dagger shone with a cold light under the fire light, making the smile on Cierra's face even colder.

"Mr. Trevino, I'm not a saint. I'm just stating my thoughts. But you said I was stupid. Don't confuse my memory."

"What's the difference?"

Patrick gasped for breath and asked in confusion.

Cierra maintained her smile, "Of course there is."

She slowly moved the dagger towards Patrick's wound.

"I'm willing to save you because of your last bit of humanity. I don't want to see you die in the wilderness, but it doesn't mean that I'll believe such stupid words that a prodigal will regret and become a good person.

“I like what people on the Internet say very much. Why can bad people be forgiven just stopping what they are doing, while good people have to suffer?”

“I saved you because you’re a human. I don’t want to treat you wholeheartedly because you’re not a good person. Do you understand?”

In the end, she didn’t cut Patrick’s wound with the dagger. After scaring him, she put it into the sheath.

The dagger was Patrick’s, but she didn’t know if this lunatic would go crazy again. She’d better hide it away herself.

Patrick looked at her coldly and sneered. “Do you think you’ll be safe if you take away a tiny dagger?”

“But, at the very least, you’ll have to ask me for help in your current state.”

Cierra did not express much of his mockery.

Get Boys

In this case, no matter how eloquent he was, he was still a paper tiger. She knew very well that a person who couldn’t even walk steadily was not dangerous.

She added a few more pieces of firewood to the fire, then picked up the coat again and covered herself with it, intending to fall asleep again.

Before that, she calmly discussed her plan with Patrick.

“Mr. Trevino, considering your hiking ability and the wounds on your body, let’s discuss it. When you wake up tomorrow morning, you can lead the way, I can help you down the mountain to the hospital, or I can help you find someone to settle down. I only have one condition, which is to ensure my safety, okay?”

Patrick raised his eyelids and looked at her.

Cierra continued to praise him. “I think that although people like you are a little more free-spirited, your principles should be very strong, especially fairness. At least, I saved your life...”

“Miss Barton.”

Before Cierra could finish her words, Patrick interrupted her.

He said coldly, “Have you watched too many TV series? Fairness?”

Countless people were staring at him and wanted to drag him down. Those old men in Washington D.C. might even kick him off if he made any mistakes.

Fairness?

If he cared about that, why would he be so bored as to play such a boring trick on Draven?

It was all because of those old fogeys.

Cierra understood what he meant, but she wasn't discouraged.

She nodded. "I see."

If he couldn't guarantee her safety, she had to think of another way.

She covered her head with the coat, leaned against the stone wall, and closed her eyes.

She was also planning what to do next.

Get Bogos

It was also because she did not respond to Patrick that the cave suddenly quieted down.

As the firewood flickered with dim yellow light, the man who was still suffering in pain felt a little helpless.

Did she understand?

What did she understand?

Patrick glanced out of the corner of his eye and saw a slender figure in a coat leaning against the stone wall near the entrance of the cave. He couldn't even touch her.

The wound was still very painful, but maybe it was because of the cleaning and treatment, compared with the previous sticky state, it was much better now.

Patrick's head was dizzy, and he didn't continue to think about Cierra's matter.

He simply closed his eyes and fell asleep in pain.

When he was in a daze, he felt something cold covering his forehead again, and he slept

well that night.

It was as though he had fallen into a dream, a rare and beautiful dream.

It was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity in his life.

But he couldn't remember what kind of dream it was. He only knew that someone was by his side in the most difficult place in the past.

He was not afraid of the dark room, but he was a little bored to stay alone.

He hated a person very much.

Right now, there was someone next to him. Although he couldn't see that person's face clearly, nor could he hear any sound, he felt that... falling into a dream was fine.

Therefore, he was willing to sink in like this.

He would never wake up.

"Damn it, why does he have such a severe fever? He can't even wake up."

Get Bo

In the dense forest, Cierra supported a tall man and stepped into the forest step by step with her hands on his shoulders.

She really had no choice.

When she woke up this morning, the sun was high up in the sky. It was almost 11 o'clock, which was completely different from yesterday's sunrise.

Cierra opened her eyes in shock. She looked behind her and saw that beside the bonfire, Patrick was lying on the ground.

He closed his eyes tightly as if he was dead.

She wanted to wake Patrick up and let him lead the way, but he was having a very high temperature. And the wound on his abdomen was even worse.

It was no wonder that after she got up several times last night to help him change the cotton cloth on his forehead, not only did his high fever not subside, but it was even worse.

If the wound wasn't treated properly, it would probably become even more serious.

But it was not her fault. There was nothing in the mountain, and she had no choice.

She couldn't guarantee that there were no bacteria in the water, so she could only make every possible effort.

At this moment, his temperature was so high that Cierra could only drag him down the mountain aimlessly.

"Patrick, don't blame me if you die on the way. It's not that I didn't save you. If you become a ghost, you can rest in peace. Don't come back to me, okay?"

Patrick was quiet.

"You're so heavy. I'm so unlucky to meet you. You might as well kill me on that plane. At least it won't be so painful to die. Ah, how can I walk on this road? I'm really convinced!"

Patrick was still quiet.

"It's so annoying. Why do I feel like the road is the same? Patrick, can you wake up?"

Of course not.

Cierra complained as she dragged the corpse-like man down the road.

When she was exhausted, she couldn't stand it anymore. She held him under a tree to rest and ate some wild chestnuts.

Halfway through, she touched Patrick's forehead and frowned.

If the temperature did not drop, she did not know what would happen to him.

It was no wonder that a cold in ancient times could torture people to death. Without medicine to cure the disease, they could only hold on.

While she was thinking, she suddenly heard some sounds in the forest.

Chapter 433 Miscalculations

In a dock in New York.

There was suddenly no one in the place where it was usually busy. The surroundings were so quiet that it made one's hair stand on end.

In the deepest part of the warehouse, a dazzling light was shining on everyone's head.

In the middle of it were several managers of the dock.

At this moment, they were tied to chairs. Their hands and legs were also tied to the chairs, and they could not move at all.

One of them slowly opened his eyes because of the glaring headlights.

When he calmed down, he saw several men in suits and ties. He had only seen them on

TV and newspapers.

Draven Trevino from the the Trevino Group in New York, Jaquan Barton from the MRC Group in Los Angeles, William Barton from XR Entertainment, and Landen Birley, the award-winning actor.

Any one of them was a big shot. Was he dreaming? How could he see them all at once?

The people who woke up didn't know what had happened. He seemed to have forgotten

the pain before he was knocked out. He just looked at the big shots in front of him in a daze, as if he was dreaming.

It wasn't until he heard someone speak first that he felt pain all over his body. Only then did he realize that this might not be a dream.

The person who spoke was William. He held a small knife that was suffused with a cold light in his hand as he approached step by step.

"Finally, one of them woke up? They really can't take a beating. We didn't use much strength and they fainted."

"William, be careful. If you really can't do it, let Nick come over." Coby reminded him from the side.

William said disapprovingly, "Got it. I know what to do."

Back then, when he was beating up Draven in Los Angeles, he was able to dodge

Get Bo

Draven's vital parts but made him seriously injured, let alone these people.

After getting the news in the mountains last night, they came to the dock with their men. However, after waiting for a whole day, they didn't see Patrick.

Not to mention Cierra!

Unless it was necessary, they were unwilling to act rashly and alert the enemy.

However, the other party had gone too far. Even if they wanted to kidnap Cierra, they should have appeared.

"Mr. Barton, what are you doing? If you have anything to say, we can sit down and talk about it, right? We are in a legal society now. Why do you have to make things so ugly? It will be difficult for us to meet again in the future. Don't you think so?"

The person who woke up was Simon Moore, in charge of this warehouse.

According to the news from the mountain, Patrick's men would come to the dock to find Simon Moore, who would send a ship to pick them up.

But the day and night had passed, and there was no one coming.

Were they fooled?

William held up a knife in his hand and snorted. "Who wants to talk business with you? Don't you know what kind of business you're doing here? Tell us honestly so that we don't have to waste time and effort, and you won't get more unnecessary wounds, right?"

He patted Simon's face with the knife, and the sharp blade inadvertently cut across Simon's face.

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When the sharp pain hit Simon's face, he trembled violently.

"Mr. Barton, I really, really don't know what you're talking about. I really..."

"Are you still not willing to tell the truth?"

William suppressed his casual aura and pressed the knife against Simon's chin.

There was blood dripping down slowly, which made Simon tremble with fear.

If he hadn't been tied to the chair, he would have collapsed on the ground in fear.

"Mr. Barton, why don't you make it clear? I really don't know what your purpose is. If you want the goods, we do have some, but we haven't received any news before that want to get involved in this industry. If I am caught..."

"Who told you that I want your goods? I mean a human being!"

William was angry when he heard that Simon couldn't get to the point.

The Barton family didn't bother to touch the things found in their warehouse at all. Only those who didn't have the ability could extend their way of making money into those dirty businesses.

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Originally, he thought that these people had something to do with Patrick, but he didn't expect them to be so bold.

However, the most important thing at the moment was to find out the whereabouts of Patrick. As for those things, he would leave them to the police later. There was no need for them to interfere.

William's eyes turned colder. "Are you still playing dumb here? Do you know Mount Shasta? The people on the mountain said that they would meet here. Where is he?"

Simon's mind went blank for a moment, and he didn't react until he heard Mount Shasta.

He nodded hurriedly. "Yes. He gave us a lot of money and asked us to prepare a cargo ship. But he didn't tell us the specific time. He only left us a secret signal. We really don't know anything else!"

Simon explained everything in one breath, and his body was still trembling.

He thought that he had met so many big shots today, but he didn't expect that he would meet a bane.

If he had known this would happen, he wouldn't have accepted the large sum of money.

He spoke in a trembling voice and carefully looked up at William.

Seeing that William was deep in thought, he asked, "Mr. Barton, we really don't know anything. We just work for money, which is equivalent to a contract. You really... really found the wrong person. Why don't you..."

"Did I allow you to speak?"

Get Boys

William's cold eyes swept over Simon, who was so scared that he didn't dare to speak again. He shrank his neck and sat back.

William looked down at him and knew that he was probably not lying.

However, no one had been here since last night. The records of the dock were easy to check, and the words of the hatchet men on the mountain matched the situation here.

But now, the fact was that no one had appeared.

Or maybe it was because that Patrick had gone somewhere else in advance after learning that this place had been found.

Either something had happened to them and they had yet to reach this place.

The people present were all foxes in the business world. They could naturally guess what had happened.

Draven stepped forward and said, "If this person is not lying, it's estimated that Patrick hasn't gone down the mountain yet. But now that this place has been cleaned up by us, they probably won't come again. I'm familiar with New York, so I'll go and find someone to stop them. But I think that Cierra may still be on the mountain. Mr. Barton, please take care of the search."

"What are you talking about? She's my little sister. I don't need your reminder."

William was already annoying, and when he heard Draven's words, he was even angrier.

"William."

Jaquan stopped him and reminded him in a low voice.

Just as Draven had said, New York was the territory of the Trevino family. If anything happened, they would need his help. There was no need to offend him.

He was polite to Draven. “In that case, I’ll have to trouble you, Mr. Trevino.”

Of course, Draven didn’t take it to heart. Like the Barton family, the most important thing at the moment was to find Cierra.

of

Of course, he had not forgotten someone who could get in touch with Patrick.

After saying goodbye to the Barton brothers, he went straight to the hospital.

Chapter 434 Very Nasty

In the hospital.

The smell of disinfectant was a little pungent.

Under the dazzling light, Patrick slowly opened his eyes. The light made him frown.

He seemed to be still trapped in that dream, unwilling to wake up.

Even though his eyes had adapted to the surroundings, he was still lying on the bed, unwilling to move.

He even wanted to close his eyes again and fall back into his dream.

It was not until he heard the surprised voice by the bed.

“Mr. Patrick, you’re awake?”

The man guarding the bedside hurried over.

Patrick’s frown deepened as he struggled to sit up from the bed.

“Mr. Patrick, you’re finally awake. We’re so worried. Don’t mess around like this next time. You know, those old foxes in Washington D.C. are all staring at you. If anything happens to you...”

“Calvin, you’re very noisy.”

Before Calvin could finish his words, Patrick interrupted him impatiently.

Patrick was already suffering from abdominal pain. When he woke up and heard the chatter, he felt even more annoyed.

Calvin also quickly compromised. "Okay, okay, okay. It's my fault for disturbing your rest. But you'd better think about what to do first in the future. It won't be good if this accident happens again."

Patrick never listened to Calvin's words carefully.

He closed his eyes and relaxed for a while. When he heard the sound of medical equipment in the ward, he couldn't suppress the irritation in his heart.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes and asked, "Where is she?"

Get Borus

Calvin was stunned. "Who are you talking about?"

"Who am I talking about? Was there any other people around me at that time?"

He felt that something was wrong. He didn't know where that stupid woman was.

like

Calvin also came to his senses. "Are you talking about the woman who hurt you this? After Gaelen and the others found you on the mountain, they had already taken that woman away."

"What did you say?"

Patrick opened his eyes slightly and looked up in disbelief.

"Who told you that she hurt me? Who allowed you to take her away?"

"But..."

Just as Calvin was about to explain, he saw Patrick pull out the IV drip and walk out with a gloomy face, regardless of his injury.

Calvin's face was full of anxiety. "Oh my god, you have to rest well. I'll ask Gaelen to bring her to you right now. What do you think?"

Patrick pushed him away. "Don't you know what kind of person he is? How dare you ask him to take that woman away?"

Calvin was stunned by the roar.

He had never seen Mr. Patrick like this before, for a woman.

It was even a woman he had known for less than three days.

It seemed that he cared a lot about that woman.

Thinking that the woman had fallen into Gaelen's hands, Calvin's expression changed.

Who didn't know what kind of person Gaelen was? He was greedy and lustful, relying on his little skills to be complacent in the team all day long.

If it weren't for the fact that he did have something and didn't affect Mr. Patrick's interests, he would have been kicked out long ago.

Gaelen had taken the girl away.

Thinking of the possible consequences, Calvin felt a little uneasy.

Get Bonus

But compared to a woman, he was more concerned about Patrick's health.

"Mr. Patrick, your wound is infected very seriously. I'm afraid that you will have a fever again if it's not dealt with properly. I'll deal with Gaelen and ensure that the girl will be brought to you safely. You can have a good rest here first, okay?"

"Get out!"

Patrick casually put on a jacket and walked out.

Calvin didn't dare to stop him, so he could only follow him anxiously.

Next to the descending elevator, another elevator that had just gone up stopped on the same floor.

Draven and Ryan walked out of the elevator, and the latter was still trying to persuade him.

"Draven, she is still your mother. You should be more careful when you speak. Cici's safety is very important, but I may not know what that lunatic is thinking. Let's just say..."

"Are you done talking?"

At the door of the ward, Draven stopped and glanced at Ryan coldly.

Ryan immediately made a gesture of silence and retreated to the side.

He didn't intend to follow Draven in.

Draven pushed the door open, looked up, and his expression changed slightly.

Sue was not the only one on the ward, unlike what he had imagined.

There was an old man sitting on the sofa opposite the door. He was dressed in a traditional suit and held a mahogany crutch in his palm. It seemed that he had expected that Draven would come here, so he was not surprised at all.

“You must be Draven, right?”

The old man looked at Draven from head to toe. There was a hint of appreciation in his eyes, but when his gaze fell on the left side of his face, there was a hint of pity.

“It’s a good thing to save people, but you have to be careful next time. First of all, you have to ensure your own safety. Fortunately, the injury this time is not serious. According to the existing medical technology, it’s easy to remove this scar.”

The look in his eyes made Draven very unhappy. He frowned and tried his best to maintain some etiquette.

“May I know who you are?”

“According to your seniority, you should address me as your great-uncle.”

The old man smiled, got up from the sofa, and stretched out his hand to Draven. “I came

to see you when you were born. I didn’t expect that after so many years, you have grown

up so well.”

Draven lowered his eyes, pursed his thin lips, and did not shake hands with him.

In the confrontation, Sue, who was lying on the bed, finally couldn’t help saying, “Draven, this is your great-uncle. You have to greet him. Don’t be so rude!”

As if afraid that the old man would get angry, Sue sounded a little anxious.

Only then did Draven speak in an indifferent voice, “If I remember correctly, there seemed to be no other elders in the family tree. When my grandfather was buried, there were no other members of the Trevino family coming to pay their respects. How could I have a great-uncle?”

Sue’s sight almost blacked out when she heard this.

She tightened her grip on the blanket and glared at Draven. "Do you know what you're talking about?"

If Draven offended the old man, who would be able to protect him then?

Did he really think that he could do whatever he wanted just because he had a firm foothold in New York?

Draven's expression remained indifferent.

The old man didn't take it seriously and didn't blame Draven for being rude.

"It doesn't matter. It's better for young people to be more arrogant. If you directly accept me, I'll feel uncomfortable."

Get Bonus

He tidied up his clothes and sat down on the sofa again. There was always a seemingly kind smile on his face, but his eyes were full of unpredictable emotions.

"Your name is Draven, right? If I'm not mistaken, you're looking for the daughter of the Barton family. How come you have time to visit your mother?"

As soon as he finished speaking, Draven's expression changed drastically

Chapter 435 Young Man

Draven narrowed his eyes. Although he didn't answer, the expression on his face showed that he wanted to ask something.

The old man smiled indifferently and said, "It doesn't matter if you don't want to call me great-uncle. Everyone is like this, especially young people. They are born to be rebellious. I like you young people very much. You always have a will and are willing to sacrifice yourself for others. You are all of good quality!"

"Where is she?"

Draven went straight to the point.

Of course, he was not a fool who knew nothing.

Looking into the old man's smiling eyes, Draven restrained the emotions in his words.

"I want her to be safe. What do you want me to do?"

Everything had its price. As a businessman, Draven naturally knew this.

The old man laughed heartily. "It's different from talking to a smart child."

He didn't go along with Draven's request. Instead, he poured a cup of hot coffee on the coffee table and took a sip.

Draven was concerned about Cierra's safety and took a step forward. "No matter what you ask, I'll agree to it. Tell me where she is."

"Young man..."

The old man was still tasting the coffee, blowing a layer of mist on it. He sighed and shook his head, "You are still too young after all."

The coffee cup hit the glass of the coffee table, making a light sound.

He raised his eyes and restrained his smile. "You didn't even ask me what my condition was. Aren't you afraid that I'll make some excessive demands? Is it worth it to sell yourself for a woman?"

At this moment, Draven was only concerned about Cierra's safety.

All he knew was that the more time he delayed, the more of a threat Cierra would face.

Get Bogus

He couldn't care about anything else.

"In this world, if everything is calculated to be worthy or not, it will be too tiring. I only know that she is very important to me. No matter what can help to save her, I will agree.

As for your request..."

He paused for a moment. His eyes met the old man's, and a smile appeared on his thin lips.

"As an elder, what outrageous demands can you make of me? If I really can't fulfill it, I think it's useless for you to force me. If I can fulfill it, since I've agreed, it will come true for my promise. You should have investigated me before coming here and known what kind of person I am."

He would probably fulfill his promise.

Just like what he had done to Aleah in the past, he had seen what kind of person she was,

but he still stubbornly kept his promise and even hurt Cierra.

Now that he thought about it, it wasn't something to be proud of.

For example, filial piety would become a foolish filial piety when it reached the point where good and bad could not be distinguished.

But right now, Draven didn't mind using his stupidity to negotiate with the old man.

The old man had investigated what stupid things Draven had done in the past.

But for the elders, it was easy to forgive young people's mistakes.

At this age, they only cared about the result, and the process was not important.

He was very optimistic about the development of the Trevino Group.

Therefore, he didn't blame Draven for his past.

However, he still did not directly inform him of the news about Cierra.

"You and Miss Barton have divorced. Even if I tell you the address and you go to save her

now,

she may not be willing to change her mind about you. If she marries someone else in the future, will you regret what you do today?"

He was simply asking Draven if it was worth it to choose another way for a woman.

Get Bonus

Draven didn't even ask what the road ahead was.

"I won't regret it."

There was determination in Draven's eyes.

He had already regretted giving up on Cierra once. How could he dare to give up on her

again?

Even if she was still unwilling to look back at him in the future, he would not regret his choice today.

Indeed, no one knew what the future held.

He himself was unable to guarantee that he would not regret it. However, he now understood extremely well that as long as there was the slightest bit of information regarding Cierra, he would do his best to obtain it.

It was even to the extent that he would stop at nothing.

He looked straight at the old man on the sofa. "Can you tell me now? Or, do you need to make your request first?"

The old man smiled, "You are quite similar to your father."

As soon as he finished speaking, the expression on Sue's face changed drastically, and her already pale face became even more miserable.

Fortunately, the old man and Draven were talking and not in the mood to care about her at all and did not notice her strange expression.

The old man looked at Draven with indescribable emotions in his eyes.

"I'll tell you the address, but I can't guarantee the situation of her. You should go as soon as possible. They shouldn't dare to kill anyone, but..."

-There was no need to finish the sentence. Everyone knew it.

A trace of anxiety flashed across Draven's eyes. He took a step forward in a hurry.

The old man took out a notebook and a pen from his pocket, wrote a line of words, and handed it to Draven.

He tapped his fingers on the paper and said, "Take the address. No matter what

Cet Bonn

happens, come back to me in the Trevino mansion after this matter is over."

Draven took it away impatiently, glanced at it, and was about to leave.

He turned around and seemed to think of something. He suddenly stopped and looked back at the old man.

"I will remember what you said. If I can find Cierra, I'll come back to you. Thank you.'

As soon as he finished speaking, he completely disappeared from the ward.

The ward was completely quiet.

After a long time, a tentative voice came from the bed.

Sue looked at the old man drinking coffee on the sofa with a troubled expression. "Must we do this?"

The old man did not answer.

Sue clutched the bedding and said hesitantly, "Draven and Patrick are brothers. I understand how you educate children, but it's not impossible for brothers to achieve great things together. Look at the the Barton family..."

"Does the Barton family deserve to be compared to the Trevino family?"

Before Sue could finish her words, the old man suddenly interrupted her.

He didn't even raise his head, but scolded, "I think you've really been in a small place for too long. Now you even value the Barton family too much."

Being scolded, Sues lowered her head, but she still couldn't help but feel anxious. "But, they are both my children. Why don't you... What's more, Draven only cares about that woman. How can he take over the Trevino family? He's just a fool in love. He's very stupid. In Washington D.C...."

"Sue, when we took Patrick away, you were a smart person."

The old man put down his coffee cup and glanced at Sue with a smile. His tone was cold and threatening.

"Don't be an idiot now, understand?"

Sue's face turned deathly pale.

The smile on the old man's face widened. "I can understand how you feel as a mother.

You love both of them, but I'm doing this for your children's own good."