

## Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 436

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Chapter 436 Take It Out

Mount Shasta.

On the derelict building's top floor, the moss-covered walls were a clear indication of how shabby it was.

In the innermost part of the buildings, there were a lot of people gathered in the underground garage.

The yellow-haired boy who guarded the door, the people who gathered in the middle to play cards and drink, and the people shouted around the table...

"Gaelen, how are we going to deal with that woman? The boss didn't settle on a time.

We can't just wait here."

A person at the table said to the man sitting in the main seat, pouting with his small eyes.

Gaelen Butter seemed to ponder something and was staring at his cards with narrowed eyes.

Before Gaelen could speak, the yellow-haired young man with pockmarks all over his face next to him spoke first.

"You only know how to make noise. It's just a woman, and she hurt our boss. How can we deal with her? Is there any way for us to not wait here? It's because those annoyed people refuse to leave in the mountains.'

“That’s true.”

The person who spoke first scratched his head and muttered.

“I heard that the police have arrested the people at the pier. I guess it was the two boys who were caught leaking the information. The two boys used to be very tight-lipped. They have been caught several times and have never confessed anything. I don’t know this time...”

His voice was very low, but the people were gathered together inside and outside. Everyone heard his words.

As soon as he finished speaking, there was a long silence.

Get Baptis

They didn’t know what had happened to the two boys. They didn’t see how the two boys were caught with their own eyes, but they knew that the two boys must suffer a lot- they couldn’t stand the interrogation and leaked the news-what happened would make them fall down and pray for their lives in a low voice.

After a strange silence, they heard a loud noise.

The poker table was kicked over, and the man spat out curses.

“It’s so noisy that my head hurts!”

Gaelen threw away the cards in his hand, and kicked the table that had been overturned.

He threw away the cards in his hand, and his depressed face looked even more hateful. “Paul was right. She’s just a woman. What can we do? A group of motherfuckers are still shouting here. Why don’t you go and find the two boys back? What the hell does the pier

have to do with me?”

The pier's not his place. he won't lose anything if the pier was destroyed.

However, he didn't know if the two men who had been arrested were alive or dead.

While they were arguing, a yellow-haired boy who was guarding the exit of the corridor ran in crazily.

“Boss, we found Mark and Louis in the forest!”

The two had been interrogated by Draven and Nick respectively.

Everyone became nervous when they heard this.

“Where are they? How are they?”

All of them were taking a hand in such dirty business, and they knew they would be imprisoned or even die one day.

Other people's fates were very likely to be theirs.

That was why they couldn't wait to know more about Mark and Louis.

The yellow-haired man didn't dare to look at them. He lowered his head and said, “They're seriously injured. The wounds are all over their body. We have secretly sent them to the hospital at the foot of the mountain, and...”

Get Boplis

He didn't seem to dare to think about it, and his voice became lower and lower.

“And what? Hurry up and tell me!”

Gaelen was so angry that he wanted to slap this guy in the face.

The yellow-haired man didn't dare to delay any longer. He said hesitantly, “And because we found them in the forest, they were hurt by wild beasts...”

He didn't dare to continue, but everyone could roughly guess what was going on.

In the mountains, there was still blood on their body. It was still a sunny day yesterday. What else could happen?

www

The yellow-haired man probably thought that everyone was frightened, so he added.

"But Mark and Louis are still alive. They have been sent to the hospital in time. They should be able to be rescued."

"Fuck! Son of bitch!"

Gaelen swore, turned his head aggressively, and ordered, "Let's go! Bring that woman here! How dare they treat my buddies like this? I'm shameless if I don't return the favor!"

"But Gaelen, this woman's identity seems to be unusual.

Paul, with a pockmarked face, next to Gaelen couldn't help persuading him. Although he was angry, he still hesitated to say it out loud.

"Besides, they didn't say that they would hurt this woman. What if..."

"What?"

Gaelen roared and interrupted him. "Do I need them to command me? Do you really think they're our friends just because they gave us some money? You idiot, he's come from Washington D.C.! After he leaves, will he be able to control things happening in

New York?"

"That's right."

Paul said in a timid voice.

Gaelen snorted and said, "Those bastards. To put it bluntly, they spent money on us,  
Chapter 437 Jake It Out.

Get Bos

you think

and wanted us to do dirty things for them. If something really happens, do they will care about us? In the words of their businessmen, what are we called...'

"Outsource," Paul added from the side.

"Yes! We are their outsource!"

Gaelen scolded angrily, "The rich from Washington D.C. don't care about us. Look at Mark and Louis. They were almost taken away by wild beasts in this forest. Will they care about us? We can only avenge ourselves!"

The indignant words made everyone on the scene excited and began to shout.

Without waiting for Gaelen's order, someone went to bring Cierra out.

She was locked in a huge cage, and the rusty smell was a little disgusting.

It was said that someone had planned to build an amusement park on Mount Shasta.

They wanted to hire some acrobats and lion jumps in the fire into the theme park.

After those things happened, the project was naturally put on hold.

As for the things that were being transported up the mountain, they were naturally put aside and used as a tool to imprison Cierra.

At this moment, she was curled up in a corner of the cage, resting with her eyes closed.

Ever since Patrick had been taken away this morning, she had been locked up by this group of people.

During this period, there was no water or food.

Other than sleeping, she couldn't think of any other way to preserve her strength.

Hearing the argument outside the cage, Cierra lowered her head and frowned slightly.

She regretted spending so much effort to get Patrick out of the cave.

She just wanted to do things with a clear conscience.

She didn't feel guilty about looking for Patrick, but if he really passed away unfortunately because of a fever on the mountain, it would have nothing to do with her.

The only thing she did wrong was probably trying to take Patrick down the mountain by herself.

As Cierra closed her eyes and thought, she heard Gaelen's furious voice.

"Get her out. Mark and Louis are still lying in the hospital, but this woman is sleeping soundly inside!"

As soon as he finished speaking, the sound of the iron chains was heard along with the sound of the huge cage being opened.

Unwilling to Give Up

The moment the door of the iron cage opened, the people around began to roar at the top of their voices.

They were like a group of primitive people who had lost their minds, shouting excitedly at their prey.

No matter how tired Cierra was, she couldn't continue pretending to be asleep in such a situation.

She raised her eyes slightly, looked at the excited crowd around her, and pursed her lips tightly.

Some spat at the cage, some stuck out their middle fingers at her, and some chewed gum as if they were sizing up a product.

Cierra felt slight disgust for that sort of gaze. However, in the current situation, other than temporarily obeying them, there seemed to be no other option.

What's more, hiding in a cage was useless.

She slowly moved her body and walked out of the huge cage.

Every time she moved, the shouts around her would be amplified.

“Gaelen, this girl is quite good-looking! She looks quite familiar. She looks like a star.”

“Which one? Hurry up and search. It would be great if she was really a star. There are even photos of us bragging outside as evidence.”

“What star? There’s no such person. But there are indeed reports about her on the Internet, but we can’t find anymore...”

“Who cares! Anyway, she’s beautiful, and we won’t lose anything. No wonder she’s rich man’s lover. She looks different.”

“Gaelen why don’t you go first?”

The discussion continued, and every single word that Cierra heard was nauseating.

Especially for the small-eyed old man in the lead. He narrowed his eyes and sized her

1. This caused Cierra to feel even more annoyed.

“She’s indeed a pretty decent girl. Paul is right. The woman raised by a rich family is really different from our girlfriends. She even looks pretty with mud all over her face. I just don’t know how excited to have sex with her.”

Gaelen rubbed his chin and looked around, and the crowd burst into laughter.

“Gaelen, do you want to have sex with her? Can we follow you?”

“That’s right, boss. Give it a try!”

The laughter grew louder and louder, and the shadows surrounding them slowly shrank toward Cierra.

What kind of feeling was that?

It was as if the nightmare that she had experienced had reappeared. The hand that had reached out to her was coming at her again, like a thin and numb net rushing toward her.

Those horrible memories in the depths arose, those gesturing at her with knives to scare her that they would stab her in the face again.

All kinds of dirty words around her, which were similar to what they were saying at the moment.

The only difference was that she could only cry but could do nothing else at that time.

Now, she had more courage to resist.

Probably because they look down on her because she's a woman, they didn't tie her up when they locked her up.

Although Cierra had not eaten anything the whole day and was exhausted, she could only suppress her disgust and force herself to recover.

When Gaelen's dirty hand reached toward her, she also punched Gaelen hard.

The people around were in a panic. Roars were heard one after another, accompanied by

curses.

The farce played out in the room, and the people outside could not have peace.

The dilapidated winding road was abandoned because no one passed by. The speeding cars in the middle of the night were frightening under the moonlight.

"Sir, please drive slowly. This road is not plain. If something happens, it will be terrible!"

The mountain road was bumpy, but the car did not slow down at all.

Even if the people in the car didn't look out, they couldn't help wondering if the car would fall down when they saw the green hills and abyss in the moonlight.

The winding road turned again and again. If one's vision was not good or his reaction was not good enough, he might not have enough time to brake and drive the car directly down to the abyss.

They didn't know who built such a road years ago, yet no one had repaired it now, causing it to be so horrifying.

In the beginning, Patrick impatiently answered after hearing Clavin's words along the way. However, as the altitude rose higher and higher, he could not be bothered to say anything else.

At this time, Calvin's tone became weaker and weaker. In the end, he couldn't help but

shut his mouth.

When the car arrived at the destination, Patrick pushed the door open and got out of the car. Ignoring the wounds on his body, he walked straight with a cold face.

“Oh my god, slow down!”

Calvin was not young. When he reached a high altitude, he was already short of oxygen. How could he stand the bumpy ride?

However, as soon as he got out of the car, he lost Mr. Patrick’s trace.

Immediately, he could only take out his mobile phone to call those group of people, and he had to chase after Patrick.

Naturally, he couldn’t get through.

At this time, there was a fierce fight in the underground garage.

Get Boros

It was a disgusting and ridiculous fight.

Cierra couldn’t even remember how many times she had been pressed to the ground.

Compared to three years ago, the pain in her body was much greater.

Those sticks and knives cut her body, adding a new wound to the already existing wound.

The scars of the past were covered up, and those humiliating pasts seemed to have left as well.

The new injuries made her stand up again and again, snatch the weapons from their hands, and protect herself.

But she was alone.

When she was pressed to the ground for the first time, Gaelen covered his face and slapped her hard. Two of his teeth had been knocked out.

Then, he lost another tooth.

When Cierra was pressed to the ground the second time, Gaelen asked someone to humiliate her. He cut her clothes with a knife and said some dirty words.

For example, the vague beauty of a woman was the most beautiful. Her clothes were ragged and covered her body, which made people's imaginations run wild.

Then, two punches landed on his eyes.

She couldn't beat a group of people, but she could pick one and beat him. up.

After that, Gaelen retreated to the side and watched the group of people press Cierra to the ground again and again like a cat catching a mouse, making her kneel and lower her

head.

He was probably interested in her. He had never thought that she would resist until now.

It wasn't until Gaelen was a little tired that he bandaged his wound outside the crowd and finally shouted to stop.

"All right, we've had enough fun. Tie her up and throw her directly into the lake!"

Get Bonus

Her words were unclear because he lost three teeth. When Cierra was pressed to the ground again, Gaelen also walked over in his leather boots.

At that moment, Cierra was also exhausted. Her entire body was covered in blood. Only her eyes remained filled with battle intent.

Her eyes reminded Gaelen of the scene when he lost two teeth. Immediately, he kicked Cierra hard.

"Bitch, you hit me so hard. I don't know if my teeth can make up for it!"

Cierra was flipped over on the ground. Pain started to spread from her entire body, and a mouthful of blood gushed out from her throat.

She moved her hand, trying to resist again.

Unfortunately, she had exhausted all her energy and had no time to give it to her to rest.

When her arms were pressed down, she no longer had the strength to struggle.

But she was still unwilling to give up...

Curses and angry screams surrounded her and drilled into her head.

Just when Cierra thought that she would be forced to compromise by reality, a cry of surprise came from the entrance of the underground garage.

Everyone looked in the direction of the sound, only to see the yellow-haired man who was guarding the door being kicked away.

Then, a figure appeared in Cierra's blurry line of sight

Chapter 438 Threat

Get Bogus

The group of people in the underground garage were shocked by the noise and stopped what they were doing. They looked at the door together.

When they saw that it was only Patrick alone, a contemptuous smile appeared on their face.

"He's just an injured good-for-nothing. Who do I think he is? Don't forget that we saved him from the mountain like a dog today."

Gaelen, who was leading the way, stepped forward first, picked up a stick against the wall, and waved it in his hand.

"You ordered us to do dirty things and beat us up. Buddies, I can't swallow this anger. What about you?"

Everyone echoed.

The noise echoed in the empty garage, deafening.

As for Cierra, who was originally kneeling on the ground, was completely ignored. It was as if she had been tossed aside by someone.

Blood flowed down her nose and blurred her eyes.

She couldn't see who the person was, but she vaguely thought about someone.

She was a little uncertain.

The figure looks like Draven or her brother...

She couldn't see clearly.

Patrick, who had barged in, was also bleeding.

He had a high fever for two days, and the wounds on his body had just been stitched up in the hospital this morning. When he came in, he fought with the yellow-haired man who was guarding the door, and the wound naturally split open again.

But he acted as if he didn't feel the pain and just looked at the group of people in front of him with contempt.

"A bunch of ants sure know how to make noise."

Get Boros

Patrick sneered and casually lifted the suit jacket on his shoulder, revealing the hospital gown. It was a little funny, but because of the bloodstains on it, it looked even more terrifying.

He swept his gaze over the shabby-looking Cierra behind this group of people and revealed a playful smile.

"You made my savior like this. Tell me, how should I repay you?"

It didn't seem like he was sincerely treating Cierra as his savior. He deliberately emphasized the words, and no one could tell if he was happy to see Cierra in her current

state, or if he was sad that she was in such a state because of him.

But no matter what, anyone with a discerning eye could tell that Patrick had bad intentions.

Even though they didn't understand what he meant, he was ready to fight.

Gaelen stood at the front. Because he lost a few teeth, his face was a little distorted, and

his words were not clear to hear.

"Fuck, you talk so much nonsense to me. I don't understand. You're just here for this woman. Buddies! Get your weapons!"

As soon as he ordered, the strange confrontation finally dissipated.

The curses rose along with the howls, adding a legendary story to the originally empty and shabby building.

Probably this group of gangsters, who made a living by fighting, had never thought that they would be beaten by two people in batches in less than two hours.

Although he had the strength to fight back, Patrick also suffered heavy losses.

The one with the most serious injuries was none other than Gaelen Butter. He mumbled. curses in a vague voice, but the next second, he was attacked somewhere and wailed in pain on the ground.

The monstrous anger also began to spread on him. First, he was beaten by a woman, and now he was beaten by her lover. How could all the bad things happen to him in the world?

He was unwilling to give up. While rolling on the ground, he felt a strong hatred in his heart.

Get Bogue

Out of the corner of his eye, when Gaelen saw Cierra lying not far away, he suddenly stood up, picked up a broken wooden stick on the ground, and walked toward the unconscious person.

“All of you, stop!”

The roar stopped the fierce fighting for a moment.

Everyone looked in the direction of the voice and saw Gaelen holding onto Cierra with the broken wooden stick in his hand.

The sharp wooden spike was aimed at the woman’s slender neck. If it went any deeper,

it would probably pierce her artery.

Patrick’s face darkened slightly.

He was covered in blood. It was unknown whether it was his or someone else’s blood.

Just like that, he stood with his head lowered in the crowd like a bloodthirsty demon.

Seeing his expression, Gaelen was confident that he would win.

He grabbed Cierra and took a step back. His face was full of ferocity as he said fiercely to Patrick, "Throw away the stuff in your hand!"

Patrick narrowed his eyes and smiled contemptuously as if he was looking at a very stupid fool.

"What, a group of people can't beat me and even used such a dirty trick?"

"Are you going to throw your weapons away or not? If you don't surrender, I'll kill your woman!" Gaelen threatened.

The smile on Patrick's face widened.

He looked down at the stick in his hand, which was almost the same as the one in Gaelen's hand. It had been broken so badly that could not be called a weapon.

However, it just so happened that this group of people were trembling with fear.

He took a step forward, and the people around him also took a step back.

It seemed that this group of dangerous gangsters was the one to be surrounded.

They could be described as being afraid of death.

Get Bogos

Even Gaelen was no exception. "I'm not scaring you. Hurry up and throw away the weapon in your hand!"

Although he threatened Patrick verbally, the wooden spike in his hand poked at Cierra's neck again.

Fresh blood slowly flowed down from Cierra's neck, and there were new traces on her already dried-up blood.

Patrick suddenly remembered the scene of him holding this woman hostage in front of the Barton family.

Unlike this group of people, he was just bored and wanted to tease others.

But this group of people regarded her as a life-saving straw.

What a joke.

“Do you think a woman can threaten me?”

Patrick’s voice echoed in the empty garage with a very feminine smile, which made people’s hair stand on end.

The sight of him covered in blood was even more terrifying.

Gaelen regretted provoking such a dangerous man. If he hadn’t touched this woman, this wouldn’t have happened.

No, he regretted coming into contact with Patrick.

In this way, they would never see such a person, and nothing else would happen.

But now that things had come to this point, he had no choice.

“You, if you were not threatened, why would you come for this woman? I advise you to put down the weapon in your hand, and I can return this woman to you!”

“Give her back to me?”

Patrick looked down at the woman Gaelen had held hostage.

A few hours ago, she was still bickering with him, full of energy, but now she was lifeless.

She even dared to show her canine teeth and bite him when he held her hostage.

And now, she was being forced by this bunch of unranked people that even couldn’t even open her eyes.

He had never treated her like this.

Her life was saved by him from the water. It was not their turn to shout here.

Boom!

A loud sound resounded as flesh and blood sprayed out.

Then, Gaelen slowly fell to the ground.

The whole field fell silent for a moment, followed by panicked screams.

Get Bogot

Chapter 439 A Gift for You, Miss Barton

like frightened animals, people rushed out with fear.

After all, they didn't have anything to fight with Patrick's weapon.

The sound of people falling to the ground also made everyone panic.

All of them fled.

Patrick went in the opposite direction and headed straight for Cierra, who had fallen due to exhaustion.

Perhaps it was because the surroundings were too noisy, or because the body on her back made her sick, but before she could open her eyes completely, she struggled to move aside.

Patrick squatted in front of her, his eyes drooping and smiled.

"You can still move. It seems that you are much more tenacious than I thought, Miss Barton..."

The woman's movements interrupted him before he could finish his words.

Cierra, who had lost consciousness, seemed to know that someone was coming to save her. Her eyes were half-closed as she hugged the man in front her tightly.

Patrick didn't know if it was because of the pain in his wounds or something else, but he froze on the spot and didn't move.

Patrick narrowed his eyes, feeling a chill run down his spine.

Just as he was about to push her away, his movements suddenly froze.

He heard the woman in his arms sobbing weakly. "Why are you so late... Do you know that I almost..."

Almost, how was it?

However, the person in his arms suddenly fell silent, as if she had lost all her strength and fell into his arms.

When Calvin came in with his men, they saw such a scene.

Get Boot

It was like a close-up shot of a dead man in a movie. Her arms hung straight down,

which shocked Calvin.

He walked to the side of Patrick in a mess and glanced at the blood on the ground and the woman in his arms with his aged eyes.

After a while, he said in a low voice.

“Mr. Patrick, my condolences.”

“Who told you she’s dead?”

Patrick suddenly raised his eyes and give Calvin a cold glance.

Calvin’s body trembled. He looked at Gaelen, who was lying in blood, and Cierra, who was covered in wounds. “No, I didn’t mean that...”

The roar of cars came from outside the garage. Judging from the noise, there was more

than one car.

Patrick didn’t have time to listen to Calvin’s idle chatter. He stood up with the woman in his arms and said, “Someone’s coming. Let’s go.”

Calvin’s expression also changed. “But your injury...”

Patrick didn’t pay any attention to him and walked out.

The outside was brightly lit.

The Barton family, the Trevino family, and some other people all gathered here. He could vaguely see the leader under the dazzling headlights.

Patrick stopped in his tracks.

Behind him, Calvin also saw the scene not far away.

The yellow-haired men who had escaped from the garage earlier had been caught and were being surrounded and interrogated.

And Patrick’s car, which was driving up the mountain, had nowhere to hide under the light.

He was afraid that in a few minutes, this group of people would come to the garage.

“Sir, what should we do now?”

Calvin was a little anxious.

In fact, he wanted to propose to leave this woman here.

From the looks of it, the Barton family was here for Cierra.

But on second thought, he remembered how Patrick had rushed up the mountain without caring about his health when he was in the hospital. How could he be willing to return what he had snatched back with great difficulty?

Based on his understanding of Mr. Patrick, even if it was a living person, he would rather kill her than send her to others.

Just as Calvin was thinking about what to do...

However, he saw Patrick turn around and say, “Since they’re here, send Cierra back. It’s

a burden to take this woman with us. Why don’t we hand over the mess to them?”

Calvin was shocked by his decision.

His mind was in a mess, as if he had stopped thinking.

Why was it that every step Mr. Patrick took was different from her expectation when Mr. Patrick came to New York?

At the moment, Calvin didn’t have time to think about it. He could only follow Mr. Patrick and wait for his orders.

Of course, he didn’t stop muttering in his heart.

If Mr. Patrick hadn’t been in such a hurry to go up the mountain or brought a few more people up, the situation wouldn’t have been like this now.

It was a pity that there was nothing he could do to help Mr. Patrick at his age.

He nervously paid attention to the movements behind him and then looked at the scene.

in front of him. Patrick was still adjusting Cierra's movements calmly, as if he was creating a scene of how to kill Gaelen.

He even had the leisure to make an elegant gesture for Cierra before handing a Browning pistol, which had unloaded the bullet, into Cierra's hands.

After doing all this, he smiled and looked at his masterpiece with satisfaction.

"Miss Barton, this is a gift for you. I hope you like it."

Get Bont

There seemed to be some noise coming from outside.

Calvin was a little worried. "Mr. Patrick, they seem to be coming."

Without raising his head, Patrick said in a low voice, "Okay, let's go."

Just as he was about to get up, his bloodstained clothes were suddenly pulled by someone.

"Don't go..."

She was like an abandoned dog, hoping to grab a glimmer of hope and take her away.

Patrick really stopped moving.

The sound coming from the garage entrance was getting closer and closer.

Calvin was extremely anxious. "Mr. Patrick!"

Patrick's expression remained calm as he slowly tore off the fingers that were holding onto his clothes one by one.

"Sh... I'll come back to you."

The noise at the door became louder.

There was also a nervous voice coming from outside. It sounded like a man covered with

pockmarks.

"Right, right there! We, we really didn't do anything to that lady. It was our boss who did it!

“There’s also a man who beat us up. Look at the wounds on our bodies. We were the ones who were bullied. We just took the money and did nothing else!”

“It’s all Gaelen’s fault. We didn’t dare to resist even if we wanted to. I’ll take you in right now, but what’s going on inside has nothing to do with us!”

The man hurriedly distanced himself from the matter and put all the blame on Gaelen.

Get Bogue

Anyway, Gaelen was dead, and the dead couldn’t defend themselves.

In these derelict buildings, there was no monitor as evidence, so they would say whatever they wanted.

This group of people, they were all people with benefits. Naturally, they would place their lives on the line.

What Paul said was that they nodded in agreement.

In short, Gaelen was the only one who had done bad things. It had nothing to do with them how badly Cierra had been injured.

In the garage, Patrick heard everything and chuckled.

Humans were really interesting creatures.

The footsteps were getting closer and closer.

As soon as he turned the corner, Patrick would encounter the group of people rushing

1.

He still walked unhurriedly to the stairs of the emergency passage, covering the wound on his abdomen. Calvin followed him.

There was a faint layer of blood on the ground.

When the group of people stepped into the garage, the last drop of Patrick’s blood fell on the stairs.

Chapter 440 Haven't You thought about how to smooth things over?

The underground garage was in a mess.

The two figures lying in blood made people's hearts tighten.

The two people, who should have fallen together, were in a confrontational position, which made the chattering pockmarked man, Paul, suddenly shut up.

How could... this be?

Everyone's footsteps stopped because of the scene in front of them, and even their voices stopped.

After a moment of silence, someone rushed over in the first second.

"Cierra..."

Draven's heart skipped a beat. The moment he saw Cierra, he rushed over.

His mind went blank.

While listening to the chatter of the people who were caught, he was still thinking about how badly she had been injured.

In his mind, he could only imagine the way Cierra was being held hostage by Patrick.

Even if there were traces of being pinched on her neck, she could still fight back, tenaciously.

He didn't expect to see such a scene when he came in.

It was even more terrifying than every nightmare he had had before.

Afraid that something would happen to Cierra, Draven hurried over to check on her.

Noticing that she was still breathing, he felt a little relieved.

But when his palms and arms felt the wet blood on her body, his irritability and anger wrapped him tightly.

"It's okay, Cierra. It's okay.

"I'll take you home now. You're safe now."

He took off his coat and wrapped the girl in it. Maybe because he was too nervous, his voice was a little trembling. After trying several times, he took Cierra into his arms.

After that, Nick and Coby arrived.

The news they received was delayed, and it took them a lot of time to go down from the mountain to look for someone.

When they rushed over, they saw that Draven was holding Cierra in his arms with trembling hands.

Nick's heart instantly constricted, and he charged over hastily.

"Give her to me. Let me have a look."

"My brother is a doctor. There's a medical car waiting outside. Take her there to have a look first." Coby caught up with him.

Draven glanced at them and pursed his thin lips.

Out of his eye, he saw the yellow-haired man with a shocked face not far away, and his eyes suddenly darkened.

He carefully put Cierra into Nick's arms and said, "I'll leave her to you. Let me deal with the people here. I hope Doctor Barton won't let her feel pain again."

Nick's movements were light and steady. He glanced at Draven and said, "She's my little sister, I will."

It was different from what he had imagined.

Before this, Nick had never thought that he would speak to Draven in such a calm tone.

Nick had thought that when he saw this man, he would think about turning Draven into a bloody hole with a scalpel. And in the end, he would be sentenced to a minor injury.

He didn't expect that he would take his sister from Draven.

Nick didn't dare imagine what would have happened to Cierra if he was a step later.

Without further ado, Nick nodded at Draven and left with Cierra in his arms.

Only Draven and his men were left in the garage.

90.86%

Get Bonus

The bodyguards in black suits and ties surrounded the group of yellow-haired boys.

Draven was still standing where Cierra was lying before, looking down at the bloodstains on the floor.

He picked up the Browning pistol, put his fingers into the trigger, and lowered his head as if he was studying it.

Suddenly, the muzzle was aimed at the person at the entrance of the garage.

eyes

Paul immediately knelt down. "Please spare our lives, sir! This lady's condition really has nothing to do with us. It's, it's all that person's fault. He's dead!"

He wailed in pain and knelt on the ground, begging for mercy.

The gunshot sounded in his memory, and the scene of Gaelen falling to the ground was

still vivid in his mind. Paul didn't even dare to think that he would die like this.

The smell of blood in the air was strong, but it still couldn't cover up the smell of the urinals.

A trace of disgust appeared on the bodyguards' faces. If it weren't for work, they would have taken a few steps back to avoid this group of people.

Not only Paul but also those young men with colorful hair squatted down. Although they did not wail, their trembling posture also showed their fear.

Draven put away the gun and sneered. "What are you afraid of? I didn't say anything. Look, a gunless gun can scare you to such an extent. How can I believe that her injury has nothing to do with you?"

Paul on the ground kept trembling.

Especially when Draven approached him step by step, his head almost touched the ground.

The man's leather shoes stopped in front of him. It seemed that he didn't want to be stained with anything dirty, so he didn't get any closer.

“I’ll give you one last chance. What happened in the garage? If you lie, all of you will end up the same.”

“S...sir, we, we really didn’t lie.”

Get Bonus

Paul still wanted to fight for the last time. He crawled on the ground and pointed at Gaelen who was lying in blood.

“It, it’s all his fault. It really has nothing to do with us.”

“Then tell me, how did he die?”

Draven lowered his gaze, and his voice sounded like that of a reaper from hell.

Paul shivered. “Just, just...”

His mind went blank.

He clearly remembered that there was a man at the scene who looked very similar to the

man in front of him.

Apart from the scars on his face, they looked almost exactly the same.

It was that man who killed Gaelen.

However... the scene that had just appeared before them was that the Browning pistol was in Cierra’s hands.

If he said it according to the scene he saw, wouldn’t it be different from the scene?

If this man was certain that he was lying....

Paul almost wondered if his memory was wrong!

How could this be? How could this be?

“Haven’t you figured out how to cover up your lie yet?”

“No, no... I...”

Paul was trembling with fear, but before he could finish his words, he was interrupted

by Draven's cold voice.

He raised his eyes and glanced at the person kneeling on the ground.

Take them all out and interrogate them separately. If there is anything wrong, leave a Hole in everyone's body. If you can't interrogate them, you will have to suffer the same thing with Cierra."

Get Borus

He had to make someone pay for every wound and scar on her body.

As soon as he finished speaking, this group of people was dragged out.

Everyone begged for mercy, but the leader, Draven, was not in the mood to listen at all.

He turned around and looked at the mess in the garage. He imagined what had happened to Cierra here.

What on earth had she gone through to end up like this?

He almost thought...

Every time he thought of that possibility, he would feel depressed.

He walked around in his leather boots and his eyes finally fell on the huge cage, and finally stopped in front of it.

He rubbed his fingers against the rusty cage for a moment and imagined the scene of those bastards surrounding the cage. At this moment, Draven wished he could pull them

out and whip them!

How dare they!

"Clang!"

He suddenly lifted his foot and kicked the huge cage away.

As the rust fell, the iron block weighing more than 100 pounds moved a little, and its crooked feet pointed to a place, leaving a trace of blood.

Instinctively, Draven looked in that direction.