

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 441

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Chapter 441 Rescue

“How is she?”

After learning that Cierra had been rescued, the first thing William and Jaquan did was call Nick.

At that time, Nick had just gotten out of the medical car, and his face was serious. “There may be skin trauma all over her body. According to my preliminary judgment, two of her ribs are broken. The specific situation needs to be sent to the hospital for examination. I have simply stopped the bleeding. Although it is not life-threatening... the injury is not light.”

He didn't know if he should be glad that he came in time so that Cierra wouldn't be in danger of being unable to be rescued. Or he should blame himself for not keeping a close

eye on her, causing her to suffer like this.

They had not forgotten the first time they had seen Cierra.

At that time, Nick was abroad. When he received a call from his brothers, he rushed over, only to see a girl in a wheelchair covered in injuries.

Nick remembered that Cierra didn't want anyone's help even when she was in that state.

She wanted to give it a try first. If her broken body could do it, she would smile at them and ask for praise. If she really couldn't, she would put on an innocent smile and ask her brothers for help.

It seemed that he had never seen her sad.

Perhaps she had quietly hidden her sorrow in the dead of night and shed all her tears.

So when they saw her in the daytime, she was always as bright as the sun.

Nick was born with detachment and he felt extremely happy so long as he saw Cierra's smell.

He hoped that Cici would pay more attention to him, but was afraid that she would be too enthusiastic and that his indifference would ruin her enthusiasm.

Therefore, it was better for him to keep a proper distance from Cierra.

Cat Bo

When he interrogated the truck driver in Los Angeles the last time, Nick thought that although he couldn't keep an eye on Cierra all the time like his brothers, it was good to seek justice for her in a place where others couldn't see.

He didn't expect to see such a scene when he saw Cierra again.

He saw scars all over her body on a mountain, its height more than 1000 miles above sea level.

She had suffered it once before. Why should she suffer the same thing again?

At the same time, Nick's hatred for the person who inflicted the wound intensified.

Anyone related to this kidnapping deserved to die.

Next to him, Coby had the same idea.

The two brothers did not delay. They asked Nick, who was studying medicine, to escort Cierra to the hospital, while Coby brought some people back to the underground garage.

If they handed all those people over to Draven, it would more or less show that they were incompetent as older brothers.

When Coby found Draven, Draven had just returned from the underground garage.

His face was gloomy. It seemed that he had been defeated because he had not obtained.

the result he wanted.

When Draven saw Coby, he felt a little better and greeted him politely, "Hello, Landen."

What Draven was more familiar with was Coby's stage name, Landen, the one that Coby

had claimed to the public.

After this meeting, Draven still felt a little strange.

He misunderstood Coby's relationship with Cierra in the past, and then there were rumors on the Internet. Now that Draven thought about it, his heart still had a layer of embarrassment that could not be erased.

Coby's expression was indifferent. "Mr. Trevino, you don't have to care about these formalities at this time. Just call me whatever you want."

Get Bogus

Draven nodded and didn't dwell on it.

He knew that Coby came here alone for something else, so he didn't hide it. "Mr. Barton, what do you want to ask?"

"I do have something to trouble you with."

Coby didn't beat around the bush. He went straight to the point and said, "Thank you. for your concern about my sister in the past two days. But no matter what, Cierra is still my sister. I hope you can leave those who hurt my sister to me."

Draven understood what he meant.

Those people... When he thought of the scene of Cierra lying in blood in the garage, a haze appeared in his eyes.

He didn't refuse Coby's proposal, but he didn't want to hand those people over just like that.

"Mr. Barton, as your request, I have a reason to hand them over. I just asked someone to take them out. Please come with me."

"Mr. Trevino, you're too polite. Thank you."

Coby didn't lose his patience. He leaned to one side and let Draven lead the way, following him.

He looked back at the mess inside and frowned slightly.

"Was Mr. Trevino alone inside just now?"

There was no need for further questions between smart people.

Instead of treating Coby as an outsider, Draven told the truth. "I saw blood in the emergency passage of the garage just now. I guessed that someone had left through the stairs, so I chased after him to have a look."

"So that's how it is."

Coby nodded and glanced at him out of the corner of his eye.

Seeing that he had returned empty-handed, it was obvious that he hadn't found anyone.

No wonder Draven looked so dim when he saw him just now.

Get Bo

However, since Draven dared to follow them alone, he could be considered a bold person. In this regard, Coby still had some admiration for this young master of the Trevino family.

Draven would probably bring a group of people with him if he were an ordinary person.

However, Coby was still prejudiced against his sister's marriage to Draven. Even though Draven had repented now, he could not change his prejudice.

So when Draven asked about Cierra's situation again, Coby didn't give him too much information.

"Cierra has been sent to the hospital by Nick. Her life is not in danger. It's all thanks to you, Mr. Trevino."

As for the others, he didn't say anything else.

Her broken bones were given to Draven. There was no need to mention the new injury in front of him. It seemed a little hypocritical.

Draven had seen her look before, so he knew that Cierra must be seriously injured. But when he saw Coby's expression, it was obvious that he didn't want to talk to him, so he didn't ask any more questions.

Soon, he'd brought Coby over to the tent where those yellow-haired brats were imprisoned.

Those people were all low-class gangsters. They usually did illegal business, helping people to collect debts or to make a living. They earned some shady money.

It was also because of the amount of money Patrick had paid that they were able to go up to Mount Shasta.

Therefore, as soon as they were separated, they spat out everything they had seen and heard.

Not to mention that Gaelen had died in front of them before. As long as they thought of Gaelen's miserable situation, they would tremble and spit out all the truth.

Soon, Ryan sorted out the testimony and roughly figured out what was going on at the Scene.

After hearing what had happened to Cierra, Ryan's expression turned serious.

Get Bonus

When he went to find Draven with the information he had obtained from interrogation, he put away his usual casual attitude and looked a little pale.

His footsteps were a little heavy. When he looked up and saw Draven in the dim light, he

rushed over.

"Draven, I...

Chapter 442 Pitiful

His voice stopped abruptly when he saw Coby.

Ryan knew that the Barton family didn't have a good impression of them, and he instantly felt a sense of reverence as if he'd seen an elder, so he couldn't help but speak involuntarily.

Coby had no impression of Ryan West.

In his impression, his little sister's attitude toward Ryan was not bad, and she even treated him as a friend.

Therefore, he had no prejudice against Ryan.

Draven glanced at him and said lightly, "If you have anything to say, just say it. There's no need to avoid Coby. In addition, the people you interrogated just now will be handed over to the Barton family later."

In Draven's

eyes,

those yellow-haired boys were no match for Patrick.

In his heart, Patrick was the culprit who had injured Cierra to such an extent.

If it weren't for Patrick, she wouldn't have been kidnapped and fallen into the hands of those hooligans.

It was more or less shameful for them to put the blame on those low-class people, and it was a waste of energy.

However, since the Barton family wanted those people, he would do them a favor.

Anyway, the result was no different from being in his hands.

Ryan looked hesitant. "Draven, aren't you going to find out what those people did to Cici before sending them out?"

Those who handed them over to the Barton family would indeed come to no good end.

But if he knew what these people had done, he would probably regret not having personally inflicted pain on them.

Giving revenge to someone else was naturally different from taking revenge personally.

For example, the brothers of the Barton family were probably feeling a little disgusted

Get Bogus

right now. It was Draven who had found Cierra first, not them.

But now was not the time to argue about this.

Soon, Draven understood what Ryan meant. His eyes darkened as he asked, "What do you mean?"

Coby's gaze swept over as well.

Ryan couldn't endure the pressure and spoke about all the information he'd obtained from the interrogation.

From the time when Cierra was locked up in the cage, to the time when she was pulled out to endure the group attacks.

She was pressed to the ground again and again and then struggled.

Of course, he was not ignored when Patrick arrived in time.

The group of yellow-haired boys didn't know Patrick's name, but they didn't forget the rest.

No matter what, Gaelen fell in front of them, leaving behind a pool of blood, an unforgettable shadow.

They had never seen such a scene before.

The biggest fight they had ever seen was nothing more than two groups fighting with sticks. They had never seen a gunshot before.

This group of gangsters was separated and they were told that if they didn't tell the truth, they would all end up like this. Naturally, they didn't dare to hide anything anymore and just said what they saw.

The only selfishness was to say that they had been forced to join, and not to do anything

to Cierra.

There were even people who pulled down their clothes and revealed the scars on their bodies to prove that they were the ones who were beaten up by Cierra. They simply did not have the ability to beat Cierra up.

As for how Cierra became like this, it should blame on Gaelen. It had nothing to do with people like them who did odd jobs.

At first, there were still a few scheming people who wanted to push all the blame onto Gaelen, who was already dead. Unfortunately, everyone was separated, and what they said did not match. Naturally, Ryan erased them as meaningless confessions.

In the end, he told them how it really went down.

Sure enough, when Coby and Draven heard that, their expressions changed drastically.

"Mr. Barton."

Draven spoke first and turned to look at Coby.

“I’m afraid it will take some time to hand over this group of people to the Barton family. Can you wait for me to do something and send them to the place you designated tomorrow? Or, I can stay here and wait for you to come over tomorrow before making other plans.”

Coby couldn’t wait for tomorrow, so he stopped pretending to be polite to Draven. “Enough, there should be a lot of people here who bullied my sister. Why do you have to make me wait for another day? Take me there.”

At this point, it would be unreasonable to refuse again.

Moreover, there were so many people here, it’s OK that Coby was involved.

Draven was tired of fighting alone.

It was not bad for one more person to take revenge.

In fact, Ryan had even joined in on the revenge. He had returned to those people what they had done to Cierra.

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He was sweating profusely.

After the fight, Coby felt more comfortable with Draven.

Draven also took the opportunity to ease the tension between them and ask for information about Cierra’s hospitalization.

According to the Barton family’ temperaments, he might not have a chance to see her again.

It was true that he saved Cierra, he might be forgiven for a few minutes. But after that,

Get Boys

he could only be refused by Cierra.

Draven thought he should take advantage of this chance.

It wasn’t that Coby didn’t know what Draven was thinking, but he didn’t tell him directly.

Coby changed the topic. “When I saw you earlier, you said that there were bloodstains in the stairwell. I wonder if you have seen anyone?”

According to the information gathered by Ryan, there was likely another person that had rushed over before they arrived. Merely, they were uncertain as to whether that person had come to save Cici or merely wanted to take her away.

Since Draven had caught up with them and there were bloodstains, he could see something, even if he hadn't caught up with the

guy.

As for the Browning pistol in the underground garage.

It was not hard to guess that someone dared to carry that thing with him.

But only a handful of people in New York dared to be so bold.

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It was not difficult to guess who the strangers were, and they already had an answer in their hearts.

However, no matter what, he was the one who kidnapped Cierra in the first place. As such, they could not let this matter slide.

Coby changed the topic to tell Draven an answer.

The other party was Draven's elder brother. In the eyes of the Barton family, kinship was more important than anything else.

Although he didn't know what was going on with the Trevino family, who could guarantee that they weren't in cahoots in the end?

The Barton family wanted to make an enemy of Patrick, but who knew if they were making an enemy of the Trevino family?

Of course, Draven was aware of Coby's probing words.

He said without hesitation, "I've never lived with Patrick, and I've never seen him

Get Borus

before. I don't know why he came to New York, but I'm sure that he kidnapped Cierra to force me. Don't worry about my relationship with him. We're born to be enemies."

They had been competing for nourishment since they were born. Although they had

never seen each other since they were grown up, the elders in the two places secretly compared them.

It was true that they were born to be enemies.

Some brothers and sisters were blood-related, while others... seemed to be born to kill each other.

“Poor man,” Draven thought to himself.

Chapter 443 A Lunatic

In the hospital.

Cierra had been unconscious for three days.

Since she was sent to the hospital from Mount Shasta three days ago, there had been not sign of her waking up.

But the doctor’s examination showed that except for the two broken ribs, the rest of the injuries were all superficial.

Logically speaking, Cierra shouldn’t have been unconscious for so long.

Even if she needed to rest for a long time for her exhaustion, she should have woken up by now.

Although the doctor said that Cierra wasn’t in a life-threatening situation, her unconsciousness was still worrying-

The Barton family even invited Dr. Charles to check Cierra. He showed that Cierra needed to rest and she would wake up one day.

There was no other way but to wait anxiously.

During this period, William and Draven investigated the people that Patrick had arranged in New York.

To begin with, New York was not under Patrick’s control. In addition, he had come here on a whim. The people he hired were a motley crew, so it was easy to investigate them.

It was just that Patrick was indeed mysterious, and there was no trace of him so far.

Draven didn’t forget the old man who had provided him with the clues. After dealing with the matter at hand, he went to the old house of the Trevino family.

The old man had been living in the old mansion for the past few days.

No matter what, he was still a member of the Trevino family.

By the time Draven arrived, the old man had just returned from the nearby mountain.

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In the past few days, he had a regular schedule. After getting up in the morning, he did some exercise. After breakfast, he went to the nearby mountain to have a walk and came

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back when it was almost time for lunch. In the afternoon, he drank coffee and read the newspaper.

The old man didn't look surprised when he heard that Draven was here.

After washing his hands, he saw Draven standing in the back garden with a warm smile on the old man's face.

"Did you just come from the hospital? Have you visited your mother by the way?"

The old man sounded like Draven's eldership who had been staying in New York.

From his words, it was obvious that he knew what Draven had done in the past few days.

Instead of answering his question, Draven glanced at the coffee pot in the old man's hand, then the precious orchids in the garden. Draven raised his eyes slightly.

"You seem to be used to living in the old house."

There was a hint of sarcasm in Draven's tone.

The old man laughed loudly. "I was born here, naturally I'm used to it. You, a junior, don't know the past and aren't even willing to call me grandpa now. This truly disappoints me!"

Draven lowered his eyes.

He indeed didn't know the origin of the previous generation, but he could find something from the old man's words.

For example, the Trevino family in Washington D.C. also came from New York.

They went up in the word and settled down in Washington D.C. Some of them who were despised by the family were driven back to New York. If anyone in the family realized hometown is where the heart is, he or she had to return here.

The old man sat down on the rattan chair with ease, pouring a cup of coffee and tasting

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“Have a sit. Lunch is in preparation. Stay here and have lunch with me. If you have time. in the afternoon, go to the hospital to see your mother. No matter what, she gave you the life. You can get close to and cherish others, but don’t forget your blood relatives.

Draven glanced at him indifferently and sneered, “Don’t you think it’s ironic?”

If the Trevino family attached great importance to bloodlines, why would they take away one of Patrick and Draven at their birth and ‘evict’ the other clansmen?

Draven hadn’t known until now that there were other bloodlines in the Trevino family. It could be seen that the Trevino family just wanted ability-strong people, which was no different from selecting goods.

So-called bloodlines didn’t really matter that much to them.

That was why Draven felt the old man’s word ironic.

The old man didn’t care about Draven’s rudeness and poured a cup of coffee for him.

The old man said with a casual smile, “It’s inevitable for people to make mistakes in their lives. The Trevino family didn’t care about these things in the past, but now that they do. You young should give us, old things chances to correct. What’s more...”

After a pause, he sat down on the chair and turned to look at Draven.

“Time determines our choice, though our current choice seems a bit absurd in the current situation.”

However, it couldn’t be denied that the Trevino family had relied on “keep the strong” to thrive and become the top in Washington D.C., and no one had been able to shake it so far.

If it weren’t for the lack of offspring, the old man wouldn’t have to go back to New York to look for Draven.

Draven understood what he meant, and didn’t bother to talk to him.

Draven got straight to the point. "What's your purpose in coming to New York this time? Or, what do you want from me?"

The old man chuckled. "According to seniority, you should call me Grandpa. Naturally, I'm here to visit you.

Draven stared straight at him, but couldn't see any emotion in his eyes.

"I came to see you with gratitude because of the promise I made to you in the hospital. If you don't have anything to tell me, I don't think there's a need for me to stay here any longer."

The reason why Draven came over was because the address provided by the old man was correct.

The old man had saved Cierra, so Draven could not repay kindness with ingratitude and forget the promise he had made at that time.

But the old man's words were really awkward and full of unimportant verbiage, which made Draven feel annoyed.

If they continued to chat like this, Draven didn't mind leaving without giving him a face.

"Young man, you still can't keep your cool."

The old man sighed and shook his head.

He put down the coffee pot, and sat up straight on the rattan chair, signaling Draven to sit.

Draven glanced at the chair opposite him, pursed his lips, and sat down.

The old man finally stopped keeping Draven guessing. "You are indeed the reason why I came here. I think you have met your brother before. I raised him myself. What do you think of him?"

As soon as Draven sat down and was about to tidy up the cufflinks, he paused and asked, "Which aspect do you mean?"

The old man was still smiling. "Any aspect you're interested."

Draven tidied up the sleeves of his suit, picked up a cup of coffee in front of him, and drank it up.

He put down the cup and said, "He's a lunatic."

Patrick was a complete lunatic.

Chapter 444 He Will Agree

The smile on the old man's face deepened.

Logically speaking, he should have been furious.

A child who was brought up by him was evaluated to be a lunatic. As an elder, how could

he tolerate such an evaluation?

However, there was no anger on his face.

The old man even smiled and nodded in agreement.

"Patrick is indeed a little willful. There are no rules that can restrict him. He was indeed like a lunatic. It's really not good to be too willful."

The old man spoke in an unhurried manner, which made Draven a little impatient.

"What is this old thing trying to say?"

Just as Draven was about to ask him directly, the rest of the old man's words made him stop.

The old man raised his eyes and looked at Draven seriously.

"I came to New York to invite you to Washington D.C. to take over the Trevino family. Are you willing?"

For a moment, Draven didn't understand what he meant.

Draven frowned, pursed his thin lips, and did not answer.

The old man's tone was still the same. "If you're willing, you can stay here tonight. I'll show you the current situation of the Trevino Group. If you're not willing, it doesn't matter. I'll go back in a few days, and you can pretend that nothing happened. You can still be the overlord of New York and have nothing to do with the Trevino Group."

"What about Patrick?" Draven asked.

The old man intended to hand over the Trevino Group to Patrick.

However, the lunatic was really disobedient and did whatever he wanted, so they planned to change a person.

As for why they chose Draven, it was probably because there were no other suitable candidates, so the old man could only come to New York and find him who had been abandoned by them back then.

It turned out that he came to find Draven to work for them.

The old man smiled and said leisurely, "If you promise me, there won't be anything to do with Patrick anymore. What will happen to him later depends on his ability."

Patrick was just an outcast.

If he had the ability to protect himself, then he would naturally have the ability to survive and live a good life. If he couldn't, those he'd offended in the past would make him live in hell.

Draven knew his true intention.

He caressed the coffee cup and lowered his eyes. "If I don't agree, can I really continue to be an overlord in New York?"

He came to New York with a purpose and wouldn't leave so easily without getting what he wanted.

What's more, he even helped Draven find Cierra for no reason.

Draven had never believed that a pie would fall from the sky. He had to remain vigilant.

"What? You don't believe me?" The old man was amused by Draven's vigilance.

What he wanted was nothing more than someone who was willing to take over the Trevino Group.

If Draven refused, he couldn't force him.

However, Draven had just suffered a loss, so it was not his fault for being vigilant.

At this time, the dinner was ready.

The old man had lunch early and was already a little hungry.

The old man got up from the chair and patted him on the shoulder. "Think about it carefully. If you're not willing, I won't force you. I just think maybe you're more suitable than Patrick in business. Of course, Patrick is freewheeling, but it doesn't mean that he

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is incapable. You're not my only choice. Think about it carefully."

Draven understood what he meant.

The old man was hinting that if he refused, the Trevino Group would still be Patrick's.

Draven and Patrick were just like two horses to the Trevino family. If they couldn't train one well, they could try the other one. In addition, if it was worse, they could continue to train the other one.

Anyway, they were all top-notch. They just needed to choose the more obedient one.

Before the old man left, he didn't forget to remind Draven.

"By the way, no matter what choice you make, you can rest assured about your own safety. Although the Trevino family in Washington D.C. is unwilling to admit the poor relatives in New York, you are still a descendant of the Trevino family in any case. The Trevino family will not do anything to you."

His old tone deliberately emphasized "you", as if reminding Draven that he was safe, but others might not.

"What do you mean?"

Draven felt threatened, so he questioned the old man without hesitation.

But the old man did not reply and walked slowly towards the dining room with his dragon-head cane.

Draven strode forward and caught up with him.

However, he was stopped immediately by the person who delivered the food just now.

It was an old man about the same age as old Mr. Trevino. He was also dressed in an elegant suit. The way he stopped him was very inconsistent with his age.

His strong palm grabbed Draven's wrist, making him unable to move. Draven could vaguely feel the pain in his bones.

Draven's eyes darkened, and he immediately reached out to resist.

However, the other party had stopped in time and avoided his attack.

"If Mr. Trevino wants to have dinner together, I'll take you there. But if there's anything else, I think you'd better calm down here first."

He smiled. Under the sunlight, though he looked kind and amiable, make people feel irresistible.

The bones in Draven's wrist were still aching. He pursed his lips and did not say anything.

Old Mr. Trevino, who was leading the way, looked back and said, "Ben, why are you stopping him? If Draven wants to come over for dinner, just bring him over. It's dinner time, let's not talk about anything else."

"OK."

Ben nodded.

Then he made a gesture of invitation to Draven.

It was clear that he wouldn't stop Draven this time.

Draven glanced at him warily but he didn't follow him. "I have an appointment with a friend to have lunch at noon, so I won't disturb old Mr. Trevino. As for his proposal, I'll think about it carefully."

Ben maintained his smile. "If Mr. Draven has made up your mind, remember to give me your answer so that I can ask the kitchen to prepare food in advance. Otherwise, it'll be a waste if too much is cooked."

Draven didn't reply and walked away with a cold face.

Behind him, the smile on Ben's face faded slightly.

When Draven was out of sight, he, with a dark face, turned to look for old Mr. Trevino.

The latter had already sat down at the dining table. When he saw Ben coming over, he leaned over and pulled out a chair for him. "You didn't hurt him, did you? You don't know how to control your strength."

Ben sat down and straightened his back. "Mr. Draven is tough. It's not so easy to hurt him."

Old Mr. Trevino chuckled. "With your temper, it's hard to say."

Ben also smiled and didn't linger on this topic.

Get Bonus

He looked at old Mr. Trevino and asked in a more serious tone, "How's the situation on your

side? How's Mr. Draven's attitude?"

Old Mr. Trevino ate his food unhurriedly. When he heard this, he chuckled and said, "He's on guard. He's afraid that we'll trap him."

"What should we do? We can't rely on Mr. Patrick. If the Trevino Group is handed over to him, I'm afraid that he will destroy all of the Trevino family's painstaking efforts." Ben's face was a little gloomy.

Old Mr. Trevino was still smiling. "What's the rush? Draven will agree."

Ben was still worried. "Mr. Draven cares a lot about the daughter of the Barton family. If the Trevino Group is handed over to him, and he marries a girl from a small city like Los Angeles, I'm afraid..."

Old Mr. Trevino nodded. "It's indeed not easy to deal with a love affair."

"Then?"

Ben turned to look at old Mr. Trevino.

The latter's expression remained unchanged, and his smile grew even wider.

"Go ask Calvin what Patrick has been doing recently. If he needs anything, help him. After all, I raised him myself. I have to give him some compensation."

"OK."

Chapter 445 Only Ounce Broken Ribs

At the river crossing dock of New York.

Next to the warehouse stood an old bungalow.

It was lunchtime, and the smell of fireworks came from the corridor, floating to the river and mixing with the mist.

The faint fragrance of medicine mixed with the smell of food was hard to detect.

“Mr. Patrick, I’ve brought it back.”

At the end of the corridor of the bungalow, Calvin stood at the door of the room, holding a small box in his hand. He did not dare to walk in.

Different from the dilapidated surface of the bungalow, the room was small but well-equipped, which could be comparable to a five-star hotel.

Patrick was sitting on the sofa against the wall.

In such late autumn, his upper body was naked. Wounds on his sturdy chest and abdomen could be seen clearly, especially the one on his abdomen. The medicine made

it dark brown, which looked even more terrifying.

Patrick was carefully applying medicine to himself and bandaging the bandages on his body.

Hearing the voice at the door, he didn’t even raise his head. “Put it on the table.”

Inside the box was none other than Browning pistol that had been stuffed into Cierra’s palm on Mount Shasta.

Since it had been taken away by the Morgan family, he naturally had a way to get it out.

“Is there anything else?”

Patrick simply bandaged the wound on his abdomen and ignored the other injuries.

The wound was caused by hitting a rock in the lake, and it was inflamed, so he had to clean it up.

As for the others, they were nothing more than some superficial wounds caused by the fight with that group of people days ago. He didn’t take them seriously at all.

After the wound on his abdomen was bandaged, Patrick saw that the person at the door

had not left yet, so he asked.

Standing at the door, Calvin hesitated and said, "I heard that Old Mr. Trevino has come.

to New York and met Old Mrs. Trevino and Draven alone."

He finished and didn't disclose more.

Hearing this, Patrick paused for a moment and immediately understood what he meant.

He sneered and said, "That old fox can't cause any trouble. Don't worry about him."

Calvin was anxious. "But Mr. Patrick, if old Mr. Trevino sees Draven and hands over the

Trevino Group to him..."

Wouldn't that be equivalent to kicking Patrick out of the game?

However, Patrick didn't care at all. "Do you think they will get what they want if they hand it over to Draven? Draven is not easy to deal with."

It was easy to guess what that wily old fox was thinking.

The old fox just couldn't restrain him, so he wanted to find someone who was obedient and sensible.

Or that old fox just wanted Patrick to compete with Draven and choose a more suitable person to be in charge.

Heh... Did he really think he was the king?

At the thought of the competition, Calvin was convinced that Patrick had come to New York to compete with Draven.

But now, most of their people in New York had been removed by Draven, and Patrick had also been sent to this place. It seemed that Patrick had been abandoned by that old fox. Calvin couldn't help but feel anxious.

"Mr. Patrick, since we've already come this far, why don't we think of another way?"

"How far have we gone?"

Patrick pretended not to understand his words. He bent down and took out the Browning pistol on the coffee table, twirling it between his fingertips.

Suddenly, he raised his hand and pointed it at Calvin.

Calvin was so frightened that he forgot what he was going to say for a moment. He cried

out, "Mr. Patrick, please take it back! It will be terrible if it goes off!"

Patrick sneered and put it back casually. "There's no bullet. What are you afraid of?"

Fortunately, Calvin had watched Patrick grow up and knew what kind of temper he had.

He looked helplessly at the young man in front of him and said earnestly, "Oh my god, please stop."

"Although we won't get much profit this time, old Mr. Trevino watched you grow up. If you go and admit defeat in front of him, there may be a turning point in this matter.

Otherwise, if the Trevino Group is really handed over to Draven, I'm afraid..."

"Isn't it better to hand it over to my younger brother?"

As usual, Patrick looked freewheeling, which made Calvin speechless.

After a long while, the latter added hesitantly, "How, how can this be better?"

All other families in Washington D.C. were scheming against each other and using all kinds of dirty tricks in hopes of controlling the share.

Why was it even better in his mouth?

Patrick replied casually, "It's better that Draven works for those old foxes, isn't it?"

Patrick had to manage the whole Trevino Group, so he didn't even have time to rest and was extremely tired. At the end of the year, he had to give dividends to those rich young

men who didn't assist. Was he a fool?

Wouldn't it be better to leave those trivial tasks to his dear little brother?

Patrick glanced at Calvin, who couldn't speak, and didn't want to talk about this with him. He changed the topic and asked, "How's the person I asked you to keep an eye on?"

Naturally, he was talking about Cierra.

That night, they came down from Mount Shasta. Before he could bandage his wound, he

ordered someone to the hospital to keep an eye on her.

Other than that, he didn't have any other order.

The hospital belonged to the Chamber family in New York. It was not easy to bribe people in the hospital.

At present, their people in New York had been dug out by Draven, so they couldn't do other things.

Hearing this, Calvin replied patiently, "I've arranged for someone to protect Miss. Barton. There's news that her life isn't in danger, but she hasn't woken up yet.

Patrick, who had been looking at the ceiling in boredom, suddenly sat up and said with a serious face, "It's been three days. Hasn't she woken up yet?"

Calvin was stunned by his gaze.

He braced himself and said, "Yes." Seeing that Patrick looked even more serious, he explained, "The doctor didn't say what's going on, but according to the daily observation, there's nothing wrong with Miss Barton's body. As long as she wakes she'll be fine."

"Which hospital?"

"The Cambre family's Sky Hospital."

"They quack!"

Patrick was still silent.

Calvin didn't dare to agree. He just lowered his head and didn't look at Patrick.

Once Patrick got angry, he was as hard to deal with as the old foxes of the Trevino family.

Calvin didn't dare to scold him, so he could only lower his head and bear it silently.

up,

Patrick's face darkened. He grabbed something on the coffee table and asked, "How is her injury?"

Calvin had seen the medical record of Cierra and didn't hide it. "I heard that the most serious injury on her is only ounce broken ribs, and the rest of her body are only superficial wounds. It shouldn't be a big deal."

Hearing this, Patrick shot him a cold glance.

Get Bonus

"Only ounce broken ribs?"

Patrick was still silent.

Only then did Calvin realize how ridiculous his tone was.

But he felt wronged. After all, no matter how seriously Patrick was injured in the past, he didn't care about it at all. If Calvin broke ounce ribs, Patrick wouldn't think it was a big deal.

Calvin didn't consider that the injured one was Cierra.

Fortunately, Patrick didn't blame him, which made him breathe a sigh of relief.

But the next second, he was on tenterhooks again.

The man on the sofa got up and casually put on a coat. "Go to the hospital with me.'

IL