

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 446

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Chapter 446 Old Man!

At six o'clock in the evening.

It was the time for dinner, the kitchen in the old mansion of the Trevino family was busy.

Old Mr. Trevino wanted to have a taste of seafood. The chefs were preparing meals in full swing

When Draven arrived with his men, the smell of food slowly wafted out of the kitchen.

Having lived in Washington D.C. for a long time and missing his past lives in New York, old Mr. Trevino even cooked personally.

His face was full of smiles when he smelled the delicious aroma of the food.

Just as he was about to bring the food out of the kitchen, he heard Ben's voice at the door. "Mr. Trevino, Mr. Draven is back."

Old Mr. Trevino didn't answer. He carried the steaming food to the dining room.

"Get out of the way! The newly steamed fish is hot. Be careful not to get it on your body."

He made this steamed fish himself, so naturally he served it himself.

Old Mr. Trevino was in a good mood. After putting down the dishes, he picked up his fork, tasted it, and nodded in praise.

“Well, the fish in New York are fresh. We don’t often eat them in Washington D.C. When we have fewer things to do there in the future, you can come back with me if you are interested, Ben.”

Just as Ben was about to remind him of Draven, he was interrupted by someone outside

the dining room.

Draven barged in aggressively, with his darkened face.

However, old Mr. Trevino pretended not to know anything.

He was still tasting his cooking and even generously recommended it to Draven. “You’re back? You haven’t had dinner yet, have you? Sit down and eat with me. I cooked

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a few dishes myself. Have a taste of them!”

With a cold face, Draven stared at him as if he was trying to find something on his face.

But he was so good at pretending that Draven couldn’t see through it at all.

Behind him, Ben pulled out a chair and said in a much more polite tone than in the afternoon, “Please take a seat, Mr. Draven. We can talk over dinner.”

Old Mr. Trevino was eating the fish. When he heard this, he nodded in agreement.

“Ben

is right. Let’s eat first. There’s nothing better than eating.”

He picked out the fishbones and put the piece of fish into Draven’s bowl like an

understanding old man. “Come on, sit down. Ben has pulled out a chair for you. As for

what I told you this afternoon, you can give me an answer after dinner. But I think you’ve thought it through since you’ve come here. Im very pleased. I’ll tell you about

the Trevino Group after dinner. What do you think?"

As soon as he finished, he was interrupted by Draven's stern voice.

"That's enough. Aren't you tired of pretending for so long?"

Draven's eyes were filled with coldness as he glared at him. His face, which had already been burned by the fire, suddenly looked a little ferocious.

"Where is she?"

Draven lost his patience and questioned him with a cold face.

Old Mr. Trevino, who was sitting in the main seat, restrained his smile a little. He did not put down his fork and continued to eat his food unhurriedly.

However, as soon as he raised his hand slightly, Ben, who was standing behind him, took a step forward and stood between Draven and old Mr. Trevino.

Ben looked up at Draven threateningly and said, "If Mr. Draven is not here for dinner, then you can leave now. Please don't disturb Mr. Trevino's meal. In addition, we don't quite understand what you said. If you have any requests or need help from Mr. Trevino,

just tell us."

The veins on Draven's forehead bulged. If it weren't for Ben, he would have flipped the table over.

However, after knowing Ben's power in the afternoon, Draven knew that it was useless for him to start a fight, so he could only endure it.

A sense of powerlessness arose spontaneously.

Draven had never imagined that one day he would be threatened by an old man who was related to him by blood.

Even under the pressure of his own grandfather, he had never felt so powerless.

It seemed that he encountered a player with a higher level in a card game. He was suppressed during the battle and had no strength to resist.

In the game, it was level that determined everything. But in reality, it was power and force.

Draven probably had never imagined that one day he would be suppressed by power and

force in New York.

This matter was related to Cierra, so he could only suppress his desire to flip the table over and restrain his tone.

“My ex-wife, the daughter of the Barton family, Cierra Barton, was kidnapped by Patrick you raised a few days ago. Three days ago, her ribs were broken and she was sent to the hospital. After you finished your conversation with me in the afternoon, she disappeared in the hospital. Where is she, Mr. Trevino?”

Old Mr. Trevino finally looked up at him, but he didn't answer Draven's question in time.

There were other dishes on the table. He picked up a piece of stir-fried cabbage, tasted it, and put the fork down. Then he wiped the corner of his mouth with a handkerchief and spoke unhurriedly.

“So you hurried here just to ask me about that girl?”

Draven's eyes were bloodshot and he remained silent. Although he didn't say anything,

the expression on his face was obvious.

Right now, other than Cierra, there was probably nobody or nothing in the world that could cause his emotions to fluctuate to such an extent.

Of course, he didn't come back for what old Mr. Trevino had said in the afternoon.

Get Boron →

Although Draven had no feelings for Patrick and they could even be said to be enemies, it was not necessary for him to replace Patrick like this.

Since their fates had been chosen when they were born, then Patrick would be the successor of his family and as for Draven, he managed the group in New York.

He didn't care about others' company, even if it was a hundred or a thousand times better than his company.

Even if they wanted to hand it over to him, he was unconcerned at all.

But now, it seemed that they were going to force it into his hands.

The stalemate continued for a moment before old Mr. Trevino replied slowly, "The Barton family in Los Angeles isn't worth any of my attention. I'm not in the mood to deal with a little girl. If you're here for this matter, then you can leave now. If you're coming to reply to what I said in the afternoon, then sit down and have a good meal. Let's have a good chat after dinner."

"What are you pretending for?"

Draven interrupted him with a sneer, his eyes full of sarcasm.

"You told me that Cierra was locked up in Mount Shasta. At that time, you were in the mood, but now you're saying that you're not? Old man, aren't you afraid of losing your face by wearing a hypocritical mask?"

As soon as he finished speaking, the atmosphere at the table froze.

In particular, Ben, who was standing in the middle, glared at Draven fiercely. Although Ben didn't say anything, his expression showed that he was cursing.

Chapter 447 Not Worthy

On the other hand, Draven was in a good mood.

Having been with Ryan for a long time, he was more or less affected.

But in the past, his identity stopped him from scolding with such words and tone. Meanwhile, no one was worthy of his scolding. But now, it had become a good way to vent his anger.

He didn't think that the old fox would do anything to Cierra.

Just as the old man said, he was from a wealthy family in Washington D.C., and he looked down on the Barton family in Los Angeles.

However, no one in New York had the ability to quietly take an unconscious patient out of the hospital except the old fox.

In addition to Draven's men, there were also people from the Barton family guarding the hospital.

But in just ounce hours in the afternoon, Cierra who was resting in the ward disappeared.

So who else could have such extraordinary ability except for the old fox from Washington D.C.?

"Mr. Draven, I think the Trevino family's etiquette has been taught by the teacher since you were young. You really shouldn't be so rude."

Ben was still paying attention to Draven's words, and his face was full of dissatisfaction.

Old Mr. Trevino, who was sitting at the main seat of the dining table, said calmly, "Ben, you can leave first. It's understandable that young people are so hot-tempered that they can't control their tempers. Only a robot can remain calm after the people it loves disappear. It's a good thing for the Trevino family to have such a man of flesh and blood."

"I'm not a three-year-old child. It's not necessary for you to play the good cop," Draven

sneered.

There was probably no way for them to have a good meal.

Old Mr. Trevino put down his fork and wiped his palm with a warm handkerchief. "Kid, I can understand that you don't want to recognize me as your grandfather. I can accept that you don't wish to go back to Washington D.C. to take over the Trevino Group. But you can't wrong others. Tell me, why would I take away an unconscious little girl?"

"Who knew?" Draven thought.

To Draven, the old man in front of him was like Patrick. Who knew if he was another lunatic?

At this point, it seemed that the confrontation was a waste of time.

It was a waste of his time searching for Cierra.

Draven stood there for a while, making sure that he could not get the answer he wanted,

and planned to turn around.

However, as soon as he moved, the people at the table spoke up.

"I really don't know why she disappeared in the hospital, but I think I can find her."

Draven paused.

In fact, it was not difficult to guess who had the ability and the intention to take Cierra away.

However, all of Patrick's men were exposed days ago. In addition, Patrick was injured, so no one suspected him at first.

Indeed Patrick didn't have the ability. What about the force behind him?

Who could guarantee that the people brought by this old fox could not be used by Patrick?

After figuring it out, Draven glared at him fiercely again.

Old Mr. Trevino didn't avoid it. "The winner takes all. You should understand this

principle. What you want can only be obtained with enough power, and the same goes for women.”

“Cierra isn’t the goods,” Draven retorted sternly.

Unfortunately, the person in the main seat still had the attitude of looking down on all

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living things. He said in a mocking and disdainful tone, “High-sounding words are just a cover for the weak. In the eyes of absolute powers, not to mention women, you may be a toy.”

Draven was about to retort again.

But when he thought of his birth with Patrick, it seemed that it was true that they were goods.

Only goods could be chosen as the Trevino family pleased.

This kind of rule in powerful families passed down from generation to generation, was selfish and cold. It might seem quite abnormal under the great rules of the world. It would seem meaningless for him to argue.

Draven’s Adam’s apple bobbed as he met the old man’s cold gaze.

“So, you want me to accept your suggestion and replace Patrick so that I can have the ability to find Cierra?”

“It’s just that it’s possible to find her, so you can’t be too confident. After all, I raised Patrick myself. I’m old now, and I don’t know if I can defeat that guy.”

A casual smile appeared on old Mr. Trevino’s face, but what he said left Draven desperate.

If he couldn’t find her, what was the point of his choice?

However, it seemed that Draven had no other choice.

Relying on the Barton family and his ability....

Just as Draven was hesitating, a voice suddenly broke in from outside the dining room.

“Draven, don’t listen to this old man’s lies! Who knows what they’re up to?”

Replaced Patrick? Did Draven have the ability to replace him?

Once that lunatic went crazy, he would be able to kill himself.

Not only Ryan, but also the brothers of the Barton family came in.

Their handsome faces darkened.

Get Bo

All of them were God’s favored ones. They had never suffered such a blow since they were young.

First, their sister disappeared in front of them, and then they found her with the help of others. Now she disappeared under their nose.

There were people guarding the hospital all the time. Almost at the time of going to the bathroom, Cierra disappeared.

The surveillance footage had been erased, and even Cierra’s medical staff’s information couldn’t be found. It could only be said that the person arranged was really good.

Jaquan was standing at the front. He looked at the old man sitting in the main seat and said fearlessly, “Sir, I’m Jaquan Barton from the MRC Group. I heard that you were the one who provided the news of my sister’s whereabouts on Mount Shasta. I’m very grateful.”

He was polite first and then aggressive. After he finished his grateful words, he looked up coldly.

“Since you have the ability to find out information about my sister, I think you should know that her current situation was caused by your people. I hope you can give us an explanation.”

Old Mr. Trevino sneered and did not answer.

In his eyes, the Trevino family was not worthy of his explanation.

Anyway, Draven was a member of the Trevino family.

As for the others, what were they?

Nameless juniors.

Ben was the one who rejected Jaquan and gestured for him to leave.

“Everyone, if you have any difficulties, solve them yourself. Mr. Trevino doesn’t understand what you mean, and he doesn’t want to understand. He helped you last time for the sake of Mr. Draven. Now once again, Mr. Trevino won’t give you hand for no reason. As for the explanation...”

A smile appeared on Ben’s aged face, full of disdain and indifference.

“If you think you have the ability to compete with the Trevino Group in Washington D.C., you can give it a try. Mr. Trevino has always respected strength. As long as you have enough ability, the Trevino family will definitely give you an explanation.”

The implication was that the Barton family didn’t deserve it.

Chapter 448 Safety

“You?”

Ryan couldn’t stand it at all. Even if it was the Barton family who was humiliated, he couldn’t help stepping forward aggressively.

But before he could finish his words, he was stopped by Jaquan.

Jaquan grabbed his wrist, shook his head at him, and reminded him with his eyes.

Ryan was impulsive, but he was not a fool. After realizing it, he could only grit his teeth and swallow his anger. He turned around and glared fiercely at the old man.

Old Mr. Trevino didn’t mind. To him, they were all children who couldn’t turn the tables. There was no need to argue with them.

What’s more, it was really interesting to see their helpless looks even though they disliked him.

After all, they were all young people. They really couldn’t keep calm.

“Everyone, if there’s anything else, you can wait until Mr. Trevino finishes his dinner, or come to visit tomorrow. If there’s nothing else, please be my guests. I’m afraid we can’t entertain you tonight because we didn’t cook much.”

After a moment of confrontation, Ben asked them to leave on behalf of old Mr. Trevino. Naturally, he was talking to the Barton families and Ryan. No matter what, Draven was still a member of the Trevino family.

Ben added, “Mr. Draven, if you want to stay for dinner, I’ll ask someone to bring you. tableware.”

He asked politely, but actually, he was forcing Draven to make a choice.

After a moment of silence, Draven pulled out a chair but did not sit down immediately. Instead, he turned around and instructed his friends behind him. His meaning was very obvious.

No matter if it was forced or voluntary, this decision had to be made.

The dining table was not a good place to talk business, but it had to be said that most of

the important things were discussed at the dining place.

Ryan looked at him helplessly. He opened his mouth but didn’t say anything.

Jaquan also withdrew his gaze. After saying goodbye, he intended to leave.

When he turned around, he saw that William didn’t move and reached out to pull him. “William, go back.”

Like Ryan, William also had a bad temper.

Before leaving, William stopped at the door and glanced back at old Mr. Trevino, who was sitting at the main seat of the dining table.

“Mr. Trevino’s words make sense. Many rules in this world are made for the weak to protect them. But since the rules exist, it has its reason. I have to remind you that ordinary people are the majority in this world. You don’t have many years left to live. Don’t be so arrogant to shorten your life.”

After that, William left without turning back.

At the dining table, old Mr. Trevino was so angry that his face, which had been full of smiles, suddenly darkened.

The older he was, the more he valued life and death.

Especially those who were in high positions and looked down on all living things with condescending attitudes, they were afraid that they would die of old age, and didn't have time to enjoy what they got through their schemes.

But now, a young junior was pointing at his nose and scolding him, cursing that he wouldn't live for much longer, so he was naturally furious.

"You only know how to talk big!"

When they left, old Mr. Trevino finally cursed out angrily.

At the dining table, Draven was a little surprised and glanced sideways at him.

It seemed that sometimes humans really couldn't listen to the truth.

The old man has one foot in the grave, but he's still so concerned about such a curse.

"It makes sense. People who enjoy themselves in the world are naturally reluctant to die," Draven thought ironically.

Get Bo

He didn't take the initiative to talk about taking over the Trevino Group, ate slowly, and didn't say anything else..

After a long while, when Ben calmed old Mr. Trevino down, the old man in the main seat turned to look at Draven.

"Kid, have you determined since you chose to stay?"

"If I say I don't want to take over, will you still help me find Cierra, Granpa?"

Draven raised his eyes to look at him.

Old Mr. Trevino snorted and finally stopped pretending to be an amiable old man.

"You're willing to bow your head and call me grandpa for a woman."

However, Draven didn't care about his sarcasm. He smiled and said, "But, Grandpa, didn't you plan to use Cierra to force me to agree? Regardless of whether it's because of her or not, you've achieved your goal, haven't you?"

Old Mr. Trevino sneered.

That was indeed his idea, but he didn't expect it to go so smoothly.

There were many people in the Trevino family who were troubled by love.

Draven and Patrick's father died for a woman.

He didn't want the Navarro family's eldest daughter, but he wanted a orphan who couldn't help him at all. In the end, he even lost his life for her.

Draven was like his father and did something impulsive for a woman's sake.

Just as Draven had said, as long as he achieved his goal, he didn't care about the process.

Draven was still young. When he officially took over the company in Washington D.C. and saw more people and wealth, he would naturally know that there were many women in the world.

When Draven looked back, he would know how stupid he was now.

Old Mr. Trevino didn't mind enduring the stupidity of the young man, so he was willing to have a good talk with Draven.

99.50%

"Sit down first. Let's talk about it after dinner. As for that little girl, don't worry. She won't die."

"Where is she?"

Draven raised his eyes and glared at him.

Old Mr. Trevino raised his eyes and said helplessly, "Why are you in such a hurry? Is it so difficult for a young man to keep calm?"

Seeing the indifference on the old man's face, Draven was furious.

It was a matter of life and death, but he was indifferent.

Cierra had been seriously injured and had not woken up in the hospital. Now that she had disappeared from the hospital, how could he keep calm?

Old Mr. Trevino seemed to have read his mind and said unhurriedly, "Don't worry. Although I don't know where that girl is, her life is definitely not in danger. You don't

have to be so nervous.”

Draven’s eyes were fixed on him, and his face was full of distrust.

He could only doubt the old fox’s words.

Old Mr. Trevino did not expect Draven to believe it. He was not the passive party. On the contrary, these children still needed to rely on him now.

He could do whatever he wanted.

He pushed the fish forward and said, “Come on, have a taste of this fish. I cooked it myself.”

Draven didn’t even touch his fork.

Old Mr. Trevino didn’t care and said, “Come to the study after dinner. I’ll briefly explain some of the company’s business to you. After that...”

“”

agree to your request. But this is just a transaction between you and me.”

Before the old man could finish his words, he was interrupted by Draven’s cold voice.

‘”

agree to take over the Trevino Group and work for you for free on the condition that I want Cierra to come back safely.

Chapter 449 A Loud Explosion

“Mr. Patrick, there’s news from old Mr. Trevino.”

The bungalow by the ferry was surrounded by a cluster of railings along the river bank. A fishing platform was built in the place where flowers and plants were supposed to grow.

The wooden balcony was comfortable in the cool autumn weather. Coupled with the huge umbrella, the tables and chairs looked even more comfortable.

Calvin waited beside Patrick with a tablet in his hand, and messages kept popping up on the screen.

Patrick placed the fishing rod in front of him and took the tablet casually. “How’s that woman?”

His voice was casual, but the expression on his face became more and more serious when he saw the message on the tablet, and the smile in his eyes gradually disappeared.

Looking at Patrick's strange expression, Calvin didn't know if he should tell him about Cierra's situation.

After hesitating for a while, he spoke out the truth.

"The doctor said it's nothing serious. As long as Miss Barton wakes up and recovers from her injuries, she'll be fine."

"When will she wake up?"

Patrick interrupted him abruptly, as if he didn't care about Cierra's injury.

Cierra was lying on the ground like a puppet, less attractive than when she was conscious.

No matter how beautiful she was, she was just like a delicate corpse. He had seen many beautiful women, so it was meaningless.

Hearing this, Calvin was stunned for a moment. "... Doctor didn't say that. It depends on when Miss Barton is willing to wake up."

"Quack."

Patrick flipped through the words on the tablet and spoke.

After flipping through all the documents and chat history, Patrick threw the tablet aside and said, "Go pack up your luggage and leave New York in the afternoon. Find if there are any extra ferries. Also, pay attention to avoid the old fox's men."

As soon as he finished speaking, he saw that the fishing rod on the shelf had moved a little, so he went to check the fishing line, regardless of Calvin's expression.

Calvin didn't know what to do.

He saw messages on the tablet.

The people in Washington D.C. felt that Patrick was disobedient and wanted to replace, him.

At first, Calvin didn't think that they would go too far. At most, they would scare Patrick with this trick.

But now, it seemed that they really had to support another person.

Of course, it couldn't be ruled out that the Trevino family hoped that Draven and Patrick would fight to see which one of them was better.

But judging from the current situation, Patrick had no intention of fighting with Draven at all.

On the other side, they seemed to have made up their minds.

Seeing that Calvin didn't move for a long time, Patrick turned around and glanced at him impatiently. "Don't you understand?"

The hook was empty, and all the bait had been eaten up, which made Patrick even more

annoyed and impatient.

"I understand, but..."

Calvin didn't know if he should persuade Patrick to give in to the elders of the Trevino family.

But Calvin had watched him grow up. He knew him too well. Even if he said it, it would probably be useless, and it might even make Patrick more determined to leave.

So he changed his words. "It's easy to find ferries, but what about Miss Barton? The doctor said that her ribs are still broken and it's inconvenient for her to move. If we leave New York..."

"Calvin, aren't you thinking too much?"

Before Calvin could finish his words, he was interrupted by Patrick's cold voice.

Patrick didn't even raise his head and was putting bait on the hook with his eyes lowered. He said slowly, "What's wrong? Are you worried about Miss Barton's health?"

Calvin was speechless.

Patrick changed the bait and threw the hook into the water. He said casually and indifferently, "If she can't make it, it's because she's useless. Do you understand?"

Looking at Patrick's serious expression, Calvin finally understood.

Mr. Patrick was used to doing whatever he wanted. Even if he tried his best to get her back from the hospital, invited a doctor to check on her alone, and even gave up his bedroom and changed it into a ward, in his heart, he only treated Miss Barton as a pet. He could spend time and energy providing the best environment for her, but he could abandon her at any time.

It was like a cold-blooded person raising a cat to relieve boredom. Once he felt bored, he could give it to others at will even if he gave it the best before.

That was probably how he felt about Cierra.

On the spur of the moment, he had tried his best to steal her from the hospital in spite of layers of obstacles. He even spent a lot of effort and money treating her injuries. However, when it was time to make a choice, she was naturally not the most important one.

Judging from the current situation, breaking free from the shackles of the Trevino family was more important than Miss Barton's life.

As for Miss Barton, who seemed to be valued, she might not be as important as Calvin.

Calvin sighed in his heart, said he understood, and left.

After Calvin left, Patrick, who was next to the river, glanced back at him.

Get Bots

Then, he abandoned the fishing rod in his hand and picked up the tablet again. The wanton expression on his handsome face gradually disappeared.

His well-defined fingers tapped on the screen. After a while, he threw the tablet directly into the river.

He sneered, and a wanton smile appeared on his face again.

Water splashed in all directions, and the fishing rod abandoned finally moved.

As soon as he pulled it up, a golden carp jumped out of the water, making the sunset glow a little dimmer.

He took the carp off the hook. The sticky feeling in his hand made him frown. The carp struggled in his hand, but his fingers tightened.

It was not until the carp seemed to have no strength to struggle that he suddenly loosened his grip.

The carp also jumped back into the river with a plop.

In the afternoon, it was still a cool autumn day. At night, a gust of wind brought the yellow leaves to the ground.

The bungalow on the riverbank that was normally sparsely populated suddenly became filled with footsteps.

They were as neat as an army.

The rustling sound of fallen leaves was drowned out by the footsteps, and then raindrops fell, falling into the surrounding weeds.

“Are you sure it’s here?”

The man’s deep voice was amplified at night. His tone was calm, and no one could tell his emotion, but it made the voice of the person behind him tremble.

“It’s here. How would I dare to lie to you?”

Calvin had thought that the twins would look like each other, but he didn’t expect that their faces would be exactly the same.

If it weren’t for the uneven scar on his chin, Calvin would have thought that the person

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standing in front of him was Patrick.

Get Bonus

In the dark, the scar on Draven’s handsome face was not obvious, which made Calvin harder to recognize them.

He added in a trembling voice, “Even if I dare to lie to you, Mr. Draven, I wouldn’t dare to lie to Mr. Ben! I’ve accompanied you here in person...”

Before he could finish his words, the man in front of him pushed him away and went straight to the bungalow on the stone road.

The lights in the room were still on, and a classic piano piece was playing. Medical equipment could be vaguely seen beside the bed.

On the bed separated by the gauze curtain, a vague figure could be seen.

Without hesitation, Draven rushed over.

Suddenly, there was a loud bang in the room.

Chapter 450 Get on the Account

When the fire burst out on the riverbank, a cruise ship was on the river.

As it went slowly, neon lights were reflected on the surface of the water, creating circles of ripples.

On the deck at the bow of the ship, Patrick's suit rested casually on his shoulder.

He rested his chin on his hand and looked at the sudden explosion in the bungalow not far away, letting the autumn wind blow on his face wantonly. His eyes were full of smiles, and his well-defined fingers tapped rhythmically on the railing, as if he was playing classical piano music.

"Do you think the sparks are beautiful?"

When Patrick heard footsteps behind him, the rhythm of his fingertips became even stronger. He asked with a faint smile, "What's wrong?"

Standing behind him was a middle-aged man wearing a white coat and glasses.

The man was expressionless. He stared at the fire on the riverbank for a while before, slowly saying, "Mr. Patrick, the lady you brought with you has woken up. Do you want to go and have a look?"

"She's awake?"

Hearing this, Patrick raised his eyebrows and looked behind him in surprise.

He stopped admiring the magnificent fire on the deck and quickly walked into the cabin.

"How is she?"

On the way, he didn't forget to ask.

The doctor followed behind Patrick. "Her condition is not very optimistic. Although she's awake, she doesn't seem to want to communicate with me. In addition, her wound may be infected."

After all, the environment outside was not as good as that of the hospital. There were bacteria everywhere.

Although Cierra had suffered a lot in her early years, the Barton family treated her like a

Get Bogtors ~*

princess. Even a princess would panic when she slept on a pea, let alone a young lady with broken ribs.

Hearing this, Patrick stopped in his tracks and asked casually, "Can you solve it?"

Judging from his tone, Patrick didn't care much.

Thinking that he had a fever in Mount Shasta for days without even treating his wound, he was still fine. Patrick felt that nothing would happen to Cierra.

However, the doctor's expression was very serious. "Mr. Patrick, if you want her to be fine, you'd better find a hospital as soon as possible. If you only hope that she is alive and doesn't care what she becomes in the future, then just ignore what I have said."

Patrick snorted. "Then why are you panicking?"

He entered the inner cabin and pushed open the door to Cierra's room.

She had been in a coma for a few days and had been relying on nutrient fluids to maintain her life. In addition, she was hot, so her face was pale under the light.

At this moment, Cierra was leaning against the headboard with a pillow behind her. Her long hair was scattered on her shoulders, and her palm-sized face was hidden in it. She looked very pitiful.

Probably because she heard the noise at the door, her little head on the bed finally moved.

Patrick also stopped by the bed. He lowered his indifferent eyes and said casually, "You're awake?"

Cierra raised her eyes. When she saw the face in front of her clearly, her dull eyes suddenly lit up, and her voice was weak and soft. "Draven..."

Patrick was speechless.

Cierra didn't notice anything unusual, she stared at Patrick expectantly. "Draven, what's wrong with me? Where am I?"

The laziness on Patrick's body was restrained, and his casual eyes gradually became serious.

He stared at her pale face for a while, as if he wanted to see something from it.

Get Bois

Unfortunately, besides her illness, only innocence and pity remained. Especially her watery eyes, she was like a young child that had been abandoned by her mother as soon

as she was born, and she was pitifully looking for someone to take her in.

Patrick stared at her for a long time, and a line of cold words slipped out of his throat.

"What did you call me?"

Cierra was silent for a moment before biting her lip. Her eyes, which had already been filled with grievance, began to turn red.

She lowered her head and said in a choked voice, "I know you hate me now. You only have Aleah in your heart. But no matter what, we grew up together. Can't I call you like before just because I lost my parents now?"

Perhaps because she felt too wronged, tears fell from her palm-sized cheeks, which made her look so delicate and touching that anyone who looked at her would feel their heart soften.

~"Mr. Trevino..."

The doctor behind Patrick noticed that something was wrong.

Although he didn't know what had happened between Cierra and Patrick, he had heard of the name "Aleah", the big star.

Not long ago, there was even news that Aleah committed suicide and was found out to have had plastic surgery to make her debut again.

No matter if she was still alive or not, she shouldn't have appeared here with Mr.

Patrick.

In other words, she should not have called him "Draven".

Therefore, he could roughly judge that there might be something wrong with her memory.

Not to mention him, even Patrick knew about it.

Hearing his voice, Patrick raised his hand to stop him. "You go out first."

Get Bus

The doctor was stunned. He glanced at the woman crying silently on the bed and said nothing. Then he turned around and left with no expression on his face.

Only Cierra and Patrick were left in the room.

In the quiet environment, the crying was a little obvious, and Cierra felt a little embarrassed when she heard it.

In addition, her body was weak, and crying consumed a lot of physical strength. After a while, she stopped crying.

She carefully wiped away the tears on her face. She didn't know if it was because she was

embarrassed or because she didn't want to look at the person in front of her. She lowered her head stubbornly and didn't raise it again.

In the end, it was Patrick who pulled her out casually. "Have you cried enough?"

Cierra was speechless.

It would have been fine if he hadn't said that. But as soon as he spoke, tears kept falling from her eyes.

Patrick laughed grumpily. "I didn't know that you could cry so much."

He didn't know what was going on with Cierra's memory, but when she got emotional, teasing her like this was quite interesting.

Cierra finally raised her head and glared at him grumpily.

However; the injury on her ribs was too serious. As soon as she straightened her back, the pain made her lie down again, and her watery eyes looked even more innocent.

"Lie down. You're injured. Don't move."

Because of her actions, Patrick frowned. Seeing that there were faint bloodstains on her body, he warned her in a warning tone.

“There aren’t many medicines on this ship for you to use. If you have a fever or the wound gets worse, don’t blame me for not treating you.”

Cierra did not move. Enduring the pain in her head, she finally returned to her first question.

10:29 Mon,

Draven?

This time, Patrick didn’t correct her and didn’t respond.

He silently repeated the name in his heart.

Draven Trevino.

If he were not Patrick, he was Draven...

It seemed to be pretty good.

Thinking of this, he felt a little happy in his heart.

Even his tone became much happier. “Take good care of yourself first. I’ll tell you when you’re better. Is that okay?”

Having lost her memory, Cierra nodded in confusion. “... Oh, okay.”

Patrick covered her with a quilt patiently. “Do you want to eat anything? I’ll go to the kitchen and get you something to eat. Have a good rest.”

Cierra’s eyes fell on his face, but she did not answer his question. Instead, she stared at his eyes with red eyes.

“Draven, why do I feel like you’re a little different?”