

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 5 The Ill-Fitting Gown

Just as Cierra was about to push Aleah away, the person holding her suddenly frowned and let go of her.

Aleah looked at her waist and asked, "Cierra, is this dress not fitting you well? It hangs loosely on you."

A banquet was a competition for upper-class socialites.

And the dresses and jewelry were their weapons.

They would talk about the brands of their Haute Couture and the designers of their jewelry. Out-dated gowns were not allowed, not to say fake ones.

Wearing an ill-fitting gown was also a shameful thing.

The surrounding people began to laugh at Cierra brazenly.

"How hilarious! Mrs. Trevino does not have a fitting dress."

"Be understanding. It's good enough to have a decent dress. Remember, she's just free to come back. Look at her hair. How outdated! No wonder Mr. Trevino doesn't like her! I'm wondering when Mr. Trevino will divorce her, and free himself!"

11

Aleah seemed to hear nothing. She complained to Draven, "Draven, how could you prepare such a dress for

my sister?"

Cierra already knew that there would be such a bridge plot, so she watched Aleah's performance expressionlessly, thinking

that she was childish enough.

Surprisingly, Draven explained, "I didn't get enough time to ask Cierra's size. I thought that you two shared similar figures, so I had the designer customize it according to your size. I didn't expect it to be inappropriate, and there was not enough time to modify it."

The discussion stopped abruptly.

Aleah almost couldn't maintain her smile.

Aleah already felt the mocking gazes of the people around her, as if they were saying that she was fatter than Cierra!

And that dress! When Sprince released it in the Spring/Summer, Aleah wanted that dress. But it hadn't been sold yet, so customers could only get it from the designer.

She didn't expect that Cierra would be the first to wear it!

She also did not expect that Draven would not only give this dress to Cierra but also speak for that bitch!

Taking a deep breath, Aleah tried to look nicer and complained to Draven, "Fine. Be careful next time."

Draven lowered his eyes, and his gaze fell on Cierra as he muttered, "Mm."

Aleah gritted her teeth. She held Cierra and smiled, "Cierra, Draven sent many sets of clothing over this time. There are also different sizes. If you don't mind, you can change to another set. The ill-fitting gown doesn't look good.."

Cierra intended to refuse.

Although the gown didn't fit her, it was quite comfortable. However, when she was about to speak, she changed her idea and said, "Okay."

"The gown is in your old room. You can choose whichever you like. There are still guests here, so I won't go with you," said

Aleah as she withdrew her hand.

"See you later," nodded Cierra.

Cierra held her skirt in hand and was about to leave when someone bent down to help her lift her skirt.

"I'll send you there," said Draven expressionlessly.

Cierra subconsciously looked at Aleah.

That wisp of resentment in Aleah's eyes was not missed by Cierra. But when Cierra tried to see clearer, Aleah was again a sweet and lovely girl. She asked, "Draven, Cierra gave me a birthday present. What about yours?"

Cierra pulled her skirt out of Draven's hand and said, glancing at him, "If a girl is angry, it will be very difficult to make her happy again. You should go get your gift first."

Then she left without hesitation.

Draven subconsciously clenched his fists, but the silky fabric still slipped away from his palm. When he lifted his eyes, only Cierra's slender back was left in his eyes.

Cierra walked straight to the most remote room, on the second floor of the villa.

Before Aleah returned to the Boyle family, she lived in the master bedroom with a balcony on the second floor. But when Aleah was back, she naturally gave that room back to its real master.

Back then, Cierra could read from Aleah's expression that she hated her. Whenever Aleah saw Cierra, she would snivel and talk about her old miserable life. At Cierra didn't live in the servant's room was already the mercy of Young Mistress Aleah Boyle.

However, compared to a remote room, the feeling of having to depend on others was real torture. When Cierra was alone in that narrow room, it was the most relaxed time of her day.

Cierra sighed with emotion and opened the door.

The moment the light was turned on, the door behind her was suddenly closed, which made a loud noise, and the key outside was pulled away.

She subconsciously turned around, and her arms were suddenly grabbed by someone strong.

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