Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

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That was impossible!

Draven quickly dismissed this idea.

He thought, *Cierra is* an orphan. She has not *been in* the *country* for *three years*. Her *fri ends* are all poor people. *How* could she afford to *drive a* sky–*high* sports car?

After being driven away by the Boyle family, where else could she go except to the villa

However, the villa was completely dark.

The master bedroom on the second floor was empty. Other than the newly spread bed sheet that indicated that someone had lived there before, there were no other traces of her.

Even the old suitcase had disappeared.

After Draven returned to Stream Villa, he searched inside and outside, but he had not seen anyone.

His eyes darkened. He called Jason Parker, the special assistant, "Find out where Cierr a is. Sort out the data of her three years abroad and send it to me."

"Yes."

Jason replied, but he felt a little puzzled.

He said, "Mr. Trevino, aren't you planning to divorce Ms. Boyle? Why are you investigating her?"

The atmosphere suddenly became silent.

After a long while, Draven's voice sounded again, full of coldness. "Have you sent the di vorce agreement?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Trevino. I haven't delivered it yet."

Jason said quiltily.

"The contract with Entrustment Design Studio has expired. They say that they don't intend to renew it. We have been busy with this m atter for the past two days. But I haven't seen the designer Sylvia, so the matter betwee n you and Ms. Boyle has been put aside for a while."

Draven frowned. "They are not willing to renew the contract even if the price is three times higher?"

"Yes, they even said that they would not renew the contract even if we paid ten times the remuneration."

Jason's tone was a little anxious. "These three years, the cooperation with Entrustment Design Studio has been very smooth. We never offend the designer. The new contract is attractive enough. For the time being, we have not found

the reason why Entrustment Design Studio is not willing to renew the contract. At present, we are still trying our best to communicate."

Three years ago, Ernest just passed away. The large company was handed over to a yo ung man in his twenties. Draven could not even decide on his marriage. Many directors were waiting to see his jokes.

The cooperation with Entrustment Design Studio directly increased the net profit of the Trevino Group by 300% in the first quarter, and then the business profit kept steady.

The cooperation gave Draven great confidence. Therefore, the other projects were also progressing smoothly in Draven's guide.

It could be said that Draven's success was closely related to the cooperation with Entrustment Design Studio.

Now that the contract had expired, Draven did not understand why they were not willing to renew it.

Draven was silent for a while. "Put the divorce between Cierra and me aside for now. In vestigate the recent movements of Sylvia. I will personally talk about the renewal of the contract."

"Yes!"

It was a week later.

The downstairs of XR Entertainment building, in the black Spyker's seat, Draven's face was gloomy.

"Can't you find any information? Jason, are you so comfortable in the president's office t hat you lose your ability to work?" Jason trembled on the other side of the line. This was the first time he had been scolded so badly in the Trevino Group.

He was also curious. He checked all the surveillance cameras in New York, but he could not find any trace of Cierra.

Even the surveillance video near Stream Villa had been deleted, and even the surveillance of Cierra on the day she returned to the country had been deleted. Cierra seemed to have disappeared directly.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Trevino."

Jason was trembling. "I've already asked someone to keep an eye on the postal addres s of the agreement, but I haven't found any trace of

Ms. Boyle yet. As for Ms. Boyle's three years abroad, she was no different from ordinary international students. She did some part—

time jobs when she didn't have classes. There is nothing strange."

Draven, who was in the car, pressed his eyebrows. "Report to me immediately if anythin g happens."

Jason felt Draven's anger and did not dare to say much. "Yes."

Draven did not forget what he had to do today. He glanced at his watch, and his voice w as a little impatient.

"Are

you sure Entrustment Design Studio plans to contract with XR Entertainment? Will Sylvi a come to see William, the president of XR Entertainment today?"

From the morning until now, Draven had never seen William, let alone the mysterious d esigner of Entrustment Design Studio.

Without waiting for an answer from the phone, Draven's gaze suddenly narrowed. His face completely darkened.

After severing ties with the Boyle family, Cierra slept for two days in William's apartment .

Today, she needed to sign the contract with William and had no choice but to go out.

When she was about to reach the company building, she called William.

Ten minutes later, William appeared with a bouquet of roses.

He walked towards her with his long legs wrapped in a straight suit jacket. His black shir t loosened two buttons. He looked wild and arrogant.

"Cierra, I didn't embarrass you today, right?"

William stopped

in front of Cierra and handed in the bouquet. "My dear Sylvia, today is Champagne Ros e. I hope you like it."

"Thank you, William."

Cierra didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She couldn't refuse all kinds of roses.

She took off her sunglasses and was just about to reach out with a smile when a familia r figure broke into the light, causing her

to subconsciously look over.

She collided with cold eyes in the distance.

Cierra froze. For a moment, she thought she mistook someone for Draven.

Cierra thought, how could

Draven be here? The Trevino Group is not in the Laurel Edifice at all.

"Why is he here?"

William followed Cierra's gaze and was extremely disgusted.

Cierra was stunned for only a moment before guessing why Draven was there.

Draven probably found out that Entrustment Design Studio was signing a contract with XR Entertainment, so he waited here to stop Sylvia, the designer from Entrustment Design Studio. However, Draven did not know that his wife, who he had left abroad for three years, was Sylvia.

"It's not our business."

Cierra casually looked away.

They

They were divorced. Cierra did not want to be friends with her ex—husband. She did not even greet Draven. After taking the roses, Cierra stood side by sid e with William. She looked elegant and gentle.

Draven had never seen Cierra like this.

Cierra's

thick and rustic bangs were all combed back. As her long hair was braided, her delicate and bright face was revealed. She looked extremely eye—catching under the sunlight.

Draven stared at Cierra intently, trying to convince himself that the woman in front of him was not Cierra at all!

Cierra always lowered her head, appeared dull, and even showed timidity as she spoke. How could she be a stunning and charming woman?

But even though they were dozens of feet apart, Draven could clearly see the crescent–shaped scar on Cierra's forehead. When they were a few years old, Draven took Cierra to horse around, and they fell off the tree. Cierra banged her head, which left a scar. Cie rra felt it was cute and refused to remove it. As a result, the elders joked with Cierra eve ry year.

After Aleah returned, Cierra kept her bangs, and no one then mentioned Cierra's childhood.

There were many people with similar appearances in the world. But it was impossible for them to even have identical scars.

Draven thought, the woman is Clerra without a *doubt!*

The person who had disappeared for a week reappeared in front of Draven. Draven walked toward Cierra immediately without thinking about why Cierra was there.

Just as Draven approached Cierra, the tall man who had given Cierra the roses moved forward and slipped his arm around Cierra's slender waist...