

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 411

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Chapter 411 Can You Shut Up?

The sudden voice caused Patrick's movements to pause, and the aura around him suddenly froze. He restrained his laziness.

He glanced sideways at Cierra, who was slowly biting the food in her mouth. With her messy hair, she blinked her dark eyes, looking very innocent.

Patrick didn't go over to listen to what was going on outside. He grabbed the bowl and forks from Cierra and threw them aside casually.

"Hey, I haven't finished eating yet!"

Cierra was in a hurry, but as soon as she poked her head out, she was pressed back into the chair.

"Be quiet, or I don't mind leaving some of your organs here. If you lose an arm or a leg, don't blame me. "

Patrick threatened her. He bent down to grab the rope and tied up her hands again.

Fortunately, it was tied in front of her this time, instead behind her back. She could barely feel better.

Looking at the man's skillful movements, she guessed what he wanted to do and was also thinking about how to leave a signal for the person who came to look for her.

As her thoughts were in a mess, she saw Patrick bending over and lowering his head to untie the hemp rope around her chair.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Cierra raised her hand and fiddled with the earrings on her ear.

According to what Patrick said, all the communication devices on her were useless, but it seemed that he was going to take her away.

If they went out, it might come in handy.

No matter what happened, turning on the power first was better than nothing.

As Cierra had expected, Patrick untied her from the chair in order to take her out of the room.

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However, this method was somewhat different from what she had imagined.

He let go of the hemp rope that tied her up in the chair, but her feet were tied together again, making her unable to move.

When Cierra was carried onto Patrick's shoulder, she felt as if the food she had just eaten was about to spit out.

"What does this man mean?"

It took a while for the world to calm down before Cierra sobered up a little, especially when she breathed in the fresh air outside.

She took a deep breath, held back her disgust, and asked, "Mr. Trevino, where are you taking me? Are you going to negotiate with Draven? Or with my brothers? But there's something wrong with the plot. Other people are all trying to kidnap me and another woman, then they will force them to choose between us. Are you asking my brother and Draven to..."

"Shut up!"

Before Cierra could finish her words, she was fiercely interrupted by Patrick.

As a saying goes, a wise man knows when to retreat. Cierra closed her mouth silently and leaned on Patrick's shoulder to scan the surroundings.

As she had expected in the dark room before, this was the Trevino family's old house, but now she was in the depths of the back mountain, a few steps away from the villa.

With someone carrying her, Cierra felt easy. However, as the road became narrower and narrower, she realized that something was amiss.

"Mr. Trevino, where are you taking me?"

"Shouldn't we go talk to Draven?" she thought.

If he wanted to come into the Trevino Group, or he might have other purposes, or he just wanted to play with Draven.

But no matter what the purpose was, he should have turned back. Why did he run into the mountains?

Patrick was at ease carrying her on the shoulder. Hearing her question, he chuckled and said, "My lovely brother brought so many people up the mountain. What if I get hurt when I take you to meet him?"

"But is there a way in this mountain?"

When Cierra was young, she had walked inside out of curiosity, but that place was full of

thistles and thorns, unable to move at all.

How could they, adults, walk a path that even children couldn't walk?

Moreover, even if there was a way to get in, wouldn't it be the same when they came out?

"What on earth does this lunatic want to do?"

Cierra struggled with the rope in her hand and tried to break free. However, the rope was tied into a dead knot. It was truly troublesome.

Cierra sighed and raised her head to look in the opposite direction they were walking in.

Not far away, the villa was brightly lit, reflecting starlight and a little warmth in the hazy rain and mist.

Looking closer, it was the small house.

She didn't know how long she had been locked up inside, but she was still in a trance after being carried out by Patrick.

There seemed to be a lot of memories about Draven in it.

There was also a seriously injured person.

Pa!

Just as Cierra was looking into the distance in deep thought, a light sound landed on her buttocks, causing her to shiver and her mind went go blank as well.

“Are you crazy?”

At practically the same time, a furious roar escaped Cierra's mouth.

She had never been humiliated like this in her life!

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This person must be out of his mind!

“Miss Barton, if you moved again, don't blame me for doing something to you.”

Patrick wrapped his arms around her slender waist and suddenly tightened.

Sensing this, Cierra immediately laid down obediently.

But she still couldn't help complaining, "Even if it was my fault just now, you shouldn't have... Don't you understand that there is a distinction between men and women?"

Patrick sneered, "Miss Barton is still in the mood to think about this even at this time.

Believe it or not, I'll throw you out."

"Let some people teach you that sometimes you should let go of your human thinking?"

Hearing this, Cierra stopped making a fuss. She bit her lips and looked down at the road

under her feet.

Cierra guessed that they should be heading south. The trees they passed by were all lush in this direction. Although they changed directions in the middle, they turned back.

Cierra didn't know how long they had been walking. All she knew was that she was bumpy like a sack.

She didn't know if the person carrying her was tired or not. Anyway, she was about to throw up.

She couldn't help but tilt her head. "Hey, Mr. Trevino, are you really not tired? Are you a robot?"

Patrick ignored her.

Cierra continued, "I saw that you stayed with me the whole night, and you didn't seem to have eaten anything. Aren't you hungry?"

Patrick was speechless.

"Your have great strength. Aren't you tired after walking for so long? Why don't you put me down and rest? I... Hmm..."

Before Cierra could finish her sentence, she was suddenly thrown to the ground, making her dizzy.

Get Bonus

Fortunately, the road was covered with a layer of pine tree leaves. At this time of late autumn, there were no lush thorns on the branches, so she was not injured.

However, she was jolted all the way and her head was dizzy. It took her a long time to recover.

She had no strength and her hands and feet were tied. She didn't bother to get up and just sat there.

If it weren't for the fact that the ground was wet and made her uncomfortable, she would have wanted to lie down like this.

She propped herself up with her arms and twisted her body in disgust. When she looked

up, she met Patrick's disgusted gaze.

Cierra didn't mind at all. She was also very disgusted with him.

After sitting for a while, she felt uncomfortable and talked to him.

"Mr. Trevino, can you pull me up? The ground is covered with water. I..."

"Can you shut up?"

Cat Boys

Chapter 412 I'm Really Aggrieved

"But I can't control myself. Otherwise..."

Cierra wanted to say that if he was unwilling, he could find a subordinate to chat with her or pull her up, but when she turned her head, she realized that there was no one else

around except for Patrick.

She didn't know where they were, and whether the positioning device on her earring could connect to the signal or not was a problem.

If this man intended to leave her alone in the barren mountain, there seemed to be nothing she could do.

However, Cierra was not so pessimistic at the moment.

If Patrick wanted to kill her, he would have countless opportunities.

He could kill her at L'Opera Restaurant or the small house. There was no need to bring her to the barren mountain and carry her over personally.

He was a madman, not a fool.

After making sure that her life was not in danger for the time being, Cierra decided to do

as she was told.

Otherwise, if something really happened in the deep mountains, the loss would outweigh the gain.

"Have you made your decision?"

"What decision?"

Cierra, who was lost in thought, was suddenly interrupted and asked subconsciously.

"Do you want to join me and play this game with me?"

Raindrops from the trees in the mountains gathered and fell, hitting Patrick on the forehead. The raindrops slid down his nose like a drop of delicate tears.

If he hadn't been so arrogant, it would have been a delicate picture of a beauty crying.

In the words of praising those superstars on the Internet, it was called- the broken feeling.

But Cierra knew very well that she could not be fooled by this man's

Get Bots

appearance.

Although he had the same face as Draven, he was completely different from Draven.

When Draven was a jerk, he was indifferent to her verbally at most, but he had never done anything illegal.

If she had really been deceived by the face; she would have died outside long ago.

Cierra retracted her gaze from him to her tied-up wrist and she forced a smile.

"I don't think I have a choice. I have no other choice but to consider participating in your game."

"Yes, so I'm asking if you've made up your mind."

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In other words, if she didn't make up her mind, he could let her continue to think about

1.

Cierra understood this verbal trick, but she still couldn't help asking, "What if I refuse to participate in your game, Mr. Trevino?"

Patrick chuckled as if he was looking at an idiot. "You said you had no choice and you asked such a stupid question. Miss Barton, did you eat too much just now and get your brain burned?"

Cierra was speechless.

Well, she was in a passive position now. If she refused, who knew what this lunatic would do to her?

Even if Patrick didn't do anything and left her here, she had no choice but to wait for someone to

to save her. After all, she couldn't walk with her legs tied up.

If she could walk, it didn't matter even if her hands were tied.

Cierra hid her thoughts and forced a smile. "I'm just joking. Please don't take it to heart, Mr. Trevino."

So let's go."

Patrick had enough rest. He raised his hand and glanced at his watch. His expression

Get Boggs

suddenly turned cold. He walked over and pulled Cierra up from the ground, intending to carry her again.

Cierra clasped her hands together and pressed them against him. After hesitating for a moment, she said, "Well... Mr. Trevino, aren't you tired of carrying me all the time? Why don't you untie the rope on my leg? I'll go with you, so..."

Her voice became softer and softer when she met the cold gaze. She was afraid that if she said one more word, she would be thrown into the wilderness by this lunatic.

She might as well shut up.

She forced a smile and pretended to be weak and at the mercy of others.

To her surprise, she thought that he would ignore her words and carry her like a sack. However, after glancing at her, he bent down and untied the hemp rope that bound her feet.

Having lost the bindings and being able to move her feet, Cierra immediately felt much better.

She walked around for a while like a fool who had just tamed her limbs. She smiled, unaware of the danger at the moment.

Patrick narrowed his eyes and looked at her for a moment. He looked down at his watch and interrupted her in a cold voice, "Miss Barton, look at how happy you are. Do you want me to help you untie your hands and stay here all the time?"

Cierra was so engrossed that she almost nodded in agreement.

But when she looked up to his unhappy black eyes, she had no choice but to apologize humbly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Trevino. What are we going to do next?"

When Patrick met her bright eyes, he felt a little impatient. He was so annoyed that he suddenly regretted it that he had tied her up here on a whim.

But at this point, there seemed to be no turning back.

He couldn't just play half of the game.

He pulled out a warm smile and pulled her closer to him. He tied her right hand with his left hand with the hemp rope that had tied her feet just now. He even tied a very complicated knot.

Cierra was speechless.

Get Bopos

Patrick was very satisfied with her expression. He smiled and raised his hand to pat dirty face.

"Of course, let's start on our escape route. Didn't Miss Barton promise me."

"You have already decided to join this game with me."

Escape? Game?

His tone was very gentle, but the words that came out of his mouth shocked Cierra.

This man was getting crazier and crazier.

Even in that pitch-black room, Cierra didn't feel that much shock.

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On the one hand, she had experienced more cruel things than that. On the other hand, when she was a child, she had practiced the situation of being kidnapped with Draven, so even if she was afraid, she didn't feel surprised.

But now, she really didn't understand what the lunatic in front of her was thinking.

First, he carried her into the mountain, and then he asked her to participate in his escape. She couldn't understand what he was thinking.

However, if she could understand the logic of a lunatic, she would probably be out of her

mind.

Cierra had no choice but to follow the hemp rope on her wrist and set foot on this path.

of neither destination nor return with Patrick.

She didn't know how long she had walked. She stumbled all the way and could only hold

1.

This lunatic acted as if he didn't know how to get

red. He didn't care about Cierra at all, who was held behind him all the way. He just kept walking forward with his head down. His steps were big, and he didn't stop at all to wait for her.

From time to time, Cierra needed to run after him. When she was exhausted, she cursed

in her heart and even wanted to kick him in the ass.

If she had known this, she wouldn't ask Patrick to untie the ropes on her feet. She

Get Borus

should have let this lunatic carry her on his shoulders so that she wouldn't have to suffer!

While she was cursing, Patrick, who was walking ahead, suddenly stopped.

Cierra was caught off guard, she bumped into the man's sturdy back. It hurt so much that her nose twitched and she almost burst into tears.

What was even more hateful was that her hands were tied to Patrick's, and she couldn't

even raise her hands to comfort herself.

When Patrick turned around, he met her red eyes, which were full of complaint and grievance.

Chapter 413 Under His Foot

Cierra's grievances were limited to this moment. When she met Patrick's cold eyes, she didn't even dare to breathe too presumptuously.

She didn't know how she had provoked this lunatic so that he suddenly had such an expression.

After all, she didn't say anything along the way. She didn't even make a sound as she endured the destruction of various branches.

Could it be that... this person didn't want to play anymore?

Cierra's heart tightened. She swallowed all grievances and asked tentatively, "Mr. Trevino, is there no road ahead? Or, is there any other problem?"

"Give me your device, and I can continue to take you to play this game. Otherwise, you can stay here with it."

Patrick put it bluntly. He went straight to the point and threatened her without hiding anything.

"It's late at night now. They will definitely find you before dawn by the device on you. But guess if you can survive until then? Will your brothers find the same body as the one you saw in that dark room?"

Cierra pursed her lips. Hearing Patrick's words, she couldn't help but think of what had happened to Brian Boyle.

She didn't know if Brian Boyle was dead or alive, but she knew that the madman was definitely a man of his word.

If she didn't take the device out, she might really be hung in the wilderness by him.

Although wild beasts were rare in this season, no one knew if she would die from blood bleeding. She might even be frozen to death in the deep mountains.

But she would never admit that she deliberately turned on the positioning device.

Cierra pursed her lips and said in a low voice, "I don't understand what you're talking about, Mr. Trevino. I've been right under your supervision since the Trevino family's old mansion. How could I have the chance to do these tricks?"

Get Boros

Patrick narrowed his eyes. Before he could raise his hand, he was interrupted by Cierra.

She looked up at him and said, "But since Mr. Trevino said so, I think it should be my fault. You know that I was once in danger abroad, and there were always accidents after

I returned home. It's inevitable that my brothers would worry about me. How about. this? I'll cooperate with you to take out the possible positioning devices on me, and you can continue your game. Is that okay?"

She didn't deliberately emphasize that it was hers. She just admitted the problem first and then took the matter away.

Regardless of whether Patrick believed her or not, she was trying to be nice to him.

But Cierra still felt nervous because she didn't know what this madman was thinking. It, was unknown whether this method could protect herself or not.

As Patrick approached her step by step, Cierra's heart beat faster.

She curled up her fingers unconsciously, thinking about two feasible plans.

If this lunatic continued to play the game, she would wait for an opportunity. She would maintain strength and wait for rescue.

If Patrick didn't want to play anymore, she didn't mind giving up. As the saying goes, a barefoot man is not afraid of shoes. Instead of being toyed with by him, it was better to fight. Even if her hands were tied, it was better than being unable to run away before!

As soon as Patrick stopped in front of Cierra, her breathing even stopped. She was like an infant beast, waiting for the answer.

"Where is it?"

Patrick's apathetic voice fell from above her head. It sounded cold-blooded, but it made Cierra heave a sigh of relief.

She knew her current situation, so she chose to be perfunctory with him first.

Cierra tried her best not to make her movements so obvious and pretended not to know anything. "I'm not sure. Maybe it's the hairband on my head, or maybe it's my necklace. By the way, take off my earrings."

She understood that the device had to be handed over. Since Patrick knew that the device was on her, she would be doomed if it was found out later.

Get Boys

Now that she had taken out all of the possible things as if she didn't know which one of them was installed with the device, which could at least prolong her life.

Hearing this, Patrick did not stay idle. He took off all the jewelry from the top of her head.

The rubber band on her hair, the earrings on her ears, the necklace around her neck, and the ring on her finger.

And... the golden red rope beads tied to her ankles.

It was a gift from Lydia. The jewelry carved on it was her constellation. She had planned to make a bracelet, but it was inconvenient to wear it when cooking and designing, so she changed and put it on her fair ankle.

Cierra was truly unable to recall it.

Fortunately, Patrick didn't look into the matter. It was just that she felt a little uncomfortable when he took it off.

The action was completely different from that of taking off the ring and necklace. It seemed that he did it on purpose. His long and cold fingers fell on her ankle as if he couldn't find the knot of the red rope. He touched around her ankle before finding the knot with one hand.

Cierra felt a little uncomfortable.

Especially when her right hand was tied to his. When she saw him squatting beside her leg and the back of her hand rubbing against his furry head from time to time, she felt itchy and uncomfortable.

Cierra couldn't help but say, "Mr. Trevi

the beads were given by Ms. Navarro. Draven hasn't seen it yet, so there shouldn't be a problem. If you can't unbuckle it, why don't we forget about it? If you don't believe me, you can take a look at it later. If there are any other problems, you can do whatever you want with it."

They didn't know what time it was in the morning. There was a layer of fog in the deep forest, and Cierra was wearing a jacket.

She felt a chill run down her spine, not to mention her ankle, which the trousers had been lifted up. She was so cold that she got goosebumps.

Get Bonus

It was rare that Patrick didn't untie the red rope.

His long fingers flashed across her white skin and he stood up again.

The man's eyes were dark, and he stared straight at her in the dim forest as if he wanted

to eat her alive.

His Adam's apple bobbed up and down, and his voice was as lazy as ever, even sounding

a little devilish.

"Since Miss Barton said so, I won't take it off. The knots of the rope are really troublesome, but..."

Cierra was scared by the stare and instinctively took a step back. Suddenly, she heard the voice and froze. "but... but what?"

Looking at her frightened and pale face, a bright smile appeared on Patrick's face. "But Miss Barton's skin is fair and suitable for this kind of jewelry. If we could get out of here, I would like to give you the same one."

Cierra was speechless.

Feeling nauseous again, Cierra suppressed her disgust and forced a smile at Patrick.

"Mr. Trevino, please don't joke around. Even if you can afford it, I may not be able to accept it."

"Can't accept it, or don't want to accept it?"

Patrick took a step forward and threw away the necklace and ring he had taken earlier. The green gemstone just fell at Cierra's feet and he trod the jewels under his foot.

Chapter 414 What's Your Purpose?

Cierra looked down and saw the jewelry, which her brother had given her, being stepped into the pine wood needle forest. Her heart ached a little.

She put on a fake smile and said, "Why wouldn't I want it? If Mr. Trevino is really willing to give it to me, why wouldn't I?"

As the saying goes, money makes the mare go.

Although she didn't have to worry about money now and could rely on her brothers if she was really down and out, she used to be poor, so she still knew the principle of being rich.

If this lunatic was willing to give it to her, she would naturally take it. It would be worth a lot of money if she sold it.

The person was disgusting, but things were not.

After looking down at her for a while, the expression on Patrick's face suddenly disappeared. "Stop smiling. It's so ugly."

As he turned around and left, he suddenly became indifferent.

"We must go down the mountain before dawn. If they come to us before dawn, I can't guarantee what the situation will be. If we go down before dawn, it means that we have successfully escaped. I can't guarantee anything else, but at least your life is safe, understand?"

"I see..."

Cierra responded in a low voice, and her mind was racing.

She glanced at the man's back and frowned slightly.

It seemed that this lunatic really intended to take this kidnapping as a game.

What on earth was his purpose?

However, Cierra didn't think too much about it. He set the location of the kidnapping in the old house of the Trevino family, where Draven had been punished in the past. It was

obvious that he was here for Draven.

Get Bos

Cierra naturally didn't think that he would be able to guarantee her safety and no other harm after accompanying this lunatic through this journey.

As Patrick had said, he could not guarantee anything but her life.

In that case, why should she listen to him?

It was better to wait for Draven to catch up. Even if her life was in danger, at least the initiative would be on their side.

But now, Cierra couldn't be so sure about this. So she followed behind Patrick and stumbled forward as she had done before.

It was drizzling in autumn, covering the night with a layer of fog.

If it wasn't for the fact that they were being part of it, it would be a beautiful paradise from afar.

However, at that moment, the crowd that were trapped in it all had serious expressions on their faces.

Especially for Draven, who was walking with Ryan, his expression was extremely ugly.

He was the first to rush to the Trevino family's residence. He didn't know that Patrick had left with Cierra at that time, so he could only lead his manpower to search for them.

Ryan went straight to the old villa of the Trevino family. He searched the inside and outside of the house, while Draven went to the small house that had made him have nightmares countless times.

Before he even got close....

He recalled the abyss in his countless nightmares.

The nightmares Draven had had since he was a child had haunted him for nearly eighteen years. Even when Ernest was seriously ill and this hell-like room was sealed, the nightmares in his heart had never disappeared.

He even felt disgusted at the Trevino family's old house. Unless it was necessary, he would never step foot in it again, let alone take the initiative to stay overnight.

Later on, every exception was made because of a single Cierra.

Gi Bogos

And It was the same at present.

Before Draven could get close to the room, his face turned pale.

However, when he thought that Cierra might appear inside, he still clenched his teeth and walked in with fear all over his body.

In the darkness, the footsteps became heavier and heavier, and the sound of the drops in the nightmare became louder and louder, as if they hit his heart and destroyed the defense he had worked so hard to build.

When he was about to approach the door, he suddenly felt a sense of escape. For a moment, he wanted to leave.

But he couldn't!

Cierra might still be in there. Maybe the blood was hers.

If he had come later, the result might have been completely different.

He gritted his teeth and pushed the door open in fear.

The room was pitch-black and overlapped with all the nightmares in his memory. There was a thin layer of sweat on Draven's forehead, and he was almost about to lose.

consciousness.

The strong smell of blood and the rust that hadn't been used in the room for a long time made him sick.

He struggled to stay awake and stumbled inside. His voice was as weak as his current state, but his heart was full of that person.

"...Cierra, are you inside?"

His vision was blurred. It seemed that Draven couldn't adapt to the situation inside. He tried hard to find the figure in the darkness, but as long as he opened his eyes, he would see all kinds of dangerous scenes in his dreams.

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It was as if he had fallen into an illusion. As long as he took a step forward, he would reach the bottomless abyss.

Draven had no choice but to close his eyes.

Get Bogus

As long as he didn't look, he wouldn't be able to see the vastness of Hell.

He closed his eyes and listened to the sound of the dripping water. Except for the sound,

all other feelings seemed to be completely closed.

When Draven touched a wet person, his heart tightened, and all his fear turned into

worry.

He didn't have time to think about anything else. He just prayed that Cierra would be safe. Neither did he dare to imagine what would happen if she really lost too much blood, nor did he dare to imagine where those wounds were on her body.

She had been injured before, and there were scars all over her body. How could she afford to suffer new injuries?

While Draven was afraid that she would be hurt, he felt more worried and guilty.

If it weren't for him, perhaps Patrick wouldn't have come to her at all, let alone hurt her like this.

In the past, she had suffered all sorts of injuries because of him, but now, the source of the calamity was still him.

It seemed that all the troubles in her life were caused by him.

But obviously, he

ad tried his best to stay away from her...

At this moment, he had no time to care about the nightmares of his childhood. He only wanted to take her out.

His clothes were soaked in blood, and his hands were covered with blood, which made him walk faster and faster.

It was not until he stepped out of the corridor of the house and saw Ryan walking toward him that he felt a little relief

There's hope...

"Cierra..."

He lowered his eyes, and the expression on his face suddenly stopped. His dark pupils widened slightly, full of disbelief.

Chantar 41ä What's Your Purnaca?

99.71%

“How could that be?”

Get Bogus

When Draven saw that the person he brought out was not Cierra, he froze.

Almost subconsciously, he put the person down and walked back.

At the same time, his fingers began to tremble violently.

If he remembered correctly, there should only be one sound in the room. If there was no

one else, then... where was Cierra?

Draven didn't dare to think too much about it. All he wanted was for her to be safe.

Ryan followed closely behind.

Ryan called him a few times, but there was no response, so he could only follow Draven

with manpower.

Of course, he noticed Brian Boyle, who had been thrown at the door.

Seeing Brian Boyle in such a miserable state, Ryan did not feel much sympathy for him. In fact, he even felt a bit disgusted.

He glanced around and handed the half-dead man over to his men. Then, he lead two men inside and followed Draven.

Chapter 415 Mark

Get Bonus

Ryan had only heard of the Trevino family's small black house and had never seen it before.

But even though he had imagined it many times, he still felt a little scared when he first stepped in.

As soon as he stepped in, he saw a corridor that was neither too long nor too short. It was dark, just like the scene in some horror movies.

It was hard for Bruno to imagine how Draven had endured such a scene when he was still a child.

The Trevino family looked glorious, but why did it look worse than his family?

His scumbag father was just a jackass. The Trevino family...

Ryan didn't think much about it. At present, the most important thing was to follow Draven inside to look for Cici. If Cici was locked up in such a place, he didn't know if she would have a psychological shadow.

Especially when he thought of Brian, who had been left at the door, Ryan's mood became a bit more serious, and he followed with heavy footsteps.

The power in the room was cut off, and it would take some time to repair it. Ryan could only ask someone to look for Cici with the flashlight.

However, after rummaging through the front and back rooms, they could still not find any trace of Cierra.

For Draven's hideous expression, Ryan had brought the others out first.

Draven would have dug up the ground in the room with his men if it weren't for that.

Anyone who was still rational could see no one in the room. It was obvious that Cierra had been taken away.

However, Draven didn't buy it.

If it weren't for that, he and William had arrived in time and brought Cici's positioner, which the red point was moving; Draven hadn't realized that Cierra had been deep into the mountains. Otherwise, he would have wasted his time in this dark house.

Get Boyas☆

After confirming the direction, the group did not delay and quickly followed the route shown on the mobile phone into the deep mountains.

On the way, they met people from Patrick. It was so dark that they couldn't even see the

moon, which took time.

Therefore, when William found Cierra's earring with others, they could only see traces of it being stepped on the ground. It was messy, and they could not tell the next

direction.

“The positioning device has been discovered and thrown here by someone. They’re playing tricks on us. What should we do now?”

Ryan was exhausted and panted heavily as he followed behind Draven.

William didn’t even look at Draven. After confirming that the positioning device was useless, he put it away flatly.

He rummaged through the pine needle leaves and found Cierra’s jewelry pieces. He carefully wiped them clean and silently put everything in his pocket.

Then, he began to look around to see if Cierra left any traces behind.

However, it was late at night, and he stepped on pine trees.

There were not many traces left at all. Even though they had discussed that this people had not left many traces along the way, not to mention that Patrick had deliberately covered them up and wanted to avoid them.

“They’re heading south.”

After a moment of silence, Draven suddenly spoke in a weak voice,

Everyone turned to look at him.

group of

Draven leaned against the pine tree trunk and stared at where William had just picked up the ring and necklace. He said in a low voice, “Although it’s not easy to leave traces in the mountains, Cierra still put a lot of effort into leaving clues on the ground for us. Look at the trunk and the pine tree traces on the ground.”

The tree trunk was severely worn out, indicating they had stayed here before. It was either because Cierra had tried to get rid of the ve state of the tree or because she had left them clues.

Get Bogus

But along the way, there were not many scratches on the trunk. It could only be the former.

But the marks under his feet were different.

Although the rain had wet the ground and the new pine needles had fallen, and it was impossible to see where they were going in the dark if one looked carefully, one could still see traces of varying depth as if someone had deliberately kicked them.

Moreover, the pine needles touched by someone's toes were all pushed away in one direction.

To the south.

It was the same along the way, but they had the positioning device then, so Draven didn't much. He just silently memorized it and followed William.

say

Until now, the positioner was found.

Ryan couldn't help but stop him. "Are you sure the south? What if your good brother deliberately stays behind to confuse us? Who knows which direction they're going in in this deep forest?"

"Head south first."

After listening to Draven's analysis, William looked carefully in the direction Draven had pointed out just now.

The traces were not evident, but there were regular traces along the way. It seemed that someone deliberately fiddled with the pine needles in one direction.

At that moment, there was no other way apart from this clue.

Bruno agreed. With a serious expression, he said, "Then let's follow Mr. Trevino's instructions. As for the other directions, let's get the people we brought here to look for them first. If we can't find them before dawn, we'll send more people over during the day."

Once the decision was made, the crowd did not voice any objections. Although Ryan was dissatisfied with Bruno, he could do nothing about it. Apart from the unanimous decision, the rest of the arguments increased the time Cierra would be in danger.

After determining the direction, they no longer delayed and immediately headed south.

Get Bogus

On the mountain road a few kilometers away, Cierra was panting heavily, almost all her strength on her feet.

She really couldn't walk anymore. Initially, she was going to trot after a few steps, but this time, she was too lazy to run.

She waited for Patrick to stop and wait for her.

"I really can't walk anymore. Can you let me have a rest?"

She leaned against a tree as if exhausted from running 800 meters.

She would be exhausted even if she walked slowly and didn't run.

A lot of mist and weeds were everywhere on the ground. Although Patrick was leading the way, it was not easy to walk. The wet soil was stuck to her feet, making her unable to move.

Patrick turned around and looked at the messy woman leaning against the tree.

She was already in a mess in the dark room. The man took her jewelry and tendons away

not long ago when they went up to the mountain. It could be said that Cierra was worse than a beggar now, and even her clothes had been cut by thorns.

Patrick's expression was indifferent. "Are you stalling for time?"

Cierra cried out in grievance, "How did I buy you time? You've already taken me everything away, and my brothers can't find a direction. It should be fine to rest for a while. Aren't you tired?"

In Cierra's eyes, Patrick's current image was also very sorry.

The suit he was wearing had also been torn open. He had traveled a long distance, and his body was drenched. His jacket was wet with rain, and his neatly combed hair hung loosely on his head. It was unknown whether the messy hair on his forehead was wet with rain or sweat. He would probably be like a beggar if it weren't for his handsome face.

Only his dark eyes were even sharper in the chaos, forcing people not to dare to look directly at them.

Patrick approached Cierra and sneered. "They can't find us? I think you are quite good at leaving marks. Why can't they find us? Don't you think so?"