

Divorced but Delighted Chapter 1 - 5

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 1 Divorce

“Let’s get divorced.”

After three years of marriage, this was the second sentence Draven said to her. The first sentence was spoken on their wedding night.

Cierra was dressed in a white wedding dress, held the wide hem, and spun in front of hi

m. She smiled and asked him if she was good-looking.

The answer she got was...

“After the wedding is over, I will get someone to send you abroad.”

Then, she was sent abroad for three years and was alone all the time.

She did not expect that she would hear such a sentence as soon as she returned.

Divorce..

On their wedding anniversary.

“Must we get a divorce?”

Cierra did not raise her head. Her long hair covered her face, hiding all the emotions in

her eyes and face.

“Is there no room for discussion?” Cierra asked with a shaking voice.

Draven stared at

her for a long time with his dark eyes. His cold voice was emotionless. “You know, if not

for my grandfather’s illness, I wouldn’t have married you.”

Three years ago, Ernest Trevino was seriously ill. His last wish was to see

Draven get

married and have a family.

This marriage didn’t belong to Cierra. She was the girl

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that the Boyle family mistakenly took back. When she was eighteen, she was informed that the real daughter of the Boyle family, Aleah Boyle, had returned. As for Cierra, she was the person who took Aleah's position for a long time. Everything she enjoyed should belong to Aleah, including the love of her parents and her elder brother as well as the marriage to Draven she was involved in at the time she was born. However, Ernest said that the foundation of marriage was love. She and Draven were childhood sweethearts. Even if Cierra wasn't a real Boyle, they grew up together, and Draven had to marry her. Since the Boyle family still recognized Cierra, the two families would be in-laws. Therefore, Cierra was married to Draven. However, Aleah was diagnosed with bipolar disorder. She could not hear Cierra's name or see her. After learning about the marriage, Aleah even committed suicide. She asked for Draven's company before she gave up. To prevent Aleah's sickness from getting worse, on the second day of their marriage, Cierra was sent abroad by Draven without further concern from him and didn't return until now. Draven handed over a contract. "I have asked the lawyer to draft the divorce agreement. Take a look. If you have no objections, just sign it."

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Cierra lowered her head and took the document. “Can you give me some time to discuss it?”

gest it?”

Draven looked at her. Her thick bangs covered her eyes. Living alone in a foreign country seemed to make her more reclusive.

“If there is anything you are not satisfied with in terms of property, just mention it. This villa will be under your name. I will give you one week.”

After that, Draven turned and left the master bedroom. When his fingers were on the door handle, he glanced into the room. Cierra’s skinny shoulders trembled slightly, and she maintained her posture of holding the contract.

Draven’s expression was gloomy as he closed the door. The room was silent.

A moment later, there was a burst of cheers.

“Jerk! I finally divorced you!”

Cierra looked at the divorce agreement in her hand and couldn’t help but laugh. Her shoulders were shaking even more.

In the three years when she was abroad, she did not receive any care from the Boyle family nor a single word of consolation from her nominal husband.

Even when she was stalked and almost killed, she couldn’t reach out to Draven. Her love had long since been buried in that winter.

After signing the contract happily, Cierra rolled around on the bed. Her bangs scattered along with her long hair, and there was no grievance on her beautiful face.

Just as she was about to pack up her luggage, her phone rang.

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Cierra picked up the phone and said in a sweet voice, “Hello, William.”
William went straight to the point, “Cierra, the people who tried to kidnap you at the airport when you returned have all been caught. They are also involved in the case of stalking you three years ago. Unfortunately, all the evidence is against your adoptive parents and... your nominal husband.

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Chapter 2 Birthday

Cierra was silent for a while.

After a long time, she said in a relaxed tone, “I didn’t die anyway, and I was lucky to find

you. They raised me, so, I’ll just turn the page.”

The sin offset their kindness in raising her.

“Cierra...”

William seemed to want to say something, but someone suddenly knocked on the door.

Cierra ignored the person outside the door. “William, I know what you want to say. But I don’t want to cause trouble now. I just hope that my future will have n

othing to do with them!”

The kidnapping failed, and even if there was evidence, the Trevino family would deny it.

If Cierra could not show conclusive evidence, the Trevino family would accuse her of sla
ndering them.

If the Boyle family knew that her biological parents were from the Barton family, they wo
uld

probably ask the Barton family for benefits greedily with the excuse of raising Cierra.

Therefore, Cierra just wanted to divorce as soon as possible and cut off her relationship

with the Boyle family. Even if her identity was found out by the Boyle family in the future,

it would not bring trouble to her family.

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The knocking on the door became rapid.

“Alright, William, I have something to do. I have to go. Let’s talk next time.”

Cierra didn’t

want more words.

She hung up.

She was not in a hurry to open the door. When the knocking became more rapid,

Cierra

tidied up her bangs and slowly walked

over.

The moment the door was opened, the man outside was still holding his hand

high, and

his face showed impatience.

Cierra looked up and said softly, “Anything else?”

The two simple words showed a sense of alienation.

Draven unconsciously frowned. After putting down his hand, he said

indifferently, “Tomo

row will be Aleah’s birthday. The Boyle family has a banquet. Get everything

else off yo

ur schedule. I will come back in the afternoon to pick you up.”

Cierra blinked.

Aleah.

His tone was so sweet.

“Alright, anything else?” Cierra asked with a smile.

Draven

looked at Cierra’s pretty face. Her emotions could not be read because her eyes

were c

overed by her hair. She just

calmly accepted it.

“Nothing. Rest early,” Draven said as he was about to turn around.

“Wait.”

Cierra called out to him.

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She entered the room and quickly came back. She handed over the divorce agreement he gave her a while ago.

“I have signed it. Take the time to complete the formalities. As for the certificate, you can send it to me when it’s convenient for you. The address is on the last page.”

Draven wasn’t there when they got the marriage certificate. Now that they were going to

get divorced, with his power, the formalities could be simpler.

Draven looked at the document that

was handed over. His gaze shifted to Cierra’s excessively calm face, and there was no

longer any sadness on it.

His

Adam’s apple rolled, and his voice was low and hoarse. “Didn’t you say that you needed

some time to digest it?”

“Will it change anything?”

Cierra felt sore on her hand because she raised it for a long time and just stuffed the agr

reement into Draven’s arms. “And tomorrow is Aleah’s birthday. She should be happy to

know about this news.”

Draven was caught off guard and slowly took the document.

He lowered his head. “What about you?”

“What?”

Draven’s voice was low, so Cierra could not hear it.

“Nothing.”

He put away the document, and after he came back to his senses, he looked at Cierra’s

face. “Rest early.”

“You too.” Cierra took a step back

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As soon as Cierra finished speaking, the door was slammed shut. Draven looked at the tightly closed door, and his face turned gloomy. What lingered in his mind was Cierra's faint smile. He looked down at the document in his hand and turned to leave. Cierra received a call from the Boyle family the next day. Vanessa Foley, Cierra's adoptive mother, asked about the marriage between Cierra and Draven in a roundabout way. Cierra was at odds with the Boyle family. She told the truth. "Vanessa, last night, Draven gave me a divorce agreement. I have signed it." Not long after Aleah returned, she was reprimanded by the Boyle couple. She then called the couple by their names. If not for her marriage to Draven and the reputation of these two families, Cierra might have been kicked out. But even if she stayed, she didn't live a good life in those years. Hearing that Cierra had signed the divorce agreement, Vanessa changed her cautious tone and became arrogant and contemptuous as if she was sympathizing with Cierra. "Today is Aleah's birthday. Come over and see the grant scene." Cierra looked down to hide the coldness in her eyes and replied, "Okay." Vanessa would hang up after the order was given. But today, she paused and added with sarcasm and warning, "Ernest was muddled and randomly paired you up with Draven. But things are back on the right track now."

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Cierra, don't be reluctant. You are lowly, and you are not worthy of the Trevino family. If you were not adopted by the Boyle family, I'm afraid you would never have had the chance to be married into a rich family in your life. You might die on the streets one day. Besides, if not for you, Aleah wouldn't have been away from home for so many years. She even suffered from an illness. You have to be grateful. Although her condition has stabilized, she can't stand any provocation. As her older sister, you owe her so much, so you should care for her."

Vanessa's words were full of disdain for Cierra. After threatening Cierra's life, she used the deed of raising Cierra as moral coercion. However, Cierra was just a baby back then. If not for the mistake made by the nurse because of the earthquake, Cierra would be the apple of the eye of the top family, the Barton family. "I understand."

Cierra responded flatly and packed her suitcase. None of her belongings were in the villa. She came with just a suitcase and would leave with it. Vanessa snorted and hung up. Suddenly, there was a whistle outside the villa. Draven did not get out of the car. Instead, he called Cierra and said, "Get down."

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Chapter 3 The Seat for His Girlfriend

Cierra deliberately dawdled.

She came out of the villa after a second call from Draven.

When Draven saw Cierra jogging over, his slightly furrowed brows smoothed a little. He

turned sideways and placed a gift box on the passenger seat upright.

“Sorry, I took a nap and made you wait for a long time.”

Cierra explained as she pulled the door to the back seat of the car.

Draven glanced at her through

the rearview mirror and tightened his grip on the steering wheel. “You’re going to attend

the banquet just like this?”

“Huh?” Cierra lowered her head to look at her clothes. “Isn’t this okay? It’ll just be a fami

ly banquet.”

Draven threw the gift box onto the passenger seat to her. “Go change them.”

The white box had Sprince

logo on it. The box was carefully wrapped up. Cierra recognized it at a glance.

It was th

e latest dress Sprince launched.

She hesitated and put the gift box back. “I can’t change into the clothes you want to give

Aleah.”

Draven tapped his finger on the steering wheel. “We haven’t told anyone about our divor

ce yet. Are you going to embarrass my family by attending a banquet like this?”

“But...”

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“I have another gift for Aleah. It’s given by a company for free. I forgot to bring it with me

.”

Draven coldly interrupted her, his tone unquestionable. “Change your clothes.”

“Alright.”

Helpless, Cierra could only hold the gift

box and go back to change into the dress before coming back.

The light blue dress made her skin even fairer. The hem was sparkling as it moved as if

it was a mobile painting.

The dress was a bit loose on the waist. It wasn’t Cierra’s size, or Cierra would love it.

After changing her clothes, Cierra quickly went downstairs. When she opened the door of the back seat, she found that it was locked.

Draven’s displeased voice came from inside the car. “Sit in the front.”

Cierra frowned. “This is not proper, right?”

In her view, only Draven’s girlfriend or someone close to him could take the front passenger

seat. However, she fitted neither of the conditions.

Draven glanced at Cierra. “Is it appropriate to treat me as a driver?”

“I don’t mean that.”

Cierra scratched her head and explained herself to Draven.

Draven listened and stared at her

in silence for two seconds. “Aleah isn’t you. She won’t care about such a small matter.

Get in the car. I don’t want to say the same thing again.”

Cierra insisted. “Then I’m not going. I guess she doesn’t want to see me.”

She held the hem and left. The sound of the horn stopped her, followed by Draven’s voice.

“Get in the car.”

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Cierra pulled the back seat door and opened it. She raised her eyebrows, held the hem, and went in. Because of both the improper size and the complicated design, it took her a while to tidy it up. Draven started the car. “The skirt is not of your size?” Cierra was indifferent. “No. It’s a bit loose. When we get there, I’ll use the pin. Don’t worry, I won’t embarrass you.” Before Cierra finished speaking, the car slowed down sharply and interrupted Cierra’s m uttering. She did not fasten her seat belt and hit her head against the front seat. Her mind went blank. Jerk! Even if he wanted to kill her, he didn’t need to do this. If an accident happened, Draven would also die. Cierra silently fastened the seat belt. She looked outside the car window at the surroundings that were moving backward. She was abroad because she occupied the position of Mrs. Trevino. At that time, everyone knew that she liked Draven. It was more convenient to kill her to give Aleah that position back then. Now that she had signed the agreement, he wouldn’t have to make her disappear. To avoid future trouble, Cierra hoped to settle the divorce as soon as possible. “Well, have we completed the divorce formalities?”

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Chapter 4 The Adopted Daughter

The car suddenly sped up, and Draven's voice seemed to be wrapped in the sound of th

e wind outside. He said, "Are you eager to get divorced?"

Cierra didn't understand why Draven said she was eager.

She did not want a new relationship

for the time being, and obviously, no one was waiting for her.

Cierra shook her head and said seriously, "You should be the one who is eager to get divorced."

The speed of the car gradually slowed down while Draven said with a smile, "I'm not."

Cierra didn't know what to say.

Therefore, she decided to say nothing.

Cierra thought

she had signed the divorce agreement and she would make an end to the Boyle family

at night. She would no longer have anything to do with those people.

Half an hour later, the car stopped outside the villa of the Boyle family.

Over the years, the Boyle family and the Trevino family were business partners, and the

y managed to have a firm footing in the upper class, so many people wanted to pay thei

r addresses to them. At the moment, the luxury cars at the entrance had almost occupie

d all empty parking spaces.

Cierra got out of the car. The night wind made her tremble. When she looked up, the ma

n in suits had already walked towards the lawn where the banquet was held.

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Cierra had to carry her skirt and follow him.

All the guests present also cast their eyes on Draven.

The roses surrounded the beauty

who was playing the piano. There were mountains of gifts beside the five-story cake. The Prince, followed by the light

and the eyes of the crowd, approached the Princess who was playing the piano.

The scene looked like a romantic opera.

It would be too annoying if she drew nearer, so Cierra walked slowly and tried to become

a spectator just like others.

But before she could hide in the crowd, Draven, who was in front of her, suddenly stopped

and looked back at her.

It was the advertisement that suddenly showed itself while the drama was at its highlighting part.

However, Draven did not feel that there was anything wrong. He looked at Cierra standing

in front of the crowd and frowned,

“Come here.”

All the guests shifted their gazes to Cierra.

“Who is she? She looks a little familiar, but I don’t think I’ve seen her before.”

“How can you forget? It was the abandoned baby that the Boyle family had held in the hospital

wrongly. The Boyle family is too kind. They treat her as Aleah’s biological sister.

But the girl took Aleah’s fiancé away from her. How disgusting!”

“I remember! It was the one who was sent abroad by Mr. Trevino

on the day of their marriage, right? Why did she come back? How shameless she is! If I

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were her, I would have jumped off a building and died long ago. It would be a disgrace to

live. How annoying!”

The crowd discussed and looked at Cierra disdainfully.

The crowd’s talking was not loud, but Cierra stood too near to them and could hear their words clearly.

Pretending to hear nothing, Cierra walked steadily toward Draven.

Aleah, who was playing the piano, stood up when Draven called Cierra. She walked over elegantly and slowly and said, “Cierra, my sister, when did

you come back? Why didn’t you tell us?”

The crowd then gave Cierra a new

label: lack of manners, since she didn’t call her adoptive parents before she returned.

Cierra smiled

and answered, “I came back last night and called Vanessa in the morning. She didn’t tel

l you, maybe because she was afraid you would get angry.”

Ever since Aleah returned, Cierra began to call her adoptive parents by their names inst

ead of Dad and Mom.

“How could I be unhappy? I will have a partner when you come back so that my mom w

on’t scold me every day.”

She acted like a spoiled child to Cierra.

Cierra felt a chill run down her spine. She tried her best to control her expression as she

took out a small gift box from her pocket and said, “Happy birthday.”

“You even prepared a gift for me. Thank you, Cierra!”

Aleah took the gift and hugged Cierra excitedly.

Cierra then froze.

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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 l

oosely 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 jewel

ry. 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 wo

nder Mr. Trevino doesn’t like her! I’m wondering when Mr. Trevino will

divorce her, and f

ree himself!”

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Aleah seemed to hear nothing. She complained to Draven, “Draven, how could

you pre

pare 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

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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.

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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, give 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.

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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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