

## Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

### Chapter 201 Selfishness

When the child's voice sounded, several people were stunned and laughing.

Even William and Dylan couldn't help but smile.

After all, since William met Mrs. Chester, his expression had never been good.

As for Harold, he had always been indifferent.

At this moment, everyone laughed so hard. Just because the child said to Cierra, "Can you be my mother?"

But after that, they felt sad.

If the child's mother were by his side, he probably wouldn't be so depressed. Like other children, he would grow up healthily, cry, make trouble, and make the elders happy.

It was a pity that fate made fools of people...

Cierra only laughed for short. She was a little upset by these words.

She looked at Will seriously and told the little fellow, who was confused and didn't know why everyone was laughing.

"I'm sorry, Will. I can't be your mother because I'm your aunt. Your father is my elder brother."

Will's gaze became even more innocent as if he didn't understand the enormous amount of

information.

After a long while,

"Cierra?" said Will.

"Yeah, I'm your aunt, not a new chef."

Cierra held and shook him for a while. Then put him down.

Will still looked at Cierra carefully, although he was obedient this time.

“Grandma said that my aunt was accidentally left outside. After coming back today, our family will be reunited. As long as I am obedient, my mother will return sooner or later, right?” said he after a long while.

The childlike voice was clean and clear, but it made people’s hearts ache when they heard it.

Sarah had always been sentimental. In addition, he had been searching for Cierra for so many years, so she knew Will’s feelings. Her eyes instantly turned red.

Fortunately, Ms. Taylor, who was beside her, was smart enough to see Sarah in a bad mood and

immediately supported her.

At the same time, the others didn’t look too good either.

But they didn’t know how to answer him.

It was a coincidence that William had found Cierra. They were related by blood, and Cierra’s appearance was similar to that of the Boyle family.

But there was no clue about where to find Will’s mother.

They didn’t answer so quickly unless they were 100% sure.

Sometimes, it was better not to give people uncertain hope from the beginning.

Just as everyone wanted to change the topic, Cierra held Will’s hand.

“You want to find your biological mother, don’t you?”

“Of course.”

Will hurriedly nodded his head.

Cierra pinched his little hand and said with a gentle smile, “Then you should grow up obediently. When you grow up, you will have the ability to find your mother. Of course, your father and I have never given up looking for her. We will naturally be happy if we can see her in advance.

“But I want to tell you that your mother loves you very much. Maybe she has some difficulties, the time being, so she left you with your father. You need to remember that everyone loves you very much. Enjoy yourself, ok?”

for

Will didn't quite understand. He gestured, "It's just like tadpoles looking for their mother. When they grow up, they can find their mother, right?"

Cierra rubbed his head but didn't give him an answer.

"Will, can you accompany Grandma back to rest?"

The little fellow nodded heavily. "Yes!"

New York.

Being stared at by Draven all the way, Ryan was speechless.

"I don't know where Cici is. I asked her, but she refused to tell me."

Draven's face darkened without a word.

Since returning to the office from the hospital, his face had darkened, ignoring others.

Ryan really couldn't bear to see him like this.

"If you have the time to care about your ex-wife, why don't you deal with your current wife's matter first? Don't you deal with such a big c\*\*kold first?"

Ryan was truly speechless.

He would have given him a good beating if they hadn't had a good relationship!

What the hell was wrong with him?

"When Cici was with him, she kept wanting to marry Aleah. Now that he's divorced, he wants to reunite with her. It's too late for him to know his ex-wife was good after Aleah chucked him!"

In the end, Ryan couldn't help adding.

"What a f\*cking l\*natic!"

"I can hear you."

Finally, in front of his desk, Draven spoke.

He took a medicine box from the drawer to improve his bad feelings.

After swallowing the water, he smiled self-mockingly.

"You called me a l\*natic, and she also greatly scolded me. But you're right..."

He was sick, to begin with.

In the past, when his grandfather was still alive, he had let him vent his emotions uncontrollably.

After he passed away, she also left..

He could only support the large Trevino Group and repeat high-pressure work daily,

In recent years, no one had cared about him except Aleah.

Neither did Cierra.

He asked Cierra to go abroad, but she didn't even refuse. In the next three years, she didn't contact

him at all.

So shouldn't they divorce, and should he marry Aleah?

But Aleah...

He suddenly remembered what had happened at the wedding banquet. He felt nauseous, and his face turned pale.

Ryan got up from the sofa. "Are you all right?!"

"What kind of medicine did you take? Why did you throw up?"

He poured him warm water and asked worriedly, "Do you want me to take you to the hospital?"

"No."

After relaxing for a while, Draven's face looked better. He threw the medicine into the drawer. "I'm going to snap for a while. Ask Jason to deal with the matter at the wedding. Our relationship with the Galvin family is over. Also, draft another property transfer as compensation for the Galvin family."

Ryan sneered. "Are you still thinking of making it up to them?"

... What a doormat.

"Just take it as paying back what I owe her," said Draven.

From then on, their marriage had nothing to do with each other.

When he came out of the wedding banquet, he felt relieved. He understood that it might not be his original intention to marry Aleah. He had been against his grandfather all these years, so he had imposed a task on him to marry Aleah.

Perhaps they were all right. He didn't understand their kindness. Looking back, he found that they were being nice to him.

But at this point, there was no point in saying more.

Perhaps it was fated that a selfish person like him would be lonely. He deserved to be locked up in that dark room, and no one would pity him.

It was not Aleah.

Nor was it Cierra.

Jason pushed the office door open just as he went to the lounge.

"Mr. Trevino, I saw that Stream Villa and a few other houses you transferred to Mrs. Trevino are being hung up for sale. Do you think..."

## **Chapter 202 Doormat**

"What did you say?"

As soon as Jason finished speaking, Draven glared at him indifferently.

"It's about Mrs. Trevino...."

Jason felt feared under her gaze. At the same time, he realized that he shouldn't have addressed Cierra that way, so he changed how he addressed her.

"The staff who handed the procedures to Ms. Boyle told me about it. Stream Villa and the other properties under her name are being sold, and..."

The more Jason spoke, the darker Draven's face became. Unconsciously, his voice became softer, and he dared not say anything more.

Initially, he didn't intend to tell Draven. After all, the assets divided up by the divorce agreement were belong Cierra, and Cierra could deal with them casually.

However, when he heard that the Stream Villa had also been hung up for sale, he couldn't help telling Draven.

Jason's father worked for Ernest, and he also worked for the Trevino family after college. Although he was not as close to Draven as Ryan, they grew up together.

Ernest specially bought the Stream Villa for Cierra, as her and Draven's marital home, and the decoration inside was also done according to her preferences. It could be said that Ernest treated

her better than Draven.

The meaning of this villa was naturally different. How could it be sold so easily?

Jason was furious, so he came over to explain to Draven.

But now, he didn't dare to speak to Draven.

"What else had she done?"

Questioned Draven impatiently.

Jason had no choice but to bite the bullet and say, "Also, she had donated the shares you've added

3% to her."

"Donated?"

Draven frowned slightly.

"Yes, she donated it to the government of New York to establish a platform for finding lost

children." continued Jason.

As soon as he finished speaking, it was silent in the office.

Jason looked at Draven, only to see that his gloomy face had returned to normal, and his tone had become a little more casual.

"It doesn't matter. As for the real estate she's dealing with... Buy Stream Villa and put it under Mrs. Trevino's name. Don't worry about anything else."

She could do whatever she wanted with her things.

He had already given them to her, so he would naturally not treat them as his own.

As for the Stream Villa...

Although Draven could understand that she would sell it, he was still angry.

In addition, she was nowhere to be seen now, which was in line with what she had said before, "She" has nothing to do with him after the divorce. This woman is ruthless!"

Thinking of all kinds of things,

Draven's face changed again.

"Just buy Stream Villa. Don't tell me anything else about her."

As soon as he finished speaking, he entered the lounge. He didn't even give Jason any time to

respond.

When Draven disappeared from Jason's sight, Jason heaved a sigh of relief. Jason didn't know if it was right or wrong for him to mention it.

But it didn't matter to him. He left with Draven's request. Before he left, he said goodbye to Ryan.

Ryan only smiled at him and didn't say anything.

When Ryan was the only one left in the office, he sneered.

"What kind of world-level doormat is he?"

He bought the house for his ex-wife and then bought it from her... Ryan didn't know what to say

about Draven.

However, Cici even wanted to sell the villa that Ernest had picked for her. Couldn't she possibly never return to New York again?

No, he had to get to the bottom of this!

At that moment, Cierra did not have the time to reply to Ryan's message.

The Barton family's old mansion gradually became lively as the sky darkened.

Jaquan and his father, Charle, were the first to return. They got off work early before the business

was over.

Then Joshua Barton, Cierra's uncle, came with his family.

The handsome man was gentle and elegant. Since he exited the car, he had been holding his wife, Elena Barton, smiling.

Behind them was Coby, who had been secretly living with Cierra for some time. He couldn't help but smile and look away when he saw Cierra.

What surprised Cierra was that Nick also came along.

Nick, who worked in a pharmaceutical company and specialized in researching and developing medical equipment, was very busy.

Not only did he have to program with the computer all day long like the programmers in ordinary Internet companies, but he also had to go to the hospital to visit patients to ensure that the equipment developed by the company would not cause any harm to the human body.

Therefore, Nick was usually the busiest, busier than the award-winning actor in her company.

Cierra occasionally sent a few messages to greet him, but she has not received a reply. As time passed, she didn't disturb him too much.

As a result, Cierra was a little afraid of Nick. Occasionally, she would even wonder if it was because

Nick didn't like her.

However, seeing him walk over, Cierra was still delighted and excitedly greeted him.

"Nick!"

His well-dressed sister jumped excitedly before him, and even Nick was stunned.

Then he nodded gently and said in a low voice, "Hello, Cierra."

His tone was polite and reserved.

Cierra was inevitably disappointed. However, she did not show it on her face. Furthermore, the other people's teasing voices came.

"Why do you only care about your brothers? Why don't you greet us?"

Joshua held his wife and looked at the group of people. He couldn't help laughing.

His teasing made Cierra a little embarrassed. Cierra greeted them in a sweet voice.

"Joshua, Elena."

"Good girl, you've suffered a lot outside for many years. This is a gift for you. In the future, you are



our family. No one will dare to bully you again!”

Joshua took out a red packet from his pocket and said solemnly.

It was thin, but she could vaguely know it was a bank card.

Cierra was a little embarrassed. She looked at her father and brothers. When she saw them nod, she accepted it with a smile. “Thank you.”

Joshua patted her shoulder and said, “You’re welcome!”

Cierra felt warm and smiled.

Beside him, Elena also smiled and nodded at her.

When Cierra looked up, she knew who Coby and Nick looked like. Not only did they have offish eyes, but their personalities were also similar.

Cierra didn’t dare to look at her for too long. She felt that staring at beauty for too long was rude, so

she looked away slightly.

“Elena, you are so beautiful. I’ve also brought gifts for you. I’ll bring them to everyone later.”

“You have a sweet mouth. It would be great if you could always stay with us.”

Elena couldn’t help but laugh out loud. Her tone was indifferent and a little regretful.

As soon as she finished speaking, it could feel that the atmosphere in the hall had intense.

## **Chapter 203 Bad**

Everyone knew about Mrs. Chester’s condition. Every time they mentioned that Cierra was missing, she seemed to have changed into another person. She was so remorseful.

When Elena finished speaking, she realized she had said something wrong and subconsciously looked at Sarah.

Fortunately, everything was ok.

With a smile, Sarah looked at Cierra kindly. “She wasn’t around me in the past, but she can stay by my side in the future. There’s still a long way to go.”

In the past, Cierra had a hard time outside, and she had a hard time at home. She had implicated her whole family and could not do that as before.

In the future, they just needed to dote on her.

People had to look forward.

Seeing this, everyone secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

Especially Charle, who was next to Mrs. Chester. He couldn't help holding his wife.

Sarah was embarrassed, but she did not withdraw her hand. Instead, she growled, "What are you doing at your age?"

Naturally, the family around them also saw them like this, smiling.

Elena also smiled and watched his sister-in-law get into her husband's arms. She didn't care about

what she had said just now.

They also understood that from now on, they would be free from the hurt of losing the little

princess.

The family dinner was also lively and full of laughter.

After dinner, Cierra distributed the gifts to the elders.

It was a necklace of the same style for the two ladies. It was the latest style of Sprince, and the class

was exquisite.

Although Sarah and Elena were not young, they cared for themselves well. They looked lively while putting on it.

A tea set was given to Charle. Before it was opened, Charle could smell a faint wooden fragrance. He was pleased to receive it.

It was a classic painting she had bought for her uncle, Joshua. She had not bought it in Los Angeles

but had seen it abroad and accidentally bought it.

Joshua was not in the mood to do business and could have been better at painting and calligraphy. Over the years, he collected many works and liked all the art at home and abroad, so he enjoyed this classic painting very much.

Compared to the gifts for the elders, she gave her brothers gifts casually.

It was not her fault. She had always been lazy. It was tiring enough for her to pick out gifts for the two ladies in the afternoon.

Furthermore, Cierra knew that Jaquan would not mind.

He gave Jaquan a set of books, "How to Be a Good Father?" The big words on the cover made Jaquan

almost swear.

But he suppressed his anger when he saw the smiling Cierra.

He said to her meaningfully, "Thank you."

Cierra made a face at him, thinking that his brother wouldn't do anything to her.

On the other hand, she did not give any gifts to William.

F\*unny and Colton went abroad after saying goodbye to her in New York. Jaquan was also training abroad, so she only gave Nick a gift.

Because he was too busy with his job and had little time to rest, she prepared some calming incense for Nick, hoping he could sleep well.

She handed them to him politely and said, "This is for you. No matter how busy you are with work, you must take good care of yourself. Health is the most important thing."

Nick looked at his sister, who was smiling brightly, and her appearance stood by Coby's side, intimately appearing in his mind. Suddenly, he felt a little bitter in his heart.

But he didn't show it on his face and took the gift.

"Thank you.

"You're welcome!"

She smiled at Nick again and hurried back to Jaquan's side.

The last gift was for her lovely nephew, Will. It was a delicate golden lock wrapped in colorful threads. It was not very big, but it was exquisite. It could be worn as an ordinary necklace. In the middle of the lock was carved a lifelike little tiger, which was the little fellow's zodiac.

Cierra put it on for Will and said, "This is for you. I hope you can grow up healthily and safely and

become a man to protect your grandmother and me!"

"And to find my mother."

Will looked down at the delicate small lock on his chest and added in his heart.

He pinched it and smiled at Cierra. In a childish voice, he said, "Thank you, Cierra. When I grow up, I will protect you."

"Ok, I'll wait for you to grow up!"

Cierra couldn't help but pinch his chubby cheeks.

How could he be so cute!

"Good boy, you're so cute!"

Will did not move and allowed his aunt to pinch his face. His ears were still a little red.

The intimacy between them made Jaquan, sitting on the sofa, unable to watch any longer.

This was his son, who didn't have good terms with him. Usually, he would stay far away from him when he hugged him.

The other was his younger sister. The gifts she gave to others were carefully selected, and she chose a set of books for him.

How could they regard him like this?

Just as he was about to speak, a lazy voice came from the side.

"Cici Barton!

"Aren't you treating us too differently? Everyone has a gift, but your brothers who have accompanied you for the longest time don't have anything. You've gone too far."

Cierra smiled and said confidently, "Who said you didn't have gifts? I've already given them to you, so you don't have them today."

Of course, it was a lie, but she had told Coby and Harold when she picked out gifts in the afternoon.

Because she had to give too many people gifts, she had little time to pick them up individually. She wanted to make small items for them later.

Anyway, they didn't lack anything. It was the thought that counts.

The gifts she made might be as exquisite as the ones bought in the store, but it was the thought that counts. She thought that Coby and Harold wouldn't mind.

As for William's gift, she had already prepared it.

All she had to do was wait for his birthday to come.

Unfortunately, they had already begun to be jealous. When he heard this, he couldn't stand it anymore. "You ungrateful girl, I promised you everything..."

Because so many people were present, William didn't finish their words.

If his parents knew he returned after listening to Cierra, they would probably nag again.

But he couldn't avoid anything.

Before William could finish, Charle, sitting on the sofa opposite him, spoke very harshly.

"Cici didn't prepare a gift for you because she was close to you. As her elder brother, how can you ask her for a gift? You don't know what's good for you!"

His tone was neither too loud nor too low, but it made William's face completely darken.

Afraid William would be unhappy, Cierra was about to say something to ease the tension when she

heard her saying.

"Move your company back to Los Angeles."

As soon as her father finished speaking, Cierra's heart sk\*pped a beat, and she subconsciously

looked toward William.

## **Chapter 204 Base on What**

Sure enough, William's face darkened.

However, Mr. Barton had not noticed it yet, so he maintained the majesty of a father and continued.

"In the past, when your sister was in New York, you could take care of her there. Now that she is back, our family is all in Los Angeles. Don't be alone in New York. Choose a time to move the company back as soon as possible. I don't object to you working in the entertainment industry..."

“Do I need you to object?”

Before Charle could finish his words, William interrupted him indifferently.

“What did you say?”

Charle probably didn't expect him to react like this, so he was momentarily stunned.

“I said you don't need to object to what I do.”

William didn't respond with his usual lazy tone but stared indifferently at Charle. He revealed an arrogant and unruly aura.

Cierra was close to him. She tugged at his arm, hoping that William could control his emotions.

However, as soon as she touched William's sleeve, he shook her off.

He stood from the sofa and said flatly, “Have you ever cared about me since I was a child? If not, what right do you have to order me?”

Jaquan brought him up. If Jaquan didn't say anything, what right did he have to say it?

Why should he go home and move the company as soon as he was asked to?

He had not fulfilled his responsibility as a father, so why did he have to talk to him in such a teaching tone?

Before Charle could come to his senses.

At his age, no one had ever dared to speak to him in such a tone.

In an instant, Charle was enraged as well.

He slammed the table, and there was a dull sound on the wooden coffee table, followed by his

furious tone.

“Who taught you to speak to your father in such a tone? How old are you? How rude!”

William picked up the suit on the sofa and put it on.

“No one taught me. It's also because no one taught me that I was so rude. Are you satisfied with this answer?”

After saying that, William looked away indifferently and went straight away.

“William.”

Seeing this, Cierra couldn't sit still anymore. She picked up her phone and chased after him.

Fearing their parents worried, she said before leaving, “I'll talk to William, and Jaquan should talk to Mom and Dad too. Don't follow us. I'll be back soon!”

“Cici.”

The people in the room couldn't stop them, and they were even more worried that if they caught up with them, it would backfire. After shouting, they didn't follow them.

They were just worried and looked at the darkness outside.

The Barton family's old mansion was large, and only a few dim street lamps were lit along the stone path, scattering on the ground through the shade of the trees.

Cierra came out a little late, and William walked faster; there was no sign of him after walking

around in a circle.

“William.”

When she arrived at a fork, Cierra trotted after him but didn't know which road to take. She was at a

loss.

“William, can you slow down a bit? At least take me away.”

Fearing she would go the wrong way, Cierra stopped at the fork in the road, trying to find William through the shadows of the lights in front of her.

Unfortunately, she couldn't see anything.

The wind blew at night, and she came out hurriedly without putting on her clothes. When the wind

blew, she got goosebumps on her arms.

“William! Are you going back on your words?”

After waiting for a while, Cierra didn't get any response. She picked a wide path and walked forward.

Her voice was choked with s\*bs as she called for William.

She had wanted to have a good talk with William today to ease the tension between him and their parents, but she didn't expect they would quarrel first.

Rubbing her arms, just as Cierra was about to move forward tentatively, she suddenly heard a light

cough behind her, and someone patted her on the shoulder.

"Ah!"

Frightened, Cierra cried out in alarm.

When she looked up, she saw William's casual eyes.

Without hesitation, she gave him a punch.

"William, you scared me!"

Her fist was not heavy. William looked at her speechlessly and said, "How dare you chase after me alone when you're so timid? Are you out of your mind?"

He took off his suit and wrapped it tightly around Cierra as he spoke.

Cierra snorted. "It's all because of you."

Wearing a warm suit on her shoulder, she felt comfortable.

When she felt warm, Cierra also reacted,

"By the way, William, why did you come out from behind me?"

-She didn't go back, either.

He patted her head and said, "Because you're stup\*d."

He didn't go far at all.

After she chased after him, he slowed down. However, the girl didn't look around at all. He just stood under the roadside tree and watched her run over.

He saw her stup\*dly standing at the roadside fork when he followed her.

If it weren't for the fact that she was so anxious that she was about to cry, he wouldn't come out. He planned to see where this stup\*d girl was going to find him.

Cierra followed behind him. Rubbing the back of her head, she muttered, "If you continue patting it, I'll be even more stup\*d."



William snorted. "So you know you're stup\*d."

Cierra didn't argue with him. "Shall we go back? We haven't seen each other with Jaquan and Coby for a long time. Why don't we go out and play later?"

She didn't mention their parents. She could tell that there was no estrangement between William

and Jaquan.

It was dark outside, so she followed him with her arm on his. She feared she would trip over the pebbles on the ground and William would run away.

"Since we're playing, of course, we're going out. Just call Jaquan at the door later. Why should we go back?"

William could guess what Cierra was up to quickly.

She didn't even know how to coax people.

As if she had decided, Cierra said solemnly, "Alright then, let's go out first and call Jaquan later."

Hearing this, William stopped and looked at Cierra up and down.

"Tell me honestly, what are you up to this time?"

"What bad thoughts can I have?"

Cierra flew into a rage.

So in William's eyes, she was such a person?

She had wanted to wait outside to take out the gift to make him happy, but he thought her like this?

William looked at the angry Cierra and couldn't help but smile. "That's right. You're so stup\*d that you can't think of any bad ideas. Let's go. You followed me yourself. Don't blame me for going back on my words."

"You never keep your word."

Cierra complained in a low voice but immediately shut her mouth when she saw William's indifferent gaze.

Unconsciously, William slowed, and his voice returned to its usual laziness.

“I’ll stay in Los Angeles for a while. If there’s nothing important in the company, I can stay here, but I won’t stay with you there.”

To be exact, he would not go back there so easily.

Afraid that Cierra would be heartbroken, he did not say anything.

Cierra was overjoyed. “Really?”

William glanced at her. Seeing her bright smile, he didn’t react much and just replied with a

“hmm.”

When he reached the door, he suddenly stopped.

### **Chapter 205 Weep, It’s Ok**

“When we were in the room, I didn’t mean to shake off your hand, I was so angry that I couldn’t control myself. I apologize to you.”

His tone was solemn as he looked at her.

After a long time, he pulled back his sleeve.

“Just send me here. I sent Coby a message and asked him to pick you up at the door so you won’t go

go first.’ wrong when you return. I’ll pick you up tomorrow if you want to go out to play. I’ll

Just as he was about to leave, Cierra caught up with him again and grabbed his sleeve tightly. want to go with you!”

William came to a halt.

Although he did not speak, he was confused.

Anyway, Cierra wouldn’t let go of him. She said confidently, “I have something for you.”

William stopped shaking her off. “If you want to follow me, then so be it.”

He turned around. Under the dim streetlight, she could see his faint smile.

Unfortunately, he returned to his usual casual appearance instantly.

“Where are you going to live? On Nick’s place?”

Cierra did not know if he had his place in Los Angeles. They had been staying in Nick's villa but had

yet to see Nick return.

William drove and said casually, "Let's go over there first. Our things are there. It's not convenient for us to go anywhere else."

Naturally, he owned a property in Los Angeles. Everyone in the Barton family had their villas and apartments since birth.

However, William was rebellious when he was young. He didn't want to stay in Los Angeles or see his irresponsible parents, so he didn't even want to live in the house they gave him.

Of course, that was what he thought when he was young. He would not refuse to live here now. It was just that the house had not been cleaned for a long time, and there were no daily necessities.

It was better to go back to Nick's place.

"By the way, didn't you say that you would give me something? Give it to me."

Suddenly, William thought of something. He glanced at the girl addicted to the Internet beside him

and confidently reached out his hand to her.

"Keep driving. I'll give it to you later!"

Cierra patted him grumpily, but her eyes were still fixed on her phone.

She was texting Jaquan about the current situation.

After all, she had left with William. She couldn't let the whole family wait for them in the old house.

Therefore, she had to clarify that Joshua and Elena could return early. They could rest early if they could stay in the old house at night.

William thought she was scrolling through entertainment gossip and said earnestly, "Cici. Don't look at your phone too much.

"The lights are dim, and you'll be blind if you look at it too much."

His mother-like scolding tone forced Cierra to turn off her phone.

She had just made it clear to Jaquan and was about to reply to the messages sent to her by others, but she had to skip it for the time being.

“I haven’t been watching it all the time. I just told Jaquan that we were leaving. Hey, I’m not going

to play anymore.”

As she spoke, she threw her phone into the secret compartment in the passenger seat.

William snorted indifferently. “You’d better do this every day. If you wear glasses one day, I’ll scold you for being ugly.”

Cierra was used to being scolded by him. She looked at the night view outside the window.

It was as prosperous as New York, but the city-style differed slightly. As far as the eye could see, there were a lot of buildings. The lights along the way reflected the city’s style, and the evening

wind was charming and gentle.

This was where she would live in the future.

It was not until the familiar villa appeared in her sight that she returned to her senses.

She remembered to get the thing to William. When she took out her mobile phone, she took out a small box with a very simple style.

“Here, this is for you.”

When the car was parked, and William was about to push the door open and get out, he saw something next to him.

It was a pure matte texture box without any brand logo on it. It was hard to tell what kind of thing it

was.

He sized up Cierra and took the item silently.

“What is it?”

With that, he opened the box.

The diamonds on the silver ring reflected through the lights in the car. The snake’s head and eyes were decorated with two rubies.

It was not very big, but the whole design was just right.

A tiny silver chain was next to the ring, which could be used as a pendant on the necklace.

William picked up the little snake ring and put it on his index finger. It was just the right size.

He raised his eyebrows. "For me?"

Cierra nodded and said, "Yes, I started designing when I was in New York. I planned to give it to you on your birthday in two days, but you were unhappy today. You said I didn't prepare a gift for you, so I took it out to apologize in advance."

William was born in the year of the snake; Cierra made a ring shaped like a coiled snake.

Initially, she feared the combination of rubies and silver rings would look messy, but he didn't expect the effect to be pretty good.

William began to look at it carefully under the light, but he complained.

"You gave me my birthday present in advance. Other brothers all have gifts, but I don't. Tsk..."

His tone was bitter.

Cierra was almost furious. "Enough!"

"I only bought gifts for Jaquan and Nick. I don't think the gifts were necessary for you, as we stay together every day. If you keep doing this, I won't design it myself. I'll buy you jewelry in the supermarket."

She almost wanted to grab the ring back.

William reacted quickly and avoided it. "You want to take back what you have given away, right?"

"You're so rude."

"I learned it from you!"

Cierra wrinkled at him.

But as soon as she finished speaking, William's face darkened slightly.

It was probably because this sentence reminded him of his conversation with his father in the old

house.

Cierra also noticed that the atmosphere wasn't quite right and cautiously glanced at him.

"William."

"What do you think you're looking at? Are you going to spend the night in the car? Get out of the car and go back to wash and sleep."

After the car was locked, William casually gave the order to Cierra as if nothing had happened.

But no matter how calm he pretended to be, he was slightly different from usual.

After leaving the car, he said nothing else and took her to the villa. His footsteps were so fast that Cierra could only trot to catch up with him.

"William, if you're unhappy, just say it. Don't keep it to yourself."

Fortunately, Cierra was wearing a pair of flat shoes today. Otherwise, she would have had to endure the pain in her heel to catch up with William.

She carefully followed behind William and pondered over her words.

She decided to give up because William had no intention of paying attention to her.

"If you're sad, you can cry. It's ok. It's not a crime for a man to cry."

Sure enough, when Cierra finished speaking, William stopped and shot an offish glance at Cierra.

"Cici, are you asking for trouble again?"

## **Chapter 206 She Doesn't Blame Who She Used To Be**

Cierra was not afraid of him at all. Even if he was so fierce to her, she would pretend innocently.

Seeing her like this, there was nothing William could do.

Instead of walking forward quickly, he waited for her. "What are you waiting for? Are you going back or not?"

The moonlight shone through the parasol trees in the villa area, and a faint shadow happened to stand between them.

Cierra strode over in the moonlight, and her voice was gentle.

“William, what I said is serious. Although what I said to ask you to cry is a joke, I hope you don’t take everything to heart.

“Do you still remember what I said to Will in the afternoon? Crying is healthy venting, and it’s not shameful. I hope you can vent your emotions in other ways instead of leaving like you did today.

“This will not only hurt each other but also make us worry about you and hurt your health. After all, we are a family. You don’t have to be so hostile, do you think so?”

She said slowly, full of expectation.

Cierra wasn’t just saying whatever she wanted, including what she had said to Will in the afternoon. After reading a few lines of positive things on the Internet, she wasn’t even trying to be a spiritual teacher.

She spoke out of emotion.

In the past, when she lived under the shelter of the Boyle family, she had to hide her grievances and humiliation silently.

She didn’t even dare to cry.

Because once she cried too sadly, she would be scolded by Vanessa and beaten even harder by Aleah.

As a result, she developed such a character later. She didn’t like to talk and didn’t like to look at people. She looked obedient.

Ernest always said that she was obedient and sensible. Only she knew she didn’t want to be an obedient and rational person.

If possible, who wouldn’t want to indulge in her coquettishness? Who would be willing to be a sensible and obedient person who doesn’t follow their own heart?

She also thought of rebelling, fighting against Aleah many times, and even trying to perish with Aleah countless times.

However, she knew that it was not worth it to do so. After all, murder was illegal. She also understood her situation and was more restrained by the grace of adopting.

Therefore, she could only endure it and keep a low profile.

Ultimately, she hid her love carefully and did not dare show it to others.

At that time, she liked Draven but didn’t even dare to look up at him. Sometimes, she would give Draven birthday gifts

secretly.

Now that she thought about it, she was naïve and stupid.

However, she would not blame herself in the past.

At that time, Cierra had no one to rely on and could only obediently allow herself to live.

She did not hate her weakness and incompetence in the past. She only praised herself for being strong in the past and surviving in such an environment.

After suffering for a long time, Cierra, who had survived, found her relatives and the person who loved her dearly.

She would also love herself deeply.

Indeed, even though her situation differed from Will and William's, it wasn't much different.

She was afraid that she would be homeless. Will didn't have his mother by his side, while William was ignored by his parents.

They lacked love and a sense of security.

The truth was the same. They needed to get over it.

In short, she didn't want William to hold back his emotions.

After listening patiently to her nagging, William's flat face softened, and he chuckled.

"Stinky girl, you're so young, but you've already started to be a psychologist to guide me?"

"No, I just want to be a communication bridge between you and our parents."

Cierra smiled at him and took a step forward. "I just don't know if you will take me seriously. I'm just afraid that I'm overthinking."

William turned around and walked into the villa with her together. "The estrangement between me and Mom, Dad cannot be resolved easily. You saw it in the old house today. Mrs. Chester is fine, but judging from Dad's tone..."

"Yes, yes, he's too overpowering. Why should we listen to him and move the company as he wishes? You're developing well in New York"

Cierra was also on the other side of William.



Although her father's idea was good, and he hoped his son and daughter could care for each other, everyone would disobey his order when heard his words.

What's more, William had been neglected since he was a child. Now that he was such an old age, how could their father still give orders?

She continued to coax William. Ultimately, she boldly teased, "Lydia is still suffering in New York. Who will protect my sister-in-law if you listen to Dad and move back to Los Angeles?"

As soon as she finished speaking, an indifferent gaze swept over her.

Being stared at, Cierra said confidently, "What's wrong? Am I wrong?"

William rubbed his nose. "It's hard to say."

Cierra waved his hand, "That's not important; what's important is what you think!"

William nodded heavily.

The atmosphere eased a little.

Cierra continued, "So, can you stop arguing with Dad? He's a feudal and chauvinist. He's already old, but he still treats you like children. You don't have to argue with him."

William smiled.

So this was...

What the girl's plan?

But it had to be said that what she said was quite pleasant to the ear.

So he relented and said, "So, what do you think I should do?"

Hearing this, Cierra knew that she had a chance. She immediately hugged William's arm and told him in detail.

"We're not young anymore, and your company is doing well. Don't listen to our father. If he says something, let's listen to him. Then you should stop losing your temper and don't leave for no reason. The family should be harmonious, right?"

William listened absent-mindedly. At the same time, he opened the villa door with his fingerprint and dragged Cierra into the house; he grabbed her collar and taught her a lesson.

"I see that you're a good talker. It seems that you've fooled me a lot."

Cierra cried out, "How could I dare?!"

William snorted indifferently. "I think you're very bold."

Just as Cierra begged for mercy, the phone in William's pocket rang, and she was rescued in time.

After getting her freedom, Cierra took out her mobile phone and began to look at it.

She hadn't touched her phone all night, and many people had sent her messages.

Ryan asked her where she was, Lydia sent her some entertainment gossip, and Mr. Mayo of L'Opera Restaurant asked her how she was doing.

Other than Ryan, Cierra replied to the others one by one.

The call was from Jaquan, who asked how they were now. Will also said he wanted Cierra and would send him over later.

The siblings lay on the sofa of the villa and replied to their messages, respectively. They didn't know that a red dot of shooting equipment was exposed in the grass outside the villa.

## **Chapter 207 Pressing Her to Get Married**

Jaquan and the others arrived very quickly. In less than half an hour, a few brothers brought a boy and came to Nick's villa.

When Cierra heard that her cute nephew was coming, he didn't chat with Lydia and immediately threw her phone to welcome

him.

When Will jumped out of the car, he was picked up and thrown into Cierra's soft and fragrant embrace.

"Oh my g\*d, why is Will so cute? Your body is so sweet and soft!"

In the past, Cierra hated young humans the most, especially children at Will's age. They were so noisy that she disliked them

to the core.

However, she was particularly fond of Will. Although it was the first time they had officially met today, she couldn't wait to keep him by her daily.

Jaquan, who got out of the driver's seat, felt helpless when he saw his sister and son stuck together. But at the same time, he was also a little surprised.

This little guy usually ignored everyone. He was only five years old but acted like an old child. Except for being closer to Mrs. Chester, he had never seen him treat anyone like this.

Cierra was the other one. She made this brat obediently allow himself to be hugged.

“If you like Will, I’ll leave him to you during this period.”

Jaquan leaned against the car door and looked at his son, who Cierra was pinching. He didn’t stop her but looked at his son

with a smile.

“I like him! But if you leave him to me, I may not be able to do it well.”

Hearing this, Cierra paused with a conflicted expression.

Jaquan was relieved. “It’s easy to be with him. He goes to school every day and reads books at the other time. He’s just a little picky about food.”

“Are you picky about food?”

Cierra was surprised when she remembered how the little fellow had stared at the shrimp in the kitchen that day. He looked chubby. How could he be so picky about food?

However, Cierra was still confident in her cooking skills, especially when she saw that Prawns with Ketchup had been eaten up

by Will tonight.

However, she had to ask for Will’s permission before caring for him. They also had to respect the child’s opinion.

As she was about to ask, Will hurriedly explained, “I’m not picky about food tonight. I ate a lot. As long as you cook, I can eat it

all.”

Cierra pinched his face again. “Will, you can’t wait to live with me?”

Will pursed his lips. She would have thought he was unwilling if it weren’t for his blushing face and ears.

“But you all live with Nick…”

As soon as Jaquan spoke, he saw his son tightly wrap his arms around

Cierra's neck was as if he was afraid of being taken away.

He had no choice but to change his words. "If there is no room for you, Cici can live with me. Anyway, it's still early. It's a good

time to wash up and rest."

Cierra thought about it for a moment. Since Will's clothes were still in his house, it was more convenient for her to live in Jaquan's house.

Just as she was about to agree, she was interrupted by an indifferent voice.

"Of course, I have enough rooms here, and I also have clothes for Will. You can stay there. If you go there, you have to pack up. I'm afraid you couldn't rest early."

It was Jaquan who spoke. He was standing with Coby and Harold. They should have driven another car back.

His indifferent voice was slow as he glanced at William behind her with his hands in his pockets.

"William and Coby are also here. It's lively for us to live together. Jaquan, why don't you stay here? It happens that we haven't had a good reunion."

"Ok"

Jaquan thought for a moment and nodded. "Then let's make do with it tonight. I'll ask someone to send me and Will's clothes after work tomorrow."

"Are you planning to stay here for a long time?" William was unexpected.

Jaquan raised his eyebrows at him. "What's wrong? Only young people like you are allowed to live together. Am I not welcome?"

William quickly apologized. "Of course not. You can live wherever you want as long as Nick has no objections."

As he spoke, he turned to look at Nick behind him.

Cierra also looked at Nick with a smile.

Only when there were so many people around would Cierra dare to stare at Nick so openly.

There was no other reason. After all, she did not spend much time with Nick. Furthermore, like Coby, Nick was indifferent. Looking at him, Cierra felt he could only be observed from afar and not played with.

Now that there were so many people and they were chatting, Cierra could take the opportunity to peek at Nick's beauty.

If Nick had entered the entertainment industry like Coby, he would be attracted many people.

It was a pity that such a handsome brother had invested in scientific research.

He could have relied on his face, but he had to rely on his brain to survive.

Cierra couldn't help but sigh regretfully as she held Will. She only hoped that Nick could take good care of his hair.

Naturally, Nick noticed her gaze.

It was so apparent that he could feel his younger sister's gaze even though they were not close.

He pretended not to know it and answered Jaquan's question thoughtfully.

"Of course, you can live here. It's not like you don't have your room. You can even live in my room if you want. After all, I'm

not home most of the time.

But if you live here, I want to put aside the projects on hand and come back more often."

"That's for the best."

Hearing this, Jaquan couldn't help smiling and patted him, who was even more indifferent than Coby.

"Joshua and Elena have been worried about your marriage for a long time. If you're willing to come back, don't forget about

it."

"Jaquan, your marriage hasn't been settled yet, but you are urging us like an elder."

William couldn't tease him.

Jaquan said confidently, "I already have a son. Why should I get married?"

"But you can't urge us to marry. Who are you on your side with?" William immediately retorted.

"What's wrong with urging you? The elder brother is like a father. Am I wrong to urge you?"

They fought fiercely.

Cierra held Will in her arms and smiled as she followed her brothers to the villa.

Before taking a few steps, she heard a low, indifferent voice saying, "Aren't you tired of holding him? Will looks heavy."

A five- or six-year-old child who could run and jump didn't need to be held constantly.

Cierra found him adorable and refused to let go of him. It just so happened that this kid was sticking to her, and his short arms

were wrapped around her neck intimately.

Hearing this, Cierra turned around and met Nick's calm eyes.

### **Chapter 208 Abandoned**

Cierra quickly looked away.

Thinking she had peeked at him for a long time, she still felt slightly embarrassed.

She smiled politely and held him in her arms.

"He was not heavy. I used to practice tossing the wok with sandbags on my arms. It's ok to hold him."

When Will heard this, he subconsciously tightened his grip on her and felt sorry for her.

"Cierra put me down. I can walk myself. I'm already five years old. You don't have to hold me all the time."

Cierra had suffered a lot outside. When she went home, she would be protected by them. Even if he was young, he could not bully her.

Considering this, Will was unwilling to let Cierra continue holding him. He struggled to get out of her arms.

Fearing that he would fall, Cierra carefully put him down.

Jaquan watched the whole process silently, smiling.

He stared at Cierra's thin arms. It was hard to imagine how she made a living outside with a sandbag when she was younger.

It wasn't until Cierra had coaxed Will and held the little fellow's soft hand that Nick slowly opened his mouth.

"If you have any difficulties in the future, you can tell me."

Cierra was slightly stunned, thinking that she had misheard.

She still didn't dare to get close to Nick. She didn't expect him to take the initiative to say something like that.

"Ok, thank you!" smiled Cierra immediately.

Nick nodded slightly.

As the moonlight moved, the villa became lively because of the arrival of the group of people.

After an unknown period, all lights on the house were turned off, and the place quieted down, leaving only a dim yellow light in the corridor, warming up there.

After an unknown time, Cierra, still half-asleep, only felt a small head burrow into her embrace.

Because of her experience abroad, Cierra woke up almost instantly.

She didn't turn on the light. When she saw the person in the dim light, she relaxed.

She yawned and held Will in her arms.

She mumbled, "Why didn't you sleep well? Why did you come to me?"

"I can't sleep alone."

Will's voice was exceptionally clear.

Cierra laughed softly, but didn't lecture him on anything.

Jaquan said that the little fellow always slept alone at home. He was not happy to have someone to accompany him. Today, he couldn't fall asleep independently.

However, she didn't mind. She would sleep even more soundly with a soft and fragrant baby in her arms.

Will also hugged Cierra and said in a low voice, "You smelled like Mom. I miss her very much."

"And this afternoon, thank you. I was sad initially, but after you said I can cry, I felt much better.

Cierra, I like you very much."

As she listened to his words, her drowsiness gradually dissipated. She adapted to the dark environment before looking at her nephews amiably.

"Will, I like you very much too."

She kissed him on the forehead and softly said, "Can you tell me why you're hiding today? Did someone bully you?"

In the afternoon, she was so focused on venting her emotions that she forgot to ask about the cause of the matter.

As soon as she finished speaking, she felt the little boy in her arms stiffen.

She patted the child's back and coaxed him gently, "It doesn't matter if you don't want to say it, but you just need to remember that we are doting on you. In the future, no matter who bullies you, you can say it out loud. Don't be afraid of anything!"

Although her voice was very light, it contained an intense emotion.

Will snuggled into Cierra's arms and whispered, "It's Cherry. She bullied me..."

"Cherry?"

Cierra remembered she met Cherry in the old mansion today. "How did she bully you?"



Will bit his lip with a conflicted expression.

Perhaps he was afraid of trouble, or maybe Cherry had said something to him, so he was scared to say it.

Cierra patiently coaxed him, "Don't be afraid, Will. You're a child of the Barton family, and that annoying Cherry doesn't our family. Why should we be afraid of her? As long as you didn't do anything wrong, our family will uphold justice for you."

When Will heard this, he wanted to cry.

No one had ever said such a thing to him.

Ever since he could remember, he had no mother by his side, and his father was always very busy. He was taken by the nanny or sent to his grandmother's place.

Grandma was very good to him but never said these words to him.

As for Cherry...

He sniffed and hugged Cierra tightly.

"She said I was a child with no one to raise. When she married my father, she would ask him to throw me away! She also thought I was annoying and kept looking at her mobile phone, saying I was an illegitimate child...."

"Every time she saw me, she said that I was thrown at the door of the Barton family by my mother, that my father and grandmother were kind enough to pick me up, and that I was not a child of the Barton family at all..."

In the end, he felt so wronged that he burst into tears.

"I won't be thrown away, right? I am not an illegitimate child, right?"

Hearing this, Cierra's heart ached.

She couldn't imagine why Cherry could say something like that to a child.

“Not to mention that Will had done a paternity test and had been taken back to the Barton family. Even if someone else had thrown him at the door, they are kind enough to raise him; she shouldn’t have said that in front of the child!

Besides, wasn’t this woman a relative of the Barton family? How dare she covets Jaquan?

Isn’t that a little...”

Cierra was angry and disgusted.

But the most important thing at the moment was to calm him down. She didn’t expect that such a young child would bear

these comments.

More than once.

Will cried so hard in her arms. Cierra worried him as she patted him gently on the back.

“Of course not. Your name is Will Barton. You’re in our family tree. How could you be an unwanted child? You’re not an illegitimate child. Don’t listen to Cherry’s nonsense in the future, understand?”

When Cierra thought of those words, she felt terrible.

From the perspective of his nephews, she felt even more terrible.

She had also been called an illegitimate child and called a child that no one wanted.

When she was in the Boyle family, others scolded her like that every day after Aleah returned.

Sometimes, she thought her family and the world abandoned her.

Fortunately, she was not.

Cierra had never imagined that Will had suffered the same things as her.

He was still a member of the Barton family. How dare Cherry be!

## **Chapter 209 He Wasn't the One On Blacklist**

New York.

There was heavy rain at night, and it fell on the floor-to-ceiling glass.

The heavy rain woke up Draven.

He looked a little dazed. Knowing he couldn't fall asleep, he got out of bed, stood before the window, and stared blankly at the city's night view.

"Ever since he divorced Cierra, he has been living in the company. Occasionally, he would go back to the old mansion for two days. Most of the time, he worked.

He saw her again in his dream.

Cierra...

The person who should have been forgotten appeared in his dreams repeatedly. He couldn't get rid of her.

Why?"

Looking at the raindrops slowly dripping from the glass, he shouted in confusion.

Why did he always dream of her?

He tried to fall into meditation, focusing on listening to the rain

Drip, pat, pat, pat.

However, he couldn't help but think of that rainy night in the old mansion.

Similar to this heavy rain, it was also different from the sound of the rain tonight, thunder and lightning flashed, and a fragrance and softness of woman fell into his arms...

Draven suddenly opened his eyes, still filled with confusion and disbelief.

He actually...

Compared to the disgusting scenes in the hotel during the day, he could feel that he was not disgusted by the rejection when he thought of Cierra. In fact, he was even unwilling to accept his indulgence in it.

It was one thing for him to be dreaming, but why would he think about having sex with Cierra when he was free?

Draven felt furious. He turned around irritably and went to get a bottle of iced water.

After drinking the coolness of the water, he was not that desire.

He had been sleeping since he took the medicine in the afternoon. He didn't wake up until now, and he didn't feel sleepy at all.

He picked up the phone in the corner of the sofa and became indifferent as usual.

It was four o'clock in the morning on the phone.

He hadn't checked his phone all night and left a lot of messages, missed calls, and even particular messages to him, for fear

that he couldn't see them.

Most calls were from Vanessa, but Aleah had wholly disappeared this time..

Anna called him twice but didn't get through; she sent him a WhatsApp message saying his mother had woken up. There was nothing else ill except for her high blood pressure,

As for the other messages,

A few people came to ask about his situation, but they might not care about him. They just saw him making a fool. Some were even bold enough to directly introduce him to a new woman and send him photos to ask if he liked her.

Feeling a headache coming on, he turned off his phone.

The suppressed irritation rose along with the pain in his nerves. He pressed his temple and tried to relieve it, but as soon as he closed his eyes, the familiar face appeared in his mind again. He was so shocked that he suddenly opened his eyes.

Outside the window, the rain was getting lighter. There was no sound except for the occasional sound of hitting the glass.

At night, his five senses were magnified in the darkness. He sat alone in the empty and dark room. Some thoughts suppressed in the daytime were also quietly revealed at night, and he couldn't restrain himself.

As he held his breath, a thought suddenly formed in his mind.

-He was missing Cierra.

He missed her.

In the past, he would never know what the missing feeling was.

He did not shed a tear when his grandfather died and was buried. Now that three years had passed, he had never thought of

him who had brought him up and taught him lessons. Even the memory of him had gradually faded away.

He had always been offish and selfish. He was a very shrewd businessman and had never been a good person.

That was what he thought of himself.

After all, filial piety was the most important thing. If he was a good person, why would he think it was customary for his grandfather to get old, sick, and die? His grandfather should leave at his age.

He was a complete loser, and no one loved him, so he chose to marry someone who loved him, even for his money.

But a jerk like him missed his ex-wife on a rainy night.

He inadvertently touched the screen of his phone. Suddenly, the light shone on his face.

Did he miss her?

He began to ponder over this matter.

Also, whenever he used an excuse to go to the L'Opera Restaurant, he would call her occasionally when he sent her abroad.

However, he couldn't get through to her.

Ha, he missed this heartless woman.

But he probably couldn't control his emotions in the middle of the night, and his body was doing what he wanted to do at the

moment.

He wanted to call Cierra again and get her new number sent by Ryan.

This heartless woman had tried to please his grandpa and marry him. After returning to the country, she wanted to divorce him. Now that there was no news of her, why should he be the only one missing her?

Draven looked up Ryan's WhatsApp. Because they usually contacted each other by phone, they spent most of their time together. Their chat history was still when Ryan sent him the new contact information of Cierra a few months ago.

His gaze lingered on the phone number for half a minute, and he felt it familiar.

Instead of copying the phone number,

he switched it to his contact list and looked for her contact information.

The name he gave to her was Cierra. The first one was that she had saved it in his phone.

It had it since she was in school. Over the years, he had changed her mobile phone many times, but the number list was the

same.

Thinking of how the chubby girl snatched his phone away, he stared at the note in a trance.

“Cierra...”

It seemed that the person accompanying him the entire time was Cierra.

When did it change?

He couldn't remember. He clicked on the screen and saw the number he had saved.

After a while, he mocked himself with a hint of indifference.

He didn't stop, either. He clicked on the setting in the upper right corner. He clicked on the blacklisted number in the interception and harassment.

There was only one number, which matched all the phone numbers sent by Ryan.

On the contrary, the number saved in his contact list had been modified by one number.

One number, ha...

Because of this number, he mistakenly thought she was angry with him when she was abroad for three years. She took everyone seriously and deliberately ignored him.

He didn't want to talk to her.

It turned out that she was the one who had been blacklisted. It was his mobile phone that had been blacklisting her all the

time.

It was not that she didn't want to find him, but that she couldn't find him.

He was really a bad guy!

He was mad because of this fact. What would he be doing now if he had blamed her for ignoring him all these years?

Thinking of the grievances that Ryan had found out about her when she was abroad, his eyes turned indifferent.

-What if she called him when she was in danger?

Just thinking of that scene made him break down.

If such a scene had happened, how desperate she would be if she, as a girl, was abroad and couldn't contact him for help.

Draven closed his eyes. He suddenly threw his phone against the wall when he opened his eyes again.

The screen broke into pieces. After a loud noise, it was as silent as the night.

The sound of the rain could no longer be heard.

After an unknown period, he stood up from the sofa, picked up his phone with trembling hands, and took out his card.

He had to pull out Cierra from the blacklist.

## **Divorced but Delighted**

### **Chapter 210 Praying**

Ryan was instantly shocked when he came to the office the next day.

The man in a suit and tie usually sat at his desk, staring unshaven at a broken phone screen in front of him, and he looked "despondent."

Ryan didn't know what cut his palm, but there was another scar on it that had already healed. The dried blood had solidified on the wound, looking ferocious and horrible.

Ryan had a strange look. Unlike his usual lazy self, he knocked on Draven's desk.

"Draven, are you all right?"

Without saying a word, he stared at the phone before him.

Ryan didn't know what to say.

He scratched his head, stared at Draven for a while, and said hesitantly.

“Don’t be too sad because of what happened yesterday. Aleah... You know what she is. You said that you married her because she is good to you. Marrying her will fulfill your wish. You had to manage the company.”

Although Ryan felt it was not worth it to feel sad for a woman like Aleah, as Draven’s good brother, he could understand Draven.

Moreover, it was in the middle of the night when it was accessible to sentiment. Yesterday, he had worried about Draven when he saw his appearance.

As expected, something happened during the night.

He didn’t expect this woman to be a big blow to him. What the hell?

Just as Ryan was sighing with emotion, the man at the desk suddenly spoke.

“Who told you that I was sad because of Aleah?”

Only then did he reply to him.

Ryan was stunned. “Isn’t it? Otherwise, what else could have such a heavy blow to you?”

A video of his bride having sex with another man was broadcasted on the spot on his wedding scene. It was usual for him to be depressed.

Just as Ryan was about to persuade Draven not to be stubborn, he heard the latter speak. What Draven said also shocked him.

Draven picked up the broken phone with a self-deprecating smile, and his voice was indifferent.

Get Bogus

“That’s right. I should have seen what kind of woman she is. It’s ridiculous that I met her requirements again and again...”

He should see through Aleah while he found the scars on Cierra’s body the last time.

No, it should be earlier.

When she copied the surveillance video and sold them to the Internet to slander Cierra, He should have known Aleah was just a woman who would do anything for her own purpose.

She used the trust he had given her to scheme against him.



He allowed her to enter the Trevino Group building and into his office, but in the end,

The phone number saved on his phone had been modified, and the surveillance video he had gotten

was taken out as evidence of a fan war.

Why did he think that he liked Aleah?

Was it just because of that cake?

If getting close to him was a scheme from the beginning, did it mean that the cake was put there by

someone else and recognized by her?

After careful calculation, Cierra had spent even more time by his side.

They grew up together. Cierra was almost with him everywhere except when he was learning or

teaching.

Cierra was the one who had stayed by his side the longest.

Even when Aleah came back later, she often appeared in various ways.

She came to the Trevino family to accompany his grandfather, cook for him, and take care of the

flowers and plants for him... There was all her trace anywhere.

However, she was taciturnly compared to the vivid and beautiful girl in the past. She permanently

lowered her head and let others ignore her existence.

Was it just because her presence was low that her companions didn't count?

At that time, he didn't realize it. When he thought about it again, it seemed she was everywhere, and Aleah was not accompanying him.

Every time it was because of Aleah's call, he would use all kinds of excuses to go there.

Because of this, he quarreled with his grandfather every time and ran away from home rebelliously.

Now that he thought about it, someone silently accompanied him in those unbearable memories.

Get Potts

How could he be alone?

It was he who had created his tragedy.

He had made his grandfather angry every day because of Aleah. Ultimately, he did not even have time to see his grandfather for the last time when he passed away.

What a joke!

He thought that no one could control him now. He felt free, could do what he wanted, and marry the person he wanted.

But the fact was...

Only when the wedding banquet was held did he know who the person he wanted to marry was

Draven looked at the ceiling dejectedly and told Ryan everything that had happened last night, including what had happened in recent years.

“Did you know that at the wedding banquet yesterday, when I saw Aleah in a white wedding dress at

the  
end of the hotel’s red carpet, I was thinking about the scene when Cierra married me three

years ago.”

It was still vivid, but he still felt Cierra was gorgeous.

However, at that time, his grandfather was seriously ill. Aleah repeatedly broke down and called

him to say she wanted to commit suicide.

He was mentally and physically exhausted. Other than saying that Cierra was beautiful in his heart, he didn’t say anything else.

At the wedding banquet yesterday, he had self-righteously struggled with his emotions. He kept

telling himself that the person he was going to marry was Aleah. He shouldn't have thought about

that heartless Cierra.

It was ridiculous that he couldn't see through his heart.

He was a heartless man!

He was a scumbag!

Everyone was right. He was a jerk, a blind good-for-nothing!

Ryan silently watched his old friend's emotional collapse. He restrained his casualness and didn't

know what to say.

He looked at the broken phone on the desk and suddenly understood.

It wasn't just because he knew that the number on the blacklist was Cierra's, but because it was just

a fuse. He finally exploded when he knew the truth.

**His** heart was broken into pieces, just like the end of this mobile phone.

If they could be contacted each other in three years, they might not be able to reach their current

state.

But who could he blame?

There were many ways to meet and talk to each other, but both seemed to be holding back their anger. When they met, they said sharply, "Why didn't you come to me for so many years?"

What was even harder to explain was that it wasn't that the other party didn't look for the other, but

that someone had built a wall in front of them and blocked the other party outside. It was just that

he didn't know.

But what could he do?

In this world, there were no ifs.

He could only blame himself.

He hated himself.

On the other hand, the outcome was his current appearance. He'd been dejected for an entire night and regretted it.

He looked at Ryan and pleaded in a rare tone.

"Where's Cierra?"

"Can you tell me?"