

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 221 Bitterness

There was a photo on the phone taken recently, where Jaquan and Cierra were talking.

Laura had took a lot of photos secretly and was sharing them with Wanda with a gossipy face.

While talking she kept scrolling through the photos on her phone.

“Wanda, I heard that you’ve been around Mr. Barton for seven years. Do you know this beautiful lady? What’s her relationship with him?”

That was an ingenious camera angle, just showing the side of their faces.

The man in suit raised his hand and was touching the lady’s head. His face was beaming with a gentle smile, and that doting look in his eyes which was hard to be overlooked.

Whoever saw it would rave that it looked exactly like a touching scene in an idol drama.

Even Wanda couldn’t help but stare blankly at these photos.

They were really a perfect match for each other.

“By the way, this beautiful lady looks so familiar. Just like a female celebrity. Have I seen her on the

Internet?”

Other staff in Mr. Barton’s office were attracted by Laura too.

Some of them were holding the fried chestnuts that Cierra had bought, leaning against Wanda’s desk, chewing and chatting.

Hearing this, Laura nodded and said, “I seem to remember...”

Suddenly she widened her eyes and pointed at the side of Cierra’s face in shock.

“I remember. The lady seems to be the sister of Landen Birley, the award-winning actor! Have you read the news of the car accident today? A has-been A-lister charged into pedestrians on the street indiscriminately. I heard that she was the one who s*atched this pretty lady’s ex-husband.”

“Ah? Really?!”

“So Mr. Barton sort of saved the beautiful lady, ex-wife of the Trevino Group in New York? But she

married once. I don’t think she is good enough for Mr. Barton.”

“Not good enough? Look at her grace and look. Moreover, ex-wife of the the Trevino family in New York, sister of Landen Birley, the award-winning actor. She must have an extraordinary background. A perfect match for Mr. Barton who has a child and old. Besides, look at the expression

in Mr. Barton’s eyes. We don’t need to worry about them.”

They kept on chatting about Jaquan’s marriage, and that gave Wanda a big headache.

Finally she snapped and interrupted them coldly.

“Do you have nothing to do, or are your leaders too lax? Aren’t you afraid of being caught gossiping about Mr. Barton openly in the office?”

As soon as she stopped, the surroundings instantly fell silent.

Although Wanda was not their immediate superior, but as the most experienced person in Mr. Barton’s office, she had worked for him for many years. So everyone still held her in awe.

No one dared to

loaf off and gossip, and they all went back to work.

Couldn’t chat face to face, so they started a group chat online.

Wanda was also added to the group.

It was not her main account, but a personal account she used to transfer files or as a memo.

Mr. Barton’s Office was connected to all the other departments of the company. Sometimes, there would be some social activities. Her friend, the marketing manager, told her in private not to be too serious. Otherwise, her subordinates wouldn’t be able to enjoy the activities and consider them

formalism.

She didn’t expect that they didn’t know it was her account, less so that these little girls would be so

gossipy.

Just as she was about to open the mute notifications, and close the chat box, her hand suddenly

stopped.

[F*ck! Why is an assistant so domineering? Clinging to Mr. Barton all day long and he didn't even look at her. Besides the atmosphere in our office is so good, and it's not like we're just chatting and doing nothing. Why is she so fierce?]

Probably because they were gossiping, the group was in an anonymous mode, so nobody knew who

was speaking.

But there was no doubt that Wanda was the one being roasted.

People tended to be particularly curious about what other people think of them. Wanda was no

exception.

So she didn't close the chat box and quietly watched what they were going to say.

[Calm down. Laura was too reckless to show the photo of Mr. Barton and that beautiful lady to Wanda who has a crush on Mr. Barton for so many years. How can she see this? If it were me, I wouldn't be able to see it too!]

[Even if she has a crush on him for years, so what? Mr. Barton only orders her around like she's a cow. Look at her wrinkles from working overtime every day. Yet she still clings to Mr. Barton. Poor

thing.]

[She should look at herself, dressing like a nun all day long. Of course Mr. Barton doesn't like her. Besides her countrified wardrobe, she is as serious as a school dean. Who wants a motherlike wife? In my opinion, even those egomaniacs in our company won't like her, let alone Mr. Barton!]

"Anyway, is Mr. Barton really gonna marry the ex-wife of the Trevino Group? But she is indeed the first lady whom Mr. Barton has brought into his office, and old Mr. Barton was there too. Also, Mr. Barton's son seems to like that beautiful lady very much. I'm optimistic about them..."

[...]

Looking at the messages in the group chat, Wanda pressed her lips silently.

Unconsciously, she touched her face.

It had been seven years.

She had been around Jaquan for seven years.

That ignorant graduate had become a so-called “school dean”, as if her youth had never existed.

Had she already begun to grow wrinkles?

Feeling stifled in her heart, Wanda didn't want to read more messages and closed the chat box

directly.

She tried to dispel the confusion in her head with her work, but her mind went blank.

Every time she tried to think, the image of Jaquan touching that lady's head would appear in her

head, as well as his words to her.

-She didn't deserve to be a mother.

-He would not marry such a woman.

She felt overwhelmed with all repressed emotions.

She didn't want to stay in the office any longer, so she took her cup and walked to the watercooler.

Jaquan's watercooler was a separated area. As his assistant, Wanda could use it too. She didn't have to share the one outside with the other employees.

She made a cup of coffee to Jaquan's taste, no extra milk and sugar as the way she liked it. Then she sat down on the sofa holding the Americano.

She didn't want to go back to work.

Just as they had discussed in the group chat, she had been working hard for him for the past seven years. She was too busy with work to care about herself. Why?

Why wouldn't she chat or stare blankly after finishing a job just like the other staff?

Perhaps she should think more of herself.

'She took a sip of the steaming coffee. The bitterness began to spread from the tip of her tongue, which made her frown.

Even so, she held the cup and took another sip.

He had tasted the bitterness of life. Was she afraid of a bitter coffee?

While she was thinking about this, a childish voice sounded in her ear.

“If you don’t like it, why do you have to drink it? If it tastes bitter, you can add sugar.”.

Chapter 222

What Gave You the Right to Be My Mother?

The little person hiding under the table opened its big black eyes and tilted its head slightly, as if he was a little puzzled.

Grown-ups were strange. Even if they were very sad, they acted as if nothing had happened.

Although the coffee smelled good, it didn’t taste good. Wh

did she force herself to drink it?

Even if she really wanted to try, she could add some sugar.

If she didn’t like it, why did she have to force herself?

Will looked curiously at the woman sitting on the sofa not far away.

Wanda was also looking at him.

The moment she saw the little face, she felt an upsurge of emotion and she looked shocked.

“Why are you here?”

She put down the coffee cup and hurried to the table on which the coffee machine was placed. Then she bent down and looked at the child under the table with concern.

“Come out quickly. You won’t feel comfortable there!”

She couldn’t hide the affection in her eyes.

She didn’t know why the child was hiding here, guessing that he might have a quarrel with his family, so he decided to hide.

The space was so cramped that even a child would feel uncomfortable if staying there for too long.

It would be even worse if he injured his bones or bumped his head.

With all the other places he chose to hide there.

Thinking of this, Wanda's tone unconsciously grew serious. "Come out quickly. You can't stay there for long.

Will was about to crawl out.

For the fable was smaller than the one at home, and it wasn't comfortable hiding there.

He had already stuck out his head, but her tone changed his mind and she shrank back.

He looked at Wanda stubbornly.

Wanda was also stunned. She saw him coming out just now. Why did he go back?

She had no choice but to squat down and coax him in a gentle voice.

What Gave You the Right to Be My Mother?

It was a quirk of fate. She had left him at the door of the Barton family. How could she be qualified to

be a mother?

Just as Jaquan had said, a woman like her was not qualified to be a mother at all.

But what could she do?

If she had the ability to take good care of the child at that time, she would not have abandoned him.

She just didn't want him to suffer, and she firmly believed that the Barton family would take good

care of him. That was why she sent the child over.

But she had never expected that one day her own child would say such a thing to her.

-What gave you the right to be my mother?

Right. Why didn't she raise him?

Wanda's eyes turned red.

Will didn't expect the woman in front of him to have such an expression, as if he had mistreated her and made her cry.

He suddenly felt a little sad.

He crawled from under the table, took out a tissue from his pocket, and gently handed it to her.

“Don’t cry. I don’t know you, so I don’t want you to be my mother. If you’re nice to me and promise that you won’t be rude to me as you were just now. I’ll rethink about it.”

He had thought about Cierra’s words when he was hiding here. If his father really liked this woman,

he could make concessions.

After all, his father also needed someone to accompany him.

He couldn’t be so selfish.

As to his birth mother, she had left him at the door of the old house when he was born. She

definitely didn’t like him.

If his birth mother didn’t love him and didn’t want him, why did he try to please her?

If someone was good to him, he would like her to be his mother.

Wanda didn’t expect him to say that. For a moment, she didn’t know what to say and stood there in a

daze.

The tears that she had been trying to hold back couldn’t help falling.

Seeing this, Will let out a long sigh.

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He unfolded the tissue, gently wiped away the tears on her face and complained,

“Alas, women are troublesome.”

When hearing this, Wanda’s face instantly turned red.

She was in no mood to enjoy the kindness of him wiping her tears, so she took the tissue from his hand and wiped them herself.

She calmed down quickly. Except for the red rims of her eyes, no one could tell that she had cried

just now.

Will stared at her and said in a serious tone, "Don't cry for no reason. Otherwise, I won't agree to

my father marrying you."

It was no good marrying a crybaby and coaxing her every day.

Wanda didn't expect this child, who hadn't reached her waist yet, to say something like that in an

adult's tone.

He was a real Barton.

Gradually her depression started to lift, and she smiled.

"Don't worry, your father won't marry me, and I won't marry your father either. What are you thinking about?"

She poured some warm water into a disposable cup and handed it to him.

"Come on, drink some warm water. You have to go back after sitting for a while. If you hide for too long, your family will worry about you. And it's wrong."

Knowing he was wrong, Will took the water and didn't say anything.

He was going to drink the water, when the door of the watercooler was pushed open.

The man who came in looked very gloomy.

Chapter 223 Daddy

Will was so scared that the cup in his hand almost fell to the ground.

Daring not to sit and drink, he quickly jumped off from the sofa, being very good.

"Daddy."

Will was afraid of him.

When at home, he used to hide like this, everyone was worried and called him "baby". Only his

father would scold him.

Will dared not look into his eyes.

On the other side, Wanda was also stunned.

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She didn't expect him to show up at this time. She wondered if he had heard what she just said, and

how much.

But on second thought, she didn't think it was a big deal.

He would never marry her, and there's no chance she would marry him.

Wanda glanced at his gloomy face and the worrying Cierra behind him. She swallowed the

bitterness and forced a smile.

"Mr. Barton, I'll go back to work."

They were family, and as an outsider, it was better for her to leave.

Wanda smiled at him and left with the coffee.

"Wait!"

When passing each other, Jaquan suddenly called out to her.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Barton?" she asked politely.

Looking into her dark eyes, Jaquan didn't know how to begin.

He wanted to ask her why she was so sure that he would not marry her?

Or why she would not marry him?

He swallowed back the words on the tip of his tongue, because he was afraid that if he said it, she would resign tomorrow and run far away.

So his expression changed, and his words changed.

"Has this kid been here all this time?"

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Stunned, Wanda glanced at the child who was wiping her tears just now.

Now he was in the arms of another lady who was worried and cared about him. He threw his arms

around her neck without any dissatisfaction.

Wanda's heart slowly cooled down and she replied with a "yes".

"When I came in, he was there. Just alone and didn't do anything out of line. Mr. Barton, he

shouldn't have run out like this, but don't be too hard on him."

While she was talking, David kept staring at her.

She was no different from when she was at work, gentle and responsive to all his questions.

Jaquan's heart suddenly sank.

He looked unhappy and did not respond to her. "Go back to work."

Then he turned around irritably.

Looking at his back, she pressed her red lips and left without saying anything.

The door was

closed. The gloominess on Jaquan's face became even more difficult to hide.

He had to find someone to vent his rage on.

His disobedient son was the first to bear the brunt.

"Will, why do you always hide? You hide at home, and when you come out you still hide. What if you're abducted? Have you thought about the consequences?"

Will had never seen his father so angry before. He immediately shrank his neck and blinked his big

black eyes as he hugged Cierra tightly.

He pressed his lips, and his usual mature look disappeared.

Now he was like a little boy who was being scolded by his father.

Cierra felt sorry for him. "Jaquan, why are you so fierce? Children of his age are always making trouble, besides it's my fault. I shouldn't have said those words in front of him. If you want to scold

someone, scold me!”

Feeling the force of his arms around her neck, Cierra held the little fellow closer to her bosom.

She was afraid that he would scare the little one, so she patted him gently on the back.

Jaquan also knew that he shouldn't have done that. NPHdy

What's more, Wanna had just told him not to be too hard on the kid...

He lowered his eyes with his mind in a whirl.

She had been around him for seven years. Did she really have no feelings for him?

His expression only made Will feel that his father was still angry with him, so he didn't dare to say anything.

Cierra felt a headache coming on when she saw the father and son's expressions.

She had already taken all the blame. Seeing that the father and son did not speak, she felt guilty and

uneasy.

In the end, Cierra was unable to contain herself and tried to coax him by coquetry.

“Well, it's all my fault. I'm starving. Can you knock off and let's go back for dinner?”

She curled her lip and looked at him pitifully.

Hearing this, Jaquan, who was lost in thought, also came to his senses.

Seeing the helpless expression on Cierra's face, his depression dissipated a lot.

He got up and glanced at his watch.

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There was still half an hour to go before he got off work. Usually, people would be a little hungry at

this time.

The company always offered afternoon tea for employees so they would not feel too hungry. But Cierra probably didn't eat anything in the afternoon. After she took Will to the company, she only had a little juice. So she must be hungry now.

His expression had returned to normal, and he said in a low voice, "Hmm."

"I'll take you out to eat. The delicacies in Los Angeles may not be as good as those in New York's L'Opera Restaurant, but there are also regional specialties. You can have a taste."

"Okay! Thank you, Jaquan!"

Cierra had no prejudice against domestic cuisine.

Even if the taste might not as good as that of L'Opera Restaurant, she could still discover its advantages. No matter how bad it tasted, it would have some saving point!

Anyway, it was better than some of the food abroad.

Moreover, the delicacies in Los Angeles had a long history and were full of local characteristic.

Every place had its own delicacies. It couldn't be said that they couldn't compare. It could only be Caddy

said that the tastes of people from all over the world were different.

"I heard that there is also a chain restaurant in Los Angeles that is quite famous. It seems to be called the Sapidity Restaruant, and it has a long history."

Speaking of food, Cierra had something to say.

Yesterday, she had a chat with her junior fellow apprentice.

This time, Freddy came to Los Angeles only to see how Cierra was doing, but to attend the Gourmet Convention on behalf of L'Opera Restaurant.

The Gourmet Convention was held once every three years in their catering circle. The leaders of the catering circle all over the country selected a young junior to participate in the competition as a cultural exchange for the restaurant.

But in a competition, it was inevitable that everyone wanted to win.

If one won, he would naturally be happy and it was a good way to verify his craftsmanship.

Not only did he prove his family's inheritance in front of the big shots in the circle, but he also made an advertisement.

Therefore, the Gourmet Convention held every three years was getting bigger and bigger. He heard from Freddy that it should have been held last month, but the boss of

the Sapidity Restaurant had something to deal with something at home, so it was postponed for this month.

Cierra was quite interested in this Gourmet Convention, thinking that she would definitely attend it with Freddy by then.

But now, tasting delicious food was more important.

Jaquan was not stingy with his words. He said with a smile in his eyes, "You're right. The dish here

is indeed a delicacy in Los Angeles, and it has something to do with our family."

Cierra raised an eyebrow, "Is that so? Then shall we go get a discount?"

Jaquan laughed and said, "Let's go and eat. The Sapidity Restaurant is open to the public, and it had been carried forward in the hands of our uncle. What do you think?"

Cierra sucked in a cold breath.

Good heavens.

She didn't know until now!

Chapter 224 She Would Never Let This Happen!

It wasn't that the the Bartons didn't want to tell Cierra.

However, ever since their aunt married into the Riley family in New York and returned to Los Angeles, their mother had some conflicts with her grandfather. As a result, they had less contact with the Chester family in the next few years. As such, he did not tell the elders of the Chester

family about it in detail.

As for the Chester family, they naturally knew Cierra, who had been lost since she was a child, had

returned.

A few months ago, when Cierra had returned to the country, the Barton family had donated one billion dollars, and they had sent gifts to him.

However, at that time, Cierra hadn't officially returned home, and the Barton family hadn't received any relatives from her grandfather's side. So far, they hadn't seen her yet.

“I’ll wait for you to stay in Los Angeles for a while. You’ll know all the relatives. Don’t worry.”

Jaquan explained to her. Worried that Cierra would think too much, he added.

“My two uncles are very concerned about you. Since you returned to the country, they have often asked about your recent situation. Only my second aunt may be a little dissatisfied with you because of the dispute with my mother. Don’t take it to heart when you meet. My grandparents are not very old, so they have been resting at home all these years. According to my mother’s arrangements, she will take us to visit them at that time. Cici, remember to have some time.”

The Barton family had originally planned to arrange a dinner party to welcome their relatives and friends from Los Angeles. At the same time, they would also lead their younger sister to show off in front of others.

However, there had been a lot of unhappiness on the internet some time ago. The Bartons were worried that someone would deliberately slander their sister’s reputation. Moreover, their sister did not like to be lively, so they simply canceled the plan.

However, the banquet could be canceled, and this kind of interaction between relatives could not be avoided.

He had to take her out to meet some people.

Cierra was originally happy that she had gained a lot of relatives, but when she heard the rest, she wanted to cry but had no tears.

possible, she would rather lie down at home.

It was also a sweet burden.

“Got it, Jaquan. I’ll probably be busy for three or four days in a row tomorrow. You can take me anywhere you want for the rest of the time.”

Cierra took Will’s hand and got into the back seat of the car, thinking about the follow-up

arrangements.

She had to pick up Freddy tomorrow.

The day after tomorrow was William’s birthday. No matter whether William wanted to celebrate it or not, she had to prepare a surprise for him.

After that, it was the Gourmet Convention that Freddy had mentioned. Freddy was supposed to attend, but he used the principle of respect for the old and love the young

to put pressure on her. He asked her to be a judge on behalf of the L'Opera Restaurant, so she had to go.

After that, there should be nothing else for her to do, and she could follow the arrangements.

As for the location of the studio, it could only be postponed. There was no rush.

At present, it was more important to eat delicious food first.

However, just as Jaquan was about to start the car, he was interrupted by a call.

It was a call from Mrs. Chester.

-She didn't know what he said, but his face darkened slightly.

But when he turned his head and looked at the back seat, he had returned to normal, saying in a joking tone.

"Cierra, I'm afraid we can't take you out for dinner today. Mrs. Chester has prepared dinner at the old house. We have to go back."

"Okay, as long as there's food."

Although she really wanted to have a taste of the characteristics of Los Angeles, her mother was

more important.

Even if Mrs. Chester was not good at cooking, Cierra was still willing to go home for dinner. Moreover, Mrs. Chester's cooking skills were not bad.

Jaquan started the car and gave Cierra a warning as he turned his head.

"Mom should have something to tell you when you get home later. Don't get too excited."

"What is it?"

Cierra was curious.

Jaquan glanced at her through the rear-view mirror with a meaningful look in his eyes.

She Would Never Let This Happen!

"You'll know when you get back."

Cierra frowned at him, but she didn't ask further.

Although she was curious, she thought that she would know later, so she didn't have such a strong

desire for it.

Moreover, her brother was still driving, so she didn't want to distract him, so she held Will in her arms and enjoyed the scenery outside the car.

As they passed by the fountain downstairs, Cierra frowned.

She seemed to have seen a man in strange clothes walking toward the company, but it was a pity that the distance was short. When she wanted to see it clearly again, there was only green belt on both sides of the road in front of her, and she could no longer see the situation at the entrance of the

company.

It was not Cierra's fault for being vigilant.

When she was abroad, she was followed by such a gangster-like person and almost lost her life. She

had to think more about it.

The MRC Group of the Barton family was located in the industrial park, surrounded by office buildings. People coming and going were all in professional attire. Their temperaments were similar, and the shabby clothes were really eye-catching.

Cierra wasn't someone who discriminated against people like that. If it was anywhere else, she

wouldn't even look at he, but it was really strange for he to appear here.

It seemed that he was here to make trouble.

She was right. This person was indeed here to cause trouble.

It was just that he was not here to cause trouble for the company, but someone in the company.

In the president's office of the MRC Group.

Wanda was still thinking about what had happened in the pantry and was in a daze at her desk.

The messages in the gossip group continued to flood the screen.

(Sisters, this gossip seems to be real! I just happened to pass by the president's pantry when I went to get some water. I heard something very sweet and almost died of sweetness!]

[What? Tell me!]

Although the Jaquan's pantry was independent, it was only separated from the staff's pantry, which formed a separate space. It was not like the conference room, which had a soundproofing effect.

Chap

Fruit.

That was to say, if they stayed outside for a while, the voices inside would be slightly louder, and they would almost be heard clearly.

[I heard the beautiful woman say 'good brother' to the president. Not to mention the president, even I, a woman, can't bear it! That coquettishness almost fell on my heart and softened my heart!]

[Wow! I think the president's legs are also weak. When did he get off work early? He must have taken the girl out today. He doesn't even care about his work!]

[No wonder her assistant looked so dejected after coming out of the pantry. She looks so pitiful. If I were her, I would resign. How can I still have the face to stay with the president?]

When she heard her name, Wanda's eyes trembled.

When she saw what these people were talking about, she put on a self-deprecating smile.

Where did she get the courage to stay with him?

Well...

Was it wrong to like someone you shouldn't have to?

For so many years, she had never delayed business because of this love.

The only accident was the child.

Thinking of this, there was a sense of loneliness in her eyes, and she couldn't help putting her palm

on her lower abdomen.

She couldn't help but wonder what would have happened if she had kept the child by her side when

she had given birth.

However, this thought was quickly dispelled by her.

If she had given birth to the

working in the MRC Group.

“and raised it herself, she would not have been able to continue

There were many things to do with Jaquan. Even if he had more than one assistant by his side, if she

was too lazy and slack, the MRC Group would not need such a person.

What kind of life could she live as a single mother if she was fired by the MRC Group?

That asshole might even trick her out of the child and sell the child.

She would never allow that to happen!

Therefore, it was the best ending for her to send the child to the the Bartons.

She Would Never Let This Happen!

She was not in the mood to watch these people gossip. She turned off the computer with a cold look and was about to get off work with her bag.

Just as she was tidying up, her phone vibrated.

She lowered her eyes, and all the blood in her body seemed to have frozen. A chill spread from the soles of her feet to the skin of her brain, making her at a loss!

Chapter 225 What Do You Want?

Without hesitation, Wanda hung up the phone.

She picked up her bag with a sullen face and left the office. At the same time, the crackling sound of keyboards around her stopped for a moment.

It was not until the woman's thin figure disappeared from the president's office that the sound of discussion rang out again along with the typing of the keyboard.

However, Wanda was no longer in the mood to think about the gossip in the office.

Before she entered the elevator, the phone in their hand rang again.

It was in midsummer, but she felt cold all over.

Her fingers kept trembling. She hung up the phone again, as if she were being chased by a ghost and stepped into the elevator.

When she arrived at the underground garage, she didn't receive any more calls, but a new text message made her want to smash her phone.

[You're not answering the phone? Okay, I'm at the entrance of your company. It doesn't matter if you don't answer the phone. Let's see if you can continue to work tomorrow!]

There was also a photo attached. It was the fountain at the entrance of the company.

She took a deep breath and called back with trembling hands.

"What exactly do you want?!"

As soon as the call was connected, she roared in a cold and trembling voice.

"My dear daughter, how can you speak to your father like that?"

The voice on the other end of the line did not fluctuate much. Instead, it was tinged with joy, as if he was happy to irritate Wanda.

She clenched her fists and said in a cold voice, "I don't have a father like you. Shut up!"

"Oh, you can't put it that way. You have my blood flowing in your body, and our father-daughter relationship can't be broken. Unless you're dead, as long as you're alive, you're still my daughter. It's useless for you to change your surname to your mother's!"

The sound of running water came from the receiver, which made her more and more annoyed.

She wanted to hang up the phone and ignore this man.

But when she thought that this person was at the entrance of the company and it was the time to get off work, she couldn't ignore him.

What Do You Want?

After a long silence, she finally gave in.

"I'll transfer your monthly living expenses to your card. Leave now!"

Roger Smith snorted. “Wanda, I came all the way from a poor village to look for my daughter who had developed in the city, but you didn’t even let me see you. That’s not very good, is it? I heard that you’re with the boss now. I’ll ask someone later...”

“Enough!”

Wanda finally couldn’t help but interrupt him in a stern voice.

“I’ll pick you up in three minutes. Don’t make any f*cking trouble at the entrance of the company, or I’ll call the police directly!”

“OK, I...”

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“I’ll wait for you under the sculpture of the fountain. You have to hurry up.

Roger wanted to say that it was useless to call the police. After all, it was difficult for an upright official to settle family affairs. He had not done anything. So what if the police came?

However, after thinking about the purpose of his trip, he obediently agreed and sat cross-legged at the edge of the fountain.

It was time to get off work. Many people came out of the office building one after another. When

they saw the man dressed like a tramp with his legs crossed at the entrance, they couldn’t help looking him up and down.

Some people even kindly went up and gave him some coins.

Roger was stunned for a moment, then flew into a rage. “Get lost! My daughter works here. Do you I

need your charity?”

“Your daughter works here? Which department is she from? Why are you still dressed...”

The passers-by could not help but be surprised.

It should be noted that the salary of the MRC Group was one of the top ones in Los Angeles and even in the entire country. Even the salary of the cleaner was one or two thousand higher than that of her peers, who even enjoyed the same welfare and year-end bonus as the employees of the company.

If the other party's daughter was really working in the MRC Group, how could he dress like a beggar?

Roger saw through the thoughts of these passers-by and snorted.

"I raised an unfilial daughter. She saved all her money, bought a car and a house in the big city, and didn't care about me at all. Otherwise, why would I come all the way here to find her?"

What Do You Want?

The passers-by were surprised.

Just as they was about to express their sympathy, a white BMW stopped in front of Roger's car.

The woman in the car rolled down the window and glanced coldly at Roger, who was sitting at the edge of the fountain.

"Get in the car."

As soon as she finished speaking, she rolled up the window.

When Roger saw Wanda, his face lit up with joy. He ignored the people passing by and got into the car with his head held high.

The car was driven away quickly.

In less than a minute, it was enough for the onlookers to see clearly who was in the car.

Even the employees of other departments had heard of the president's assistant, who had stayed by the president's side for the longest time!

What's more, they had been gossiping all afternoon, and even the new employees had heard of

Wanda.

Immediately, someone took a picture of the license plate and sent the new gossip they had just heard to the group chat.

Of course, she knew nothing about it.

She was still upset about the so-called "father" in the car, and the speed of the car increased with

the waves of annoyance.

However, the people in the back seat seemed to know nothing about it.

Roger was still lamenting that he was in such a comfortable car, lying and sitting in the back seat, touching the cushion with his eyes full of greed.

“Wow, this car must be very expensive.

“I heard people in the city say that they drive BMWs and Mercedes. I didn’t expect you to drive a BMW car. Your monthly salary must high, right? It’s good to work for the boss! My good daughter, you have to drive it back for the Christmas this year.”

Wanda couldn’t stand it anymore and interrupted him directly. “How much do you owe this time?”

Roger Smith scratched his head. He didn’t expect Wanda to be so direct.

Not much, just one million.”

Wanda almost slammed the brakes on the way. Nhật De You Wi

She was so angry that she almost laughed with anger. “Not much? Just one million? Can you earn one million in your life?!”

Roger said self-righteously, “I still have you, don’t I? I’ve brought you up with effort. Now that you’re doing well, are you going to leave your father alone?”

Why couldn’t she?

How could he be so shameless as to say that he had raised her?

If it weren’t for him, she wouldn’t have almost failed to go to college. How could he have the face to say such words?

“I don’t have any money. Even if I do, I won’t give it to you. According to the previous law, I will transfer my monthly living expenses to your account on time. There is no extra money.”

She said in a cold voice.

Hearing this, Roger became anxious. “How can you not have money? You can afford a BMW car, so you must have money! If you really don’t have money and sell this car and the house you bought here, won’t you have money?”

This car was a famous brand. He had heard that it was worth a lot of money.

Moreover, his daughter had lived in the city for a few years, so she must have bought a house long

ago.

Why would a girl buy a house? Sooner or later, she would get married!

Roger blurted out.

Hearing this, she sneered. "What do you think of me driving the car directly into the river? In this way, you don't have to continue paying off your debts. That's great."

It would be great if she could stop being threatened by such a father.

As soon as she finished speaking, she stepped on the accelerator harder.

Chapter 226 I'd Like You to Go Back to Where You came from

Los Angeles was near the sea.

The water of the river gathered in the vast ocean.

MRC Building was located near the Sea.

The car had been running for a while, and through the window, they could see the bridge across the river.

As the car sped up, Roger Smith finally noticed that something was wrong. He nervously and fearfully grabbed the passenger seat.

He said in a trembling voice, "Wanda, my sweetheart, you can't do anything s*upid. Look at you now. You are promising and beautiful. It's a shame to die with me! Let's talk about the money later. Your life is the most important thing!"

Wanda sneered.

This man was afraid of death, and he was right.

It was a pity to die with him.

She hadn't watched her child grow up well yet. Why should she die with a s*umbag?

Grandma had raised her by picking up trash. It was not worth it for her to die with this s*umbag.

She felt sorry for herself and the person who had raised her up.

She would cherish her life.

She would not give him the money!

Wanda didn't say anything else. Perhaps the man sitting behind her was really afraid that she would do something s*upid, so he finally shut his mouth and sat behind her vigilantly.

Half an hour later, the car arrived near a community.

The night came to Los Angeles very early. Even in summer, the lights were turned on earlier than in other cities.

The community was much older than the high-rise buildings in the city center. There were only six floors in a building without an elevator.

Most of the people who lived here were tenants or old people who guarded their old houses.

This was the first apartment that Wanda had rented after joining the MRC Group.

At first, she lived in the smallest room in the rental apartment with a roommate.

Later, her roommate moved out, and she accidentally had an accidental pregnancy with Jaquan, so she rented the small two-bedroom apartment by herself.

Later on, her work in the MRC Group was completely stable. She moved to a place close to the company, but she didn't cancel the rent.

It contained many memories of her pregnancy, and it was very difficult, but it was also the only time she could spend with the child.

She was reluctant to cancel the rent and leave. She was afraid that she would never be able to remind the time when she get along with the child again.

Three years ago, the landlord's family planned to go abroad and inform her to move out and they will sell the house. After thinking for a while, she bought it directly at the market price of a second-hand house.

When her grandmother had just passed away, Roger, her father, threatened her by not letting her grandmother rest in peace. He asked her to give him

money and sign a monthly allowance agreement. Only in this way did he allow her to bury Grandma's body a few days later.

After buying this house, she spent almost all her savings and owed some to her friends.

Fortunately, the MRC Group's salary and benefits were good. The annual bonus and her usual bonus allowed her to take root in Los Angeles quickly.

She bought this car last year. Thanks to Jaquan, she could buy a second-hand vehicle of good quality, which was less than 50,000 dollars.

But even if she sold the car as Roger said, it would not be enough to pay off his gambling debts.

What's more, she didn't want to pay him back a penny.

If it weren't for her young age, she wouldn't have obediently let him do whatever he wanted and signed the agreement for her to support this

s*umbag.

"I'll take you to dinner first. You can stay in my rented house tonight. I will buy a ticket for you tomorrow. I'll transfer the pension to you every month according to the agreement. Don't even think about a penny more than it!"

Wanda didn't tell him that she had bought this apartment.

After parking the car, she took Roger to a nearby noodle house and didn't say much to him.

Roger, who was following behind her, opened his mouth and was a little afraid of his daughter. But when he thought of his debts, he couldn't help but speak.

"Wanda, you can't be so ruthless. If I can't pay back the money, those loan sharks will beat me to death. You can't just watch your father being beaten to death!"

"Then you're wrong."

Wanda chuckled and looked at him coldly. “If you die, I’ll be the first to buy fireworks to celebrate.”

“You!”

“What?”

”

Wanda interrupted him with a cold expression, ignoring the tenants who came back from work.

“Haven’t you sucked enough blood from me all these years? I gave you 60,000 dollars just for Grandma’s funeral. I give you the monthly allowance as you said. How much money do you want to take from me? Do I have to give you every penny I earned?”

Roger looked embarrassed. But, there was no trace of guilt on his face.

Even though he didn’t say anything, his expression clearly said – that was what he wanted.

Wanda had long seen through this s*umbag and did not have any illusions about her father at all.

“Roger, I’ve done my duty as a daughter all these years. Even if I don’t give you a penny, what have I done wrong?”

It was Grandma who raised me up. You beat me out of school for your son. You pointed at my nose and scolded me for not deserving to go to school. It was

you who said you wouldn’t spend a penny on me.

“My teacher took me back to school. The National Secretary-General waived my tuition fees. And Grandma paid my living expenses with a plastic bottle and a piece of waste paper. What did you do as a father?”

“You hid my letter of admission. If it weren’t for the fact that the current

society is so developed that you can’t fake it, would you still want your son to take my admission notice to go to college?”

“When you were in debt, you thought of me, your biological daughter. How?

Did your beloved son die?”

When the passers-by heard this, they couldn't help but look at Wanda sympathetically.

But after all, it was her family's business, and they couldn't help.

However, Roger was still unable to lift his head due to the piercing gazes.

He felt extremely humiliated, and his voice became much softer.

“You know your brother well. He can't even afford to go to a decent university, and his job is just so-so... Besides, he has to get married. Now girls around him are asking for cars and houses. How can I ask him for money?”

“If he wants to buy a car and a house, how about me? Why don't I pay off the loan for my car and my house? Why should I pay off the debt for a person who almost killed my whole life?”

Wanda asked with a smile.

Roger said confidently, “You're just a girl. Why do you need to buy a car and a house? You can just find someone and marry him. There are so many rich

people in Los Angeles, and you're also beautiful. You don't have to worry about the rest of your life...”

Under Wanda's gloomy gaze, he spoke less and less.

He wanted to say that it would be better to find an older one. Maybe the old man would die one day, and all the family property would be theirs.

But in the end, he didn't say anything.

Roger rubbed his hands together and smiled apologetically, “I'm just saying, how could a rich person marry you? But, Wanda, my sweetheart, you're not

young anymore, so you have to think about it. Do you still remember the fruit shop in our town...”

“It's not too late to buy tickets back now. There's still a train to get there at 10 o'clock in the evening. I advise you to get out of here.”

Before he could finish his words, he was interrupted by Wanda's cold voice.

Chapter 227 Who Does the Trevino Family Think They Are?

Wanda couldn't be bothered to look at him anymore, so she turned around and left.

She was really kind. She was even worried that this s*umbag hadn't had dinner and was going to take him to the restaurant.

He deserved to be starved to death!

Seeing this, Roger hurriedly caught up with her and apologized.

"My dear, I was wrong! You can't ignore your father. If you let me go like this,.

I will be beaten to death by the loan shark when I go back!"

"What does it have to do with me?"

Wanda raised her eyes slightly and glanced coldly at the man in front of her.

Her so-called father in name.

"It's your gambling debt. Why should I pay it back? I'll say it again. I have no money, and I won't give it to you even if I have! Get out of here!"

She turned around and left. She didn't want to talk to him anymore.

But before she could take two steps, she was stopped.

Roger had no choice.

"You really don't care about me, do you? I'll go to your company tomorrow and make a scene. At that time, I'll let the whole company know what kind of person you are!"

Not only that, but he also wanted to call the police.

Moreover, the information was also very advanced now. He knew there were many people watching short videos. He also wanted to take a video and let everyone see how this unfilial daughter ignored her father!

Who Does the Trevino Family Think They Are?

If he wasn't happy, no one would be happy!

However, this time, Wanda did not react at all. She did not feel as cold as she had been in the company because of his threat.

She glanced at him expressionlessly and sneered.

"Okay, go ahead and make trouble."

"You!"

Seeing this, Roger was at a loss because the situation was different from what he had imagined.

"If you really have the guts to go tomorrow, let's see if the MRC Group will drive you out directly or let you make a scene downstairs. As for me..."

She chuckled and tidied up the loose hair by her ear. A faint trace of fatigue appeared on her face.

"I've decided to resign. I'll leave the company tomorrow after HR is approved. You can do whatever you want."

Anyway, the person she liked was just a dream to her, and what had happened today was enough to wake her up from her dream. Why did she still insist on staying with him, which would only make her more worried?

Moreover, it was easy to cause trouble for him.

She didn't want to see him upset.

It was better to leave now, so as not to leave a bad impression on him.

"Let me end this dream," Wanda said in her heart.

She didn't want to waste any more time with Roger, so she picked up her bag and went straight to her car.

Seeing this, Roger was really anxious this time.

They

"Ouch, Wanda, I won't make trouble.

"Ok? I'll go back tomorrow. Don't do anything s*upid. You can't resign. It's not easy for you to work for a big company. It's hard for you to find such a good job in the future!"

Roger was no fool.

It was hard to find a job in a big city. Many college students in their town stayed in Los Angeles to work after graduation. As a result, they even need their families to send rent in the first year.

Although Wanda was cruel, she was capable. She had already bought a car in Los Angeles. How could she not be able to buy a house in a few more years?

When she got married, she would not be able to live in her own house, so she had to sell it and give the money to him.

Thinking of this, Roger no longer forced Wanda.

He rubbed his hands and followed her carefully.

“How about this, Wanda? I don’t need you to pay off my debt. Take a step back and let me hide in your house for a while, okay? I promise I won’t make trouble for you, and you don’t have to pay for my living expenses. Just let me live in your house!”

Wanda stopped by the car and glanced at him coldly.

She snorted softly, opened the door, got in, and closed it directly. She didn’t want to talk nonsense.

Watching the car drive away, Roger was stunned for a moment and then caught up with it. But the white car made a turn and disappeared from his sight. How could he catch up with it with his legs?

He cursed her on the road, but in the end, he could only accept the fact that he had been ruthlessly abandoned by Wanda.

Does the Treving Family Think They Are?

F*ck, he wanted to let her go, but he didn’t expect that Wanda was an ungrateful person. He would make it known to everyone!

Bah!

Roger spat in the direction of the car and turned on his mobile phone to record a video.

As Wanda drove away, she could already predict what would happen in the future.

After driving the car to a place where Roger couldn’t reach, she picked up the spare tablet on the passenger seat, which was a working machine that was synchronized with the company’s computer.

Outside the window, the lights of the riverside shone on the river, making the city prosperous.

After Wanda typed the words “Resignation application”, her fingers paused on the keyboard.

She was really reluctant to leave him.

She rolled down the window and looked at the undulating lights by the river, recalling everything that had happened between her and Jaquan in the past.

seven years.

Most of the time, he treated her very well.

She still remembered that when she had just been assigned to Jaquan’s side, he had been learning from Mr. Barton instead of officially taking over the MRC Group.

She often made mistakes when she first arrived at the company. Jaquan was just like her at that time.

No one would punish her for what she had done something wrong. She just needed to deal with it again.

Does th

Trevino Family Think They Are?

Jaquan was different.

If Mr. Barton found he did something wrong, he would scold Jaquan and then call back to ask the project to be restarted.

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A young man who was five feet four inches tall was reprimanded like a child by his father. Fortunately, no one else saw it except her. Otherwise, it would be so embarrassing.

It was hard on her. She had worked overtime with him every day for an unknown period of time.

Later, when he took over the MRC Group, he was schemed against...

Now, the company was getting bigger and bigger, and no one dared to scheme against him anymore. Even when he was mentioned, he sighed and thought that the company had changed a lot.

As for her, she was still the same as before.

She followed him silently as if she was a nobody.

Seven years was enough.

Wanda withdrew her gaze and smiled self-deprecatingly. Finally, she finished writing the resignation letter on the document.

In the Barton family's old residence.

After dinner, the family sat on the sofa and chatted casually.

There weren't many people tonight. William and the others didn't come, and her uncle and aunt were also in their own homes. Only Cierra and Jaquan were there.

As they chatted, Cierra found out what Jaquan was talking about earlier.

Who Does the Trevino Family Think They Are?

It turned out that the news of her return to Los Angeles had spread in the circle. Now that the Internet was developed, they could contact her from a distance.

However, she didn't know how Sue Skinner, who was far away in New York, got the news and sent someone to ask whether the newly found daughter of the Barton family was engaged or not.

Anyone with a discerning eye could tell at a glance.

The Trevino family only had a son, Draven Trevino. They had never heard of any relatives of the Trevino family in New York. Now, Mrs. Trevino was here to

ask the Barton family about their daughter.

But it was really ridiculous.

The daughter of the Barton family had come back and they donated one billion dollars, which showed that the Barton family attached great importance to this missing daughter. The Trevino family dared to ask someone to try to arrange a marriage with her son, who had destroyed two marriages.

Not to mention that Mrs. Chester had fallen out with the person who sent the message at that time, even the other ladies in the group also echoed and

scolded her.

What kind of thing was this? Mrs. Trevino didn't do anything good!

As soon as Cierra followed Jaquan home, she heard Mrs. Chester's complaints

all the way. At this time, they couldn't help chatting again.

"It's really annoying! Not to mention that I don't urge Cici to get married at all. Even if I really want Cici to marry, they must introduce her to a decent man! Who does the Trevino family think they are?"

Get Borgs

Chapter 228 Mind Your Own Business!

Cierra was both amused and angry.

She didn't expect Mrs. Trevino to be in such a hurry to worry about Draven's marriage.

As soon as she divorced Draven, she agreed to let Aleah marry into the Trevino family.

Now that Aleah can't marry Draven, she soon had a new idea.

Cierra didn't expect that Mrs. Trevino would target the Barton family.

Not to mention she was the girl from the Barton family, she had no intention of remarrying Draven at all.

Even if it wasn't for her, why would Mrs. Trevino think that the Barton family was willing to marry their daughter to their son who had frequently become a trending topic with their former national goddess?

The messenger was also s*upid. Why didn't she think about it from another angle? If it were her daughter, would she be willing to agree to this marriage?

However, it was hard to say.

Perhaps this person felt that the Trevino family was rich and had few family members. There was no messy relationship between them. If someone married into the Trevino family, she would be able to live a peaceful life.

Of course, this had nothing to do with her.

“All right, Mom. Don’t be so angry that it’s bad for your health. Let’s just listen to it as a joke. As for the messenger, let’s just stay away from her in the future.”

Cierra comforted her in a gentle voice and handed Sarah a small cake.

She bought it on her way back. Now it was just a dessert.

“Come on, eat something sweet and be in a good mood every day.”

After being coaxed by her daughter, Sarah’s complexion improved a little.

She took the cake and took a bite, but still sighed faintly.

The people on the sofa all looked at her with worry in their eyes.

They couldn’t be blamed for being vigilant.

It was mostly because of Sarah’s depression that she was in poor health.

Ever since Cierra brought her back two years ago, Sarah’s condition had improved a lot. Although she couldn’t be completely cured, her complexion

was much better than before.

The Barton family naturally hoped that Mrs. Chester would be happy every day and that she would no longer worry about it.

At this moment, she suddenly sighed making everyone worry.

Sarah also knew her situation. She looked at the men on the sofa and chuckled.

“Why are you all looking at me? I’m just lamenting that my daughter is considerate. I’m not angry.”

Of course, these words were to comfort them.

The family members, who were sitting around Sarah, were not fools.

Even the youngest and most simple-minded boy, Will, could tell that Sarah

was worried.

Will said thoughtfully, "Grandma if you have a problem, you must tell us. Only then can we find a way to solve it together. You can't keep it to yourself. Otherwise, the more you think about it, the sadder you will be."

Just like him, when people said that he had no mother and would be abandoned by his father sooner or later, the more he thought about it, the more upset he felt.

Cierra chimed in and grabbed hold of Sarah's hand.

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"Will is right. If you have something to say, say it out loud. Don't keep it to yourself. Mom, it's okay if you don't say it, but you're using me as an excuse.

You've gone too far!"

Sarah was amused by the two kids and shook her head helplessly.

"It's not a big deal. I just wanted to keep it a secret so that you wouldn't be bothered."

Sarah scooped up a small cake with a spoon and slowly told them what had happened.

It was indeed not a big deal.

The person who spread the news was her younger sister, Belle Chester. She married in New York and got divorced then.

Since Belle had some contact with Mrs. Trevino in New York, she told Sarah that the Trevino family was looking for a new daughter-in-law for Draven.

If it were anyone else, she would just blacklist them and not contact them in the future.

However, Belle was her sister, so they could be considered a family. If she really blacklisted Belle and their parents heard it, they would come out to

persuade her. Sarah was not so heartless.

"I can't blacklist Belle. And Belle won't listen to her even if I talk to her

nicely.” Just thinking about it made Sarah worried.

Cierra held Sarah’s hand and patted it gently.

“It’s Belle’s business to talk about anything she wanted. Let’s just do what we want. If I don’t want to marry, can she tie me up and take me there? No matter

Not to mention that she didn’t want to marry Draven, even if she still had

feelings for him, she would have to ask whether Mrs. Trevino and Draven would agree to this marriage after they found out that she was the daughter of

the Barton family.

Ms. Trevino cared about her reputation the most. She had caused a lot of

trouble on the Internet. How could Ms. Trevino bring herself to ask her to

remarry with Draven?

Besides, even if they agreed shamelessly, she was unwilling to do so.

It was enough for a person to be s*upid once or twice. Things would never go beyond three times.

She couldn’t wait to live with the Barton family for the rest of her life. She didn’t want to marry a man who didn’t love her.

Cierra leaned on her mother’s shoulder and coaxed, “Mom, I won’t get married for the rest of my life. I’ll stay with you, okay?”

“Okay, of course!”

Sarah was overjoyed and did not want to let go of his daughter’s hand.

However, after thinking for a while, she added, “It’s best for you to stay with Mom and Dad for the rest of your life, but we can’t protect you forever. If you

meet someone suitable later, we can just recruit him as a live-in son-in-law. We are rich enough!”

As Sarah spoke, she patted Cierra’s hand.

“Don’t stay with your brothers all the time. Let them take you out for a walk when you have time. You have to forget that brat from the Trevino family and find a better one. It’s best if you can get married before that brat from the Trevino family!”

Chapte

Your Own Business

Well, she still couldn't escape the fate of being urged to get married.

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The smile on Cierra's face froze, but she did not refute her mother's words.

Instead, she hummed in agreement.

"Got it, Mom. I'll go out for a walk more often."

She was busy with the follow-up work, and her schedule was full.

As for the man, go to hell.

Sarah thought she was obedient and said, "It's best if you think so. Don't imitate your brothers. Not to mention getting married at such an age, you can't even see a woman around them. It's infuriating!"

It was as if he had been stabbed by a knife. Jaquan silently raised his head and glanced at Cierra with an inexplicable expression.

Cierra instantly understood. She quickly leaned to one side and massaged Sarah's shoulders, defending Jaquan.

"Mom, don't say that. It's not that Jaquan doesn't want to find a girlfriend. He hasn't found a suitable one yet. You're young and beautiful, so wait patiently.

You'll see your daughter-in-law soon. Besides, you already have a grandson. Why should you worry about his marriage? He must know what to do."

As soon as she finished speaking, Cierra winked at Jaquan with a smile.

Jaquan also smiled and lowered his eyes to scroll through his phone again.

Fortunately, Cierra was smart. Otherwise, he would have told Mrs. Chester

about Cierra's theory of going in with the left ear and coming out with the right ear. Then he would like to see what Cierra would do.

They should through thick and thin together, for example, being urged to get married.

Clant

It was reasonable, fair, and just.

“By the way, Mom, let me tell you something funny. When William and I were in New York, my ex-husband misunderstood William as my boyfriend and made things difficult for him.”

Cierra only wanted to quickly change the topic of the marriage urging.

Sure enough, when Sarah heard this, she no longer mentioned looking for a son-in-law and raised her eyebrows with interest.

“Is there something wrong with this guy’s brain? Even if you’re not siblings and are really a couple, what does it have to do with him as an ex-husband? Mind his own business!”

Chapter 229 Seven Years

It was rare for Mrs. Chester to be so angry without elegance.

Seeing this, Cierra smiled brightly. Thinking of the phone call in the morning, she nodded in agreement.

“That’s right. He must be crazy. It’s just that I didn’t know many people when I was young. I was blind and only cared about him.”

Now that she thought about it, she felt a little emotional.

She was really bound by the verbal engagement between the two families.

Sarah enjoyed her daughter’s massage on her shoulder, feeling satisfied.

“Don’t think about the past anymore. There’s still a long way to go. There are many young talents in Los Angeles. When you get a little familiar with them, ask Jaquan to take you out more often and attend some charity auctions. Do you understand?”

Well, let’s do it again.

Cierra felt a headache coming on, but she answered obediently and turned to look at Jaquan for help.

Jaquan was staring at his phone when he received a message. His expression suddenly changed.

“Dad, Mom, I’m going out.

11

He got up from the sofa, picked up his suit, and put it on in a hurry. His eyes seemed to be covered with ice.

Before he left, he did not forget about Cierra. “Cierra, please take care of Will for the time being. How about you rest in the old house tonight? If you want to go back, call William to pick you up. I’ll go first.”

“Jaquan, what happened?”

Seeing his ugly expression, Cierra couldn’t help but worry.

Sarah could not help but ask, “Is it about the company’s matters or something else? Don’t shoulder all the difficulties alone. Tell me and we’ll think of a solution together.”

Jaquan lowered his eyes, and his face darkened slightly.

Thinking of the email he had just received, he felt as if a huge stone was pressing down on his heart.

Wanda wanted to resign.

In the afternoon, he was awakened by Cierra’s words. He planned to take his time and find a good time to express his feelings for Wanda in the future.

He didn’t expect to receive her resignation letter at this time.

It was as if a bolt of lightning had struck him, making it hard for him to react.

Wanda had been fine for the past seven years.

If he directly expressed his feelings for her today, he could understand that she want to avoid him.

But today was the same as usual. Why did she...

In an instant, Jaquan suddenly thought of something and paused for a moment.

He looked at Cierra, whose face was full of worry, and his gloomy face softened.
“Cierra, Can you go out with me?”

Cierra was stunned. She didn't understand what Jaquan meant, but she nodded without thinking.

‘Of course, it's convenient for me, but Will, he...’

“He can't be lost here. There's also Will's changing clothes in the old house. If you have something to do, hurry up and deal with it. Remember to tell us when it's done. Don't let everyone worry about you, ok?”

担心,知道吗?”

Sarah held onto Will, who was sitting on the other side of her and said earnestly.

Jaquan nodded and looked at Cierra.

Without further ado, Cierra took her phone and went out with Jaquan.

“Jaquan, what's the matter? Does it have anything to do with me?”

The two of them walked very quickly and soon arrived at the door of the old house.

Jaquan opened the car door and let Cierra get in first. Then, he dialed a number.

While waiting for the call to go through, he mentioned it.

“I just received a resignation letter from Wanda.”

“Ah!”

Cierra was surprised but immediately understood why Jaquan was in such a hurry.

It would be strange if the person he liked suddenly wanted to leave.

However, it was too sudden to send an email to resign at this time.

She frowned and said tentatively, “Jaquan, could it be that Wanda misunderstood our relationship, so...”

Wanda didn't answer the phone.

He dialed again, but it was hung up after eleven rings.

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He dialed again, but her phone was turned off.

Looking at the dark screen, Jaquan felt a headache coming on. He pressed between his eyebrows and said, “I've thought of this possibility, which is also the reason why I called you out.”

It was also Cierra's teasing about Draven that triggered his imagination.

However, as the night wind blew, he gradually calmed down.

He put away his phone and sighed softly. His words were full of loneliness and self-mockery.

“If she misunderstands, then she cares about me. However, she has been by my side for the past few years and has never made me feel that she likes me.”

Therefore, there must be something else that made Wanda want to resign tonight.

Thinking of some possibilities, Jaquan felt a chill run down his spine.

Cierra only felt that the people involved were confused.

Although she had only stayed in the office for less than an hour, she could see the girl's feelings for her brother.

How could Jaquan say that Wanda didn't care about him when she had been with him for seven years?

It couldn't be that Jaquan had been with Wanda for too long, so he took it for granted that she cared about him and felt that she had no feelings for him.

Thinking of this possibility, Cierra just wanted to smash open her brother's head with a punch to see what was inside.

He really didn't understand girls!

Jaquan didn't know what Cierra was thinking in her mind for a moment.

Chapter 230 Fortunately, I Found You

Love?

Hearing this, Jaquan was slightly stunned and gradually slowed down the car.

With just a glance, Cierra had a rough idea of what was going on. "All right, Jaquan, focus on driving. I'm still sitting in the car."

She teased Jaquan to come back to her senses.

Jaquan chuckled. "I won't let anything happen to you."

Cierra also laughed.

She stopped talking and looked out of the window.

The night view of the riverside slowly receded. Except for the occasional sound of navigation, there was no extra sound in the car.

If there's no one exposed to all the things in the world, then it seemed as if the secret would forever be covered by a layer of membrane. Only need a step to pluck off the veil with courage, the one can find out the truth.

Unfortunately, cowards were always the majority.

Jaquan was a coward, and so was she.

Miss Wanda seemed to be the same.

Fortunately, her brother still had a chance.

But she didn't need it.

The night wind rolled up the fallen leaves on the side of the road, blowing and falling.

The men and women along the river held hands and kissed under the light of the ferry and the tall building as if walking alone there was strange.

Wanda was one of those weirdos.

After leaving her s*umbag father behind, she sent an email to Jaquan and then drove back to her new residence.

After having dinner at home and taking a shower, she changed into casual clothes and took a walk along the river.

The wind lifted her long hair and brushed it across her cheeks, making her feel comfortable.

It had been a long time since she felt so comfortable.

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After graduation, she worked for the MRC Group, and her work was under a lot of pressure, not to mention that she was transferred to Jaquan's side later.

In the past seven years, she only had a one-year holiday when she gave birth to Will. Then it's when her grandmother passed away, she returned to her hometown. In fact, she basically had no free time.

She was the assistant of Jaquan and basically revolved around him every day.

If Jaquan didn't rest, she wouldn't have time to rest.

Even if Jaquan was resting, she had to turn on her phone all the time in case of an emergency.

Whether she opened her eyes or closed them, it was all about Jaquan.

"I'm really tired." Wanda thought.

In the past, she used to be tense and hid her secret love. She thought that it was good to live like this for the rest of her life.

He didn't get married and raised the child.

She didn't want to get married. She wanted to be his assistant for the rest of her life.

But her fantasy would be shattered one day.

She could endure being laughed at for not getting married, but she could not stop him from falling in love with other women.

After five years of dreams, she finally woke up.

Five years was long enough.

Thankfully, Dreamwake wasn't that sad. On the contrary, she felt quite relaxed.

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After working in the MRC group for so many years, although she was exhausted, she still saved some money.

She also bought her own house in Los Angeles. When she found a new company to work in, she could have less money and an easier life. It was good for her to live an ordinary life like this.

It turned out that leaving him was not that difficult.

Unless... she might never be able to see the child again.

When she thought that she had met Will in the company today, a trace of loneliness appeared in her eyes, and she was filled with sadness.

She remembered that she was quite relaxed when she was pregnant.

At first, she didn't know. It wasn't until she fainted from low blood sugar and went to the hospital that she was diagnosed. After the B-section, she knew

that it had been three months.

The baby was quiet in her belly, unlike some mothers who threw up and suffered from insomnia and depression.

She had no reaction at all. During that time, except for her big appetite, she was no different from usual.

She had thought of aborting the child.

After all, if her s*umbag father found out she had a child, he would definitely ask about the baby's father.

If she answered, it would probably cause a storm. Roger might even force her to marry into the Barton family.

If she couldn't figure it out, the s*umbag might steal her child one day and send it to the human traffickers in person.

At that time, she was inexperienced and did not dare to resist like today.

She went to the hospital to make an appointment. Then, she ran away.

She couldn't bear to do that.

It was not only because Jaquan was the child's father, but also because she was too lonely.

No one in the world was good to her except for her grandmother.

She wanted a child, a child who was related to her by blood, to be related to her in this world.

So she ran away from the operating table and bought some medicine to stabilize the fetus. She protected the baby in her belly every day.

She had thought of his nickname and fantasized about how to take this little fellow with her after he was born.

She looked at her belly, which was getting bigger and bigger like a balloon.

She didn't dare to let the company know, so she changed into loose clothes and went to work carefully every day.

Fortunately, it was cold in winter, so no one could tell that she was pregnant.

When the delivery date was near, she took a vacation that she had accumulated over the past few years. She had not come to work for nearly two months.

She was hospitalized alone and hired a nurse.

After leaving the hospital, she sat in the small rental house and watched the little fellow grow up from a crumpled ball.

The old lady who lived on the opposite would send her all kinds of tonic soup from time to time to see the baby grow up one by one.

During that period of time, she was fatigued. She had to take care of her baby and herself and occasionally went online to deal with the company's affairs.

But she was happy with it.

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In the past, she hated children the most. She firmly believed that giving birth

to an unwelcome child must be painful.

She was a living example.

When she was diagnosed with pregnancy, she firmly believed that this baby was not welcome.

But so what?

She would take good care of him.

However, things were unpredictable.

Roger's phone call frightened her, and she was worried that the child could not be raised by her.

So on a snowy day, she sent the child to the gate of the Barton mansion.

She had abandoned her child.

After two days of depression, she returned to work.

She pretended that nothing had happened. As if she had lost her memory, she continued to act as a good assistant by Jaquan's side.

There was no other change except for the Barton family suddenly having a grandson.

Now that Wanda thought about it, she could only sigh.

If she had another chance, she would have made the same choice.

Because at that time, she couldn't protect the baby, and it was obvious that the child would live a better life when he stayed in the Barton family.

She's so sorry for abandoning him, but she did not regret it.

Just like how she had fallen in love with Jaquan and humbled herself by his side for seven years, not daring to express her feelings.

She's sad, but she would not regret it.

After clearing her mind, Wanda gently tidied up the thin coat on her shoulder and planned to turn around and go back.

But as soon as she turned around, her feet seemed to be rooted to the ground

and he couldn't move.

The night wind blew across the surface of the river, stirring up waves.

The lights on the other side of the river were cast, casting a beam of light on the shore, blocking the way between them.

It was just a ray of light, but it was like a natural moat in the Milky Way that no one dared to cross.

But in the end, someone took the first step and stepped on the light shadow.

"Why did you resign?"

Jaquan stopped in front of Wanda. His tall figure landed right in front of her.

"Mr... Mr. Barton, why are you here?"

Wanda froze on the spot. It took her a long time to find her voice.

Seeing her in a daze, Jaquan smiled.

"I was afraid that my sweetheart would run away, so I came to look for you. Fortunately, I found you."