

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

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Cierra didn't care about Lydia's exaggerated expression and lightly hummed.

"He is my second brother, William. To avoid trouble, we haven't planned to announce it yet. Ms. Navarro, I hope you can help keep it a secret."

Lydia nodded blankly, still unable to recover from the information.

A moment later, she said, "Don't worry, I won't tell anyone!"

Cierra was amused by her adorable expression. She said, "Thank you for supporting me tonight, Ms. Navarro. I'd like to invite you to dinner if you have time some other day."

Cierra had a good impression of Lydia. They exchanged contact information on the way out of the villa.

Lydia hurriedly waved her hand. "It's not a big deal! You are so kind."

She was in awe of the things she admired. When she thought of her rumor, Lydia panicked and only wanted to escape quickly.

"Ms. Navarro, you are too polite. You help my sister. We should treat you to a meal."

William stood up slightly and looked deeply at Lydia's face.

He said, "Of course, not just because of my sister, I also have my own plan. Ms. Navarro, I think you have the potential to be famous. Have you considered changing a company to sign with XR Entertainment? We will be responsible for the liquidated damages. You can easily change jobs."

Lydia pointed at herself in shock, and it took her a long time to find her tone.

"Me? Mr. Barton, are you sure? Well, I can't do it."

She smiled self-deprecatingly and waved her hand. She thought, *forget about being famous*. I have been rejected by netizens.

William was not in a hurry. He took out a business card and said, "Don't be in such a hurry to refuse. You can think about it. If you have any plans to change your company, you can contact me. Well... you can also contact Cierra."

The business card was placed in Lydia's palm. When she came back to her senses, the two people in front of her had already

driven away.

If not for the gilded business card in her palm, she would have thought that what just happened was just a dream.

A beautiful dream that she dared not expect.

The red sports car sped along the road.

William glanced at the woman who was not affected at all and typed on the laptop keyboard with both hands.

"Cierra, where are we going? How about staying at my place? Don't go to Jaquan's place. He's busy. Let's not disturb him."

Cierra stopped her movements and said with a smile, "William, aren't you busy? You still have to work when you come to pick me up. It's not okay if I disturb you."

"What? The work is incidental. I'm not busy!"

Cierra could not help but laugh.

She checked it once to make sure that all the traces she had passed had been wiped clean before closing the computer.

"Let's go to Stream Villa first."

Hearing that, William almost broke on the accelerator. "You actually want to go back to that jerk's villa to live?"

Cierra propped up her chin and looked at the rapidly receding night view outside the car.

"Since I want to be reborn, I have to cut off all the past. There is still some luggage over there. I will go get it. It is impolite to

leave it in his house."

William laughed loudly. "Good! That's impolite!"

In next to no time, the car arrived at Stream Villa.

It took half an hour to get there, but William only needed 20 minutes to get there.

She had been abroad for the past three years. Everything about her had been deliberately erased.

Someone had already worked hard to separate the two wrong vines. However, it was better to transplant the plant that was not suitable for planting here to other places.

Holding her favorite rose and leaving, Cierra was in a good mood.

“The cooperation between my studio and the Trevino Group has expired. Take me to your place to sign a contract in a few days.”

“Don’t you sign a contract with Jaquan?”

“Jewelry and clothing are for people to wear. Your company’s stars can directly take it when they attend events in the future. This is a win-win situation. Jaquan won’t be angry.”

“Deal!”

The red sports car roared past.

Probably because the color was too eye-catching, the man in the driver’s seat glanced at the red sports car out of the corner of his eye as William sped past a black Spyker.

In the car, Draven’s dark eyes suddenly shrank. The sound of the brake was particularly harsh at night.

Under the light of the street lamp by the parasol tree, Draven saw a familiar side profile.

He thought, *Cierra!*