

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 131 Avoiding Suspicion

Draven frowned when he saw the name.

Then, he crossed it out and drew the contract aside.

Ryan,

who was sitting on the sofa, did not think too much about Aleah's matter. He tasted each of the four boxes of snacks, then he put them down and wiped his hands with a tissue. His tone was as casual as usual.

"You can do whatever you want. Anyway, it's you who gets married, not me. But as your buddy, I've said what I should say. Don't regret it in the future. In addition, I have to warn you that I won't go to your wedding."

"Up to you."

Draven began to deal with the documents on the table.

Ryan looked up at him and saw his tired face. In the end, he couldn't help but speak.

"There are no urgent projects recently. You can go back and have a rest. You don't need to be busy all the time. Didn't you spend money to hire so many people?"

Without raising his head, Draven flipped through the documents in his hand and said, "I couldn't fall asleep because I was woken up by you."

He was not sleepy at all. Although he had been woken up by Cierra in the midnight, it was rare for him to have a good dream, and not to need the help of medicine.

When he got the medicine from Dr. Chant this morning, the results of the fatigue test were normal.

As for the exhaustion at this moment, on the one hand, it was because of the side effects of the medicine he had just taken. On the other hand, these things really gave him a headache.

It seemed that everything about Cierra annoyed him.

Thinking of her, he put down his pen.

He looked down and saw that another contract **was** invalid.

Draven pressed between **his** eyebrows and stopped reading the documents.

He sorted out the two contracts and sent them to Jason, asking him to print them out and send them

over. Then he sat on the sofa opposite Ryan, with a cup of coffee.

His deep gaze swept across the table, and then he unceremoniously took a piece of dessert and put

it into his mouth.

The sweet and soft taste instantly dispelled the distress in his chest, and even his eyebrows relaxed.

At the same **time**, a sense of familiarity rose in his mind again.

When he tried to catch the hint, all he got was the sweetness of food.

He couldn't remember anything.

Frowning, he picked up another piece as if he was unconvinced.

Ryan suddenly raised his head and couldn't help but click his tongue when he saw what was happening. His expression was very complicated.

“Hey, Draven, you've just divorced, and now you're eating snacks made by your ex-wife. It's not good, is it?”

“Why?”

Draven looked unperturbed.

Ryan was speechless. “What do you think? You've divorced her, and you're still eating what she made herself. Should you avert suspicion?”

“If Aleah sees this, she'll definitely fight with you. Thank goodness she's in the hospital right now.”

There was a hint of sarcasm in the last sentence, but overall, it could be regarded as Ryan's

experience.

He had seen countless women. After breaking up, his ex-girlfriends blacklisted him and claimed that

he was dead. And his current girlfriends easily lost temper everytime getting involved in his ex-girlfriends' matters.

Therefore, he stopped having girlfriends and only looked for those who didn't care about love.

Of course, except for Cici, he added in his heart.

However, Draven was still confused.

He looked straight at Ryan with his dark eyes. His tone was frank.

"Since she has **given** it to me, it means that she doesn't mind. It's not a big deal for me to eat some.

What's more, she also knows that this marriage is a mistake. If it weren't for grandpa, there wouldn't have been such twists and turns. Divorce is natural. Why should I avoid suspicion?"

After pausing for a while, **he** continued.

"As for Aleah, she can't see it. Even if she knew, she wouldn't mind."

Ryan sneered, then sighed with emotion and looked up at the sky.

Draven must have been taken too much medicine.

His IQ was quite high. How could his EQ be a negative number?

Draven couldn't figure out what was wrong with his mind, but he could see the meaning of Ryan's

actions.

He frowned. "Is there a problem?"

"There are problems everywhere."

Ryan sat up straight on the sofa and analyzed the situation for Draven, thinking that it was better to

educate him.

"First of all, Cici just sent these things out of courtesy. She politely gave a little reward to Jason, who ran errands for her. It's the same for the others.

"Secondly, although your marriage was appointed by your grandpa, did Cici like you since she was a child and longed to marry you? Since your relationship is not pure, you

naturally have to avoid arousing suspicion. And even if there is nothing between you before, you have to avoid suspicion. There is no pure relationship between men and women.

“In the end, you said that Aleah wouldn’t mind, so let me ask you, what’s wrong with Cici’s injury? We can’t even talk about the past. In the past, it couldn’t be blamed on you. I just asked why Aleah was still targeting Cici after she came back. It’s all because of her title as Mrs. Trevino. Do you think that woman is generous and kind?”

As soon as he finished speaking, the office fell silent for a moment.

There was a knock on the door, breaking the deadlock.

Jason pushed the door open and didn’t know if he should come in. He asked tentatively, “Mr. Trevino, the document has been copied.”

Draven didn’t say anything.

Ryan raised his chin and said, “Just put it down.”

“Yes!” Jason came in and put down the documents. He ran away faster than a rabbit.

The frosted glass door closed and the office fell silent again.

After a long while, Draven said, “I didn’t think too much about it.”

He took a tissue to wipe his fingers. Obviously, he would not touch those snacks again.

Ryan snorted. “It’s not that you’re not thinking too much. You just don’t understand women.”

He sighed with emotion and leaned lazily on the sofa.

This was one of the reasons why he didn’t want Draven to marry Aleah.

Aleah was two-faced. She was jealous and very different in front of others. After becoming Mrs. Trevino, she would probably deal with any woman who approached Draven.

Ryan wanted to remind his good friend, but he raised his eyes and glanced at Draven, stopping himself from saying anything.

What if Draven was willing to do so?

After all, he was always abroad and Draven had spent lots of time with Aleah. Draven knew Aleah better than him.

Besides, everyone had seen what happened at the the Boyle family's dinner party last time.

Forget it, *no* need to talk about it.

It was better to talk business between brothers

Ryan sat up straight and turned the computer on the coffee table toward Draven.

"Draven, take a look at this."

The public opinion on the Internet was still growing,

Because of the negative impact on Draven, the Trevino Group's stock price continued to decline.

Even though the public relationships department of the Trevino Group had begun to take action and even spent money to reduce **the** popularity, it still couldn't stop the public from gossiping.

What's more, some people wanted to reduce the popularity, while others wanted to increase it.

Some people

of posts on thoked at the stock market with sadness on their faces, while others looked at all kinds

of posts on the Internet and laughed happily.

After coming back from L'Opera Restaurant, Cierra had been reading all kinds of posts on her phone. She couldn't hold back her smile as she read the comments.

To **her** surprise, an anonymous forum released the news that Aleah had just been detained and asked why the Trevino family wanted to marry a transgressor.

Soon, the post became quite popular.

Chapter 132 Transgressor

At the same time, the public relationships department of the Trevino Group also began to work

hard.

The official account announced that the divorce between the company's president, Draven Trevino, and Cierra Boyle had been prepared for a long time. Through the

announcement of the divorce agreement, it could prove that Draven wasn't sleazy and that he had cleared his name as a intrigant.

As for Aleah, her studio quickly cooperated with the Trevino Group's announcement and released a thousand-word article with Aleah's private account, indicating that they were in a pure relationship. They secretly stated that it was purely feudal for Cierra to rely on Ernest Trevino to marry Draven!

The article was full of emotions, describing Aleah's bitterness that had been forced to break up. As for Cierra, she had become the third party who had broken up the two of them, and Aleah was the

victim of this marriage.

Now that Draven had divorced Cierra, it was just fixing the mistake. Aleah and Draven had finally gotten married.

After both statements were announced, a lawyer's letter with an official seal was also issued at the same time. Many netizens were tagged and directly sued.

Of course, there were different tags.

Whom Aleah's studio sued were mostly Coby Barton's fans, while the Trevino Group was sueing

those who insulted the Trevino Group's employees.

But however, after these posts and lawyer's letters were released, public opinion also changed

greatly.

Johnson's fans held their heads high again and began to fight back!

The accounts that had accused Aleah of being a mistress were chased by her fans and asked for an apology.

At the same time, Cierra was also labeled as a mistress. Aleah's big fans even directly guided her hundreds of thousands of fans to post, indicating that the one who was not loved was the mistress.

When Cierra was reading the anonymous post, she suddenly realized that she had been scolded again and became a trending topic.

Behind her came William's curses.

“What’s wrong with this group of people? Do they think it’s a celebrities’ words? Only mistresses are not loved? Have they been educated? If not, go back to the primary school and sign up for the first grade. If yes, please check their brains!”

Cierra couldn’t help but want to cover her ears.

She didn’t even take it to heart. Did William need to?

She looked up at the man sitting opposite her and threw him an orange.

“William, calm down. Let’s just watch the fun. Don’t take it too seriously.”

How could William not be angry?

Those netizens scolded his sister and insulted her with all sorts of insults. Just by looking at those

filthy words, one would feel annoyed, much less they tagged Cierra’s name.

“Silly girl, how can you still smile? Look at what your good ex-husband has done!”

He caught the orange that Cierra had thrown over and looked at it.

He felt even more furious.

He threw the orange away and cursed.

“I used to think that although this bas*ard was blind, he still had a little conscience. Now it seems that they are a family!”

Cierra, on the other hand, did not have such a hot temper.

Perhaps it was because she had been scolded by Aleah’s fans more than once, so she got used to it.

Moreover, she did not deliberately look at those foul words. She only knew about it through the

news.

Coby had told her before not to read too many comments on the Internet.

She didn’t have a strong heart, so she couldn’t keep indifferent when she saw all kinds of disgusting words being used against her.

It was fine to see Aleah make a fool of herself, but there was no need for her to look for trouble.

Obviously, William was the one who had asked for it.

“William, don’t look anymore. I’ll deal with the news with Harold later. There’s no need to argue

with these people.” Cierra advised.

William was so angry that he threw his phone on the coffee table, making a *uffled sound.

“Why should I care about these people? I’m just looking down on Draven! Why would he do such a disgusting thing himself? Has he been bewitched by that woman from the Boyle family?”

He used to think that Draven was a good person. At least Draven could tell right from wrong, from what he said at the dinner party that day.

He didn’t expect that Draven would still be lovestruck!

“Himself?”

When Cierra heard these words, she was stunned, not understanding what William meant.

Frowning, she pursed her lips and turned on her phone again.

At this moment, her name was still in a high position on the trending searches. Aleah’s infamy had now been shifted to her. The topic of “Cierra is the real mistress” was so offending to the eye.

A strange feeling flashed across her heart, but she still chose to ignore it. She didn’t want to get herself into trouble. She shifted her gaze up to the first place on the hot list.

#Draven’s Confession#

It was a very simple title, but there was a dark red word “Explosion” at the end, which showed how much traffic it had.

She clicked on it and saw that it was a post posted on the registered account.

[Draven: The person I want to marry has always been Aleah.]

It was just a sentence without any extra words, which was very in line with this young entrepreneur who had become the richest man in New York at such a young age.

In less than ten minutes after the post was released, the number of likes had exceeded a million.

Cierra wanted to log out of the app, but her body had already taken the initiative to click on the comments section of this post.

The most highly praised person was the big fan who spoke up for Aleah.

The phrase “the one who is not loved is the mistress” distorted the public opinion.

At this moment, the comments were also true.

Aleah’s Beloved: “Mr. Trevino, you’ve finally come out to protect Aleah! I’m crying so hard! I knew that the person I’ve always liked wouldn’t be a mistress. I hope that you’ll treat her well in the future and won’t let her suffer anymore! We fans are willing to give her to you. I believe that Mr. Trevino will give Aleah happiness. Please treat her well! Wish her a happy marriage. Leave the

battle to us!”

The likes of this post were also twice as high as that of the top two comments.

However, there were a lot of similar comments below. Most of them were insulting Cierra, and occasionally, they even mentioned Coby.

After taking a few glances at it, Cierra exited the app with a cold expression.

“Is your blood pressure high?”

Seeing the indifference on her face disappear, William couldn’t help teasing her.

Cierra was slightly angry.

It wasn’t because of the fact that Draven had spoken up for Aleah, but purely because of the insults directed at Coby.

It was one thing to scold her, but why did they drag Coby into it?

William took out two bottles of ice water from the refrigerator. He put one on the coffee table and

unscrewed one for himself.

After drinking a mouthful of water, the anger in his tone subsided a lot.

He clicked his tongue and heaved a long sigh.

“Look at your ex-husband. He specially registered an account to clarify for his fiancée. He’s afraid that the netizens will scold his lover too much and make her unhappy. He’s really infatuated! In a sense, your taste is good, but unfortunately, he just doesn’t like you.”

Cierra's cold gaze swept over.

William glanced at her and immediately changed his words. "The main reason is that this idiot's eyesight is not good enough. He's directly blind."

Cierra didn't bother to talk to him. She didn't want to talk to him about Draven.

In her opinion, they were divorced, and it had nothing to do with her who he wanted to protect.

But what Draven shouldn't have done was to shift the blame onto her.

He shouldn't have dragged Coby into this either.

She sent the anonymous post she saw earlier to William and said coldly,

"Spend money and let this post go. Don't they firmly believe that they have followed the right person? Then let them have a good look. What they like is just a transgressor!"

Chapter 133 Confession!

William clicked on the phone and glanced at it lazily. Suddenly, he bounced up from the sofa and sat up straight.

"Seriously, I almost forgot about it!"

Without delay, William immediately sent the post to the PR marketing department of XR Entertainment and contacted Lydia.

He had a headache arguing with the netizens. He had really forgotten that they had a trump card.

The video taken at the Boyle family's dinner party was supposed to be available the next day, but no one had expected that Aleah would be sent to the hospital that night. It was said that the wound was quite deep.

Later on, the Boyle family did not cause any more trouble. After receiving the money, they sent a few worthless toys over, saying that Ernest Trevino had given them to Cierra in the past.

They almost thought that they could let go of the Boyle family and just ignore each other in the

future.

Who would have thought that Aleah would cause such a scene as soon as they got divorced?

Wasn't it just disgusting?

After the XR Entertainment received the post, they quickly took action.

The proposal was made by Cierra.

They didn't tell the public what Aleah had done. Instead, they contacted a marketing account that sold videos to Aleah and asked him to post a post.

The user of that account had already been scolded badly. After announcing the chat history with Aleah, the account had been banned for a month, and it had almost been reported by Aleah's fans to be gone. He was already dissatisfied with Aleah.

This time, he was the first to bear the brunt of the chaotic battle between the fans of the various companies. Even when the public opinion had changed, he did not change his attitude and continued to quarrel and scold Aleah's fans.

Now that he had a job, he agreed without hesitation, not to mention that he could get a huge sum of money this time.

He immediately sent the post.

[I made a mistake in the melon fields: A female star who is about to marry a rich man' has just been released from the detention center, and she was able to confirm her relationship with the rich businessman so quickly because she threatened to commit suicide.]

The post had been released and it soon became a trending topic.

The blogger had been quarreling with Aleah's fans, and there were many people who debated with him. As soon as this news came out, it immediately caused an uproar.

At the same time, XR Entertainment also paid for the anonymous post to become a trending topic.

In the chaos of public opinion, the controversy escalated again.

No matter how fierce the argument was, it was just a personal grudge. No matter who was in the right, it was only a matter of morality.

However, the issue of Aleah's arrest was different. It involved the law. Once it was confirmed to be true, her career as a female celebrity would be completely destroyed.

Aleah's fans and team had no time to argue who was the mistress. They quickly surrounded the blogger and accused him of spreading rumors and making trouble.

The blogger deserved his reputation as a paparazzo for so many years. He replied in a sarcastic

tone.

As time went on, the topic became more and more popular.

The discussion gave William a headache, “Why don’t we post these videos directly? It’s too messy and tiring to watch them.”

Cierra, on the other hand, watched with interest.

In particular, after this blogger posted another post, she gave him a like with a smile.

[I made a mistake in the melon fields: Let’s wait and see. The harder you talk, the more pain your

face will hurt.]

She used her own account, which was the new account that had responded to her relationship with

Coby.

As she read the post, she replied to William.

“It’s too boring to send it out directly. Didn’t the Boyle family do a good job of keeping it a secret? They deleted the surveillance video and covered their guests’ mouths. If we send the video directly,

we will let down their efforts.”

William couldn’t hold back his laughter.

Well, she could do whatever she wanted.

He didn’t care anymore. Anyway, he had given her all his men.

After discussing for the whole afternoon, William received a lot of messages, and his head was

buzzing. He planned to go upstairs to take a bath and rest.

He got up from the sofa and suddenly thought of something.

you...” “By the way, Cici, it’s okay to teach Aleah a lesson, but as for

Aleah deserved the consequences of her evil deeds. However, Cierra had also been slandered and accused of being a mistress. Even if it was fake, it would be difficult to clear her name.

Moreover, it was obvious that Draven would not clear her name.

It was good enough that he didn't add insult to injury.

"What about me?"

Cierra didn't take it to heart.

"What do you think?" William was in a bad mood. "Are you happy to be called a mistress?"

Some hats were hard to remove once they were put on.

Even if it was not true, it was just slandering you. That would be your bad nickname.

In the future, the first thing that others would think of would never be what you had done or your

achievements, but your bad reputation.

The absurd and rude words of "the mistress is the one not loved" made most ignorant and shallow people believe in it, and their brains were also hypnotizing them that the wife who got the marriage certificate and was recognized by the law was the mistress!

William could already imagine how the people would judge Cierra when the Barton family

announced her identity in the future.

"Don't worry. I'll handle it myself."

After reading all kinds of posts in the afternoon, Cierra's eyes were a little tired.

She put down her phone and stretched lazily, but she was still calm about William's worry about

her.

William cursed in his heart. He wanted to turn around and leave. "Okay, you solve it!"

He turned a corner and walked up the stairs.

He came back again.

"Tell me, how are you going to deal with it? Even Draven spoke up for her. Do you think he can still speak up for you?"

As soon as Cierra put the cup to her mouth, her eyes met with William's face before she could take a

sip of water. She couldn't help but laugh.

"Why should I ask him to speak up for me?"

She put down the cup unhurriedly, and the smile in her eyes became colder.

"If he can fight in person, why can't I?"

No one spoke up for her, so she spoke up for herself.

Moreover, what could prove her innocence better than a certificate?

So what if he didn't love her?

Even if he didn't love her, she was once his legal wife.

What else did she need to clarify?

Back then, she dared to resist the Boyle family's decision to marry Draven, not only because she was happy with him, or because she had Ernest's support.

More importantly, Ernest had told her that the benefit of getting married was that the law would punish those who didn't love you.

So she went to have a try.

She had fantasized about being a good wife and trying to start over with Draven so that he would

accept her.

Unfortunately, the fact was that what did not belong to her would never belong to her.

Moreover, she was not the only one who had agreed to get married.

So, why should she wear the label of a mistress?

If he really disliked her, why did he agree to it in the first place?

As Cierra thought about it, she had already edited the post.

Not only that, but she also tagged Draven's new account at the end of the post.

The one he registered for Aleah.

She looked at it with a smile. She had already thought about the effect of this post. She felt that she was like a vicious supporting actress who was trying to separate the male and female lead.

But so what?

She clicked to send it.

Chapter 134 Not Going Home

After the post was sent out, Cierra did not bother with it anymore.

She put away all the electronic devices as William and then cooked as usual.

During this period, she also made a video call to her parents, who were far away in Los Angeles. While taking a walk with William under the parasol tree in the villa area, she chatted with them.

Everyone knew what had happened on the Internet, but they didn't mention it.

Everything went on as usual. Mr. and Mrs. Barton only asked about their recent situation in New York and when Cierra would return.

"Soon, mom. I think I'll be able to meet Dr. Charles in two days. I'll go back to Los Angeles after discussing with him."

Having lived in New York for a long time, Cierra missed them very much.

Mrs. Barton missed her even more. Her daughter, who had been missing for many years, was finally recorded in the family tree. How could she not miss her when Cierra couldn't stay by her side when she returned home?

said She complained to Cierra in an aggrieved tone, "Cici, don't lie to me anymore. Last time, you that it would be soon, but you didn't come back after Fanny's fashion dinner party. Let me tell you, if I don't see you next week, I'll ask Jaquan to send me to New York. Is it clear?"

The lady in her fifties was well maintained, and she looked even more delicate on the phone screen. No one could tell her age at all. Instead, they wanted to coax her like a little girl.

Especially that soft and delicate voice, it made Cierra wish she could fly back to Los Angeles right

now.

It was no wonder that although her father doted on her mother, he usually kept a close eye on her, for fear that she would get lost.

Cierra smiled helplessly and said, "Got it, Mom. I'll definitely be back next week, together with

William."

As she spoke, she deliberately shifted the camera so that Mrs. Barton could see William.

Seeing William, Mrs. Barton was a little unhappy and curled her lips.

"He is a debt collector. I don't care!"

William clicked his tongue and was retorted before he could say anything.

"Look, Cici, I haven't said anything yet, but he's already unhappy. Don't let him come back. It's

annoying to see this unfilial son!"

"Okay, okay, okay, don't look at him."

Cierra held back her laughter and turned the camera to herself.

Mrs. Barton's expression changed rapidly. Her gaze was so gentle that she wanted to stick to Cierra through the phone. "Then let's make a deal. You must come back next week. You can't hang out outside all the time. Do you get it?"

Cierra nodded and couldn't hold back her smile. "Got it. I'll be back next week."

According to her plan, she would probably see Dr. Charles in two days.

If the rumors were true that this miracle-working doctor had a strange temper, it should be easy to

get an answer to this matter.

Or he would be satisfied with her dishes and willing to treat her mother,

or he had a bad temper and drove her away.

No matter what the case was, the answer would come out in the next week.

If she was unlucky, at worst, her mother would be treated conservatively as before. The cause of her mother's illness was that she was lost, and she could accompany her mother all the time in the

future.

It would get better sooner or later.

After chatting with Mrs. Barton for a while, the video call was finally hung up. And then they went

back to the villa together.

When she thought that the divorce had been settled and that she was going back to her home soon to live with her real relatives, she felt a little emotional.

But the smile on her face suddenly disappeared when she saw that the man beside her was not

happy.

"William."

Cierra restrained his emotions a little and her gaze fell on him. "Are you not happy?"

William looked down at her and flicked her forehead with his fingertips. "What are you thinking about? What's there to be unhappy about?"

Cierra frowned and rubbed her forehead.

She snorted and glared at William. "It's all because you haven't spoken. If it weren't for the fact that your glass heart would be sad, I wouldn't have bothered to talk to you. Why did you hit me?"

"Who has a glass heart?"

William retorted as soon as he opened his mouth. His gaze fell on her forehead, and he was speechless.

"Did you call that a hit? When did you become so precious, huh? I didn't use much strength at all, okay?"

Although he said so, there was still a hint of worry in his eyes.

"Does it really hurt?" He leaned over to take a look.

Cierra avoided his actions. "It doesn't hurt. I'm more worried about your heartache."

William said with disdain, "Cici Barton, don't be so cheesy. I shouldn't have let you surf the

Internet back then!"

He couldn't be bothered to talk to her anymore and walked straight pass her.

Cierra followed behind him and slowly spoke after a short while.

"William, in fact, Mom is also very concerned about you. She just said it casually. Don't take those words to heart. Next week, no matter whether I get Dr. Charles on my side or not, let's go home with

Harold, okay?"

Coby still had scenes to shoot. He couldn't stay in New York for too long, so he would probably leave

in a few days.

Harold could stay anywhere. This time, he came with Fanny and then settled down here. If there was nothing else, they could go back together next week.

Cierra had everything planned out in her heart.

But now, a problem arose.

"Who wants to go back with you? Just let Harold send you back. I'm at the company and have a lot of

things to do."

He didn't even give Cierra a glance.

He went straight to the refrigerator to get a glass of water.

"But William, I can't bear to part with you."

Cierra coaxed him in a soft voice, using both soft and hard tactics.

"Think about it. I was brought back by you, and I lived abroad with you for the past three years.

When I came back, I was still with you. Although Mom and Dad are our relatives, we have never lived together. How scared I would be if you didn't go back with me.

Anyway, I don't care. If you don't go back, I will never talk to you again! I won't give you your birthday gift!!

"

William raised his head and gulped down a glass of water. He did not even bother to look at Cierra and only said the word lazily.

“Up to you.”

After that, he left directly.

It was casual and ruthless.

Looking at his back, Cierra finally understood what Jaquan meant.

William was usually the most reckless person and would agree to anything, but he was so stubborn when it came to going home.

Since Cierra didn't live in the Barton family, she didn't know much about what had happened. She only knew that there was some conflict between her brother and her parents. Ever since he went to college, he didn't like to go home. After graduation, he went abroad directly.

In recent years, William had kept in touch with his family because he had found Cierra.

XR Entertainment was originally established abroad. It started to develop domestically because of

her.

However, even though she had returned, William was unwilling to return to Los Angeles, even if he could develop better with the support of the Barton family.

Watching the tall figure disappear from her sight, she sighed softly.

Just as she was worrying, a clear and gentle voice came from behind her.

“Do you want to know why William is so stubborn about returning home?”

Chapter 135 What Does Mrs. Trevino Want Me to Do?

When Cierra turned around, she saw the angular profile of Coby.

She nodded, and her eyes were full of worry. She subconsciously looked in the direction of William.

“Do you know?”

Coby followed Cierra’s gaze, and a faint smile appeared on his clear face.

“In fact, this matter has something to do with you.

He explained everything about the Barton family in detail to Cierra.

Not only did it involve a discussion of the past, but it also would be occasionally about things between her other brothers. There was even the matter of Fanny bringing Colton into the Barton family. So, when it was almost over, it was already late at night, and Cierra was extremely sleepy. After washing up, she fell asleep.

When she woke up the next day, she was still in a daze. She sat in the room for a while before she calmed down

As usual, she made breakfast herself. Unlike usual, she added another western-style breakfast this

time.

She toasted toast and put some cut fruit and yogurt together, then fried eggs and a glass of milk aside. The bourgeois exquisiteness was a little out of tune with the soybean milk and steamed dumplings next to it.

When William walked downstairs, Cierra had just arranged all the breakfast. When he saw everything on the table, he raised his eyebrows and looked a little surprised.

“Hey, Cici, what’s wrong with you today? You’ve changed your taste.”

Without hesitation, he began to eat.

As soon as Cierra came out of the kitchen, she saw William’s tie hanging on the back of the chair next to him, and he was already holding a knife and fork, starting to eat the bread that was not perfectly roasted.

She smiled and sat down in front of her crystal shrimp dumpling. “William, you’ve gone too far. You didn’t even ask who it was for. You only ate half of it.”

William squinted at her and asked, “Who else is here besides me?”

“Coby went for a run and will be back soon. He’s going back to the production team today. What if I prepared it for him?” Cierra said deliberately.

William snorted. "There are so many dishes on the table for him to eat. Even if it was prepared for

him, can't I eat it? I haven't said anything about him living here."

His tone made Cierra laugh.

Glancing at the food that was almost finished in the bowl, she said, "There's toast in the toaster in the kitchen. If you don't have enough, you can get some more. I don't often make western-style breakfast, so I may not be able to control the amount well."

She didn't say anything else. It was as if nothing had happened between them last night.

Hearing this, William stopped picking up the milk and narrowed his eyes as he glanced at her.

"Cici, did you get into trouble again? Tell me the truth. There's no way to save you if you drag this

out for too long."

"What trouble can I get into?"

She said, "I'm with you every day."

"Who knows? You have caused so much trouble."

William clicked his tongue as he spoke. He looked so wretched that Cierra wanted to splash milk on

his face.

She took a bite of the shrimp dumpling, and her temper was quickly suppressed.

When she looked up again, she was still smiling. "Can't you think of me better? For example, I can't bear to part with you. When I think that I will be separated from you next week, I will be much better

to you."

"Don't do this.

almost threw up last night's dinner."

William finished his last mouthful of food expressionlessly, wiped his mouth with a tissue, and got

up.

As he tied his tie, he said slowly, "If you are sincere, you should make more of my favorite food in the next week. Don't make fun of me. I need to go to work."

As for returning to Los Angeles with her, he was unwilling to say anything.

Cierra was a bit discouraged, but she also knew that the cold wouldn't last for just a day.

William had never been home since he had the ability to make money. How could he be willing to go home just because of a few words from her?

Although she was disappointed, she was still worried. "William, have you had enough? There's still a lot of toast in the kitchen."

William waved his hand and left without responding.

As a result, Cierra was left alone at the dining table.

She lowered her eyes, and the emotions on her face seemed to have disappeared along with William. She poked at the food in her bowl with some grievance and slowly took a bite.

The brief silence was quickly broken.

After breakfast, Cierra turned on her phone and other electronic devices. She planned to resolve the public opinion on the Internet in the morning so that she could go to work before L'Opera Restaurant opened at noon.

Unexpectedly, a lot of messages popped up as soon as the phone was turned on, as well as many missed calls and text messages, as if she had her privacy leaks.

There were too many WhatsApp and text messages, so Cierra didn't deal with them for the time being. She wanted to deal with the missed calls first, but before she could click on them, she

received another call.

It was Mrs. Trevino calling.

Cierra's eyes darkened. After thinking for a moment, she answered, "Mrs. Trevino."

"Cierra, did you really divorce Draven?"

Sue Skinner didn't waste any time exchanging pleasantries. She cut straight to the chase in an

anxious tone.

Cierra guessed that Sue was going to say this, so she wasn't surprised. She said softly, "Yes, Mrs. Trevino. The divorce procedures have been completed."

"Foolish!"

Even through the screen, Cierra could feel Sue's anger.

On the other hand, Cierra was indifferent. "Mrs. Trevino, we didn't think of hiding the divorce from you. You knew about it a long time ago.

"It's just that the procedures have been delayed for some reason, and it was officially settled two days ago. This marriage is a matter for the rest of our lives. If it's not appropriate, we should stop it in time. I am not a fool."

"But Cierra, even if you're divorced, you don't have to make such a scene. Do you know how much the company's market value has evaporated last night?" Sue suddenly complained.

Cierra remained silent.

She didn't hang up the phone. She just recalled Sue's tone just now and all the kindness before. Suddenly, she felt a little complicated.

She was not sad, nor did she feel that it was realistic.

She just felt that it should be like this, but it shouldn't be like this.

She couldn't describe the feeling, but it was not a good experience after all.

Sue seemed to have reacted quickly, and her voice softened.

"Cierra, I don't mean to blame you. It's true that that brat let you down first, so you post a post to respond. I apologize to you first.

"Cierra, think about it from another angle. He runs such a big company. Sometimes, he can't take everyone's interests into consideration. This time, he posted it mainly to protect the company, not because of Aleah. Don't take it to heart, okay?"

Her coaxing and persuading words made sense.

If she were the president of the Trevino Group, she would indeed do the same. She would choose the best way to maintain the company's image first and prove that he was not a love rat.

But the problem was that she was not the head of the Trevino Group. Why should she think in another way?

She had been scolded more than a little.

Cierra's lips curled into a cold smile.

"So, what do you want me to do?"

Chapter 136 Awaken

The person on the other end of the line breathed a sigh of relief.

Then her tone became gentler. "I heard from Jason that Draven gave you a lot of assets this time when you divorced him. Even the Stream Villa that his grandpa bought for you was also under your name, right?"

The smile on Cierra's face widened, and she didn't deny it.

Sue continued, "Cierra, look, the the Trevino family has been treating you well since Ernest was alive. Although that brat has let you down in this marriage, he hasn't mistreated you in other things. Think of it."

"Sue, just tell me what I should do."

Cierra didn't want to hear sue continue to persuade her, so she interrupted her.

"Okay, then I'll get straight to the point. Don't blame me for being cruel to you at this time. After all, I'm a member of the Trevino family. I have to focus on my family."

Sue's tone suddenly became serious. She didn't appeal to pathos anymore and directly explained the purpose of her call.

"I hope that you can delete the post yesterday and cooperate with the public relations team of the Trevino Group. You don't have to say anything. Just repost the company's statement. What do you

think?"

Cierra was in no hurry to reply. She leaned against the sofa, propped herself up against the armrest,

and held the phone while tapping on her leg with the other hand.

Sue seemed to have realized that her request was a little excessive. After a few seconds of silence,

she relented.

"Cierra, if you don't want to, delete the post and leave the rest to me. What do you think?"

If it were anyone else, they might have agreed to it.

However, Cierra did not relent. “Sue, since you know that I’ve made this post to clarify the situation, you should know the ins and outs of the matter. I didn’t take the initiative to post anything to take revenge. It’s just that the public opinion on the Internet has gone too far with me. I had no choice but to do this. If I delete this post and put the label of a mistress on me, I won’t be happy, and neither will my brother.”

“Sue, if you want me to think in your shoes, then you should think in the same way too. What would you do if you were framed?”

Sue choked.

She didn’t expect that Cierra wouldn’t fall for her trick at all and would accuse her instead.

Now that Cierra had her brother as her backer, she was much more confident. When she was in the Boyle family, she was very docile.

Taking a deep breath, Sue stopped coaxing her in a gentle voice and said in a harsh tone.

“Cierra, I know that you’ve been wronged, but this matter is of utmost importance. You’ve received a lot of kindness from the Trevino family over the years, and I’ve always treated you as my own daughter. Think about it carefully. Did we ever mistreat you? Did Ernest treat you well when he was alive?”

“Now I just want you to delete a post. Don’t talk about the follow-up.

“I’ll ask the company to delete all the negative comments about you, but you’re unwilling to help. It’s really disappointing!”

She was practically pointing at Cierra and calling her an ungrateful person.

However, that did seem to make sense.

Sue had already called to make a request, but Cierra didn’t do as she was told. She felt sorry for the Trevino family for taking care of her in the past.

What’s more, Sue had mentioned the Ernest.

Cierra’s hand stopped moving. Just as she was about to agree, she heard Sue speak.

“Cierra, you know who your brother is. He’s a big star in the entertainment industry. Although there are no clues about your family’s background so far, the artists in the entertainment industry. can’t be tainted at all, especially those who stand at the top. They will fall even more. The Trevino family has been declining in the past two years, but Draven is still capable of pulling down one or

two stars.”

Cierra’s words were stuck in her throat.

Was Sue trying to force her?

She couldn’t help curling her lips. Not only was she laughing at Sue’s soft and hard means, but she was also laughing at herself for having the ability to make Sue afraid.

Without further ado, Cierra agreed.

“I’ll delete the post. You don’t have to worry about the follow-up things. I’ll deal with it myself. Don’t worry, I won’t cause any more trouble for the Trevino Group, even if I have to clear my

name.”

At this point, Sue naturally didn’t say anything else.

She thought that Cierra had heard the threat and was afraid that the Trevino Group would do something to Landen, so she heaved a sigh of relief.

“It’s good that you’ve thought it through. You know my temper. Sometimes, I focus on the issue, not the person, so don’t take what happened today to heart. I heard that Draven also gave you some funds. You should also know that as long as the Trevino Group is fine, your income will be higher. We will share the same glory and loss.

“I’ve said so much because I hope you won’t have any complaints. Although you won’t be my daughter-in-law in the future, you’re still a child I watched grow up. If you need anything, you can come to me. In addition, if your brother needs any investment in his film, you can tell me, the Trevino family is still willing to be your backer.”

Cierra smiled as she listened quietly.

She tapped her slender fingers on her legs again. Although there was a smile on her bright face, her eyes were indifferent.

She didn’t get impatient, nor did she refute. She just responded obediently.

“I got it, Mrs. Trevino. I’ll delete the post later. Thank you for taking the trouble to remind me.”

She could easily pretend to be obedient. This was how she had lived in the Boyle family in the past. Otherwise, she would have been beaten and scolded at any time. She might not even have survived. to the age when she could marry Draven and be sent abroad.

But these were just well-behaved words.

However, she was not completely obedient behind her words.

Only then did she realize that other than her true relatives, no one else in this world was truly good

to her.

Other people showed their kindness perhaps because of their pitiful charity, or because they had

some ulterior motives.

There was no one in this world who would help you without asking for anything like your relatives. In fact, even your relatives did not have the obligation to help you.

In the past, Cierra didn't understand. She had managed to survive with that small debt of gratitude, so he took it for granted.

Now that she had figured it out, it was time to return the favor bit by bit.

Sue didn't know that Cierra was thinking so much. She thought that Cierra had agreed under her coaxing and coercion. Now that her goal had been achieved, she exchanged a few more words with Cierra and hung up.

After hanging up the phone, Cierra looked a little tired.

She had spent most of her time in the Trevino family since she was a child. Before Aleah came back, Vanessa treated her very well, but she also cared about her marriage with the Trevino family and was eager for her to be with Draven.

After Aleah came back, Cierra lived cautiously in the Boyle family. She always hoped that Ernest would miss her and invite her to be a guest. She had stayed there for a long time.

However, when she thought about it now, it seemed that she had spent more time in the Boyle family. It was just that she didn't want to think too much about those bad memories, so most of her

memories were the Trevino family.

Ernest was very kind to her, but...

Cierra stopped thinking about it. She didn't want to add any baseless speculations to an old man who had passed away. She only wanted to keep the beauty in her memory.

However, Ernest had taught her a lot, so that she could survive those difficult days.

As for the ways of the world that she didn't understand in the past, she would slowly learn them in the future.

When her thoughts stopped, she turned on her phone and deleted the post from yesterday.

Then, she dialed a number.

Chapter 137 When Did I Say That?

In the Trevino family's old house.

After hanging up the phone, Sue rubbed the space between her eyebrows. "That brat has caused me so much trouble!"

"Calm down, Madam."

Anna cut some fruit and tried to persuade her. "Children are debt collectors. Besides, it's not Draven's fault."

"It's not his fault that I'm even angrier!"

He didn't want a good wife like Cierra, but a woman like Aleah.

That woman was obviously up to no good. Ernest had said that if Draven really married her, it would definitely cause trouble. Look, before they got married, the Trevino Group's market value had evaporated a lot. What a scourge!

She looked down at her phone. In addition to the calls to Cierra, there were also a lot of calls to Draven, but unfortunately, none of them were answered.

After thinking for a while, she made another call.

"He's really a debt collector!"

Still, no one answered the phone. Sue couldn't help cursing in her heart.

"Well, Madam, Draven may be busy. After all, you saw that the company responded quickly. He must have been dealing with it, so he didn't look at his mobile phone. Besides, didn't you help him solve this problem? You're not in a hurry to let him reply."

Sue rubbed her aching forehead and put down her phone.

"Draven, that brat, I've never been worried about him except for this marriage. But it's a big deal.

How could he mess it up for the rest of his life?"

Sue thought of the style of the Boyle family and Aleah's attitude. If Aleah really married into the Trevino family, she would cause a lot of trouble. She had made a lot of trouble even before she became the hostess of the Johnson family!

She could not bear to see such a thing happen.

With that thought in mind, she picked up her phone and dialed Draven's number again with a grave expression.

Anna didn't know what Sue was thinking. She thought that Sue was still worried about Draven not answering the phone.

She smiled and said, "Madam, don't push him too hard. Ms. Boyle was right. Children have their own blessings. Maybe one day, he will understand your painstaking efforts. At this time, maybe he is dissatisfied with your arrangement, so he insists on marrying the daughter of the Boyle family. You have spent enough energy to worry about the company's affairs. Why don't you relax and leave Draven alone? He will figure it out sooner or later."

Looking at the phone that had been hung up again, Sue closed her eyes wearily.

She didn't argue with Anna. Instead, she sighed softly and said, "Cierra is a good girl. What a pity."

"That's because she's not lucky enough to be your daughter-in-law."

Although Anna had watched Cierra grow up, she was still a member of the Trevino family. Naturally, she would speak for it.

Sue opened her eyes.

There was a hint of sadness in her eyes, but she did not refute Anna's words.

At the thought of Cierra's humble attitude on the phone, she felt that it was a pity. Cierra had been chosen by Ernest Trevino to stay by his side. If she really became the hostess of the Trevino family, she would not be sell the family for a small profit in the future.

What a pity.

Anna poured warm water for Sue and peeled a sedative.

"Madam, don't worry too much. the Trevino family has taken good care of her over the years. If she is grateful, she will naturally know what to do. Besides, if it weren't for us, she would have been abused by the Boyle family and wouldn't have been able to find her current relatives. In my opinion, she doesn't need you to call and remind her to delete those posts. She is just ignorant!"

Sue swallowed the medicine and shook her head with a smile. "You can't say that. It's not her fault. Besides, no one has ever taught her these things."

Anna disagreed. "She is an adult. She should be sensible even if she doesn't have a teacher."

In her opinion, the Trevino family was Cierra's great benefactor. Even if she had been wronged, she should still put the Trevino family first.

"Well, Anna, let's not talk about this. Go ahead with your work. I'll have a rest."

After taking the medicine, Sue was a little tired. Hearing Anna's words, she smiled helplessly.

Back then, Ernest had chosen Cierra not only because he liked her, but also because the Boyle family had helped the Trevino family. It was obvious that he didn't like Aleah's character and would not allow her to be Graven's wife.

But the older generation was stubborn, and there was no room for regret.

The Boyle family didn't deny Cierra's identity after they had found Aleah. In that case, it was the same for Graven to marry either Cierra or Aleah, not to mention that they had seen Cierra since she was young. She loved Graven so much.

It was a pity that they were not fated.

Over the years, the Trevino family had supported the Boyle family enough to pay back. There were many girls who liked Graven and even wanted to get married to him.

It was said that the daughter of the Barton family in Los Angeles had come back. On the day she returned to her family, the Barton family donated hundreds of millions of dollars. So far, there had not been any news of the girl's marriage, but she could inquire about it another day.

As for Aleah, she would never let this woman marry into the Trevino family!

The news that Cierra had deleted the post was quickly noticed by the Trevino Group's Public Relations Department.

Soon, they took the corresponding measures.

www

Cierra's post made Mr. Trevino's reputation take a turn for the worse. the Trevino Group's market value had disappeared countless amounts overnight. They had all accepted to lose all their bonuses this year, but they didn't expect that Mrs. Trevino would do such a thing!

She deleted the post just like that.

However, while they could protect Mr. Trevino's image, the dirt on his future wife had been dug up.

The anonymous post.

After a night of fermentation, the post was as popular as the market value of the Trevino Group, and

was still hotly discussed.

Discussions occurred not only on the social media accounts of the fans, but also on the forum that first exposed Aleah. Many new anonymous posts were published again, and all of them were talking

about Aleah.

[It's true that the Aleah was detained because of a legal problem. My husband arrested her himself, but the specific reason is not clear. Anyway, she was bailed out the next day. It's said that she was

sent to the hospital, but the reason is not clear.]

"Didn't she suicide and enter the hospital? I heard that Mr. Trevino wanted to marry her because of this. This is definitely a forced marriage! The rich and powerful families are really complicated. For a moment, I don't know whether to say that Mr. Trevino is pitiful or that Aleah is too scary."

[It's still uncertain whether it's a forced marriage or not, but she's really uncultured. She's been staying in the hospital for a few days like a princess. Nurses were scolded for changing her

dressings. She smashed things and asked people to get out. Our hospital has charged money, but we

treated you. Do you really think you're an ancient princess and treat a nurse as a maid? Who does she think she is?]

[I'm interested. There are so many high-quality comments. I want to hear more!]

The heated discussion on the anonymous forum was soon moved to other media platforms, and soon there was a new round of disturbance.

When Draven woke up, Jason had told him about the mess.

In comparison, Cierra's post became the smallest matter. On the contrary, the Trevino Group was

scolded because of this matter.

In the past two days, Draven didn't sleep well. He didn't fall asleep until he took his medicine and

turned on the flight mode.

He didn't like to read the news on the Internet. He thought that since everyone had nothing to do online, it was better to focus on the industry.

He didn't expect that these comments would affect the company one day.

He frowned and flipped through the proposal of the Public Relations Department. When his eyes fell on a certain page, he suddenly stopped.

"When did I

say

that?"

Chapter 138 I Know You're Anxious

On the screen, it was the post sent by Draven.

"The person I want to marry has always been Aleah."

It was a PowerPoint made by the Public Relations Department. No one could see the comments, they could guess what kind of reaction this sentence would cause.

He glanced at the app coldly. As expected, the comments against Cierra were nasty.

Especially when he saw the words "the mistress is not loved", he was so angry that he almost

smashed the tablet.

but

His wife, who had a marriage certificate and had a wedding ceremony, was a mistress. What a joke!

“I asked you to deal with public opinions, not to spread rumors. I’ve spent so much money on you, but you don’t even know how to do this?”

The sound of the tablet hitting the table was like a heavy blow to their hearts. Everyone trembled

and lowered their heads.

They didn’t expect that Draven would be so angry. After all, he was the one who gave the order to maintain the image of the Trevino Group.

The person in charge of the PR department felt wrong, so he briefly explained the ins and outs of

the matter to defend his team.

“Mr. Trevino, People are saying that you are a sc*mbag and that Ms. Boyle is a mistress. That’s why we want to clarify it. What’s more, we didn’t say much...”

They just imitated his tone and said a few words.

Moreover, they had helped Aleah do many things in the past three years. They wanted to protect the Trevino Group while helping Aleah.

As for the others, they didn’t care.

One was the divorced Mrs. Trevino, and the other one was the future Mrs. Trevino, they knew what should they do.

But now, it seemed that they had made a fool of themselves.

Draven was so angry and said, “You didn’t say anything, huh... We’re all internet users. Don’t you know that the hints on the Internet will be magnified?”

They didn’t say anything, but that sentence was enough to prove many things.

In addition, some people might guide them and make people misunderstand.

Obviously, this sentence had caused some bad results.

“Send me the account and password. I’ll deal with this matter myself. You’re responsible for the follow-up public opinion surveillance.”

He picked up the tablet and looked through the follow-up information. He didn’t want to be nice to

them anymore.

Without delay, the person in charge quickly handed over his mobile phone.

Without raising his head, Draven replied, “You can leave now.”

The person in charge hesitated and wanted to say something but stopped on second thought.

“Just say what you want to say.”

Draven looked at him impatiently.

He felt ridiculous. A large company’s team didn’t work at all. In the end, he, the president, needed to do those things. No one could believe that.

After being shouted at, the person in charge did not dare to delay and explained what had happened last night and this morning.

It wasn’t just the anonymous exposure from Aleah, but Cierra had deleted the post, and that their team had taken the opportunity to protect the Trevino Group.

After saying that, he glanced at Draven in fear.

The latter did not say anything. He just clicked on the app with a gloomy face and took a look at what

was going on.

When he saw the post sent by Cierra, he paused.

Although the post had been deleted by Cierra, every media outlet had screenshots of it. With the

excuse of her deleting the post, the post was once again released, and this topic was quite heated.

“You can leave now. I know what to do.”

Draven put down the tablet, picked up the phone, and deleted the post without hesitation.

The people in the office were stunned when they saw this, but they didn't dare to ask more. As soon as Draven finished speaking, they left quickly.

Compared to the heat of Cierra who deleted the post, Draven didn't cause anything.

At this moment, the hottest topic was whether Aleah had been detained and why.

Although there were some people who came to ask Draven about it.

Most of her fans were still defending Aleah. They pretended that nothing had happened by posting the previous pretty photos of her.

Many fans had angry debates with others, claiming that they were spreading rumors and asking them to provide evidence.

Some fans even scolded Aleah's team and asked them to issue a statement. At the same time, they spent money to contact the lawyer to sue those who spread rumors.

In the L'Opera Restaurant, Cierra watched this happily.

On the other side, Lydia was also very enjoyed. Many of these people who were opposite Aleah's

fans were her fans.

She ate spaghetti with one hand and looked at the phone with the other. Her face was full of

indignation.

“Humph. How could Aleah’s fans dare to spend money to contact the lawyer to sue us? Does their team not contact the main fans? If they sue us, it will be interesting.”

After all, it was not a rumor that Aleah was detained. On the contrary, they made it a hot topic.

Cierra was calm. “Isn’t it better to make it a hot topic?”

Anyway, we’re just watching the show.”

Lydia agreed and nodded seriously.

However, when she occasionally saw the posts about Cierra being scolded, she felt depressed again.

She grabbed her phone and asked in confusion, “By the way, Cierra, why did you delete the post you wrote? Many people said that you were guilty and began to scold you again!”

Cierra, on the other hand, was indifferent. “Let it go. Anyway, I’ve clarified it. If they don’t believe me, I have nothing to say. Besides, I’m not the one who’s most anxious now.”

There was no explanation for deleting it.

At this moment, Cierra figured it out. She was not a member of the entertainment industry, so it didn’t matter even if she was scolded. She would just get angry when she saw those words, she could ignore that.

As for Coby, this matter shouldn’t have much of an impact on him.

First of all, they were in the right. A married wife couldn’t be a mistress.

Secondly, she was not in the entertainment circle, and her popularity was only temporary. When

the follow-up news was released, no one would remember her.

However, Aleah was different. In the past three years, the Trevino Group had helped her to be a top-notch actress, and her status was top-notch. If she couldn't get over this matter, her career would be ruined.

Therefore, the person who should be anxious should be Aleah.

That was what she meant. Hearing this, Lydia did not ask any more questions and nodded in

agreement.

She continued to play on her phone. Suddenly, her eyes widened and her fingertips stopped moving.

"Cierra, come and have a look! Look at what your ex-husband has posted!"

Chapter 139 Don't Worry

"What's wrong with him again?"

Now, Cierra had no feelings after hearing Draven's name.

However, she knew that there would not be any good news, so she was happy to know.

As the saying goes, if your ex-boyfriend lives a bad life, you will feel happy.

She poked her head out, and Lydia handed the phone to her. She frowned and said, "I'm also wondering what's wrong with him."

On the phone was the home page of Draven. The sentence that had been used to help Aleah had disappeared, leaving only the latest post on it.

However, to everyone's surprise, this post did not defend Aleah but simply explained his marriage

with Cierra.

Although the cause was the final wish of his family, he was the one who proposed and required the

divorce. There was no mistress between them.

Finally, he expressed his apology to Cierra and hoped that they would not talk about their private affairs anymore.

It was just a few words, but it sounded formal as if it was written by a professional team. However, he protected Claire, and every word matched with the post that she had posted earlier.

They were not free marriage, but it was not against morality.

As for the female lead who should have been protected by him, he didn't mention her.

She seemed to be protected, but she was deliberately ignored.

But in short, the goal of those words was to refute those filthy remarks for Cierra.

-“She is my legitimate wife, not a mistress.”

“What do you think he means?”

Lydia read those words twice and looked at Cierra in confusion.

“What's wrong with him? The negative news about Aleah has almost been exposed. Instead of dealing with Aleah's matter, he is helping you. What did he do when you were scolded yesterday?”

Cierra also finished reading the post.

In addition to the additional proposal at the beginning and didn't@ her, the content was almost exactly the same as the clarification post she deleted. It was just that the words were not so emotional.

When he said that he had proposed, he had also taken all the blame.

All focus was shifting because of this post.

He was the one who proposed to Cierra, and he was the one who delayed Aleah's marriage. It was all his fault. What was wrong with those girls?

Not only Lydia but also Cierra couldn't figure out why he was doing this.

The Trevino Group market value was already in turmoil because of this public opinion.

Wouldn't this make the Trevino Group's reputation worse?

Lydia analyzed, “Does he think that Aleah is hopeless, so he might as well tell them everything?”

Cierra shook her head. “But this post has nothing to do with Aleah.”

She was benefiting from it instead of Aleah.

She put her phone away, straightened her chef's uniform, took the chef's hat, and stopped talking

about it.

"I have something to do in the kitchen, so I'll go first. If you want to stay here and wait for me, I'll come to you when I'm free. If you're bored, just leave me a message and leave."

Lydia nodded with a little aggrieved. "Okay, then I'll read the script here. Remember to come and

see me."

Cierra nodded with a smile and left the private room with her phone.

However, after taking a few steps out, she turned on her phone again with a serious look and found

Draven's account.

The post hadn't been posted for a long time, but there were already a lot of comments.

Not only did they scold Draven, but they also said that was a jerk. Their words were fierce. They also felt that he had no right to take the initiative to say such words.

In addition, there were also many accusations from Aleah's fans.

After all, Aleah's identity was different, and there were more people defending her.

They even associated what had happened to Draven with Aleah's detention.

Love Aleah: "I've misjudged you! I was relieved to hand Aleah over to you, but as soon as something happened to her, you deleted the post and clarified it for your ex-wife. You've been such a jerk. You deserve to divorce your ex-wife! Let me tell you, we will never agree to Aleah marrying you!"

To everyone's surprise, Draven replied to this comment seriously.

I didn't send the post yesterday, so I deleted it and restored the original fact. After all, innocent people shouldn't bear the infamy. As for my marriage with Aleah, if she doesn't want to marry me, I won't force her. If she wants to marry me, I will keep my promise."

Cierra looked through the comments with the intention of watching a good show. When she saw this, she suddenly stopped, and her thoughts became complicated because of the last sentence.

"If she wants to get married, I will keep my promise."

Then could she understand why he would marry her just because of his promise?

But... why?

Before she had time to think about it, her attention had been attracted by Aleah's fans.

Love Aleah: "Don't worry, Aleah wouldn't love you anymore! There are so many people who want to marry Aleah, and you're nothing! Don't beg Aleah to marry you! Also, you said that you didn't post yesterday.

Then was today's post posted by your stup*d team? Everyone could tell which one was posted by Mr. Trevino!"

When Cierra saw these words, she almost laughed.

These little cuties probably didn't know that their idol had long regarded herself as Mrs. Trevino. She was even looking forward to marrying into the Trevino family as soon as possible.

She didn't know if Aleah would be angry when he saw this.

What was more interesting was Draven's reply.

He was not as patient as before. This time, he only typed a few words.

Draven: "It's up to you."

To put it simply, there is nothing I can do if you insist on thinking that way.

After that, there was no more reply.

Cierra casually swiped the screen a few times and found that there were no new things. She then turned off her phone.

Because it was too casual, she didn't notice that she had given "likes" to a comment.

She used Coby's account, which was followed by Draven.

At this moment, in the president's office of the Trevino Group, Draven had just replied to a few comments. He felt that it was boring to argue with them.

When he was about to quit, he saw a familiar name.

For some reason, he felt a little happy after two days of depression, and a faint smile appeared on

his face.

Even so, Jason, who was standing opposite the desk, was stunned.

It was good enough that Mr. Trevino hadn't got furious these past two days. How could he be in a good mood?

Just as he was about to test the waters, the man spoke first.

"Have you dealt with all the assets that I asked you to give Cierra?"

Psychologist

Jason was stunned. He didn't expect that Draven would suddenly ask about this.

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Weren't they talking about public relations in crisis?

But he didn't dare to ask any more questions. He said truthfully, "I've already handed it over to Cierra. She didn't want to accept the shares, but she signed it after I said a few more words."

"OK," he replied, without any displeasure. "It's right to persuade her to sign it. After all, she's alone. Although she's found her relatives, she hasn't grown up in that family for so many years. Who knows if they'll treat her great?"

With money by her side, no matter whether her relatives were good or not, she didn't have to worry

about money.

"Is there anything else? If there's nothing else, go back and do your work."

As soon as he finished speaking, Draven looked up at Jason, completely forgetting that he had

something to report.

On the other hand, Jason was stunned as well, and he almost left.

Fortunately, he remembered.

He opened the tablet and showed it to Draven. "This is the public opinion that has been increasing since last night. I don't know who leaked the news, but now almost all the netizens are exposing Ms.

Boyle's scandal."

Draven took it expressionlessly and browsed through the screenshot.

Seeing that there was no impatience on his face, Jason continued, "It affected the Trevino Group, so

I want to know how to deal with the follow-up."

The Trevino Group had helped Aleah solve many times in the past, but it had been trivial in the past. They put on airs or got resources. Draven just asked them to solve it with money.

But this time, it was different. The detention involved the relevant departments.

The entertainment industry was already in a tight grip, and immoral artists were strictly prohibited from doing this job. Once it was confirmed, Aleah's career would be completely ruined.

Moreover, it was not just her own business. Because of the high-profile announcement that she was going to marry into the Trevino family, many people were paying attention to the Trevino Group.

Once Aleah's detention was confirmed, many people would ask him why he wanted to marry such a

woman.

For ordinary people, reputation might not be important, but it could affect a lot of things for stars and the leaders of large companies.

In fact, Jason was happy to see that Aleah's negative news was exposed, but it was related to their company, so he had to think about it.

"What's the plan of her team?"

Draven only took a glance at it to get a rough idea.

He was one of the people involved in what had happened that night. He had even contributed a lot to Aleah's imprisonment. It was already amazing that the news was exposed now.

After all, Aleah was quite famous in the entertainment industry, even in the upper class.

Some people didn't say much because of their interests, but people would care about her if she was

arrested.

Everyone liked to gossip. No one could guarantee that no one else would know about it.

Can only be said that the heat has been delayed until now, and even the heat is not low, which is one reason, the money was in place.

The only difference was that one wanted to stop the news from spreading, and the other wanted to spend money to let the news spread.

“Ms. Boyle’s team is still trying its best to keep the heat down and use anonymous and groundless words to distract people.”

Jason gave brief information. In fact, he didn’t know much. After all, it was not his responsibility.

Hearing this, Draven chuckled disdainfully.

“Stup*d.”

He pushed the tablet to Jason and ordered in a deep voice, “Tell their team to ignore the opinions on the Internet for the time being. Let them argue and don’t reply.”

“What?” Jason was stunned.

Draven looked up and asked, “Don’t you understand?”

Jason shook his head with a conflicted expression. “I don’t understand...If we don’t reply, wouldn’t

It be a default of these...”

It was true.

Once he denied it, the side effect would be greater when it was exposed.

Moreover, someone was obviously adding fuel to the fire. It was very likely that they were waiting

for them to deny it.

As for the person behind this, it might be someone Aleah had offended and wanted to use this opportunity to defeat her. It could also be someone from the upper class who didn’t get along with the Boyle family. Of course, it could also be Cierra and her brother.

Draven didn’t want to waste any more time on this matter. He didn’t think too much about it, nor did he give an explanation. Instead, he gave the order.

“Tell them to ignore it. Don’t respond to any news. If it doesn’t work out, just let them have a team.

vacation.”

“OK.”

Jason didn't ask any more questions and nodded.

He stepped forward and took the report. Just as he was about to leave, he asked worriedly, “But Mr. Trevino, what about the public opinion of our company?”

It was not only because of Aleah but also because of the post personally sent by Draven, a lot of employees resigned in the past two days.

However, Draven didn't take it to heart. “Just let the Public Relations Department work normally. At most, we can bear it for a week, and the company won't have much of an impact. In addition, you should focus on your work. In the future, you don't have to pay much attention to Aleah's affairs. Go, and contact Ryan about this new project.”

As he spoke, he threw a document at Jason.

His words were like a reassurance to Jason.

Having handled too many personal matters for Aleah, he had almost forgotten that he was an employee of the Trevino Group.

The Trevino Group had existed since Ernest was alive. They mainly engaged in the real economy, which was different from the new Internet companies.

Public opinion would have a certain impact on the stock market, but as long as there was nothing wrong with their products, it would not have much of an impact on the Trevino Group.

When this thing passed, the quarterly financial report would still be good.

No one knew if it was because Jason understood Draven well or because he was happy that he didn't have to deal with Aleah's thing. He was excited.

He took the documents and almost jumped out. “Thank you, Mr. Trevino. I'll contact Mr. West right

away.”

Draven didn't understand why he thanked him. He just glanced at him and then dealt with the

documents.

During this period, he received a WhatsApp message.

“Mr. Trevino, are you free tomorrow? If you have time, I suggest you come back for another

consultation.”

Putting down the pen, Draven picked up his phone and replied to the meeting time.

He had lost sleep again in the past two days and could only rely on medicine to fall asleep. He couldn't do it for a long time, so he made an appointment with a psychologist.

When Ryan came in, he saw that he was taking medicine. He raised his eyebrows and said, “Are you angry with your fiancée and taking medicine again?”

“I'm only taking medicine because I'm sick. If you continue to behave like that, I suggest that you also make an appointment with a psychologist.”

“I have nothing to say to you.”

Ryan rolled his eyes and stayed at his old place.

Draven didn't want to talk to him. He just glanced at him indifferently.

He didn't like to provoke people, but some people were annoying.

As soon as Ryan sat down, he propped himself up on the sofa and looked at Draven.

“Draven, both of you and your fiancée have psychological problems. Why do you behave normally when she wanted to kill people? Did she not take any medicine?”