

# Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

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Draven was silent.

The answer to that question was obvious.

With a more mocking smile, Cierra put her index finger on Draven's chest.

"Since you plan to marry Aleah, let's get a divorce as soon as possible so she doesn't have to waste any more time waiting for you. As for me, I know very well what I'm doing, and I don't need you to discipline me. Even if we are not divorced, you have no right to do so, let alone after we are divorced."

With that, Cierra took two steps back, and the emotions on her face disappeared.

Her face was expressionless, but it also showed a hint of heartlessness.

"You can go back. I don't want to be involved with you, and I don't want to cause trouble for myself."

Even though Cierra had already signed the divorce agreement, Aleah still tried to defile her. If she had any more contact with Draven, no one knew how much trouble she would have in the future.

For the sake of her foster parents' kindness, Cierra let go of the old grudge. But if someone bothered her again, she would not be so magnanimous.

Draven of course did not leave. He stood in place with a sullen face.

For more than twenty years, wherever he went, he would be complimented by others. This was the first time someone troubled him.

And that person was Cierra, the one who had been clinging to him since childhood!

Draven took a step forward indignantly, but then he was stopped by William.

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"Mr. Trevino, you shouldn't be so ignorant. Now that you've got Aleah, you have nothing to do with Cierra anymore. She has already made it so obvious. If you continue to pest her, it will not be good."

Draven ignored the man in front of him. His gaze fell on the expressionless Gierra. "Are you really not willing to go home with me?"

Cierra looked at Draven and said, "Mr. Trevino, don't say such ambiguous words to me. You know that I have liked you since I was a child, and I've gone through a hard time before I finally made up my mind to let go of you. But now you said those words to me. Aren't you afraid that I will rely on you again? At that time, I'm afraid that you won't be able to divorce me even if you want to. Are you willing to live your life with a woman you don't like?"

Back home.

What a luxurious thought.

In the first year Cierra was driven out of the country, she still hoped that Draven would have a little affection for her and wished that he would take her home one day.

But he didn't.

He didn't even have a phone call. So how could he have come to pick her up for a surprise?

He just wanted her to disappear.

Thinking of the past, Cierra put on a long face and said in a cold voice, "Mr. Trevino, it is you who said that if not for Ernest, you wouldn't have married me at all. And now you're delaying our divorce. Is it interesting?"

Draven's thoughts were still stuck on the last question.

For a moment, he felt that it was acceptable for Cierra to cling to him as she did when she was a child.

But his reason was still struggling with this thought.

Until Cierra's words knocked him out. Marrying her was just because his grandfather forced him, and what he was unwilling to do should not continue.

His dark eyes regained clarity, and the hostility in his body disappeared. His voice was low and slow.

"I know whether I should divorce or not, but I can't watch you go astray. The Boyle family chased you out, and you can come to me if you were short of money. My grandfather watched you grow up. You've become like this now. Will my grandfather be disappointed if he *is* still alive?"

*I have become like this? Like what?*

Is *finding* a rich *boyfriend* a self-degrading thing?

I know, in *their* eyes, *I'm* just an *orphan*, and all I should *have known* were *hooligans* on the street. So it's impossible for me to have a *friend* like *William*.

Cierra thought about it and found it funny. "Mr. Trevino, according to your thinking, isn't spending your money and spending Mr. Barton's money the same thing? Since it's the same, why don't I choose the one I'm comfortable with?"

"Cierra!"

Draven's extinguished anger was evoked by Cierra again.

"I can hear you. Both of my ears can hear you." Cierra picked her ears indifferently.

There were already people in Laurel Edifice downstairs for lunch. And there would probably be more people here in a while. Cierra did not want to continue arguing with Draven as she thought it was very embarrassing.

*It seems that we won't be able to sign the contract today. If I really enter the company with William, I'm afraid that these two*

*will have a fight.*

*I don't want William's hand to be hurt.*

Cierra turned to William and said softly, "Go upstairs and apply the ointment. I have an appointment with Lydia. I don't want

to be late."

"I'll go with you! I just want to ask Ms. Navarro if she has any intention of signing with XR Entertainment Let's go together," said William.

Draven swept his gaze over. "I don't think you would mind having one more person. The Trevino Group has had an advertising endorsement recently and wants to talk with Ms. Navarro about the cooperation."

"Both of you are not allowed to go!"

Cierra got furious. "Make an appointment by yourself if you need to talk about your work. What's the point of disturbing our meal time?"

She glared at the two, put on her sunglasses, and turned to leave.

The white BMW sped away.

William gave

a soft “tut” and was about to turn back to the company when he was stopped by Draven.

“Mr. Barton, please forgive me for having offended you today. XR Entertainment has not been founded in New York for long. If you need any help in the future, please feel free to tell me. The Trevino Group will always be there for you. But I hope you can let Cierra go.”

With a complicated look on his face, William pressed the tip of his tongue against his cheek. There was a mocking in his beautiful

eyes which were similar to Cierra’s.

“Let Cierra go? Shouldn’t these words be directed at you, Mr. Trevino? Besides, how do you know that I’m not sincere? The entertainment industry is a pool of muddy water. Can’t I be the one who comes out of the mud and is not tainted?”

Draven narrowed his eyes. “Mr. Barton, do you mean that you intend to stand on the opposite side of the Trevino Group in the future?”

William laughed

lightly and looked fearless. “I don’t mean that. It was you who brought your personal issues into business. How can you blame me?”

The main industry of the Trevino Group was the physical economy, while William was the boss of an entertainment company. Draven’s words could not threaten William.

Even if William had some scruples about Draven in New York, he couldn’t be scared off by just one sentence. He still needed to avenge Cierra!

Got threaten? What a joke.

He even added

sentence to Draven with a mischievous smile.

“You look down on me as a person in the entertainment industry. But anyway, I never wanted to pursue two girls at one time. What do you think, Mr. Trevino?”

He was directly condemning Draven.

Draven pursed his lips tightly.

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After a moment, he explained, “Mr. Barton, my marriage with Cierra is due to the wishes of the elderly. I didn’t dare to disobey. I sent her away because I didn’t want to give her hope. Our divorce is a matter of course. I don’t object to her remarrying, but she’s different from us. Even if you truly like her, do you think your family will agree to you marrying a woman without any background?”

William stroked his chin in amusement. “What you said seems to make sense.”

Draven heaved a sigh of relief inwardly. He looked still elegant.

“Since you understand, I hope that you won’t give others any unnecessary expectations. Please don’t take it to heart if I offended you earlier.”

William did not reply to Draven’s words. He pointed at the building behind him and said, “Are you done? If you are, I will go back to work.”

Draven looked down and thought for a moment. He asked, “Mr. Barton, I have to ask you one last question. I heard that the designer Sylvia of Entrustment Design Studio is planning to sign a contract with XR Entertainment. Have you decided?”