

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

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William raised his eyebrows.

He tried to avoid talking about some sensitive information in business, but one's job change was a normal case.

Thus, it was not very rude for Draven to ask about this.

William was about to answer, but he changed his mind as soon as he spoke.

"As for this matter, XR Entertainment is making effort to attract Sylvia to join in. As far as I know, Sylvia was the chief jewelry designer of the Trevino Group. Since her contract has expired, it is legitimate for us to recruit her. Don't you think so, Mr. Trevino?" said William.

"Of course," replied Draven.

Draven put one hand in his pocket and rubbed his fingers.

He said, "To be frank, I came to Laurel Edifice today to know more about the progress. If you already signed the contract with Entrustment Design Studio, that's fine."

William wore a wicked smile and said, "I thought that you would be here to make some trouble. After all, Sylvia has been working with the Trevino Group for three years. You have a great advantage."

"If so, she would not leave us," said Draven.

He mocked and stared at William.

"I understand you, but Sylvia has not signed a contract with you yet, so I am afraid we still have to compete for it," said

Draven.

William sighed with a mixture of feelings.

"Yes, you are right. We expected to have the contract signed this morning, but she didn't come and was out of contact either. It is difficult to deal with such a designer," he complained.

Draven chuckled, "It depends on how hard we work for it."

"Definitely!" nodded William.

The atmosphere became more harmonious between them.

"It's getting late. I have to go back for dinner. Bye, Mr. Barton!" Draven looked at his watch.

"Bye, Mr. Trevino!" William waved his hand.

As Draven was leaving, the smile disappeared on William's handsome face.

He touched the corner of his mouth and cried out in pain.

What a merciless *bastard!* William said to himself.

As he walked into the company, he raised his phone to take a selfie and sent it to the group called "Love Cierra".

William: "I am proud to protect our little sister even though I got hurt!"

Harold: "William, what happened? Which bastard bullied Cierra again?"

Coby: "Where is Cierra? Is she alright?"

Jaquan: "I have already called Cici. She is fine. She is dining with her friend. Everyone can leave now."

The group soon returned to silence.

William looked at the chat records, stunned.

They all cared about Cierra but neglected him.

What a group of Cierra lovers!

When William was about to complain, he received a message from Cierra.

Cici: "William, have you applied the medicine to the wound? Painful or not? I'm sorry. I didn't care about your feelings, and I

went away."

Cici: "By the way, did you eat something? If not, come here to join us. I ordered your favorite meals at L'Opera Restaurant. It is a little far from your company. Take your time, and I already asked the restaurant to serve your dishes as soon as you arrive."

William was somewhat touched by Cierra's heartfelt consideration.

It was so lucky to have such a kind sister, rather more intimate than those annoying brothers.

He immediately replied.

"Don't wait for me. You can serve yourself first! See you soon!"

At L'Opera Restaurant.

It was a famous but strange restaurant in New York

The restaurant was situated in a remote area, and it limited the number of diners per day. If people wanted to visit it, they had to make a reservation a month in advance.

In such a big New York city, only a few people were eligible to come without making an appointment, and fewer people could have a chance to taste the dishes made by the most famous chief cook Freddy Mayo!

When William arrived at L'Opera Restaurant, Cierra and Lydia started their dinner a moment ago.

At the sight of William, Cierra stood up and greeted, "Here we are, William!"

"Hi, girls, how are you? Sorry I'm late," said William.

William took some medicine with him and started to apply it to his wounds.

Draven gave him such a deadly punch that his teeth almost fell off.

His handsome appearance was close to disfiguration.

"William, let me help you apply it," said Cierra.

She felt sorry for William, who suffered a lot to protect her.

"Thanks, Cici," William answered.

Then William handed the cotton swab and medicine to Cierra with a smile and sat beside her.

"If it hurts, please tell me." Cierra applied the medicine to the wound.

"It is okay for me!" said William.

His face twisted due to the great pain.

Cierra slowed down and said, "William, hold on for a moment and be aware of your month. It is nearly broken."

"My sweetie, are you kidding me?" said William.

He teased and then took out his phone for a selfie. "Still quite handsome."

He sent this photo to the chat group and then put down the phone.

"William, please take care of yourself. Don't get hurt again," said Cierra.

Cierra did not pay attention to this small detail. After applying for the medicine, she took a hot towel and wiped his fingers

clean.

On seeing this, Lydia was touched and said, "I admire the relationship between you and your brother. By the way, I heard Mr. Barton call you Cici. Is it your nickname?"

Cierra nodded and smiled, "Yes, my parents gave me this name."

William added with a smile, "My mother wanted to change it to another name, but that name sounds too old-fashioned, so the name of Cierra is still in use."

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This name was not given by the Boyle family but given by Ernest when Cierra was a little child and arranged to marry Draven after growing up.

Cierra still had good memories in New York due to Ernest, who had passed away.

At the thought of Ernest, Cierra's eyes were close to tears. "Alright, enjoy your meals."

"Okay!"

William served the two ladies some meals, "By the way, Ms. Navarro, what do you think about what I told you last time?"

Lydia paused for a while.

"Mr. Barton, thank you. To be honest, your invitation is a great temptation for me. But I am a defamed entertainer in this industry. If you insist on employing me, I am afraid it will be a losing business in the future," answered Lydia.

"How could it be?" said William.

He added, "You are gorgeous and talented. The more you are hated by others, the more likely you can gain more popularity. How could it be a losing business?"

There was a bowl of soup served for Lydia, and it was still steaming.

Lydia was so furious that she even wanted to pour the bowl of soup toward William. If it happened, her career would come to an end in the entertainment industry.

However, before Lydia could express her idea, William added, "If we can clarify the groundless rumors, the haters can be turned into followers. As for those entertainers who have been beautified through all kinds of promotion channels, they will

be hated by the world sooner or later."

Lydia raised her eyes in a big surprise.

"Do you... trust me?" she asked.

William smiled at her, "Of course, I trust you because you stand on the side of my sister!"

A myriad of thoughts flashed in Lydia's mind.

She lowered her eyes, and a piece of news popped up on her phone, namely, the lost daughter of the Barton family had been found. Thus, the family donated 83 million dollars to support the police in helping the lost children returning back home.

The lost daughter turned out to be Cierra.

It was as if a heavy bomb had exploded in Lydia's heart.

She raised her head.

How was it possible that both William and Cierra were from the Barton family, a wealthy and powerful family comparable to the Trevino family?