

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

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Cierra was shocked and speechless.

She was stunned for a while and thought about how to refuse.

“Mrs. Trevino, I know you love me, but...”

“Why are you still calling me that way? I’m not happy!”

Before Cierra could finish speaking, she was interrupted by Sue.

“Cierra, I know that you are still blaming us. Don’t be in a hurry to reject me, okay? We can talk about whether you recognize me as your godmother or not after you finish the procedures of the divorce. At this moment, you two have not completely divorced yet. It is not too much to ask you to continue calling me mom, right?”

At the end of Sue’s words, there was a hint of careful coaxing, making it hard for Cierra to refuse.

But Cierra was resisting in her heart, so she remained silent.

She couldn’t bear to refuse and was unwilling to force herself, so she simply didn’t say anything.

Sue didn’t continue to force her. But it was inevitable that she would be disappointed and her voice was not as pleasant as

before.

“Well, Cierra, it’s my fault. If you are not willing, then forget it. But I still hope that you can think about it. You know that I am

willing to treat you as my own daughter. Don’t be in a hurry to refuse me. Tell me the answer after you finish the process, okay?”

In fact, she already had the answer in her heart, but she didn’t want to face the truth so quickly, so she simply delayed it.

Sue was more than disappointed. She was depressed.

Her biological son treated her as an enemy because of her failed education. Cierra, the girl she liked so much, would also leave

her far away.

Sue made this request because she wanted Cierra to have a nominal relationship with her. In this way, they could contact each other occasionally and they wouldn't turn out to be strangers.

But the reality was often contrary to what she wanted.

After hanging up the phone, Cierra stared at the night view outside the window in a daze.

This house was bought by William for her. It was a medium-sized apartment. It was not as spacious as a villa. It was just nice for one person to live in.

Probably because she was too lost in thought, she did not even notice when William entered the apartment.

William coughed twice deliberately to make her come back to her senses.

Although she knew that there was one more person at home, Cierra was still a little absent-minded, and her eyes were a little dim.

William couldn't help but educate her with a rarely seen stern face, "You should feel lucky that the person who came in was me. If someone sneaked in and tried to do something to you, you'll be in danger."

"I'm in my apartment. No one can hurt me. Besides, only you know the password. Who else can come in?"

Cierra did not mind at all. She shuffled out of the balcony with her slippers and took two bottles of water from the fridge. She handed one to him.

William did not take it, but his face was still serious.

Cierra shouted at him like a spoiled child, "William..."

William looked down at her. When he saw the girl's pitiful face, he said helplessly, "Be cautious, please."

Cierra nodded repeatedly. "I see."

William's tone was serious. "If it's possible, I don't want you to be on your guard all the time. But Cici, you were once in de speration. Your life was once in danger. Besides, this is New York. Draven hasn't finish ed the procedures of divorce on purpose. He might be thinking about something. It may be fine if you are in a daze at home, but what if you are outside?"

"I know, William. There won't be a next time."

She lowered her eyes, and the question in her heart suddenly had an answer.

Before, she thought that it was better to agree to Sue's proposal. After all, in New York, Ernest and Sue had been good to her. She did not forget to give Sue a birthday blessing for two reasons. Firstly, she di d not forget her kindness. Secondly, she wanted to show laid back.

Breaking ties with the Boyle family did not mean that she had to deny everything that ha d happened in the past and pretend that she did not know the people in the past. If she did that, it would seem that the Boyle family and Draven were important to

her.

She agreed to Sue's suggestion because Sue meant a lot to her. Moreover, Cierra thought she could make Draven feel angry in

this way.

But if she really agreed, it meant that she would always have a relationship with Draven.

She was hurt by him deeply. She didn't want him to be in her future. If she really had to call Draven brother, it would not be him who would feel sick. It would be her.

Cierra's expression returned to normal. There was a hint of coldness in her eyes as she completely rejected Sue's suggestion.

William did not know what she was thinking, but he could feel that his little sister was in a bad mood.

It made sense. The young man who grew up together with her was snatched away by another woman who showed up suddenly. The man even treated her as an enemy. No one would be ha ppy when they face this.

He turned his phone around and propped his chin on his hand. "Cici, do you want me to take you out for fun?"

"Now?" Cierra glanced back.

It was already eleven o'clock at this time. If they went out for fun, they would either go to the night market to eat or go to a

nightclub.

Obviously, William wouldn't take the initiative to take her to a nightclub, so she made the first move.

"I want to go to Ninth Club."

"No way!"

Without any surprise, he rejected the idea.

Cierra unscrewed a bottle of water for herself and took a sip. "If you don't take me there, I'll go by myself. Anyway, I'm already

an adult. I won't be driven out of a bar."

At this moment, William just wanted to give himself a hard slap.

He thought that he had made a bad proposal.

But when he raised his eyes to meet those smiling eyes, he had no other choice but to compromise.

"If Jaquan finds out, you have to say that you go to the bar by yourself. It's none of my business."

In Ninth Club.

It was not just a club. It was the most luxurious entertainment in New York.

It gathered various people around the world. There were ordinary people that came here to have fun at the cost of bankruptcy. There were also wealthy people. In the club, both legal programs and illegal programs abounded.

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He had just arrived at Ninth Club and had not yet gotten out of the car when he hesitated and hurriedly said this.

"Don't worry, William. If Jaquan finds out, I will say that I forced you to do this!"

This was the first time Cierra had come to this place. She was excited and nervous.

As

early as when Aleah had not returned to the Boyle family, she had heard of Ninth Club. It was in her youth and was rebellious. She had seen Draven and his good friends discuss coming here to have fun. She was curious and wanted to follow them secretly. In the end, she was scolded by Draven and directly led home.

After a few years, the decorations at the entrance did not seem to have changed at all.

The old signboard was hanging diagonally on the old wall, as *if* it was the remains of the last century. The neon lights were flashing rhythmically, and the music came out from inside. Before he stepped in, she felt the enchanting air.

Cierra got out of the car and put on a coat again.

“Follow me after you go in. Do not hang around.”

William was in a serious tone. His arm held up slightly.

Cierra was helpless, but she still held his arm, “I know, William. I am not a child, and there is nothing wrong with the dress I am wearing.” She didn’t know why he asked her to put on a coat.

William did not devote himself to the negotiation. He just said, “Don’t take the coat off.”

The two slowly walked in side by side, unaware that this scene was taken by a person in a car not far behind them. The photo was sent to someone with a few words.

“Draven, is that beauty your wife? She’s quite hot! I heard that you are going to divorce her. Can I pursue her?”