

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 261

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Chapter 261 Is This OK?

Could it be that William had fooled Lydia by pretending to be deep in thought?

Cierra thought of that possibility and silently prayed for William in her heart.

In that case, it could only be considered he was capable if he could get a wife in the future.

[Is he that scary?]

Cierra decided to learn something about the situation so that Lydia would have a better impression of him.

Otherwise, if it went on like this, she would not know when they could be together.

Jaquan was like this, and so was William.

The remaining cousins didn't even have a shadow of the person they liked.

[Isn't Boss scary? Every time he comes to the company, he looks cold. It's obvious that he's not someone to be trifled with.]

[And you don't know. He doesn't seem to like girls. Last time, an investor wanted to send an actress to the set, so he took her to a wine party and asked her to toast the boss. However, the boss directly splashed the girl with wine!]

[That girl was so beautiful and had a good figure and was fragrant. I wanted to hug her after seeing her, but the boss splashed wine all over her body and left with a cold face!

Isn't he scary?]

When Cierra saw the first sentence, he wanted to explain that William was pretending.

When watching the latter part, Cierra suddenly became speechless.

Especially when she saw Lydia say that William didn't seem to like girls, Cierra felt dizzy.

Cierra thought. "What on earth gave Lydia this illusion?"

"Just because William splashed wine on a girl?"

Cierra typed silently, trying to restore William's image in Lydia's heart.

[William is actually quite casual in private. Maybe he's more serious when it comes to business. As for the reason why he splashed wine on that girl, maybe it's just that he doesn't like drinking with girls. After all, my parents are strict with him. They've asked him not to fool around since he was a child.]

[I see.]

Cierra heaved a sigh of relief when seeing Lydia's reply.

[Of course, he still likes girls, especially beautiful, gentle, and lovely ones like you!]

Not long after she sent the message, Cierra received a voice message from Lydia.

Lydia was probably too excited to type.

[Cierra, don't say that. The boss is even more terrible to me! You don't know that. When

he meets me in the company, he will scold me and say that I am not smart enough. Also,

do you remember the last time when Landen was injured and went to the hospital?

William actually asked me to drive! How could there be such a bad person like him?

Does he think that I have too much negative news and he has paid too many penalty fees, so he's unhappy with me everywhere?]

After hearing that, Cierra was completely speechless.

[When he meets me in the company, he will scold me.]

[He says that I am not smart enough.]

What kind of childish trick was this to attract girls?

Fortunately, William was not in front of Cierra at the moment, otherwise, Cierra would have scolded him.

Cierra had almost forgotten about the matter of driving, but when she heard Lydia mention it, she was greatly amused by William.

It could be seen why William was still single.

Cierra didn't dare to say anything good about William in front of Lydia. She simply asked Lydia to leave a blessing for William and didn't say anything else.

It was fine if Lydia was afraid, but William probably didn't care.

After exchanging pleasantries, Cierra stared at her phone and sighed heavily.

She thought. "That's all I can do for William."

"Why are you sighing? Isn't the cake very beautiful? Or is it burnt?"

Ryan, who was full, was sitting on a small bench and playing with his mobile phone. He probably saw the cake made by Cierra in the Instagram. After giving it a like, Ryan asked faintly.

"It's not about this. It's about something else."

Cierra didn't dwell on Lydia's matter for too long, her expression quickly becoming casual.

She cut a piece of cake embryo for herself and asked Ryan if he wanted it.

Ryan touched his half-full stomach and said, "Can I eat a little bit? I want to have a taste, but if I eat a little more, my stomach may burst."

Cierra couldn't help but smile. "It's so scary. I am afraid that something will happen to you at my house, so I will cut a little for you."

Cierra came over with a plate and handed it to Ryan.

As soon as the cake was put into his mouth, Ryan received a phone call.

The name "Draven" made Ryan a little embarrassed.

Cierra naturally saw it as well, but she didn't pay much attention to it. "Pick it probably just woke up and asked you where you were right now."

1. He

Since Cierra had said so, Ryan did not hesitate to answer the phone in front of her.

Just as Cierra had guessed, Draven had indeed woken up. Seeing that there was no one in the room, he called to ask where Ryan was.

After all, he was in the Barton family. It was not appropriate for Draven to wander around outside.

Moreover, he didn't know the way out, and he hadn't achieved his goal yet. How could he leave so easily?

3.

Having been beaten once was not enough.

Ryan said that he was having dinner and would come back immediately. And then Ryan hung up the phone.

Ryan put away his phone and propped himself up on a small stool.

“Then, Cierra, I’ll go find Draven first. Can you do us a favor later and show us the way?”

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Ryan didn’t pretend to be pitiful in front of Cierra and generously said that they were going to leave.

However, he was a little embarrassed at the end of his words. “Your house is too big. I didn’t pay much attention to the direction when I came in so I don’t know how to go out.”

Cierra smiled and said, “Don’t be in such a hurry. Although I don’t want to see Draven, I’m not that stingy. Bring some food with you. He’s been hungry for a long time. There’s something to eat in the kitchen.”

As she spoke, Cierra had already prepared the food.

Ryan looked at her and felt a little ashamed.

Cierra was really a soft-hearted girl.

Although Cierra was extremely stubborn when it came to relationships, she would not deliberately make things difficult for them because of her personal emotions.

In fact, Ryan might not be able to do this when facing his ex-girlfriend.

“Is this enough?”

After filling the bowls with food, Cierra looked up.

Ryan avoided her gaze and nodded. "That's enough. He deserves to starve to death."

Cierra chuckled, "The Barton family is not that stingy."

She put the food in the food box and closed the lid.

"Can I bring a piece of cake for Draven? He seems to like sweets very much."

If the cake was made by Cierra herself, Draven should like it more.

Although he despised it in his heart, Ryan still silently asked for benefits for Draven.

Cierra cut a piece of cake.

"I'm going to give the cake with patterns to William later, so I won't cut it for you. Is this okay?"

Chapter 262 Dispensable

"Of course it is okay."

Ryan knew when to stop.

It was good enough to have some food. How could he be so greedy?

With Draven's character, it was lucky that the Barton family didn't throw Draven out after beating him up like that. If it were him, he wouldn't even allow Draven to enter the house.

They chose a thick-skinned guide and sneaked in without waiting for anyone to drive them away.

Speaking of Belle, Ryan still had mixed feelings.

Belle was used to being domineering in New York. If it weren't for the fact that the Trevino family didn't have many acquaintances in Los Angeles, they wouldn't have come to her.

Considering that Belle was Cierra's relative, Ryan couldn't help but remind Cierra.

“By the way, Cierra, try to keep in touch as little as possible with the woman who brought me and Draven to your house today.”

If Cierra kept in touch with Belle too much, they would probably be implicated if Belle were to stir up trouble with Belle’s character.

Cierra naturally knew about this.

From what had happened at the dining table today, Cierra knew that her family had an awkward relationship with Belle.

Fortunately, Cierra’s mother had a good temper. Given their blood relationship, Sarah wouldn’t drive Belle out as soon as she arrived.

Ryan’s reminder was correct, but the words coming out of his mouth inevitably made people laugh.

“She treats you and Draven as honored guests. But you stabbed her in the back?”

“I’m just reminding you because I treat you as a friend. Besides, it’s not me who took the initiative to look for her. It’s Belle!”

Ryan said it seriously.

Anyway, Draven’s status in Cierra’s heart had already plummeted, so it didn’t matter if Ryan slandered him.

Cierra couldn’t help but laugh. When she looked up, she saw the man standing at the end of the corridor.

He stared straight at Cierra with his deep eyes. His wrinkled suit still made him look tall and straight.

The light shadow fell on him.

At the same time, the smile on Cierra’s face slowly disappeared.

The moment she met Draven’s eyes, Cierra regained her usual indifference and calmness.

It was said that they would be strangers after divorce, but when they saw each other.

again, it seemed that they still couldn't be calm.

But so what?

Cierra was not a sage.

She could have emotions, hate, and even hate the person in front of her.

They were all permitted, weren't they?

So Cierra stopped and didn't go any further. Even her tone toward Ryan became cold.

"I won't go over. You can go and ask him how he's doing. Send me a message or a phone call after eating. I'll ask someone to take you away."

Cierra's voice wasn't loud, but it was enough for the man on the other side to hear clearly.

There was a hint of loneliness on Draven's handsome face, and his deep eyes were tinged with loneliness as he looked at Cierra eagerly.

He was like a pet abandoned by its master by the roadside.

The

pet didn't dare to get close to Cierra, so it could only wagged its tail and look at her.

It didn't even ask its master to take it home. It just hoped that its master could come to talk to it and let it rub against her.

Unfortunately, there was nothing.

After saying to Ryan, Cierra turned around and left. She did not even bother to look at Draven.

Ryan didn't stop her. He thanked Cierra and walked toward Draven.

Because he knew very well that Cierra was very clear about her feelings.

As long as it was someone who had not hurt her, she would repay them with the most friendly attitude.

Because Cierra had enjoyed too little friendship, she would even take a drop of it seriously.

She could even be kind to those who treated her badly.

For example, the food box in Ryan's hand.

If it were him, Ryan would have ignored Draven. He would not care about whether Draven was hungry or not.

Therefore, Ryan didn't say anything. He just responded and walked toward Draven with the food.

Ryan arrived in a few steps.

"Well, Cierra was afraid that you would die in her house, so she asked me to bring you something to eat."

There were tables and chairs in the room and it was okay to sit on a bench in the corridor, but it was a little awkward.

Just as Draven was about to refuse, his injured lips moved. He lowered his gaze and inexplicably changed his mind.

"Thank you.

Draven reached out to take it, but his eyes were still fixed on the half-old food box.

He didn't even raise his head. "I want to say something to her. Can you help me convey the message?"

When he was asleep, Draven remembered a lot of things in the past. Now that he woke up, he still felt a little dizzy.

During Cierra's absence, Draven had often dreamed of her.

At that time, Draven didn't take it seriously and thought that he was not used to Cierra's leaving.

Moreover, he was still able to suppress his emotions at that time. Thus, he woke up from his daydream and pretended as if nothing had happened.

Only now when he saw Cierra clearly did Draven know that his emotions were surging.

It was like a thunderstorm in summer that couldn't be stopped, and it was like a tempestuous storm that surged in Draven's heart.

It turned out that he missed Cierra so much.

Moreover, this kind of emotion was even more intense than the three years when Cierra had been away.

At least at that time, Draven knew where Cierra was and often got news of her from his

mother.

But it was different this time.

Cierra left so thoroughly that she lost contact with everyone,

Draven didn't get any news from his mother.

Cierra could not be seen in New York. Even in L'Opera Restaurant, he couldn't find trace of her.

It was as if Cierra had completely disappeared from Draven's world.

Even in Draven's dream, Cierra's appearance gradually became blurred.

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Now that he saw Cierra with his own eyes, Draven still couldn't satisfy the desire in his heart.

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Seeing her, Draven wanted to hear her voice again.

Even if Cierra was scolding him, it was better than turning around and being ruthless at this moment.

Ryan looked at the resentful and pitiful Draven, feeling pity and helplessness.

"It's not that I don't want to help you. As you can see, Cierra left as soon as she saw you. It's obvious that she doesn't want to see you. Is there a need to do that?"

Ryan's voice was like a sharp knife stabbing into Draven's heart.

Draven clenched his fists, held the handle of the food box, and coughed. He propped up the door of the room as if he was going to die of serious injuries in a martial arts drama.

Ryan went over to help him. There was a hint of worry in Ryan's eyes, but unfortunately, he still refused Draven mercilessly.

"It's not like you don't know Cierra's character. Once she has made up her mind, she will never turn back. She used to like you, but now that you've divorced, do you think she'll still be willing to come back and listen to you talk about something trivial?"

What's more, from Cierra's point of view, she didn't know that Aleah had lied to Draven.

In Cierra's world, Draven was probably just a scumbag who knew that his new wife couldn't make it and wanted to find his ex-wife.

It was good enough that Cierra didn't beat Draven up with her brother.

What's more, even without Aleah's lies, what Draven had done in the past was ruthless.

Therefore, Ryan did not want to help Draven put in a good word in front of Cierra at all.

Moreover, Ryan had tried it in the kitchen and almost lost his chance to eat.

After leading Draven to the table, Ryan brought out the food and tried to persuade him.

"As you can see, she is living a good life now. Both she and her family don't treat you well. Your apology is dispensable to her. If you don't show up in front of her, she will live a better life."

Chapter 263 Make a Mistake

"Your apology is dispensable to her."

"If you don't show up in front of her, she will live a better life."

Every word was like a knife stabbing into Draven's heart, cutting out his blood.

Draven didn't respond to Ryan's words and watched as Ryan placed the food on the table.

There was a piece of cake on the top layer. The cake embryo was bare, and it didn't look so exquisite when placed on the ceramic plate. However, as soon as Draven picked it up, he smelled a faint sweetness.

There was food below, which was almost the same as what Ryan had eaten in the kitchen. However, it was not hot, which was even worse than what Ryan had eaten.

With Draven's current appearance, he looked even more pitiful and lonely.

Ryan helped him arrange the food and patted Draven on the shoulder.

"Let it go. Anyway, you've been beaten up today, which can be regarded as an apology to Cierra. That's why you came to Los Angeles. Now that you've apologized and seen her, let's go back."

Although Ryan knew that this was not what Draven was thinking, he insisted on saying it, so Ryan naturally went along with him.

Apologize? Heh...

Draven was just lying to himself.

Of course, it was hard to say whether Draven himself believed it.

Only people involved in it could understand the feelings when it came to relationships.

It was not convenient for Ryan to say more.

As an outsider, Ryan had done his best to help.

Draven didn't respond.

He kept silent, and no one could tell what he was thinking.

However, it was clear that he was unwilling to leave just like that.

It was hard to satisfy people's heart.

Before Draven came here, he said that he would apologize and would be satisfied as long as he could see Cierra. But when he really saw her, he was not willing to leave like this.

Draven didn't answer Ryan's question. He went to get the cake in silence and didn't eat the food that was already a little cold.

And just as Ryan thought.

Ryan wondered what Draven was thinking all day long.

Other men disliked eating sweets. They felt that sweets were food for girls.

On the contrary, Draven would buy a cake every time he passed by a cake shop.

Sometimes it was mousse, sometimes it was a layer cake, sometimes it was tiramisu...

Draven probably wanted to try all the desserts.

But now, even though Draven was starving, the first thing he wanted to eat was not the dishes but the most primitive cake.

Although the cake was all made by Cierra herself, Ryan still felt sorry for those dishes.

Draven didn't know how to appreciate favors.

Not only did Ryan complain about Draven in his heart, but he also deliberately clicked his tongue to express his dissatisfaction.

Unfortunately, Draven turned a deaf ear to it.

Draven moved the cake in front of himself and carefully scooped it up with a spoon. His movements could even be considered pious.

He was not in a hurry to eat, and his weak and hoarse voice slowly overflowed.

“Today is her brother’s birthday?”

If Draven hadn’t heard wrongly before he fainted, they seemed to be talking about the birthday.

Ryan casually replied, “Yes, it’s Ms. Barton’ birthday, the one who beat you up.”

Ryan deliberately searched for the post that Cierra had posted on Instagram and clicked on the photo that looked like a work of art in an attempt to make Draven give up completely.

It was a very casual painting, but it showed a unique style, as if it was an interpretation of William.

Draven stopped what he was doing and stared at the photo with a gloomy look.

Although they were just the patterns on the cake, the drawing style was very familiar to Draven.

In the two years when Draven had been in charge of the Trevino Group, it was this kind of design draft that had helped him.

The perfect design of the jewelry department doubled the income of that season, and later every design was amazing.

Although Sylvia’s designs were few, they were all eye-catching.

Almost every season’s hit was designed by her.

This was also the reason why Draven was willing to take the initiative to discuss with someone when the contract expired.

However, it seemed that Draven had been heading in the wrong direction from the very beginning.

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It turned out that even when Draven took over the company and was in his most difficult time, Cierra was the one who had accompanied him through the difficulties.

As Draven stared at the patterns, which were comparable to art, a lot of thoughts flashed through his mind.

He didn't dare to think too much about it.

He looked away in anger, lowered his head, and began to eat the food in front of him.

But he stopped again with a bite.

The taste was different from what he had eaten in the cake shop before, and it was even different from what Aleah had made. However, it overlapped with the taste in his memory that he could not forget for a long time.

It was so familiar that Draven felt as if he had returned to the past.

What kind of taste was that?

It was his birthday, but no one cared about him.

On the contrary, Draven was scolded because he didn't get Sue Skinner's request for an

exam.

Probably because he was young at that time and it was his birthday, Draven talked back to Sue Skinner in disgust. Like a crazy little beast, Draven roared at her to express his dissatisfaction.

Draven thought at that time. "Why can other children get praise when they don't the first place in the exam? Why should I be scolded even if I get the first place in every subject?

get

"Why can other children receive a lot of gifts on their birthdays, but I have nothing and should be beaten up?

"Why are the requirements for me different from others since I was a child?

"Why?"

As expected, Draven was locked up in that room by Sue.

What was accompanying him was the sound of water dripping from an unknown source.

It was as if the blood of an animal was flowing out from its pulse and falling to the ground, creating a splash.

No one cared about him. He could only wait quietly for the darkness and death.

It was unknown how long Draven had been locked up. He only knew that he was very scared and didn't want to stay in that dark room.

He was still very hungry and thirsty.

But he had nothing.

Unless Draven submitted to his mother, apologized to her, and promised her that he would do it best next time.

Finally, when he couldn't hold on any longer, he was released.

What was waiting for him was a cold dinner.

There was also a small cake.

It was very sweet. In his hungry and bitter mouth, it was more delicious than any other food in the world.

It was also a gift that Draven had always kept in mind.

Draven didn't know who left him the cake, so he asked the servants to look for the person the next day.

Aleah said she had made it for him. She gave him her birthday wishes with a smile and asked him if the cake was delicious. She also told him many details on the cake.

So Draven believed it and silently told himself in his heart that he would protect this girl well in the future.

But later, he never tasted it again.

Until today, it turned out that Cierra was the one who gave him the cake.

Aleah's lie was really disgusting.

The only sweetness he thought in his life was his mistake.

Chapter 264 Slow down?

Suddenly, Draven began to cough painfully. It was as if there were needles pricking his heart over and over again,

His eyes were red, and the place where he had been beaten was also in pain because of

coughing.

But it was not as painful as his heart.

It was as if someone was cutting with a knife or using a needle.

The pain was dense and lingering. He couldn't get rid of it. He even felt pain when thinking about it.

Ryan was frightened by Draven's appearance and did not dare to continue playing with his phone. He quickly got up from his chair to check on Draven.

"Draven, what's wrong with you? Are you feeling unwell? I will send you to the hospital first."

Draven propped his forehead and laughed maniacally with reddened eyes.

He avoided Ryan's movements as if he were possessed.

Ryan was so anxious that he didn't know what to do. He could only say, "If Cierra doesn't want to see you, let her be. You don't have to do this. Are you really fine? Your

health is still important. No matter what, let's go to the hospital if you don't feel well. Is that okay?"

Ryan's words were a little incoherent, just like what he was doing at the moment.

He didn't know what to do at this time. After all, Draven was in front of him and it was quite scary.

Draven's smile was uglier than crying, and he didn't want to talk about it.

Ryan even wondered if it was because of Draven's mental illness. Draven had forgotten to bring medicine with him in the past two days.

Just as Ryan was at a loss, Draven finally stopped his madness and closed his eyes to return to silence.

Ryan did not move either.

After a while, Draven opened his eyes again.

The corners of his eyes were still red, as if tears were flowing down.

His eyes were deep. There was not much emotion, but now there was a hint of inscrutable depth in his eyes.

It was as if he had been thoroughly enlightened after death.

“Let’s go.”

Draven got up from the chair.

No one knew what he was thinking about in the past ten minutes.

Ryan couldn’t see through Draven and felt that there was something wrong with his brain.

He pointed at the food on the table and scolded, “You’re not eating anymore?”

The dishes were not a big deal because they had been touched at all. Even if the people of the Barton family disliked it and poured it, they wouldn’t blame it on him. After all, it

wasn’t Draven’s fault of wasting it.

It would be better if they didn’t mind.

But Draven had already taken a bite of the cake. It was not good to throw it away like this.

Ryan complained in his heart. At the same time, he remembered that Draven seemed to have gone crazy because of the cake and wondered if there was something wrong with the cake.

But it couldn’t be.

Ryan had also eaten some, which was more than a spoonful that Draven had dug out.

While Ryan was thinking, he picked up the spoon on the table and wanted to have a taste.

However, as soon as Ryan picked up the silver spoon, he was interrupted by Draven.

“Who allowed you to touch it?”

Get B

Like an animal protecting its food, Draven suddenly bared his fangs and brandished his claws as he spoke sternly to Ryan.

Ryan was shocked and explained, “I just saw that something was wrong with you. I guess it’s because of the cake. So I want to see if there is something different from what I ate. You don’t have to do that.”

It might not have been like this in the past, but it was different now.

Looking at the food on the table, Draven pursed his thin lips.

He was so ashamed that he wanted to leave just like that just now. Now he calmed down. a little. He sat down at the table again, picked up the tableware, and ate the food bit by

bit.

From the cold dishes to the cake that he had taken a bite of, it was obvious that he was full but he still wanted to eat all of them.

Ryan wanted to say something to stop him from eating desperately, but after thinking about Draven’s current state, he still remained silent.

Anyway, Draven wouldn’t die even if he ate too much.

Ryan watched as Draven finished the food one by one.

When Ryan was about to send a message to Cierra, someone knocked on the door.

“Are you Mr. Trevino and Mr. West? Ms. Barton asked me to come and invite you to leave. I don’t know if you have finished eating or you still need some rest.”

Mrs. Taylor’s attitude was not bad, but her tone was respectful. It was obvious that she was completing a task.

Ryan put away his phone and glanced silently at Draven.

Ryan didn’t say anything, and the expression on his face was obvious. ‘It is not that I don’t want to call Cierra, but that she doesn’t want to come. She has asked the servant to drive us away. Don’t be ungrateful.’

It was rare for Draven to be so cooperative.

He got up from the chair, cleaned up the food box on the table, and wiped the table with

a tissue.

After cleaning up, he got up and walked to Mrs. Taylor with the food box in his hand. His

tone was very kind.

“Sorry for disturbing you today. Please convey my apology to Ms. Barton.”

Mrs. Taylor took the food box and looked at Draven carefully with her turbid eyes. She couldn't hide the disgust in her eyes.

She knew about Cierra's situation. Thus, she had a lot of opinions regarding Cierra's ex-husband.

Especially when Mrs. Taylor found out that Draven and Ryan were brought in by Belle and her daughter, she despised them even more.

After all, birds of a feather flock together. Those who got together with the mother and daughter could not be good guys.

But when she looked at Draven now, she didn't expect him to be so open and frank. He even had a good-looking face. He didn't look like an immoral person at all.

Because of this, the disgust in Mrs. Taylor's eyes grew even stronger. She thought. “He is really good at pretending.

“No wonder Cierra used to be so devoted to him. I didn't expect him to be such a scumbag. He's so smart!

“I can't let him stay at home any longer. I have to drive him away as soon as possible.”

Thinking of this, Mrs. Taylor didn't want to send the food box back to the kitchen first, so she directly led the way for them.

“Let's go. The old house is large. Please follow me so that you won't get lost in our house.”

Without looking at them, Mrs. Taylor went straight ahead.

“Thank you.”

Draven knew that he was not well-liked, so he didn't say anything more and didn't mind Mrs. Taylor's rudeness. After thanking her, Draven followed her.

The two men had long legs. Even if Mrs. Taylor walked fast, they could easily keep up with her.

On the other hand, Mrs. Taylor's breathing was a little rapid because she wanted to drive them away as soon as possible.

Ryan couldn't help saying, "Well... Auntie, in fact, you can slow down. We won't harass Cierra anymore. We will take the initiative to leave. We won't cause you any trouble, so you don't have to walk so quickly."

Draven was silent, but he didn't stop. Obviously, he agreed with Ryan's words.

He would no longer harass Cierra and he would take the initiative to leave.

He didn't deserve it, so he had to leave.

Draven could even understand Mrs. Taylor's feelings. She just wanted to take him away as soon as possible.

Mrs. Taylor looked back at them and snorted softly without saying anything.

Even though she didn't say anything, this soft snort was sufficient to express her intentions. "Who knows what your intentions are? If I don't chase you out right now, what if you end up playing a trick on me again?"

"Slow down?"

"That won't do!"

Chapter 265 What Can I Do?

D

Mrs. Taylor was doing rough and heavy work, and her health was even better than that of some young people in modern society.

Although her breathing was a little heavy, it did not affect her pace at all. She maintained her original speed.

Seeing this, Draven and Ryan didn't say anything else and left in silence.

When they passed by the grape trellis in the garden, Draven saw a beautiful figure out of the corner of his

eye.

He couldn't help but stop and look in that direction.

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The girl under the grapevine had a sweet smile on her face. She was picking bigger and brighter fruits with the child in her arms.

There were two beauties sitting on the rattan chair next to them. The lady in the modified dress had an amiable expression on her face as she looked at Cierra and the child with a smile. As for the younger one, she also had a faint smile on her face as she watched Cierra mess around with a peaceful gaze.

“Mr. Trevino, didn't you agree to leave?”

Mrs. Taylor turned around and saw that Draven was staring at Cierra intently. Anger rose in her heart.

“Sure enough, this man is not a good person!

“He said he would not disturb Cierra, but what happened in the end?

“As soon as he saw Cierra, he couldn't move.

“He looks quite infatuated. Why didn't he treat Ms. Barton well at that time? Why did he have to entangle with another woman?

“Now that they are divorced, he is thinking about Ms. Barton again?

“How can there be such a good thing in the world?”

Being reminded by Mrs. Taylor, Draven had to look away and apologized to her.

He didn't want to disturb Cierra, but he couldn't help it.

Get Bo

When he saw Cierra, he couldn't look away.

If a person really had a soul, he even wanted to die and turn into a spiritual body to accompany Cierra silently.

Thinking of this, Draven felt a little scared.

Draven gave up this idea, withdrew his covetous gaze, and followed Mrs. Taylor with heavy footsteps.

For a moment, the girl under the vine seemed to sense something and looked in their direction.

Seeing the man's tall figure leave silently, Cierra felt an inexplicable emotion in her heart. She actually felt that he was a little pitiful.

Cierra thought. "Draven is the president of the Trevino Group. It is not my turn to pity him.

"It is ridiculous!"

Cierra didn't look at Draven for long. She just glanced at him and then looked away. She continued to play with Will with a smile.

Because the lunch was delicious, other than Cierra, they were a little full. They were not in a hurry to take out the cake. At this moment, they were all taking a walk together.

Therefore, Cierra, Sarah, and her future sister-in-law were here to play with Will.

As for Cierra's brothers, they went to play chess and even set up two more rounds because there were too many people.

Dr. Charlés, Freddy, Charle, Jaquan, William and Harold were playing the chess at the stone table in the garden.

As for Belle and her daughter, they knew that they had made a fool of themselves today. After dinner, they asked about the situation of Draven and Ryan. They learned from William that he had beaten them up and driven them away. Belle exclaimed, cursed and left with her bag.

What she didn't know was that the distinguished guests she mentioned had just been 'ushered away by Ms. Taylor.

But no matter what, without these people, the air seemed to be much fresher and they were in a good mood.

It would be even better if her nephew didn't talk so much.

"Aunt, do you like the man just now?"

Perhaps it was because Cierra had taken a few more glances at Draven before he left that Will couldn't help but stare at Cierra curiously and ask.

"Cough."

Just as Cierra was peeling a grape and putting it into her mouth, she almost choked on her own saliva when hearing this.

Fortunately, she did not hold Will at this moment. Otherwise, she would have choked to death.

She patted her chest and relaxed for a while before she pretended to be fierce and pinched Will's little face.

"You're so young. Who taught you this?"

"I'm not young.

Will was not afraid of her touch. He even moved closer to Cierra and whispered in a voice that only the two of them could hear.

"Aunt, I know a lot. Just like I know that Dad likes that auntie, so I'm inspecting her."

"Oh, you know how to inspect? Come and tell me, how did you do it?"

Cierra didn't answer Will's question and changed the topic.

She didn't want to talk about Draven.

She was unwilling to say anything about Draven to a child who knew nothing.

It didn't matter whether she liked Draven or not.

Most importantly, she didn't want to be with him even if he turned around.

Get Roy

As expected, Will followed her words and fell into the trap. He silently told Cierra what he had learned in the past two days.

Generally speaking, Will was very satisfied with Wanda.

If she became his mother in the future, Will would be able to accept it.

Cierra pinched his cheek and stole a glance at Wanda. In a low voice, she said, "You are willing to let her be your mother, but she might not be willing to be your mother."

The little fellow looked a little confused. "Why?"

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He had clearly asked about it. This beautiful auntie had said that she liked him very much, so wouldn't she be unwilling?

Will thought. "I also like her very much.

"She smells good, and I likes to be held by her. I always feel that she is familiar.

"How can she not want to be my mother?"

Cierra explained. "It's not that she doesn't want to be your mother, but she has to marry your father if she wants to be your mother. It's true that she likes you, but if she doesn't want to marry your father, she can't be your mother."

Will didn't quite understand, and his eyes were wide open.

"Then let Dad propose. This is what happens on TV. As long as Dad proposes to her, she is willing to marry my dad."

Will thought. "If she marries Dad, she can be my Mom. In this way, she can take care of me in the future and send me to and from school, just like other children.

"Cherry will not dare to scold me again in the future, saying that I have no mother."

The little boy thought to himself and became more and more anxious.

He grabbed Cierra's hand and said anxiously, "Aunt, can you take me to my father now? I'll go and ask him to propose to auntie. My father likes auntie. He'll definitely be willing to do that."

Looking at Will's anxious face, Cierra couldn't help laughing.

Sure enough, children were still children. No matter how mature they were, they still didn't know anything about things that only adults knew.

Cierra scratched the little boy's nose and explained patiently.

"There's no need to be in such a hurry to propose. Your father is pursuing auntie now.

He won't propose until he succeeds. In the end, auntie will be your mother. Do you know?"

Will didn't quite understand, so he nodded slightly.

"Then what can I do?"