

## Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

### Chapter 121 For His Good

At the bathroom door, Cierra froze on the spot.

She came in so suddenly that Draven, who was packing up, paused.

Draven, who had just picked up the thin pajamas, seemed to be frightened. When Cierra broke in, he shook them off, revealing the shape of the pajamas.

Cierra's breath caught in her throat. She felt extremely embarrassed.

Draven followed her gaze. When he saw what he was holding in his hand, he raised his eyebrows slightly.

"No wonder she asked to change into another pair of pajamas so awkwardly last night."  
Draven

thought.

Without saying anything, he calmly put that sexy pajamas into the laundry basket.

"Let's go."

Seeing this, Cierra hid the embarrassment on her face and followed behind him silently.

Neither of them spoke, and the atmosphere wasn't very good.

Downstairs, Sue and Anna got up early. The breakfast on the table was arranged neatly, and many kinds of breakfast were still steaming, as if they had predicted that they would go downstairs at this

time.

Seeing the two of them, Sue's face instantly lit up with a smile. "Cierra, you're up. Come and have breakfast. Anna made Fried Egg with ham for you early in the morning. Come and have a taste and

see if it's the same as before."

As for Draven, she didn't even look at him in the eye. It was as if Cierra was her biological child, and

Draven was an adopted one.

If it weren't for what had happened last night, Cierra would probably be flattered at this moment. However, after being locked up in the room, she was a little indifferent towards Sue.

But since Sue still looked kind to her, Cierra didn't go too far and maintained her politeness in

alienation.

"Thank you, Mrs. Trevino, but I have something to do today. I'm afraid I have to go first."

Sue was stunned and persuaded her in a soft voice, "Why are you in such a hurry? It's still early in the morning. Even if you are busy, don't sk\*p breakfast. Sit down and eat something first, okay?"

Mom, she doesn't want to eat it. Don't force her. She's an adult. How can she starve herself?"

Before Cierra could say anything, Percy's lazy voice came from behind.

He put the suit on the sofa and went straight to the dining room without looking up, although no one was at the table for breakfast.

As for the meaning of his words, it was obvious. Anyone who was not stup\*d could understand, especially Sue, who took the initiative to plan what had happened last night. Her face had already exposed herself.

"What do you mean by forcing her? We're a family. What's wrong with having breakfast together?"

Sue was so angry that her tone was a little harsh. She completely ignored her image as a noblewoman, especially when she saw her son eating breakfast slowly. She almost pointed at his nose and scolded him.

"You still have the nerve to sit here and eat. You don't even take care of your wife all day long."

"I don't know what you're doing every day. It's not easy for the family to have a meal together now, but you actually said that I am forcing her to. I've brought up you for nothing."

Her tone and implication made it impossible for Cierra to leave directly.

She looked up at Draven. His face was expressionless as usual, but his lowered eyes and slow movements were enough to make people feel that he was in a bad mood.

Thinking about it from another angle, anyone would feel uncomfortable being scolded by their own mother like this. Moreover, he was already so old and had not made any mistakes...

Cierra pursed her lips and spoke up for him. "Mrs. Trevino, It's I who want to leave. It has nothing to do with him. Besides, I've already signed a divorce agreement with him. He has no obligation to take care of me, and... he also has to take care of me. I... thank him very much."

As she spoke, Cierra recalled the scene of him patiently coaxing her last night when the thunder

rumbled.

Although she couldn't control herself, it was enough for her to thank him that he didn't dislike her

or do anything else to her.

Sue still felt a little guilty towards Cierra. "Cierra, how can you speak up for that brat?"

The man at the dining table also raised his head, and his gentle gaze fell straight on Cierra. But it seemed that he did not get over that just because she had spoken up for him.

Noticing his gaze, Cierra looked away and said, "I'm just telling the truth. And Mrs. Trevino, I

think..."

She paused for a moment, thought for a moment, and said it out loud.

"I don't think you should treat him like this. No matter what, he is your biological son. Why do you always say these hurtful words? In this way, you can only push him further and further away. And I don't think you have to interfere with his marriage or other private matters. Everyone has their

own choice.

"I know that you've been very strict with him since he was a child, hoping that he can do a good job in everything. But Mrs. Trevino, have you ever thought that he is also an independent individual? He has someone he likes, and he should choose his own path. Just like you like me, it doesn't mean that everyone in the world likes me. Draven can dislike or even hate me. You don't have to say too

much."

As soon as she finished speaking, the whole restaurant suddenly fell silent. Even Anna, who had come out with the soup, stopped in her tracks and did not dare to move.

Sue was also stunned for a long time. When she came to her senses, her eyes were a little red.

Probably no one had ever said such intimate words to her. She reached out to hold Cierra's hand and

looked at her face as if she had a lot to say.

Her red lips moved, but after a long time, she only said one sentence, "I did it for his own good..."

She looked at Cierra eagerly and felt that her daughter-in-law was a good person. Her words were warm, and she was not very angry about what had happened last night.

However, the woman his son liked was so petty that she only knows how to pretend to be pitiful and

cry."

She and her husband didn't want Draven to marry her just for his own good.

Cierra didn't shake off Sue's hand and only smiled gently.

"He knows that you're doing this for his own good, but no matter what, you have to listen to him. occasionally. Even if both sides are not satisfied, you can sit down and communicate with him. Why do you always say that he's not good? Evil words are very hurtful."

Sue turned around and glanced at him. At first, she was very touched, but when she turned her head

and saw his angry face, she swallowed her words.

It was probably something unpleasant to hear.

She sighed softly. "Let's not talk about this. Cierra, go eat first. I'm sorry about last night. Don't be

angry with me. I just..."

It was truly hypocritical to say that she was reluctant to part with Cierra. At the end of the day, she was being a bit selfish.

But no matter what, it could be regarded as a compromise on the surface.

Cierra wasn't an unreasonable person. Furthermore, Mrs. Trevino was genuinely good to her, and nothing had really happened last night.

She smiled and said, "Let's have breakfast first."

Sue was stunned for a moment, and then she smiled. "Okay, okay, let's go eat first."

They didn't talk about anything else.

But as soon as they sat down, Draven at the table got up.

His face was very ugly, as if someone had provoked him. He was full of hostility.

Sue frowned. "What is wrong with you this time?"

Draven pursed his lips and said nothing. He pulled out a chair and glanced at Cierra coldly.

That glance sent a chill down everyone's spines.

### **Chapter 122 What's Her Feeling?**

Cierra wasn't afraid of him, nor was she afraid of that gaze.

She just didn't understand.

"He was quite patient with me last night, but why does he suddenly look at her like I am his enemy? What I said to Mrs. Trevino just now did not offend him, did it?" Cierra thought.

However, she quickly let it go. "Sooner or later, we will go our separate ways, so there is no need for me to worry about what he is thinking.

"Just let it be. Just as I have said, not everyone in the world should like me, and even he can hate

me."

Cierra began to eat breakfast unhurriedly.

After leaving the dining table, Draven didn't even look at her.

He put on the suit on the sofa, bent down to pick up the phone on the tea table, and turned it on.

Anna came out of the kitchen with Cream of Carrot Soup. When she saw Draven and others, she couldn't help but say, "Draven, are you going to work now? Don't you want to eat some more? Also, you have to change the medicine for the wound on your hand."

Hearing that, Draven didn't look back, but his hands paused.

Then, he put his phone back on the coffee table and sat on the sofa to remove the gauze on his hand. His movements were so rough that it seemed that he was not treating his hand, but a kind of

self-torture.

Instead of taking the first-aid kit to apply the medicine, he threw away the gauze, took out his

mobile phone, and got up.

His movements were smooth.

Anna still wanted to persuade him. "Draven, don't you want to apply medicine? That won't do."

Draven couldn't be bothered to pay attention to it at all. He threw something into the trash can and left without saying a word.

"Look at his bad temper!"

Sue was so angry that she felt suffocated. She had wanted to say something for a long time, but she held it back. As soon as he left, she couldn't hold back her anger.

"Cierra, look, what on earth is this dull guy thinking? He gets angry and leaves just like that! I just didn't talk to him for your sake. If it were in the past, I would have beaten him with a stick. You're still trying to put in a good word for him. But you're right. I'd better not worry about him in the

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future. I won't be bothered to care about him later."

Cierra didn't say anything. She lowered her head and ate silently.

She had witnessed the whole process just now, so she saw what he had thrown away.

It was a tie.

Cierra thought, "He threw away the tie I had tied for him in the morning-

"In other words, he lost his temper so early in the morning just because of me?"

"Why? Was it because of what I had said to Mrs. Trevino? Did I say anything wrong?"

But Cierra didn't think much about it.

In her opinion, although it was not a good thing to offend Draven, it didn't matter if their relationship was ruined. Anyway, she might not have much to do with him in the future.

As for work, she thought that even if she offended this person, he might prefer to spend time looking for a new project for himself than making things difficult for her.

Therefore, the meal was quite comfortable as a whole.

After saying goodbye to Mrs. Adler, Cierra drove back to L'Opera Restaurant.

On the way, her brother called her.

When Jaquan heard that she had stayed overnight at the Trevino family, he was a little worried, so he sent a message early in the morning.

Cierra's heart was filled with warmth. She left out some of the accidents that had happened last night and only talked about how Sue had treated her well and how Sue had scolded Draven.

Cierra was still a little afraid of Jaquan, who was eleven years older than her.

Jaquan was not as sl\*ppy as William. Now that he had taken over the Barton family business and even his own company was thriving, his aura was even more terrifying than that of Draven's.

She didn't say much to Jaquan. Generally speaking, as a younger sister, she wouldn't dare to joke

with him.

When she was about to hang up the phone, Jaquan suddenly interrupted and asked, "By the way, how's the divorce procedure going between you and that guy from the Trevino family?"

"It should be... soon."

Cierra didn't dare to tell the truth. "Last time, he said he was going to do it, but something

happened to the Boyle family. Now Aleah wants to commit suicide. I'm afraid it will take some

time."

In fact, she was not sure about it since Draven was so moody. This morning she even didn't know what's wrong with Draven.

“Did he have any bad intentions and want to make things difficult for me on purpose?”  
Cierra

thought.

Just thinking about it made her angry.

When she returned to the country, she thought it would be the easiest thing to do. But she didn't expect that the divorce would take so long.

Fortunately, Jaquan didn't say anything and just said in a low voice, “Mmm.”

“I'm just asking. You know that Dad is eagerly looking forward to your coming back. Mom has been talking about you these two days. Call her when you have time.”

Cierra replied sweetly, “Got it, Jaquan. I'm sorry to have kept you worried about me, but I'll be back

soon.”

There was a smile on the other end of the line. “Okay.”

After Cierra hung up the phone, the smile on her face did not fade. She was very happy when she thought of her future as a member of the Barton family.

“I will have a lot of relatives.

“That's great.” Cierra thought

Last night she forgot to ask him when he would be free to go through the formalities.

But when she thought about Aleah's condition, she estimated that it would be soon. She guessed

that it would be less than half a month.

But to everyone's surprise, it turned out that didn't even take half a month.

As soon as Cierra arrived at the L'Opera Restaurant by car, someone stopped her.

It was Draven's assistant, Jason.

“Mrs. Trevino.”

He was rather respectful towards Cierra.

The reason why he still called her Mrs. Trevino was that he couldn't figure out what the boss was thinking. In his opinion, anyway, they hadn't officially divorced yet, so he might as well be more

cautious.

Cierra didn't stand on ceremony with him. "Jason, don't call me that. You know that I'm divorcing your boss. Oh yeah, why are you here?"

At first, Jason was still a little timid and did not know what to say. However, he did not expect Cierra to be so straightforward.

He let out a soft sigh and no longer hid his feelings.

"Mr. Trevino asked me to come over and ask if you're free this afternoon. He said that he would go through the divorce formalities at about four o'clock. He doesn't have your contact information, so he can only ask me to wait for you here."

Cierra raised an eyebrow and fell silent.

Just when Jason thought that Cierra was about to go back on her word, Cierra asked lazily, "Isn't Mr. Trevino quite capable? Why does he need me to go there personally?"

Jason was speechless..

After all, Draven didn't say anything about it, and he didn't ask why either.

Before Draven had indeed planned to let him do it directly, but just now, he had made a phone call

and asked him to tell Cierra that she would have to go in person.

Jason hesitated and said, "Maybe Mr. Trevino thought that you didn't show up when you got

married. When you

divorce..."

Cierra laughed out loud before Jason could finish his sentence.

"All right, I see. Go back to tell Mr. Trevino that I will meet him at four o'clock in the afternoon. Tell

him not to go back on his word again."

Jason nodded. He didn't think it was a happy thing, so he didn't say anything.

On the contrary, Cierra was very happy. The smile on her face did not stop and she even patted him on the shoulder.

“Thank you for your hard work, Jason. Come to L’Opera Restaurant for dinner when you have time. I’ll ask the boss to give you a discount.”

Jason thanked her and watched as her left.

After explaining the matter clearly, he reported to his boss and told him what had happened while driving.

The man on the other end of the line was silent for a long time, and then he said, “Hmm.”

Just as Jason was about to hang up the phone, he heard a voice again.

“How did she react?”

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## **Chapter 123 Suffocating**

“Ah?”

Jason didn’t know how to answer him.

“I can’t tell my boss that his wife looked quite happy, can I? After all, it is a divorce, not a wedding. But if I lie to my boss that his wife was sad, it seems too hypocritical.” Jason thought.

Jason thought for a moment and said, “Mrs. Trevino didn’t seem to have any reaction. She said that she will meet you at four o’clock in the afternoon.”

A sneer came from the other end of the line. “She didn’t have any reaction? I guess she’s so happy that she laughed aloud.”

His last sentence sounded like he was gnashing his teeth.

Jason was silent for two seconds and then said seriously, “It didn’t seem to be that exaggerated.”

If he remembered correctly, Mrs. Trevino seemed to be just smiling. Although she looked very happy, her laughter was not loud enough.

As soon as he finished speaking, it was Draven’s turn to be silent.

More than ten seconds later, the phone was hung up!

Jason was speechless.

At the hospital.

The man standing in front of the window of the ward looked livid. He looked down at the mobile phone which he was gripping so hard in his hand that it is almost crushed.

“It’s not that exaggerated... Ha.”

“Draven?”

Behind him, Aleah’s soft voice came slowly.

The man turned around, and before he could hide the hostility in his eyes, he asked, “What’s the matter?”

Aleah was shocked by his gaze. It was as if she could see the man in a silver mask staring down at her from above. The suffocating fear instantly filled her heart.

She shook her head in fear and said, “It’s okay. I just want to say that if you have something to do, you can go back to the company first. I... am fine here. You don’t have to stay here all the time.”

Perhaps it was because she was really scared again just now, so she looked a little pitiful at the

moment.

Draven calmed himself down and said, “I have nothing to do today, but I need to go out in the afternoon and complete the divorce formalities.”

A hint of joy flashed across Aleah’s eyes.

However, she controlled herself in an instant and asked, “Did Cierra agree?”

Draven sat down on the sofa in the ward. Hearing this, he paused and sneered. “I’m afraid she is eager to divorce me as soon as possible.”

His resentful tone chilled her joy at once.

No matter how stup\*d she was, she could tell that he was not satisfied with the divorce.

However, he didn’t seem to know it at all.

Aleah raised her eyes and looked at the man’s cold and hard side face. She bit her lip and said, “Draven, if you don’t want to divorce my sister, you can talk to her. My sister used to like you so much, and she probably didn’t want to either.”

Frowning, Draven looked up and said, "None of your nonsense!"

The man's words were cold, and Aleah's eyes immediately became wet.

"Draven, I know you're very disappointed with me now, and you won't marry me again. I have wanted to die, but I didn't. I'll be a laughing stock in front of everyone."

"I'm sorry for what I have done to Cierra before. I'll ask my mother to return those things to her. As for the money, I haven't let my mother take it. Just take it as compensation for my mistakes in the past. I won't threaten her with my illness again. It's my fault."

"Lastly, I've troubled you again for the past two days. Don't worry, I won't disturb you anymore.

You can live a good life with the Cierra..."

She choked with s\*bs and squeezed out two drops of tears. She looked so pitiful.

Looking at her, he frowned even more. "Aleah, I never said I wouldn't marry you."

Hearing that, the woman lying on the hospital bed was stunned for a moment, as if she did not

understand what he meant.

Draven got up from the sofa and looked at her. "Don't let your imagination run wild. I won't go back on my word."

Aleah was delighted secretly.

She had thought that this matter would make him very angry. At least, she wouldn't dare to take the

initiative to mention marriage for a long time

Therefore, she took a step back in order to advance. She didn't expect it to work so quickly.

"But I've done so many wrong things..

Aleah didn't look too happy. On the contrary, she felt a little uneasy.

He was silent for a moment.

It was true that when he learned the truth, he did not want to marry her anymore.

The man tapped his fingers and said in a low voice, "It's good that you know your mistake. Don't do it again in the future."

Aleah nodded repeatedly. "I know I was wrong, and the price I paid this time is enough to wake me up. I promise I won't do anything to Cierra again."

"Hmm." He didn't say anything else.

He thought that he would no longer have anything to do with Cierra in the future and that after he

married Aleah, there would probably be no any trouble.

Because of what had happened before, he would modify some terms of the divorce agreement as

compensation.

From now on, they would never contact each other again.

"By the way, Draven, may I ask where you were last night?"

After a moment of silence, Aleah couldn't help but speak.

"It rained heavily last night and it was still thundering. I couldn't get through to you..."

Draven was in a trance.

He thought of Cierra, who had been so scared that she acted like an ignorant child the night before. He also remembered that there were also many scars on her body, as well as its fragrance that had wrapped him up...

"Draven?"

Aleah called out to him and stared straight at him.

Draven came back to his senses, and his eyes were dark. "Send me whatever dress you like, as well as the design of the ring. I remember that I still have something to deal with. I'm sorry to leave you alone."

As soon as he finished speaking, he left.

As for Aleah's question, he didn't explain it at all.

The door of the ward was gently closed, and the gentle face of the woman on the bed instantly

darkened.

Looking at the message she received, she was so angry that she wanted to smash her phone.

“Cierra, you sl\*t!” Aleah thought.

The message on her phone was sent by the masked man. The blank profile picture’s nickname was C, which was very similar to that of Draven, but the latter was F.

It said that Draven had spent the entire night in the the Trevino family’s old mansion last night and only came out this morning. Not long after, Cierra also came out and Ms. Trevino saw her off with a

smile.

In other words, Cierra and Draven had stayed in the Trevino family’s old mansion for the night.

In Aleah’s opinion, with Ms. Trevino’s matchmaking, they probably had lived in the same room.

It was hard to imagine that nothing had happened between a man and a woman on a stormy night.

When Aleah saw the following words, she was so angry that she wanted to delete this horrible man directly from her phone.

But she didn’t dare.

After taking a deep breath, she replied.

Aleah: [Draven has agreed to marry me. He will go through the divorce formalities with Cierra this

afternoon.]

The person on the other end of the line suddenly stopped some fanciful thoughts.

Then, he sent a congratulatory message.

A smile finally appeared on Aleah’s face, but it froze in an instant.

C: [I hope you can get the marriage certificate and hold a wedding successfully, otherwise... you understand.]

## **Chapter 124 There’s No Mrs. Trevino Anymore**

A chill crept up Aleah’s spine.

It was just a line of words without any extra expression, but it made Aleah feel suffocated again.

She took a deep breath. She probably felt that the other party couldn't do anything to her through the screen, so she poked the phone screen angrily.

Aleah: [Don't worry! I'll definitely invite you on the wedding day.]

There was no reply from the other side.

Aleah waited for a long time. She thought that this horrible man would send her an expectant message, but there was nothing.

She was so angry that she wanted to throw her phone away, but she withdrew her hand.

A moment later, she found another blank profile picture and sent it out with trembling hands.

Aleah: [Draven, why don't you think about it again? If you pity me because of my illness, it's too unfair to you. I can tell that you like my sister. Think about it carefully.]

When Draven received the message, he was about to start the car when he suddenly stopped.

Then, he replied.

F: [I don't like Cierra. Don't think too much about it.]

With just one sentence, he turned a blind eye to the others which he did not want to reply to.

He didn't mention whether he liked Aleah or not, nor did he mention whether he pitied her.

He only knew that he was unwilling to think of Cierra again. Just thinking about her caused him to be unable to control his emotions. That sort of feeling caused him to feel extremely uncomfortable.

He attributed this kind of emotion to his disliking her.

He thought that he didn't like her, so he felt uncomfortable.

And he was certain that he did not like Cierra.

Time flew by, especially when he was busy.

Cierra was so busy in L'Opera Restaurant that she almost forgot about the time. It was only when the alarm clock reminded her that she remembered that she had to go through the divorce

formalities, so she quickly changed her clothes and went out.

At 4 p.m., she arrived at Courthouse on time.

As soon as she got out of the car, she received a call from Jason, who sounded anxious.

“Mrs. Trevino, are you here?”

Before she could reply, a man’s impatient voice came from beside her. “Tell her to hurry up.”

She was about to say that she had arrived but stopped after hearing that. Her anxious heart instantly calmed down. She walked slowly in her high heels and even took out lipstick to fix her

makeup.

“No, I haven’t. I’m afraid I have to make Mr. Trevino wait for a while. If Mr. Trevino is in a hurry, why doesn’t he go through the process directly, just like he got the marriage certificate casually

before?”

Her sharp tone was exactly the same as William’s, which made people angry.

In the car, Jason, who was sitting in the driver’s seat, looked at the man in the back seat at a loss.

“Mr. Trevino, what do you think...”

He kept looking out of the car and didn’t say anything. He pushed the door open, got out of the car,

and strode in a certain direction.

Jason’s eyes widened. For a moment, he didn’t know whether he should respond to Cierra or get out

of the car with Draven.

He got out of the car in a hurry and wanted to tell her not to hurry up, but as soon as he said the words “Mrs. Trevino”, he saw a woman applying lipstick to a car window not far away.

Without saying any more, Jason quickly hung up the phone and caught up with Draven.

Cierra glanced at the phone that had been hung up directly and did not think much about it. She picked it up as a mirror so that her makeup could be more exquisite.

“Have you finished?”

A deep voice came from behind her, which almost gave Cierra a fright.

She turned around and met his gloomy and angry eyes. A bright smile appeared on her bright face.

“Yes, Mr. Trevino, this way please.”

Instead of moving, Draven lowered his eyes and stared at Cierra.

She was still wearing the dress she had taken from the Trevino family in the morning, but she had changed into a knitted coat. The beige coat made her look brighter, nobler, and less soft than she was in the morning.

Perhaps it was because she had put on makeup, and her red lips made her look very bright.

“Mr. Trevino?”

Andy said slightly and Draven came to his senses.

Draven withdrew his gaze and walked past her with a cold face.

Cierra was not annoyed. She smiled at Jason, who was standing behind him, and then followed behind Draven in her high heels.

The office lobby was divided into two areas. One was used for marriage, and the other for divorce.

In comparison, the area for marriage was a little deserted. Of course, it could also be because of the

afternoon.

On the other side, there were not many empty seats. There was only one empty seat between couples who were about to divorce.

When Cierra and Draven walked over, they were stopped by a staff member. “The area for marriage

is on the other side.”

Perhaps it was because the makeup on Cierra’s face was too bright, which made people.

misunderstand.

“We are here to divorce.” Cierra explained with a smile.

The staff member was stunned for a moment. He glanced at the gloomy-looking Draven and said, “I’m sorry, but please line up and fill in the form first.”

Both of them nodded.

However, there were many people waiting at the scene for the divorce. They had to wait for a while

according to the formal procedure.

Cierra was a little bored. She yawned and complained, “What’s wrong with you? Draven. You could

have gone through the formalities easily, but you insisted on us coming here in person. Well, there

are so many people waiting. It’s so troublesome.”

Draven closed his eyes and leaned against the chair to rest, not wanting to talk to her.

With her hands under her chin, Cierra muttered to herself, “You want passers-by to take photos of us and then make the news in order to make it known to Aleah, don’t you? To be honest, it will make her feel quite secure. After all, we’ve not divorced for so long. Any girl would think too much...”

“Cierra...”

Draven suddenly interrupted her with a cold look in his eyes, “Can you shut up?”

Cierra blinked innocently.

did I?

Naturally, she didn’t listen to him. “Mr. Trevino, you have a bad temper. I didn’t provoke you, You said at four o’clock in the afternoon, although I didn’t come in advance, I’m not late. Why do you have to keep a long face? Besides, we all divorce willingly. Don’t make it look like I’m cheating you of your feelings and money. Think about it! You will live a happy life since you can marry your lover and I won’t bother you in the future any more.”

“Happy life?”

As he repeated her words, he let out a sneer.

Cierra was unhappy and clicked her tongue. "What do you mean?"

Draven's expression was not as cold as before, but with a hint of sarcasm.

"I will live a happy life after I marry Aleah. What about Ms. Boyle in the future? Are you going to marry Mr. Barton in XR Entertainment and start a good life, or do you want to have other plans while h\*\*king up with him?"

Cierra didn't know where this hostility came from.

However, anyone who heard this would feel uncomfortable. In her opinion, even if she had deliberately made him misunderstand her relationship with William, there was no need for him to

do so.

"Is there something wrong with this man?" Cierra thought.

It was their turn. Without waiting for her reply, he hid the sarcasm in his eyes and walked straight

forward.

Cierra followed behind him. The more she thought about it, the angrier she became.

"Draven, we're here today to divorce. When we get the certificate, we'll have nothing to do with each other. I don't care who you marry in the future. You're mocking me for h\*\*king up with another man. I think you're blind to marry a phony!"

Hearing that, Draven stopped in his tracks and glared at her coldly.

Cierra glared at him. "What are you looking at? Fill in the form!"

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Draven looked down at the different forms in front of him and suddenly had the urge to turn around.

## **Chapter 125 The Wedding House**

In the end, he held it in and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, he looked cold.

He glanced at the woman who was signing seriously next to him and was about to say that she was more and more like William but stopped. "Who she looks more and more like has nothing to do with me." Draven thought.

The strength of writing increased, and the strong handwriting almost cut through the paper.

In the end, all the forms that should be filled out was completed.

Because they had signed a divorce agreement, there were no corresponding disputes about the assets, so they acted quickly.

From time to time, the bright red marriage certificate was replaced by a slightly dark one. Everything seemed to have come to an end as the seal was pressed.

When Cierra got the dark red divorce certificate, she lowered her eyes and quietly let out a sigh of

relief.

It could be considered that it was completely over...

She

put

the certificate into her bag and then smiled brightly. Just as she was about to say hello to him, the man beside her got up and left without even looking at her.

Probably because he had had enough of her and finally got rid of her, he couldn't even stay for a

second.

Cierra didn't care and followed him calmly, just like when they came in.

It was almost time for the staff to get off work, and the sunlight in New York gradually softened. The red sunset glow fell on the man's shoulder, and before she knew it, Cierra suddenly slowed

down.

She suddenly had the urge to take out the divorce certificate and take a picture however, this

thought only lasted for a second in her mind before it was completely extinguished.

It was so childish that even she herself felt that it was stup\*d.

In any case, it was a formal farewell to the past.

The certificate was the dividing line of her past 24 years, and put an end to her pitiful and pathetic unrequited love.

Cierra did not continue to follow him. Instead, she stopped where she was.

The setting sun stretched people's shadow.

She watched as her shadow was completely separated from him. A pillar of light blocked her way, as if they were destined to be separated on both sides.

"Goodbye."

She muttered to herself, then resolutely turned around and walked in another direction.

As a result, Cierra naturally did not see what happened next. The moment she turned around, the man facing the sunset suddenly turned around. His thin lips were slightly parted, and when he saw the woman's thin back, he pursed his lips silently.

The evening wind of early summer stirred up her hair and danced with the new green branches on

the street.

The city was still bustling with all kinds of noise, but some people couldn't see or hear it clearly.

"Mr. Trevino..." Jason, who was following behind him, didn't dare to leave. He could only ask

tentatively.

"Is there anything else you want to tell Ms. Boyle?"

Since they had already been divorced, he could no longer address her as Mrs. Trevino.

Not far away, Cierra's figure had almost disappeared. No one knew where she had gone. Her car was actually parked very close to his.

But Draven didn't look at her for long. After withdrawing his gaze, he turned around and said.

indifferently,

"Transfer the house in Aqua Apartment to her, and give her 3% of the shares of GN. Add more cash. to the original divorce agreement." After a pause, he said, "15 million dollars, please."

After that, he got in the car, closed his eyes, and felt tired.

Jason, who had not gotten in the car yet, was stunned when he heard that.

If he remembered correctly, according to the previous divorce agreement, Draven had given Cierra nearly 200 million worth of assets, not including Stream Villa. After all, that villa was originally under her name.

Now, not only did the compensation include a house in Aqua Apartment, but also 3% of the shares. of GN. In comparison, 15 million dollars seemed to be nothing.

GN was a company Draven had set up before he took over the Trevino Group. As far as Jason knew, Ernest Trevino had suppressed the company in order to force him to take over the group. However, Draven managed to revive the company when he was under attack from both sides.

Now with the support of the Trevino Group, the company's annual income could be ranked top in New York. Even if she got 3% of the shares, it was what many people would not be able to earn in their lives. "How could Mr. Trevino give it to... his ex-wife Mrs. Trevino for nothing?" Jason thought

"Is there a problem?"

Jason had been in a daze for a long time. Draven could not help rolling down the window and asked.

His impatient voice brought Jason back to reality. Jason quickly shook his head and said, "No, no!"

Fortunately, Draven didn't scold him. He just said impatiently, "Go get the car."

Jason replied with a "yes" and did not dare to delay any longer. He quickly took the car key and went

to the driver's seat.

The moment he closed the car door, he suddenly remembered something. "Mr. Trevino, I remember that house in Aqua Apartment..."

"Is there a problem?"

He opened his eyes and looked into the rearview mirror.

Jason didn't know whether to say it or not. Looking at the exhaustion on Draven's face, he felt that he shouldn't disturb him at this time.

However, his hesitant look made Draven even more impatient. He said, "Jason, if you think it's too easy to be an assistant, I don't mind letting you take over some challenging projects. You're even hesitant about the transfer of a house. Shouldn't I doubt the fact that your work ability has increased in reverse proportion with your age?"

Jason didn't dare to hide it anymore and hurriedly said, "No, Mr. Trevino, I just remembered that you said that you were going to give the house in Aqua Apartment to Aleah as a wedding house. If you give it to Mrs... Ms. Boyle, I'm afraid... it will be difficult to explain it to Aleah."

"Did I say that?" Draven frowned and asked.

Although he was sure that he would divorce Cierra and then marry Aleah, he had his own principles before the relationship ended. He would not make such a promise to Aleah, let alone prepare a wedding house for her.

Jason explained, "You didn't say that. It was Aleah who mentioned it, and then you bought that house. And I remember that Aleah was very happy when she heard the news..."

Jason's words reminded him of something.

Without further explanation, he said, "Aleah misunderstood. Let's do as I said."

Aqua Apartment was located in a good location. He had ordered a house with the person in charge of the project when it opened for business. Aleah mentioned that he happened to ask Jason to do with the matter, which caused her to misunderstand.

As for why he didn't explain at that time, on the one hand, it was troublesome, and on the other hand, he felt that it was not bad to use that house when he really needed to buy a wedding house since he was going to marry Aleah anyway.

When Jason heard the order, he said yes. While driving, he couldn't help saying, "Mr. Trevino, what

if Aleah asks about it?"

At noon, Aleah came to him and sent him a pile of designs of the wedding house to ask for his advice. She also said that Mr. Trevino would personally arrange a ring and a wedding dress for her.

"If Aleah finds out that the house is about to be transferred to Ms. Boyle, won't that be..." Jason thought.

With the attitude that his boss and future wife could not be offended, Jason decided to ask about it.

## **Chapter 126 The Division of Wealth**

Draven crossed his legs in the back seat and tapped his fingers rhythmically.

After a long while, he raised his eyes and asked, "Jason, who do you think is your boss? Aleah or

me?”

As a veteran in the workplace, Jason immediately understood what he meant.

He immediately apologized. “I’m sorry, Mr. Trevino. I know what to do.”

He hadn’t been with Draven for a long time, but he knew Mr. Trevino’s temper. Although his tone was not harsh, anyone who was familiar with him knew that when he got angry, it was more terrifying than what his expression revealed.

He didn’t dare to say anything else and sat upright as he drove silently.

Surprisingly, Draven who was in the back seat explained to him, “I didn’t agree to decorate the house in Aqua Apartment as a wedding room. Even if Aleah asked you about it, you can just tell her. Besides, even if the house isn’t given to Cierra, she can’t live there.”

Jason subconsciously wanted to ask why, but when he saw Draven’s expression, he restrained

himself.

It was better for him to drive quietly.

However, there was no need for him to ask. Draven had already given an explanation.

Draven frowned and said, “William has rented a house for Cierra in Aqua Apartment. It seems that she won’t quit her job in L’Opera Restaurant for the time being. If she continues to stay in New York, it’s inevitable for her to meet Aleah in L’Opera Restaurant.”

In the past, Draven might have believed what Aleah said about their sisterhood, but now he was afraid that they would fight when they met.

Hearing this, Jason was shocked. He couldn’t help saying, “You’re just renting a house for Mrs. Trevino? Are you so stingy?”

Jason was probably a little surprised. He was so excited that he forgot to change the way he

addressed Draven.

He subconsciously looked at Draven, who just sneered and said, “Nobody knows why she prefers to live in the house instead of living in a villa.”

After that, he massaged the space between his eyebrows and closed his eyes wearily.

As for the wrong address, it did not attract much attention of Draven.

At first, Jason wanted to say that perhaps the relationship between Cierra and William wasn't that

of what he thought, but after glancing at Draven's expression, he shut his mouth silently.

The more you say, the more mistakes you make. It's better not to say too much.

The next day, Aleah found out that Draven and Cierra had officially divorced.

Ever since Draven said those words in the ward the day before, she had been so excited that she couldn't fall asleep. She was afraid that something would go wrong and delay the procedure like

before.

If it hadn't been in such a hurry for her to ask him that day, she would have asked him in the

evening.

Of course, due to Draven's bad impression of her during this period of time, she didn't ask him directly. She was afraid that she would take it too far.

She got the news from Jason in a roundabout way and she asked him politely and respectfully.

Jason didn't hide anything and told the truth.

After getting the confirmed news, the smile on Aleah's face could not be restrained at all. She began to fantasize about the day when she was about to marry Draven.

She lay on the hospital bed and picked up a grape. She no longer moved her precious fingers and typed in a message. Instead, she sent a voice message full of joy to Jason.

[By the way, Jason, how about the designer I asked you to find? Please take me to see the house in Aqua Apartment when you're free. When will you be free?]

On the other end of the line, Jason just wanted to wipe the sweat off his forehead. If Mr. Trevino hadn't reminded him in the car yesterday, he would have forgotten whose assistant he was.

If it weren't for the high salary, he would have cursed and left long ago.

This was a tough job.

However, he couldn't afford to offend Aleah, so Jason replied patiently as what Draven had told him

yesterday.

Of course, he was not so stup\*d as to repeat what he had heard yesterday. He only said that the house had been given to Cierra by Draven. He didn't tell her that the house was not a wedding room,

nor did he mention that Cierra lived in Aqua Apartment too.

There was no reply from the other side for a long time. Jason also had something to do in the company, so he didn't wait all the time. He put down his phone and went to do something else.

When Aleah saw this reply, she was so angry that she almost fell on the hospital bed.

She looked at it carefully a few times before confirming that the house in Aqua Apartment had been.

given to Cierra. She was so angry that she flipped the bowl of grapes beside her to the ground.

The porcelain shard and fruit rolled on the ground, and the nurse who was coming in to inspect the room was also shocked.

She came in to change Aleah's dressing. After all, she had hit the wall at that time. Although the wound was not serious, it was easy to leave a scar if it was not treated properly.

The nurse was at a loss when she saw the mess on the ground. "Ms. Boyle, I'll ask someone to clean

it up."

"Get out!"

Without waiting for her to finish, Aleah roared with a ferocious face.

The door of the ward was closed again.

Aleah was not in the mood to care about anything else. She hurriedly sent another message to Jason and asked how many assets Draven had allocated to Cierra, but no one responded.

After a long time, a message came from the other side. [I'm not sure.]

Feeling that she had been neglected, Aleah was so angry that she threw her phone directly into the

quilt.

“Cierra, you are a b\*tch!”

There was no one in the ward, so she roared angrily.

She thought, “Not only does Cierra steal her identity, but she also steals her husband. Now, she even dares to ask for her property after divorce. What right does she have?”

“If it weren’t for the Boyle family, she couldn’t even see Draven in person. It was already a great blessing for her to be able to marry him. How dare she steal my house?”

“As for Jason, even he dares to slight her and is impatient with her reply. Sooner or later, I will ask

Draven to fire him.”

On the way to the L’Opera Restaurant, Jason sneezed.

Some contracts to replenish his assets after the marriage had been drawn up and he was ordered by Draven to send them to Cierra.

13 million dollars was transferred directly to Cierra’s bank card. In addition to the transfer information of the house in Aqua Apartment, there was also a stock transfer contract.

After Cierra swept her gaze over it, she did not reject it directly. “I can accept the house and money,

but I don’t want the investment shares. You can take them back.”

She signed her name on the document neatly, and the other contract was refused by her.

Jason would not stand on the boss’s side. When he saw Cierra refuse the contract, his heart ached

as if he had lost the 3% of the shares.

“Mrs. Trevino, the annual dividends of the 3% of the shares are not small.”

“Jason, I’m no longer Mrs. Trevino.”

Cierra interrupted him with a smile and twirled the pen between her beautiful fingertips.

Jason apologized. “I’m used to it. Please don’t mind.”

Cierra didn’t mind. “I’m fine.”

She handed over the signed document and said politely, "I've signed it. Thank you for coming all the way here. I'll have to trouble you to go through the formalities."

"You're welcome, Ms. Boyle. It's what I should do."

Jason's attitude towards Cierra was very good. On the one hand, every time he came to see her, he could get a lot of delicious food. On the other hand, compared to Aleah, it was easier for him to do things here.

He still felt sorry for the 3% of the shares and tried to persuade her. "Ms. Boyle, please think about it again. You've suffered a lot over the years. Let's not talk about the past. In the past three years, these are all what you should take."

The pen in Cierra's hand spun again.

### **Chapter 127 Leave With Nothing**

"Since Jason has said so, I'll accept it so that you can go back and report it to Mr. Trevino."

Abruptly, Cierra stopped spinning her pen and looked up at Jason with a smile. "Since Mr. Trevino has given me these shares, I hope that he won't interfere with how I deal with it."

Jason nodded. "Of course."

He handed the contract back to Cierra.

She didn't refuse and soon signed her name on the paper.

Withdrawing her pen, Cierra was still polite. "Jason, thank you for your hard work. Please stay for dinner."

Jason hurriedly refused, put away the contract, and stood up. "No, thanks. Ms. Boyle. Mr. Trevino has other things to attend to, so I'm afraid I won't have time. Besides, it's not time for dinner yet.

I'd better go now."

The food of L'Opera Restaurant was tempting, but Jason didn't get the position of the Trevino Group through underhanded means. Doing everything well was the most basic professionalism.

Cierra stood up as well. She raised her hand and glanced at her watch. It was indeed not the time to eat, so it was not appropriate for Jason to stay any longer.

So she smiled and said, “Then I won’t keep you here and make things difficult for you. I have made some pastries in the kitchen of L’Opera Restaurant when I’m free. Why don’t you take them back. and have a taste of them? It’s really hard for you to come here so many times.”

Jason refused repeatedly, but before he could say anything, he was interrupted by Cierra.

“It’s all packed up. Even if I don’t give it to you, I’m giving it to someone else. Besides, I’m just practicing it. It isn’t served to the guests yet. You can try it and give me some suggestions. Of course, I hope you don’t mind.”

At this point, it was inappropriate for Jason to refuse again.

He smiled sheepishly and said, “Thank you, Ms. Boyle.”

“You’re welcome.”

Cierra took out a lot of pastries and sent Jason to the door.

Before Jason could speak, she said. “I made too much. If you can’t finish it, you can give it to other colleagues and friends. If they have any feedback, please send me a WhatsApp message. Thank you very much.”

She

put the pastries into the car, put her palms together, and thanked him.

She didn’t look like she was going to send Jason the pastries. Instead, she looked like she was asking him for help.

In fact, that was indeed Cierra’s intention.

In the past two days, in order to study Dr. Charles’s taste, Cierra had been staying in the kitchen all day long. She was so tired. When she had some free time, she wanted to make some other delicious. food. These pastries were her entertainment.

If she cooked too much, no matter how delicious the food was, they could not be eaten up.

As a result, there was a lot of pastries left.

Even if she sent a box of them to the guests every day, she still couldn’t deal with all the food. The guests would feel dissatisfied If they didn’t receive it one day.

It just so happened that Jason was coming over today. It was just right to get him to take away.

It's perfect that those food was not wasted.

However, it was obvious that Jason did not know the reason. He only thought that Cierra was a kind-hearted person who did not forget him even when she worked at L'Opera Restaurant.

At the same time, he felt sorry for Draven. He thought, "Ms. Boyle is so kind. Why does he still want. to marry Aleah who is bad-tempered just because she is a movie star.

"And Ms. Boyle is obviously more beautiful."

However, no matter how pitiful Jason was, he had no choice but to serve Aleah.

While Jason was driving, he received a message from Aleah.

The long voice messages on the screen gave him a headache, but he couldn't refuse. He could only click on them silently.

On the other hand, at L'Opera Restaurant, after sending Jason away, Cierra explained to her

brothers about the contracts sent by Draven.

She calculated the assets together.

In addition to the assets written on the divorce agreement, Draven was extremely generous this

time. Although it was not half of his wealth, it was a big number.

She just didn't know how the Boyle family would feel if they knew it.

However, this was not something that Cierra needed to consider. After all, they had already

divorced. There was no need for her to continue to pretend to treat him with sincerity.

In contrast, what bothered her more was how to manage these assets.

She was too lazy and really didn't have the talent of the Barton family to do business.

William talked about this with her when he came to L'Opera Restaurant for lunch at noon. When he saw her asking him for help to manage these assets pitifully, he couldn't help laughing.

"Do you want all the assets that Draven gave you?"

“What? Just an apartment in Aqua Apartment is already very valuable. I’m not like you, who can only rent a house for me.” Cierra snorted.

William raised his eyes and squinted at her with a self-evident expression.

Cierra immediately put on a fawning smile and said, “William, I was wrong. Please help me manage these assets. I feel a headache when I see those densely packed words.”

William snorted coldly, “Tsk, you were willing to call me William now. Weren’t you quite tough just

now?”

Although he said that, he had already picked up the tablet to help Cierra read the information.

After a while, he chuckled and said, “You’ve given a lot. How dare you ask for it?”

Cierra’s eyes

widened. “Why would I be embarrassed to take it? Asking for assets after divorce is my legal right, and I’m not the heroine in your company’s script that has to leave the house with nothing. Since he’s willing to give it to me, then I’ll take it. I’m not a fool.”

Just as Jason had said when he persuaded her, she had suffered a lot over the years.

Not to mention the past, just the three years of marriage were enough to make her cry miserably. She almost lost her life. Why should she be embarrassed to take it?

Moreover, she was not the one who had forced Draven to marry her. He was the one who had

promised her.

William said perfunctorily, “Of course, you are smart.”

Cierra’s hand trembled, and a glass of water almost splashed onto William’s face.

Fortunately, William was not as frivolous as he had always been. After glancing at it briefly, he had a plan in mind.

However, he respected Cierra’s opinion and asked, “Cierra, how do you want to deal with this?”

Cierra frowned and thought for a moment before saying, “I’ll sell all the houses. Anyway, I won’t be staying in New York for a long time in the future. I want to live with you. As for the 3% of the shares,

I don't really want them. Why don't we set up a charity fund to support the search of lost Children in New York? What do you think?"

Cierra handled these rigid assets properly. What really gave her a headache was the management of the working capital.

She had neither studied nor been in contact with company management, so she could only let

William have a look.

Naturally, William had no objection to her words. "Okay, you can deal with it however you want."

He was looking at other information and said.

"I've taken a look. The assets that Draven gave you are quite complicated. When everything is divided up, I can ask Jaquan to send someone to help you with the accounts. My company's business is still in the entertainment industry. I'm afraid Jonathan's company is more professional. What do

you think?"

"Okay, then I'll have to trouble you." Cierra happily waved her hand.

Knowing her temper, William couldn't be bothered to tease her.

He suddenly thought of something, looked up and asked, "By the way, are you going to sell Stream Villa and the house in Aqua Apartment?"

## **Chapter 128 Red-eyed**

Hearing this, Cierra paused.

In fact, she was a little reluctant to leave, not because of Draven. Stream Villa was bought for her by Ernest Trevino and she had chosen it herself. Even though she hadn't had a chance to live in it for three years, it was different from other empty houses.

While she was silent, a piece of news popped up on her phone on the edge of the table.

Hashtag: "The marriage between Mr. Barton and the daughter of the Boyle family, Aleah, is around

the corner."

The photo was of Aleah in an evening gown with Draven in a black suit beside her. They looked like a perfect match.

Cierra didn't open it. Instead, he swiped the pop-up window and spoke in a cold tone.

"Sell them all."

She didn't stay in the private room any longer and got up from the chair.

"There are still some things to do in the kitchen. I'll have to trouble you with these trivial things. I won't bother you here."

William could tell that she was acting unnaturally.

He put his phone aside and knew what had happened at a glance. He scolded Cierra in his heart.

His words were even harsher. "You are too angry to eat because of Draven. You were quite tough just now. Didn't you think about how to spend the money he gave you? Now you can't stand the news

of his engagement."

As he spoke, he deliberately clicked on the news and zoomed in on it, throwing it at Cierra.

"Shouldn't you bless them when they're together? Cici has just returned for a short time, and she has been bewitched by that face again. Alright, I won't talk about you anymore. Come back with me to XR Entertainment this afternoon. There's a bunch of men in my company, and they have all kinds of good figures. You can be keen on others except him.

Cierra was shocked by William's increasingly outrageous remarks.

She widened her eyes. "William, what nonsense are you talking about?"

William snorted and didn't say anything. He just squinted at her.

Cierra looked at the food on the table and suddenly felt guilty.

She was the one who asked William to help her, but now she felt uncomfortable when she saw this

picture, so she left him here alone. She really shouldn't have done that.

"I'm sorry, William."

She returned to sit opposite William and apologized obediently.

William snorted and filled her bowl with soup. "I has a good temper. If Jaquan were to sit here today, would you be able to smooth things over with just an apology?"

Cierra lowered her head and apologized in a low voice, but her expression was still cold.

This time, William didn't say anything.

The man who she had liked for a few years had just divorced her and then publicized the news of his remarriage on the Internet. Even though she had been mentally prepared for it for a long time, anyone who saw it would feel disgusted.

Fortunately, Cierra was well-educated. If it were him, he would have pointed at their nose and scolded them. "What a shameless couple!"

www

He couldn't say anything to comfort her. Most of the time, he would tease Cierra. At this moment, he could only brace himself to pick up some food for Cierra, feeling extremely awkward.

"William."

Cierra looked at the pile of food in her plate and couldn't help interrupting him.

"I'm not sad because of the news, so you don't have to do this."

It was true that she was in a bad mood when she saw the photo, but on second thought, she knew that the story should have gone on like this.

She had known since a long time ago that Draven didn't like her, and his heart was full of Aleah.

But at that time, she was young and always unconvinced.

She was the one who had grown up with him, and he had called her his cutie wife since he was a child. Why did he change completely because of Aleah's return?

Fortunately, she was not stubborn. The moment she gave up, she understood that love did not come

in order.

She couldn't control her love for Draven. How could he control his love for Aleah?

She understood the logic. But when the truth was laid out in front of her, she really accepted that he was going to marry Aleah, she was still a little touched and puzzled.

She thought, "He has already seen Aleah's character. Why does he still want to marry her?"

“Does he really like her that much?”

However, these thoughts quickly disappeared. She was woken up by William’s scolding.

A smile appeared on Cierra’s face as she picked up a piece of beef for William with the fork.

“William, I did want to avoid this news, but you scolded me just in time. I know what I should do. As for why I lowered my head, it’s because I feel sorry for what you’ve done to me, not because of

Draven.”

She didn’t deliberately avoid saying Draven and spoke it out loud.

When she looked up again, there was only guilt and gratitude in her eyes.

“William, thank you.”

Her eyes turned red.

“All right. Have a good meal. Look at how thin you are.”

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William looked away and lowered his head to bite the food that Cierra had just served him.

“Mhm,” Cierra replied. Seeing William so reserved, she felt both sad and warm in her heart. She picked up her fork and started eating.

After a few bites, William suddenly shouted, “I almost forgot my business when I was talking

nonsense with you.”

Cierra looked up and asked, “What’s wrong?”

“It’s nothing. Since you want to sell the house in Aqua Apartment, why don’t you sell it to me

directly?” William suggested.

Cierra didn’t ask him what he was going to do with it. She said directly, “If you want it, I’ll transfer

it to you directly. It’s just a little troublesome to transfer twice.”

“As long as you don’t mind.”

William waved his hand. “That won’t do. After all, I’m your brother. How can I accept your house without paying for it?”

“If Jaquan knew about this, he would skin me alive.”

Cierra didn’t mind. “It doesn’t matter. It’s troublesome to sell it anyway. I might as well give it to you directly.”

Moreover, it wasn’t her money. She didn’t care about Draven’s money at all.

Since William didn’t want to lose face, he was naturally unwilling to accept it.

He smacked his lips and deliberately said, “Oh, I didn’t let you live directly in Aqua Apartment when you came to New York. It’s already shameful enough to rent a house for you. Now I want to take your house empty-handed. It’s really shameful.”

“William.”

Cierra couldn’t stand him and glared at him with a red face.

William smiled and said, “I’ll give money to you at the market price. If you’re too embarrassed to ask me for money, why don’t you invest in two movies with my money? If I make money, I’ll give you dividends. If I don’t make money, then I just thank you for your support. What do you think?”

Cierra nodded with a smile. “Sure.”

While they were talking and laughing, the news on the Internet slowly fermented as time went on.

It wasn’t just the news that Draven was about to marry Aleah reach the top of the trending searches. The divorce news of Draven and Cierra also followed closely behind. It even made it to the top of the

list when it was almost time to get off work.

When Aleah saw these two extremely popular terms, a smile finally appeared on her face.

Mrs. Trevino was finally going to be hers.

She raised her hand and touched her forehead. The wound was still slightly stinging, which made her eyes flash with cruelty.

She thought, “When I really become Mrs. Trevino, I will make everyone who looked down on me apologize.”

“I will also make those people pay the price especially Cierra.”

Aleah clicked on the entry about herself and Draven to see how the netizens wished her well.

As soon as she clicked on it, her face became even uglier and even ferocious.

## **Chapter 129 The Mistress**

There were a lot of new posts on the topic, but it was very different from what she had seen before.

She learned from Jason that Draven and Cierra had divorced. When she thought that Cierra no longer had the chance to her Mrs. Trevino, she bought this trending topic to show those gossipers that she, Aleah was the future hostess of the Trevino family.

So what if her reputation was ruined? She would still be the one to marry into the Trevino family and marry Draven in the end.

People in this circle were always been snobbish. Who cared what she had done in the past?

Sure enough, as soon as the good news was released, many celebrities and madams in the circle sent a greeting to ask if the news was true.

After confirming that the engagement between the Boyle family and the Trevino family had been settled, everyone gave her their blessings. Many of them even shamelessly told her that she must invite them to the wedding.

Aleah glanced at them coldly and didn't bother to reply.

At that time, the Internet was also full of blessings. Although most of them were Aleah's fans, there were also passers-by who came in through the trending topics. They casually sent a post to bless her and feel happy at the same time.

Unexpectedly, in less than a few hours, the public opinion on the Internet suddenly changed.

When Aleah clicked on it again, there was almost a torrent of curses.

What made her even more furious was the top post.

[Is it true? Someone is really giving blessings to Aleah. Draven has just divorced, and now he wants to marry her. It can't be so fast, can it?]

[You even wish her good luck. In my opinion, she is the mistress.]

[Do mistresses dare to be so high-profile these days? And She even pays for a high-level trending topic. It's so funny. I wish the mistress and the sc\*mbag to be locked up directly. Then I throw the key directly into the sea.]

[By the way, does Aleah come out to apologize today? Not only does she ask the marketing account. to pay for the private video of the best actor, but she also doesn't seem to apologize for the trouble caused by her at L'Opera Restaurant.]

[Don't think when the popularity is gone, nothing has happened. The Internet has memories.]

Those posts directly dug out all the things that Aleah wanted to suppress. Taking advantage of the trending topic that she had bought, her negative news of the past once again was showed to

everyone.

After reading it, Aleah was so angry that her hands were trembling.

She had spent a lot of money on the top of the post, which was posted by a big fan of hers. It was attached with a photo of her and Draven attending a banquet. How did it end up like this?

After sending the angry questions to the staff, Aleah was so angry that she clicked on the post several times to report it.

Unfortunately, it was useless.

The social media staff only said that the data flow was too big to be controlled, and then ignored

Aleah's question.

At the same time, public opinion began to change according to the topic of this post.

Not only the bored onlookers but the loyal diners of the L'Opera Restaurant were asking if Aleah had apologized today.

They didn't call her by her full name, which made it even more ironic for her to be called Aleah.

Of course, they couldn't occupy all the real-time posts by themselves. Most of them were fans of

the best actor, Coby.

They are familiar with how the entertainment industry works and didn't take Aleah's fans seriously at all. One post from each of them was enough to occupy all the topics, so there was no need for one person to repost it a hundred times.

Moreover, these posts were not just asking Aleah to apologize. They also followed the main topic of the blogger and called her a mistress. They also doted on Cierra.

Cierra was Coby's younger sister, and his fans loved her as well. They also called her

Of course, they didn't forget to scold Draven while defending Cierra.

younger sister.

As a result, the topic of Cierra and Draven's divorce also became a trending topic. They kept calling him a sc\*mbag.

For a moment, the topic on the Internet was very lively.

Jason returned to the company to find out what was going on online.

As soon as he arrived at the office, he was about to distribute pastries given by Cierra to his colleagues. The secretary of Mr. Barton's office was so anxious that she held up her mobile phone to report to him.

If it was public opinion in other aspects of the company, he would directly ask the public relations department to deal with it.

But today was different. Mr. Trevino was being scolded.

Not only was their business affected, but some employees were also scolded for posting their daily work on social media platforms. They could only delete the posts and hide their information.

The account specially used by the company for recruitment was also questioned by netizens.

When Jason saw the entry, he raised his eyebrows slightly and clicked on it with the intention of watching the show. He wondered what trouble Aleah would make.

Anyway, since Aleah had been scolded for a long time, he was used to it. In the end, Mr. Trevino just needed to spend money to settle it.

But when he clicked on it, he felt terrible.

He thought, "What the hell is going on?"

"It is one thing to scold Aleah, but why do they scold Mr. Trevino?"

Why do they scold us? Do we do something wrong?"

Jason's mood was very complicated. After getting a rough understanding of the situation, he

returned the phone to his colleagues.

"Hurry up and ask the public relations department to suppress the heat. I'll go in and tell Mr. Trevino about this matter. In addition, inform all departments of the company to protect the privacy on the social media platform. Don't post on the Internet for the time being, and don't

contact the netizens."

After that, he hurried into Mr. Trevino's office and even forgot to put down the pastries in his arms.

The Internet was bustling, and the people offline were not idle.

Jason pushed open the office door and was about to speak.

However, he didn't see Draven. There was only Ryan lying on the sofa.

Ryan was lying on the sofa with his long legs crossed on the coffee table. There was a tablet in his

arms, and his eyes were fixed on the phone in his hand.

At this moment, no one knew what he was looking at. There was a lazy smile on Ryan's face, and

from time to time, he would chuckle.

When he saw Jason coming in, he glanced at him and said lazily, "Mr. Trevino has just taken his medicine and is sleeping in the lounge. What's the matter?"

Although Ryan did not hold any position in the company, Jason knew that Mr. West had a close relationship with Draven, and many important projects were carried out by him.

The outside world thought that Mr. West had nothing to do

but that was not the case.

except h\*\*k up with beautiful women,

Though he was a little sl\*ppy. Mr. West was good at doing business. The others might not know

what had happened before they were taken advantage of by him.

Jason didn't hide anything and told him what had happened online.

Ryan didn't respond. He didn't even raise his head and continued to look at his phone.

"Don't worry too much about it. Everyone likes to gossip. It's normal."

Jason nodded and said respectfully, "That's true, but after all, it's bad news. It's not good to let the news spread all the time. Since Mr. Trevino is resting, do you have any instructions, Mr. West? I'll let the public relations department suppress the heat for the time being, but I'm afraid you'll have to decide on the specific public relations plan."

Jason thought, "After all, I can't offend Aleah and Mr. Trevino."

Hearing this, Ryan finally raised his head and said, "Why do you have to suppress it? I haven't seen enough yet. Leave it alone first. I'm quarreling with the fans of Aleah on my small account."

### **Chapter 130 I Admit Her**

Jason held the pastries in his arms and fell silent.

He wanted to say something but stopped on second thought. He looked up at Ryan and saw that he was holding a tablet and his phone. It looked like he was arguing with someone with a keyboard.

After a long silence, Jason felt that as an employee of the Trevino Group, he had to think about the

company.

After all, if the company's profits dropped, his bonus might not be able to be raised.

Just as he was about to persuade Ryan, the door of the lounge was suddenly pushed open.

Mr. Trevino came out looking impatient and a little tired. Obviously, he was angry because he didn't have a good rest and was woken up.

"What's going on with so much noise?"

Draven frowned and glanced at the two of them. His voice was low and hoarse.

As he asked, he buttoned up his cufflinks and walked towards the office table. He picked up the cup of water on the table and took a sip, still looking displeased.

Jason glanced at Ryan and saw that he was completely focused on his phone. After thinking for a while, he took the initiative to repeat what he had said to Ryan to Draven and wanted to ask for a

specific plan.

Without saying a word, Draven picked up his phone.

Without clicking on it, he felt a headache just by looking at the two hot topics.

He threw his phone away and pressed his temples. "Remove all the trending topics. Leave the specific public relations schemes to the public relations department. Focus on the company and Aleah's interests. Don't worry about anyone else."

The implication was that it didn't matter even if they hired paid Internet trolls to smear Coby and

Cierra.

Jason glanced at Draven in surprise.

Draven raised his eyes and asked impatiently, "Is there any other problem?"

Jason shook his head. "No, I'll deal with it right away. Don't worry, Mr. Trevino!"

Just as Draven was about to ask Jason to go out, his eyes fell on the takeaway box in his arms.

"What are you holding in your arms?"

His tone was full of disdain.

Jason was about to turn around when he heard this. After hesitating for a moment, he decided to tell

the truth.

"It's some pastries made by Ms. Boyle. Didn't you ask me to sign a contract with her this morning? She gave me some and asked me to distribute them to my colleagues in the office. I was in a hurry on the Internet just now, so I forgot to put it down."

Draven looked at him for a while.

Jason couldn't figure out what Mr. Trevino was thinking, so he stood there and didn't dare to move.

After a while, Draven lowered his head and said, "You can go now."

Hearing this, Jason felt a little relieved. He turned around with the things in his arms.

“Jason.”

The man on the sofa stopped him.

Raising his chin, Ryan narrowed his eyes and smiled. “Cici told you to give it to colleagues in the office. Am I not a member of the office?”

“Yes, I forgot about you, Mr. West. I deserve to be beaten.”

Jason quickly put down a box of pastries. When he saw that Ryan was still smiling, he put down one

more box.

It was not enough, so he could only put down two more boxes.

Only then did Ryan feel satisfied. “You can go out and have a taste with your colleagues outside. You

must be tired today.”

Jason replied and fled in a panic.

There were four boxes of pastries on the table. The packaging box of L’Opera Restaurant was designed in an antique style. It didn’t look like takeaway box, but more like a gift specially brought

for someone.

Ryan did not hesitate to open all four boxes.

He also took out his phone, took a picture, and sent it to Cierra while muttering.

“Cici’s cooking is so ingenious. Look at these pastries. They look like real fruits. I don’t even dare to eat them.”

As he spoke, he picked up a piece of pastry and stuffed it into his mouth.

Not only did he eat it, but he also made a delicious and satisfied sound.

The man at the office table couldn’t stand it anymore.

He raised his eyes and said impatiently, “If you don’t want to stay here, go back to the West family in Chicago. Ryan, don’t do whatever you want just because of your mother’s relationship with the Trevino family.”

His tone was obviously angry.

However, Ryan still bit the pastry and said with a mean smile, "I'm not relying on my mother's relationship. I'm obviously relying on my friendship with you."

Draven looked at him coldly.

Ryan did not continue to act like that.

He patted the pastry in his palm and took a step back. "I won't eat it, okay? If you have anything else, just tell me."

Draven glanced at the four boxes of pastries on the table and recalled the taste he had tasted in the

old house that night.

It was very familiar, but he couldn't remember where he had eaten it.

This thought only lingered for a few seconds before it was quickly dispelled by Draven.

He looked away and said in a calm tone, "Ryan, I know you're defending Cierra, but I hope you understand that I'm the one who wants to get married, not you. So it doesn't mean I have to like

someone you like."

As he spoke, he suddenly remembered what Cierra had said to Ms. Trevino that morning. His brows

furrowed and a fire burned in his heart.

Ryan didn't notice his abnormality and made a gesture..

"Okay, I understand that you don't want to marry Cici. No one is happy to have their marriage arranged. But Draven, what do you mean to marry that girl from the Boyle family? You were blind in the past, and she pretended to be good. Now, you have seen the evidence with your own eyes. Do

you still want to marry her?"

It was rare for Ryan's tone to be so serious, and it could even be said that he was questioning

Draven.

He couldn't figure it out.

That night, he was not at the Boyle family home, but as far as he knew, Draven had witnessed the whole process and even helped Cierra. It could be said that Draven had torn off half of Aleah's mask.

This was also what Ryan couldn't understand. Why did Draven still want to marry Aleah?

"You had no choice but to marry Cici, but what about Aleah? Isn't it the same with you?"

There was dead silence in the office.

After a while, Draven said in a low voice, "Since it's my marriage, I know what I'm doing."

Ryan smiled and said, "Do you still think that the woman in the Boyle family is mentally ill? Well, even if it's because of the so-called illness, can she beat and scold people at will? Draven, when did you become so indiscriminate? Just because of a promise a few years ago, are you willing to pay for it with yourself?"

Draven lowered his eyes.

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He held the pen in his hand with a poker face.

However, if approaching him, one would see the bulging veins on the back of his hand.

He put down his pen and looked up at Ryan.

"I'm sick too, and I even took my medicine in front of you an hour ago. I married her not only because of my promise to Aleah a few years ago, but also a promise to myself."

"As for her behavior, I promise that it won't happen again. I've also given a suitable compensation to Cierra. You don't have to worry about it."

"Just take it as me being together with another lunatic and pitying each other."

As he spoke, he lowered his eyes again.

"Draven."

A hint of pity appeared in Ryan's eyes.

Draven picked up the pen again and said, "It doesn't matter if you don't accept her. I'll try my best to make her avoid meeting you in the future. If you don't want to accept her, you don't have to call

her Mrs. Trevino."

Ryan knew that there was no turning back, but he was still angry.

“What are you going to do with Ms. Trevino? Even I don’t want to accept her. How can Ms. Trevino admit that she is the daughter-in-law of the Trevino family?”

Draven expression remained unchanged as the tip of his pen fell on the paper.

‘My wife, I admit it.’

As soon as he finished speaking, he froze.

The words “Cierra” were written on the contract.

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