

## Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

### Chapter 253 Da mn It

#### Divorced but Delighted

In the end, Charle didn't argue too much with Draven. Although he was still dissatisfied with Draven, he was still polite.

For example, when hearing Draven's words, Charle replied.

In contrast, Freddy, who was playing chess with Mr. Charles, did not give Draven any face.

The chess piece fell heavily on the chessboard, and the chess pieces next to it also trembled three times!

After Freddy made this exaggerated action, his words were also full of momentum. "Mr. Barton, you're so good-tempered. If it were me, I wouldn't even let him.

house!"

go in the

Although Freddy didn't name anyone, they could tell who Freddy was scolding.

Draven didn't care. Anyway, he had been scolded by Freddy many times when he was in

New York.

Moreover, Draven knew that he should be scolded, so he didn't argue.

After receiving the response, Draven turned around and left in a well-behaved manner.

There was no trace of the domineering aura he had when he was in New York.

But his straight back and demeanor still showed that he was noble.

Charle looked at Draven's back and breathed a sigh of relief. "If it weren't for these bad things, I would have appreciated him. What a pity."

Unfortunately, the prejudice against Draven had already taken root in his heart. No matter how outstanding Draven's performance was, it was destined that the estrangement between the two families would not disappear completely.

"There is no shortage of excellent young people in this society. You are good at educating your children. Everyone of them is worth admiring."

Get Bor

Freddy restrained his temper and began to flatter Charle.

The gloominess in Charle's heart disappeared, and his elegant face was full of smiles.

"Not at all. My children are also very undisciplined. Cierra's William hasn't been home for a few years. He's already 30 years old, but he's still acting like a child."

The people on the chessboard began to talk about the children again and even occasionally mentioned Ryan. Ryan, who had a glib tongue, actually felt a little embarrassed and jumped up to find Draven.

The garden was quiet. The noon sun shone through the shade of the trees, and they didn't feel hot at all.

The chirps of cicadas and birds, like an impassioned song, added a bit of interest to the plain garden.

After Cierra turned around and went to the kitchen, Jaquan and William were about to walk in the direction of the chess game, but when looking up, they saw Draven walking toward them, so they slowed down.

"Mr. Barton, long time no see."

Dressed in a suit and leather shoes, Draven stood in front of them and said in a slow and

polite voice.

In contrast, William with short-sleeved shorts and slippers looked a little sloppy.

However, he had always been lazy. No matter how formal he was dressed, he still had

such a lazy temperament. It was better to be casual since he was at home now.

Hearing Draven's voice, William raised his eyelids lazily.

"Are you calling me?"

Like Jaquan, William didn't extend his hand to Draven. Instead, he looked even more arrogant and mean.

Having been mentally prepared, Draven calmly withdrew his hand and put it into his pocket.

Get Borus

"Mr. Barton, when we were in New York, I didn't know who you were. Please forgive me for offending you."

Of course, Draven was referring to the matter that he had beaten William up because he had thought that William was Cierra's boyfriend.

William squinted at Draven and sneered. "What if I don't forgive you?"

William's lazy tone fell, but there was a hint of coldness in his eyes. He stood up straight and looked sharply at Draven.

"How are you going to apologize, Mr. Trevino?"

William glanced at Draven and took a step forward in a domineering manner.

Without moving, Draven looked straight at him and said, "Mr. Barton, as long as you can feel better, you can ask me to do anything. Of course, as long as I can accept it."

William sneered. "As long as you can accept it?"

William touched the corner of his mouth. It seemed that he still felt the pain of being beaten by Draven for the first time. He looked down at Draven again.

"If I want to punch you ten times or even a hundred times, will you be willing to accept it?"

Draven said politely, "It's my fault. Mr. Barton, of course you can punch me back."

Peng!

Before Draven could finish his words, the black shadow punched him in the lower jaw with a gust of wind and knocked him to the ground!

The noise was not small. Not to mention the nearby Harold and Jaquan, even Ryan, who had not arrived yet, stopped in his tracks and took a step back silently when seeing the dust rising from the ground.

Ryan thought. "Oh my god, William looks gentle and elegant, but why is he beating people so hard?"

"If I went over, I would have been beaten as well, right?"

"If I was implicated, would Cierra coax me?"

Get Bors

Standing under the tree, Ryan's mind buzzed, and William punched Draven a few more times.

He didn't slap Draven in the face. Instead, he beat Draven up on the neatly dressed suit. William specially chose the places that were not easy to find but painful.

Instead of fighting back, Draven held on.

The punches landed on his body, but they slowly dissipated the depression in his heart.

One punch after another, it hurt so much that many things in his memory that were almost forgotten flashed across his mind.

Ernest Trevino was strict and not as patient as Sue Skinner.

Ernest Trevino locked Draven up in that room and slowly got rid of Draven's temper. He would whip Draven on the back again and again until Draven gave in.

At that time, Draven was still young. When he couldn't hold on any longer, he would still lower his head.

But in Draven's heart, he never thought he had done anything wrong.

It was different now. It was the pain Draven had begged for.

He should have lowered his head and endured it.

From the very beginning, he knew that he was wrong.

If he hadn't suffered this, he would have nowhere to vent the regret in his heart.

Did he hurt?

Draven was willing, and even hoped that the person who had come to punish him would be Cierra herself.

But he was also afraid that Cierra's hand would hurt if she beat him for a long time.

It was better to let her brother beat Draven to make up for what had happened in the past.

When a mouthful of blood flowed out of Draven's throat, his vision became blurred.

In a daze, he seemed to see a figure running toward him in a panic.

In the past, when Ernest Trevino beat Draven up, he would occasionally beat Draven so hard that Draven almost fainted.

In Draven's memory, it was not his mother who had taken care of him, nor was it Aleah, who had always been crying bitterly. It was the panic-stricken Cierra.

However, as he grew older, Ernest Trevino never hit him again. The panicked figure was gradually replaced by something else in Draven's mind.

Da mn it!

He almost forgot.

It turned out that Cierra was the one who had been worried about him.

But now, Draven probably didn't even dare to think about it.

If Cierra could turn back and care about him, it seemed that he would have no regrets if he died of pain like this...

## **Chapter 254 Who's Your Second Brother?**

### **Divorced but Delighted**

However, the self-protection mechanism of the body was not enough to make Draven so fragile.

After the pain in his body disappeared, Draven gradually came to his senses.

The buzzing in his ears was replaced by the cold voice in his memory, making him feel a

little happy.

Draven had never expected that the medicine that could treat his pain would be Cierra's voice.

Hearing this, it seemed that it didn't hurt anymore.

Cierra had indeed rushed over from the kitchen. The reason was that the cake she had just baked had just been ready. She had wanted to call William over to taste it, but she didn't expect to see him pressing someone to the ground and beating the other party to death.

The fist landed on the man's belly, causing a layer of dust to rise. It was unknown how much strength William had used. If Draven got hurt from the beating, William would have to bear the responsibility. It was not worth it.

Just thinking about it gave Cierra a headache, and she hurried over to stop William.

Looking at Cierra's worried face, William propped himself up from the ground, glanced at Draven and sneered with a hint of sarcasm.

"He is not dead yet. Why are you so anxious?"

As soon as William finished speaking, he added with a hint of anger.

"Cierra, are you still distressed?"

"No, William, you can just beat him up, right? Why do you have to beat him so hard? What if something happens and you get involved?"

Cierra didn't even look at the person on the ground. Her worried expression was fixed on William.

When William realized this, his hesitant expression eased up slightly.

He lowered his eyes and glanced at Draven, who was still lying on the ground. "He looks

fine.”

Cierra was speechless. “How could William say that Draven was fine when he was vomiting blood?”

She was afraid that William would beat Draven too hard. If they were outside, it was not a big deal. But now they were at home, Cierra was worried.

Cierra turned around and kicked Draven’s arm in disgust.

Draven’s eyelids trembled, and he opened his eyes weakly. He could vaguely see who was standing in front of him.

Slowly, he pulled out a smile.

“Cierra.”

Draven thought. “It seems that my brain is hurt, and I am hallucinating.”

Draven closed his eyes again and collapsed on the ground, looking as if he had given up

on himself.

“William, you didn’t beat him so badly, right?”

Cierra was a little worried and looked at William in confusion.

William didn’t mind at all, and he sneered. “He deserves it.”

Although he was ruthless, he knew what he had done.

He had discussed it with Nick. Even if he really beat Draven to the point where Draven couldn’t get up, Draven would only be judged to be slightly injured.

Besides, even if he crippled Draven, Draven deserved it.

Coby almost lost his life in the water. They had to get even with Draven!

William didn’t regret what he had done at all. He only regretted that he hadn’t found at good place and caused this person to fall to the ground and scare Cierra.

“I will be careful next time, okay?”

Looking at Cierra's hesitant expression, William decided to take a step back.

Cierra's eyes widened. "You want a next time?"

Get Borus

William looked up at the sky unnaturally, pulled Cierra in front of him, and said patiently, "There won't be a next time. I just said it casually. And I know what I'm doing. If you don't believe me, let him lie here. He will wake up in two hours at most."

William's smug tone made Cierra glare at him.

Why was William so proud after beating people?

Cierra shook off William's hand with dissatisfaction. She knew that if she gave William a good look today, he would probably push his luck in the future.

With a cold face, Cierra bent down to check on Draven.

Two years ago, Cierra had studied some basic first aid and bandaging during her classes

abroad, so that she knew a little about first aid treatment.

The injuries on Draven's body were not serious, they could be considered minor injuries.

William didn't hurt Draven's vital parts, but Cierra was sure that William's punch was real and was full of strength.

Therefore, lying on the ground at this moment, Draven really hadn't recovered yet.

At this moment, Draven felt a familiar fragrance and struggled to open his eyes.

"Cierra."

Draven was so weak that two words slipped out of his broken lips.

Hearing that, Cierra immediately lost her interest in taking care of him, and her face turned even colder.

She stood up and ordered Ryan, who had been watching the show not far away.

"Mr. West, please take care of your good friend. I'm really sorry to have let you suffer

today.”

“No, no, Draven sent himself to beg William to beat him. It has nothing to do with you!”

Ryan had witnessed the whole process. During this period, Draven didn't resist at all. Ryan admired Draven for being a man, but at the same time, he also felt a little cold in

Get Bou

his heart. Fortunately, it wasn't he who married Cierra.

Ryan walked down the steps and said, “Then Cierra, I...”

“I'll find a room for you. Take him to have a rest first. The food in the kitchen is ready. You can eat with us.”

Cierra did not feel much resistance toward Ryan. Instead, she was willing to give him face.

Even though Ryan had accompanied Draven here today, Cierra wasn't too rude to Ryan.

Ryan's heart suddenly skipped a beat when he heard this.

He didn't care that his good friend was still lying on the ground, and there was a smile on Ryan's wild face.

“Okay, I haven't eaten your dishes for a long time. You are wearing an apron today. You cooked the dishes, didn't you?”

“Yes, today is William's birthday, so the kitchen is temporarily occupied by me.”

Seeing that Ryan rudely propped up the person on the ground, Cierra didn't make any response. She only pointed to a room.

There were many guest rooms in the old mansion, just in case they came back one day and had no place to stay, so it was easy to find an empty room for Draven to rest.

Ryan put Draven on his shoulder and looked at William. “Happy birthday, Second Brother!”

“Who is your William?”

William's expression was already terrible. He hadn't recovered from the anger Cierra threw a ugly look at him just now. At this moment, Ryan's words were like

adding fuel to the fire, making William completely explode.

when

Cierra stopped William in time. "William, are you going to beat up my friend too?"

William looked around coldly.

Cierra was not afraid and looked straight into his eyes.

After a while, William sneered. "Cierra, you..."

Get Bonus

"What's wrong with me? You did something wrong. What? Can't I blame you?"

Cierra also became stubborn.

## **Chapter 255 Benefit Today**

### **Divorced but Delighted**

"Cierra!"

After being shouted at by Cierra, the hostility between Draven's brows grew even more intense. However, right after he said a word, he was interrupted by Cierra.

"What? William, have you considered the consequences of your actions? This is our home. It's fine if you hit him, but what if you accidentally hit him too hard? Let's take a step back. Draven was willing to be beaten by you and didn't resist. Even if he doesn't look into it, does it mean that you're fine?"

Their aunt would take advantage of it, let alone those old foxes in the business world outside.

William was standing on the top of the pyramid of the industry. If he was kicked down, many people would be satisfied.

Perhaps Draven wouldn't pursue the matter today, but it was inevitable that word would spread out. What if others used this matter to frame William?

Not to mention that the industry William was in was the easiest to be affected by comments. Even if he was not an artist, what if they attacked his company's artists with

comments?

No one could figure it out.

After being scolded by Cierra, the hostility on William's body slowly dissipated, revealing a guilty conscience.

"But I have already beaten him up now... And I was careful..."

"No matter how careful you are, you shouldn't be so reckless. Besides, can you guarantee that nothing will go wrong?"

Most people who drowned could swim, and most people who had car accidents could drive.

When she came over just now, she clearly felt that William was punching heavily. At last, William was just venting his anger. How could he say that he was careful?

"All right, don't be angry. I'll listen to you and never do it again, okay? Look at your angry face. It's like a balloon being blown up."

Get Bou

After being severely lectured by Cierra, William did not show any impatience. Instead, he lowered his head and coaxed Cierra in a gentle voice.

Cierra was angry because she was worried about William. Once William lowered his head, Cierra's anger disappeared completely.

However, William insisted on adding the last sentence and made Cierra glare at him.

William immediately raised his hands and pretended to threaten Cierra. "I'm warning you, Cierra. Don't go too far. Don't forget why you invited me here today. You should give me some face."

With his movements and expression, coupled with his words, it could absolutely be said

William was using the most cowardly expression to say the most ruthless words.

Unable to contain herself, Cierra burst into laughter.

“That’s enough. I don’t even want to say that you’re my brother!”

“There’s nothing we can do about it. The blood relationship can’t be broken.”

William returned to his usual lazy self.

“Let’s go.

You have just consumed so much physical strength. You must be hungry. The dishes in the kitchen are almost ready. Do you want to eat the cake first or do you want to eat it after dinner? Since it is your birthday today, it’s up to you.”

Cierra’s expression relaxed as she discussed the matter casually with William. It was as if the argument just now had never happened.

William was even more casual. “You are the chef, so it’s up to you.

“Then let’s have dinner first. I’m starving. Let’s eat desserts when we are tired of playing in the afternoon. What do you think?”

As Cierra suggested, she caught a glimpse of the red mark on the back of William’s hand.

Perhaps it was because William had used too much strength to hit Draven just now, causing him to scratch the ground.

Get Bo

Cierra paused for a moment and asked, “Is your hand all right? Do you want to apply some medicine first?”

William followed her gaze and snorted when seeing the wound.

“It’s okay. I am not that delicate, unlike some people who can’t get up after being punched twice.”

Cierra was speechless.

How could William be so arrogant?

Hearing his tone, Cierra almost rolled her eyes at him.

Jaquan, who was standing at the side, spoke his mind on behalf of Cierra. "William, what Cierra said earlier makes sense. You're being too rash. Although Draven is hateful, beating him up is enough. Don't go too far."

William was coaxing Cierra and even dared to refute her just now. Now Jaquan's reprimand was like a mountain that firmly suppressed William's arrogance.

After

all, Jaquan was the one who raised William. If Charles was the biological father of William, then Jaquan could be said to be the educational father of William.

William was born in awe of Jaquan, so he immediately lowered his head and behaved himself.

"Got it, Jaquan. I heard what Cierra said. Otherwise, how could I bow my head and apologize to her?"

"Since you know that what Cierra said makes sense, you shouldn't have any thoughts of

being proud in the future. You're already old, so don't be so childish. Today, it's still a small private matter. If you were so reckless in the business world, you wouldn't even know it when you were tricked."

Jaquan's tone was slow. It was not very stern, but it inexplicably gave people a sense of oppression.

Not to mention William who was being scolded, even Cierra felt her scalp go numb.

Cierra coughed softly and tried to ease the atmosphere. "Well, Jaquan, William was too angry because of me. If he were in the business world, he would definitely think about it carefully."

Get Borth

"Is that so?"

Jaquan stopped in his tracks and glanced around William.

William didn't respond.

Cierra braced herself and said, "Of course. If you don't believe me, you can go to New brother manages the company. His company has

York another day to see how my brother

reached its current scale and his achievements are not small, right?"

As she spoke, Cierra patted William on the shoulder.

William smiled.

Jaquan's gaze passed through the siblings. "I hope so."

"Well, it's William's birthday today. It's not good to scold him all the time. It's enough."

Cierra couldn't stand Jaquan's gaze anymore. She went straight over and took Jaquan's arm, trying to act like a spoiled child to get her generous brother back.

And this move was indeed effective.

When Cierra got close to Jaquan, the pressure disappeared, and he looked at Cierra gently.

Even William became much more pleasing to the eye. "Since it's William's birthday, I'll listen to Cierra and stop teaching you a lesson. It's getting late. Hurry up and eat. Don't let the elders wait for us."

William breathed a sigh of relief. "Yes, we can't let the elders wait for us. Today is a tough day for our mother. We should show respect to our great mother!"

Jaquan squinted at him.

William left and quickly distance himself from Jaquan.

A smile broke out on Cierra's face as she loosened her grip on Jaquan's arm.

"I'm going to the kitchen. Jaquan, go to the dining room and take care of Wanda first. It's not good to scare her if there are too many strangers."

At the mention of Wanda, the gentleness between Jaquan's eyebrows deepened, and he

said softly, "Okay."

It was time for dinner, and everyone had arrived in the dining hall, but they had not officially taken their seats yet.

Dr. Charles and Freddy were the oldest and the most distinguished guests, so they were naturally arranged to sit in the main seats.

Charles sat on the right-hand seat, next to his wife, Sarah, and the seat opposite him was reserved for his eldest son, Jaquan.

But before Jaquan could come in, Belle sat down in that seat.

Belle didn't know what day it was today. She just thought that it was to entertain the two old people, so she immediately said in a jealous tone.

"I don't know where the two distinguished guests came from. I usually can't eat such delicious food when I come here. I'm really lucky today."