

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 266

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Divorced but Delighted

Chapter 266 Stay in Los Angeles?

“You can do a lot of things.”

Cierra took the little boy’s hand and walked to the side. She spoke patiently and slowly, trying to turn Will into the assistant of Jaquan and Wanda’s relationship.

Cierra could tell that Wanda liked this little guy very much.

The reason why she was willing to stay in the old house was mostly because of this little guy.

If she could make Wanda like Will more, she could usually use the little fellow to call Wanda out for dinner.

If she asked Jaquan to go with her, things would be different when they met more often.

Although Wanda had been by Jaquan’s side for a few years, work and private meals were always different.

They were superior and subordinate at work. Only when they contacted with each other in private could they develop the relationship. Love could eventually be cultivated.

Furthermore, Cierra could sense that Wanda was fond of Jaquan as well. It was most likely because Wanda felt that there was a huge gap between their family backgrounds. She was lacking in a sense of security so that she had rejected Jaquan.

Cierra thought. “When they communicate with each other more, I’ll let Wanda stay in the old house for a few more days and experience Sarah’s charm. It’ll be different after all.”

Cierra was thinking happily. Now that she knew that Will also liked Wanda, she was even happier. She was quietly planning to recruit Wanda into her family.

Unlike the cheerful atmosphere in the garden, the atmosphere outside the old house was much more awkward.

After Draven and Ryan were led out by Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Taylor closed the fence door and left without saying a word.

Draven and Ryan looked at each other in dismay.

Then, they smiled.

“This is the first time in my life that I’ve received such treatment as a guest. Draven, being brothers with you has truly broadened my (ho r izons) !”

After Ryan opened the car door and sat down in the driver’s seat, he couldn’t help teasing Draven.

Draven looked out of the window at the gate of the Barton family’s old mansion with a gloomy look.

“I’m also very grateful to have a brother like you. Even in this state, you’re still willing to accompany me on this trip and take the risk of being beaten up.”

As the car started, the scene in front of them gradually disappeared.

Draven looked away indifferently and wiped the corner of his mouth with his hand.

It hurt a little.

But it was still not as painful as the pain in his heart.

Draven glanced out of the window and seemed to be able to see the smiling girl under the vines through the shade of the trees outside.

Draven thought. "Indeed, Cierra is happier if she is not with me.

"When she is with me, she is always angry and sad for me.

"She used to smile happily when seeing me as if I am the only one in her eyes a long time ago.

"When on earth did she stop smiling at me?"

Draven couldn't remember it anymore.

But he knew very well that it was because of his behavior that Cierra slowly distanced herself from him.

It was not only because he was blindfolded, but also because he had closed his eyes.

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He was the one who had lost Cierra, who had been silently accompanying him."

As soon as he thought of it, Draven felt a sharp pain in his heart.

He closed his eyes and listened to the whistling wind outside the window. His mind was filled with Cierra's smile.

He thought. "Why can't she smile at me again?"

"How can I make her return to my side?"

The pain began to spread because of Draven's closing his eyes, and even his eyebrows furrowed.

Ryan didn't notice Draven's strange behavior, but the car was too quiet. He wanted to talk to someone, so Ryan started talking casually.

“By the way, Draven, what happened to you when you were at Cierra’s house? Why did you get hurt after taking a bite of the cake? Was the cake drugged?”

Hearing Ryan’s words, Draven thought to himself. “What Ryan said is true.

“Cierra has drugged me in my heart.

“Because of a piece of cake, I gave all the good things that should have belonged to Cierra to another woman.

“I even hurt Cierra again and again because of that woman.

“What a joke!

“It is just because of a cake.

“Cierra is the one who has always been by my side.

“How can I ignore it?

“Is it because Cierra’s presence was too weak, or is it because Cierra’s company is natural that I don’t take it to heart?

“But no matter what the reason is, the past has become the past.

“Even if I want to make up for it now, it is useless.”

Instead of answering Ryan’s question, Draven opened his eyes and looked ahead. He seemed to be lost in thought.

Ryan also gave up talking about the cake. “I won’t ask about this anymore. Let’s talk about something else. You asked me to find Cierra before and said that you wanted to talk to her. Why did you leave so simply later?”

Ryan thought that according to Draven's character, Draven would not care about what others thought at all.

Ryan thought. "Anyway, the Barton family hates us so much and we even follow Belle and her daughter in earlier. Jaquan didn't ask us to leave at all.

"Therefore, even if Cierra didn't want to see Draven and Mrs. Taylor urged us to leave, as long as Draven didn't want to, he could find a way to talk to Cierra.

"Especially when Draven met Cierra on the way and saw that she was under the vine rack. What a good opportunity.

"They are all beautiful women. Even if Draven was beaten up, Cierra would not be able to avoid him if Draven wanted to.

"But Draven didn't.

"After being reminded again, Draven looked away and followed Mrs. Taylor obediently. There was no complaint or unwillingness in Draven's eyes."

Hearing Ryan's words, Draven thought. "Why?

"What else can it be?

"Because I didn't dare.

"How could I have the face to meet Cierra?

"I used to be ignorant of those things and arrogantly thought that Cierra was just a child who could only please Ernest.

"And I thought Cierra didn't have the guts. All she did was staying in the kitchen all day long to cook delicious food to coax Ernest. She didn't even dare to raise her head.

“Now that I knew everything, how could I have the face to look for Cierra?”

“Cierra was coaxing Ernest in the kitchen because she was sincere.

“Ernest Trevino was good to her, which was why Cierra had spent so much effort on food, hoping that Ernest would enjoy his appetite at the end of the year.

“Cierra always lowered her head because the Boyle family treated her badly, so she did not dare to do it, which was a way to protect herself.

“She was not a good-for-nothing. She even accompanied me secretly..

“She sent me the design drafts in the name of the Entrustment Design Studios to help me gain a foothold in the company.

“Entrustment Design.

“Entrustment.

“So that was what Cierra meant. I have just thought of it.

“I am a fool who is kept in the dark. How can I dare to expect to have a chat with Cierra?”

“I feel ashamed to even meet Cierra, so I left quickly.

“Otherwise, if I stayed in front of her for a long time, I would be afraid of making Cierra sick.”

Ryan still didn't get Draven's answer, so he simply stopped asking.

“Then when are we going back? You've already seen Cierra. As for apology, this injury can be considered an apology. Do we still have to stay in Los Angeles?”

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Chapter 267 It's Not Too Late

“Why don’t we stay for a few more days? Since we haven’t officially met Cierra, we should at least have some fun. Oh yes, you saw the old man from L’Opera Restaurant today, right? I heard that Los Angeles is holding a Cooking Contest these few days. That old man is probably here for this matter. Maybe Cierra will be attending as well.”

Before Draven could reply, Ryan had already started talking.

“Let’s go and join in the fun. Although Cierra doesn’t want to talk to you, you can look at her more.”

More importantly, Cierra was willing to talk to Ryan. Ryan wanted to stay a few more days.

From the looks of Draven, Ryan’s wish would most likely come to nothing.

To Ryan’s surprise, the person in the passenger seat said softly, “Then stay for a few more days.”

“Really?”

Ryan stepped on the accelerator excitedly. The sudden acceleration made Draven shoot a cold glance at him.

Ryan chuckled and stopped talking.

“That’s right. This is the real Mr. Trevino.”

The car went steadily on the road. The scenery slowly receded, not overlapping with the beautiful scenery of New York.

In New York, which was far away from here, there were also people who were planning to board the plane and head for Los Angeles.

“Bruno, isn’t it too rash for us to follow L’Opera Restaurant’s chef to Los Angeles like this? What if he’s purely participating in some Cooking Contest and my deskmate isn’t there at all? Wouldn’t that be a wasted trip?”

In the departure lounge, Adam analyzed rationally to Bruno, who was sitting opposite him.

It had been so long, but they hadn’t gotten any information from the chef of the L’Opera

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Restaurant. Maybe it was just a cooperation, and they didn't have much of a relationship.

If Bruno really wanted to know where Cierra was, he might as well ask her directly.

There was no need to waste so much effort.

Bruno was scrolling through his phone and leaning against the sofa casually.

Perhaps it was because he had seen some amazing news, his fingers suddenly paused on the screen, and his eyes behind his glasses lit up.

He clicked on the photo and browsed through the short sentence carefully. Suddenly, he smiled.

“She's in Los Angeles.”

The second son of the Barton family in Los Angeles was William.

So Cierra was the daughter of the Barton family.

A few months ago, the Barton family announced that they had found the missing daughter and they would donate millions of dollars to the local police to set up the platform to find the lost children. At that time, Bruno did not take the news seriously and only thought that the Barton family was kind and attached great importance to the daughter.

Unexpectedly, this piece of news had something to do with them.

It turned out that Cierra was the daughter of the Barton family.

It was no wonder that when Cierra was in New York, she had always been with William, the president of the XR Entertainment

At that time, everyone thought that Mr. Barton was Cierra's new boyfriend after her divorce, and even Bruno almost thought so.

Who would have thought that it would be her biological brother?

It was unknown how the Boyle family would react if they knew about this. Chapter 26's Not Too Late

The one they kept scolding was the apple of the eye of the richest and most powerful family in Los Angeles.

If the Boyle family found out, she wondered if they would regret treating her like that.

If they treated Cierra a little better, even if they treated her like an ordinary person and didn't impose disgusting things on her, they would probably get more than a few thousand dollars as compensation.

Unfortunately, how could wicked people care about such things?

What could they do if they found out?

Regret?

Ha... There's no medicine for regret in this world.

They didn't deserve it.

Bruno saved the picture of the cake. With a faint smile on his face, he closed his eyes and leaned against the sofa to rest.

He thought. "I found her."

Adam was stunned by Bruno's affirmative words. When Adam came to his senses, he saw Bruno leaning against the sofa with a peaceful face, as if everything was ready.

Adam thought. "Heh, why don't I know that Cierra is in Los Angeles?"

However, Adam did not ask any more questions. Since Bruno was so sure, he must have a well-thought-out plan.

Adam had trusted Bruno since he was a child.

"Bruno, although the question is a little presumptuous, can I ask you why you like Cierra? You two don't seem to have anything to do with each other."

Unable to suppress his curiosity, Adam leaned against the table and asked curiously.

In his impression, what Bruno and Cierra had said could be counted on one hand.

However, ever since Cierra was treated strangely by the Boyle family, Bruno would often send messages asking about the pitiful and beautiful Cierra's current situation.

Chapter 26 Nit's Not Too Late

Get BoyGel

This kind of secret love lasted until Adam went abroad to study. It was not until Cierra established a relationship with Draven that it disappeared from Adam's world.

That was why Adam had always known that Bruno liked Cierra. However, because Cierra used to only care about Draven, Bruno could only hide his feelings in his heart.

Now that Cierra was divorced, Bruno was naturally unwilling to continue the humble joy.

However, Adam had no idea why Bruno had fallen in love with Cierra.

They didn't have much interaction. They just met each other when the class was over. After that, when Bruno returned to the West family in Chicago, he didn't have a chance to see Cierra.

Adam didn't quite understand.

In the past, he didn't ask because he was not interested. Now that he was successful in his career, he also felt sour, sweet, crying, and happy in love, so he became curious about other people's feelings.

As soon as he finished asking, the man sitting on the sofa also opened his eyes.

The eyes under the glasses were a little empty. He did not answer Adam's question and seemed to be lost in thought.

Bruno thought. "Why do I like that girl?"

"Perhaps she is different from the others. Since she was a child, she has only cared about Draven.

"It was as if God had given Draven a gift that only belonged to him.

"I wanted to (snatch) it away.

"Why should it only belong to Draven?"

"My unwillingness has given birth to some dark ideas.

"Or because I have never seen or heard of it, I wanted to get it.

"However, when I approached Cierra with malice, she showed me the purest kindness.

"A candy.

“At that time, Cierra was still the daughter of the Boyle family. She was dressed like a little princess, and her chubby face was delicate and beautiful. Except for the way she looked at Draven, she treated everyone the same.

“I was no exception.

“But she would still smile at me, call me brother in a sweet voice, and then give me a candy.

“It was Christmas Eve.

“The childish and innocent children in school would give each other congratulatory cards and apples on Christmas Eve, and give each other candy and blessings.

“I came to find Cierra because I wanted to quietly pull her into the darkness.

“But she gave me a candy on a festive day.

“It was very exquisite. It didn’t seem to have been casually tossed to me.

“Even if I knew that Cierra would give anyone she knew a candy, I was still willing to regard it as the unique one.

“It was a unique candy that belonged only to me.

“After that, I didn’t think about how to (snatch) her away.

“Because I found that she was not a gift for Draven.

“She was herself.

“Even though she treated Draven differently, she would still notice others.

“She had her own social circle. She would play with her friends, help the elderly on the side of the road, and would do a lot of things that the so-called upper class disdained.

“On the other hand, it was only because of the good relationship between the two families that Draven was able to stay by her side.

“Draven had always been arrogant and didn’t take girls seriously.

“Sooner or later, Cierra would not wait for him.

“Unfortunately, an accident happened to the West family, so I had to leave my grandfather’s house and go to Chicago to clean up the mess.

“Otherwise, she would have been mine long ago.

“Fortunately, it didn’t seem too late.”

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Chapter 268 Have a Try

In the Barton family in Los Angeles.

After seeing off the distinguished guests, the small yard returned to its usual quietness.

What was even rarer was that William didn’t argue with his father, nor did he want to leave. He even had a chess game with Charle.

William was originally playing chess with Harold, but unfortunately, he couldn’t think straight. After losing several games in a row, he quit.

It just so happened that Jaquan’s game with his father was over because Jaquan had something to do in the company.

To everyone’s surprise, the usually cold-hearted Charle softened his tone and tentatively asked William if he wanted to play a few rounds.

Not to mention William, even Sarah and the others who came over to have afternoon tea and cake with them were shocked.

Charle, who had always been dignified, had never spoken to his son in such a tone.

They had always been strictly regulated. As a result, the usual casual chitchat became the standard for lecturing. The family atmosphere became worse and worse because of the children’s growing up. They could not even get together even if it was during the

Christmas.

Fortunately, Cierra was back now, which made the family look like a family.

“Since Dad wants to play two rounds, William, just give it a try. Since you can’t beat Harold, you will not lose to an old man, will you?”

Cierra held onto Will’s hand and encouraged William. She even pulled out the chair to watch the battle.

William snorted. “I’ll give it a try. Why should I be afraid of him?”

William was a man who could be persuaded by reason but not be cowed by force. Since Charle asked him in such a tone, he couldn't put on a haughty attitude and naturally softened his attitude.

The chess pieces were ready quickly.

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Charle asked William to make the first move.

The latter was aggressive and did not play according to the conservative rules. He took offense as defense.

The game of chess quickly entered the stage of fighting between the two sides.

Cierra didn't know much about chess, but she was watching with great interest.

The scene also attracted the attention of the two old men next to them. They stopped the mess in their hands, and they poked their heads out and pondered in their hearts.

The current situation was advantageous to Charle, and William was in a passive position.

However, even though Charle appeared to have the advantage, it could be broken by a single move.

Freddy, who was impatient, reminded William without thinking.

In an instant, the situation was reversed.

The outcome of this battle was already set in stone.

Charle shook his head with a smile and put down the chess pieces. He looked at the two elders with a smile and said, "Sirs, you are partial."

Freddy was thick-skinned and said calmly, "I didn't say how to play. He is smart. Besides, wasn't he the one who did the first part? This is the foundation of the first part. Only then can the second part be won easily."

Charle laughed and said, "That's right. He's better than me. He's quite capable!"

It was rare to hear such praise from Charle, and everyone could tell that it came from the bottom of Charle's heart.

Sitting opposite them, William raised his eyelids, and his casual expression was slightly restrained, looking a little unnatural.

He thought. "What is this?"

"A game of chess ended all previous grudges?"

William looked down at the mess with an inexplicable look in his eyes.

It wasn't that William didn't want to reconcile with his parents, but the estrangement in his heart wasn't so easily resolved.

William was ignored, suppressed, and denied in the past.

Whenever something happened, the first thing that came to Charle's mind was that William was the one who had done it. Even if Charle finally learned the truth and knew that he had wronged William, he would not apologize.

Because William was a child at that time, and Charle was the most prestigious father in the family.

So even if Charle was wrong, he could pretend that nothing had happened.

Why should he pretend that nothing had happened and ask for reconciliation after so many years?

William couldn't or weren't willing to do it.

It wasn't that William hadn't tried it before. However, whenever he recalled the past, all he wanted to do was to flee.

He wanted to leave this family that could not be considered a home.

He wanted to leave his father.

Today, if it weren't for Cierra, he would never have stayed in this so-called 'home' for so long.

He was willing to compromise because of family affection, but he was not willing to compromise step by step.

Therefore, he didn't care much about Charle's praise at this time.

Only children would be happy because of their parents' approval. He didn't need it anymore.

According to Charle's attitude, he didn't want to play chess anymore. William silently put away the chess pieces and listened to Charle and two old men bragging.

"It's so boring," William thought.

"William, come with me."

As soon as William put away the chessboard, he heard Charle's voice.

William paused as if he had not expected that his father would take the initiative to look for him. William frowned in confusion.

At the side, Sarah reminded him gently, "William, since your father asked you, you should go with him. If his words are unpleasant to the ear, you can scold him back like what you did to Belle at the dinner table today. You don't have to care if he's an elder or not. Do you understand?"

Sarah had fallen out with Belle a long time ago, so she didn't address Belle respectfully in front of the children. Instead, Sarah called Belle by her name.

Hearing Sarah's words, Charle was unhappy.

How could Sarah compare him with Belle?

Charle retorted, "I have something serious to talk to William. You can't wrong me, Sarah."

Although Sarah was weak, she had always been doted on by Charle over the years. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Charle had raised Sarah as his daughter.

Sarah glared at Charle and said, "How can you say that? You were the one who provoked

William every time he came back. You could have explained it clearly, but you insisted on shouting."

Charle didn't say anything and he hoped Sarah could scold him more.

After all, every frown and smile was full of charm.

But Charle was worried about Sarah's health, so Charle could only coax her patiently.

“I know I was wrong. I promise I won’t make the same mistake again this time. I’ll have a good talk with William, okay?”

Hearing Charle’s patient tone, Sarah felt a little embarrassed.

Sarah pushed Charle away and said, “Didn’t you say that you have something to say to William? Why are you talking about me? If you have something important to say, hurry up and talk to William. Don’t waste time!”

Sarah thought. “Everyone is watching from the side, yet Charle has the nerve to come over.”

Especially when Sarah saw Cierra looking at them, she felt even more embarrassed.

She was even clingier than the children at her age. How shameless!

“Okay. I’ll take William to the study right now.”

Hearing his wife’s words, Charle naturally didn’t dare to continue chatting with her. He looked at William who was sitting there.

The father and son were still in a deadlock.

Cierra could tell that William was throwing a tantrum.

Cierra didn’t make any comments on William’s matter.

As a member of the family, she naturally hoped they could get along with each other well.

So Cierra hesitated for a moment and said in a low voice, “William, why don’t you go and have a look? Mom also said that if Dad say something you don’t like, you can scold him back. Why are you afraid of him?”

Chapter 269 Are You Incurably Sick?

“I’m not afraid of him.”

William snorted in a low voice.

He just didn’t want to waste time with Charle. There was nothing to talk about with him.

However, the provocation worked on William. Although he complained, he still got up from the chair and looked up at Charle. His action was self-evident.

Seeing this, Charle breathed a sigh of relief.

If William was willing to talk, it meant that there was still hope of reconciliation.

The father and son went to the study one after another.

Without beating around the bush, Charle got straight to the point and took out a contract from the drawer.

“These are the shares of the MRC Group. I plan to give the shares that I own to the three of you. See if you can accept it. If you can, sign it.”

Charle turned the contract and signing pen to William and explained the distribution at the same time.

“Cierra has suffered a lot outside alone, so I discussed with your mother that half of the shares will be given to her, and the other half will be divided equally between you and Jaquan. If you have any other opinions, you can raise them now, and I will modify them.”

The MRC Group was founded by Charle. He was a director and the largest shareholder of

the company.

The contract on the table was to transfer his personal shares to his children.

Logically speaking, it shouldn't have happened so early.

Although the company had been handed over to Jaquan, Charle was still in good health

.

It didn't matter even if he held these shares all the time.

However, this was not the case that made William surprised. It didn't matter whether

the family property was divided or not. It would be fine if they were all handed over to Jaquan or Cierra.

Anyway, William's company was doing well, so there was no need to add another burden to his shoulders. Otherwise, he would be busy all the time. And it was

troublesome.

What surprised William was that Charle's tone was so calm when talking to him about these things. It was incredible.

After all, in William's opinion, Charle was not the kind of person to negotiate with you. It was good enough that he didn't sign your name directly.

Perhaps it was because this matter was too serious, even Charle's tone was different.

However, William did not intend to sign it.

He didn't even sit down. He directly pushed the contract back. "I can't even handle my own company. How can you leave the mess to us when you are old? Do you really think you are awesome?"

Hearing this, Charle was furious. He slammed the table and shouted, "What nonsense are you talking about?"

William sneered and glared back, as if waiting for Charle to lose his temper. "You're my father. Don't you know what kind of temper I have? Do I look like the kind of person who would go back to the company obediently?"

That's right. William had been naughty since he was young.

Fortunately, Charle didn't control him too much. Most of the time, William was handed over to Jaquan to take care of. If Charle really took William with him carefully, he would probably be lying in the hospital in anger, waiting for William to pull out the oxygen tube for him.

Charle took a deep breath, suppressed his anger, and said patiently, "Your company belongs to you, and my shares should be inherited by you. Is there a conflict between the two? Besides, the company is usually managed by Jaquan, and you don't have to worry about it. Are you not willing to get the money at the end of the *year*?"

William clicked his tongue and did not refute.

William pulled out the chair **in** front of the table and sat down. **He** picked **up** the contract with **his** long fingers and glanced at it briefly. "You asked Jaquan to work while Cierra and I to get the money. What did Jaquan say? Have you asked him?"

Charle didn't hide anything and glared at William. "Of course, your brother is more approachable than you, and he agreed."

Of course, the process was not easy.

Just like William, Jaquan didn't intend to take these shares.

There was no other reason. Jaquan had his own company under his name. When he took over the MRC Group in the early years, he had already bought some shares with his own

money.

That was to say, the biggest shareholder of the group, in addition to Charle, was Jaquan. If he accepted a part of his father's shares, Jaquan would be the biggest shareholder.

Jaquan was unwilling to accept it. He wanted to hand it over to Cierra.

On the one hand, he didn't need it. On the other hand, he wanted to compensate Cierra.

As a result, Charle shifted the majority of the shares to Cierra. He would have tried his best to persuade Jaquan to agree.

But Jaquan still didn't sign it. He insisted that he would sign it after getting William's approval.

As such, Charle began to persuade William.

Unfortunately, it was still hard.

"It's reasonable for Jaquan to agree. He has been working in the company for a long time. I haven't been in the company for a day. Have you ever considered Jaquan's feelings if you give me these inexplicably?"

Even if William got the answer, his attitude was still the same.

He threw the paper on the table.

"I don't want to. That company in New York has already given me a headache. If you ask me to be a shareholder of the MRC Group, it will be annoying."

"You!"

Charle was about to scold William again, but when he met William's gaze, he stopped.

In a fit of pique, Charle knocked on the table and said, "If you don't want it, then I will give it to Cierra and Jaquan. You voluntarily give it up. Don't make a fuss at that time!"

"Is there anything else? If not, I'm leaving."

William couldn't wait to leave those messes to Jaquan, and he was impatient.

His indifferent attitude angered Charle.

For other people's children, they would fight tooth and nail for the family property, such as the West family in Chicago.

His family, on the other hand, thought it was troublesome and were eager to let someone else take over the company.

Charle didn't know whether to be happy or worried.

Charle thought. "My sons have the ability to make their own career prosperous. The family business that I have worked so hard for becomes something that no one wants, right?"

"Forget it."

Charle didn't force William to sign the contract and put it away for the time being.

"Since you don't want it for the time being, let's talk about it later. I won't force you. As for your company, I have checked it out. It has done a good job in the industry. If you need financial support, you can talk to Jaquan. You can ask for as much as you want.

"Also, I asked you to move the company back to Los Angeles last time. After that, I reflected on it. Your mother and sister also told me that it was my fault. I apologize to you here."

Charle's tone was very serious, which made William stunned.

The laziness on his body was slightly restrained. William raised his eyelids to look at his father speechlessly and complicatedly.

It seemed that Charle had expected William's attitude, so he didn't overreact.

However, Charle was still a little disappointed and did not show it on his face.

Charle sighed softly and said, "Today is your birthday. After today, you will be 30 years old. Don't be so willful and casual. Find a girl to get married as soon as possible and settle down.

"Anyway, there are some signs on Jaquan's side. Don't think about having fun all the time. Now that you have a career, it will be safer for you to have a family. Your mother and

d I are not urging you to get married and have children, but with someone to accompany you for the rest of your life, you won't be lonely.

"Of course, if you have your own thoughts, we won't interfere. In short, you have us behind you, so you won't be alone. It's just that we may not be able to accompany you all the time, right?"

As soon as Charle finished speaking, he received an inexplicable look of William.

After a while, William asked with uncertainty.

"Old man, are you terminally ill?"

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Chapter 270 Tears of Joy

"Brat, are you f**king cursing me?"

As soon as William finished speaking, Charle shouted. William closed his eyes and almost covered his ears exaggeratedly.

There was even an echo in the room that did not dissipate for a long time.

William frowned. It was only after the voice had ceased that he slowly opened his mouth to speak.

"I didn't mean to curse you. It's because you seemed..."

William didn't want to embarrass his father, so he swallowed the words "to make arrangements after the funeral".

He could not be blamed for letting his imagination run wild.

Charle often scolded him and never said a good word to him over the phone. Charle was as arrogant as ever on the phone.

Wasn't it the case when they had dinner last time?

William hadn't been home for so many years. For ordinary fathers, they would more or less express some concern for the child. But what about Charle? He asked William to move the company back to Los Angeles. What kind of tone was that?

Unlike today, he had tried to reason with William in a soft voice and even asked William to sign the contract of the shares.

It was hard not to make William's imagination run wild.

Charle sneered and finally raised his voice. "Do you think I am willing to talk to you in that tone? It's all because of your mother and sister. Last night, they talked to me earnestly and asked me to communicate with you!"

Charle thought. "I have communicated with him and reason with him patiently.

"But what about him?"

"He is cursing me to death!"

Although William didn't say the latter half of his words, Charle could tell.

Charle thought, "Make arrange about?"

after my funeral? Ha, what the hell is he talking

Charle didn't want to talk to William anymore. He got up from his chair and said to

William in a bad mood.

"I'm almost done talking to you. There are only two things. One is the shares, and the other is that your mother hopes that you can get married. Take your birthday gift and get out of here!"

This tone of voice actually made William much more comfortable.

He glanced at the box on the table that had been pushed over by Charle in a bad mood

and h**ked it over.

The design of the flat box was quite exquisite. At first glance, one could tell that it was made by the childish Sarah.

William opened it directly in front of Charle. There was a document inside.

It was the office building where the XR Entertainment was located.

Charle bought the building directly and gave it to William as a gift.

William was a little surprised.

Charle's tone improved a little. Seeing that William was staring at the document in a daze, Charle explained a little unnaturally.

“Jaquan said that your company’s real estate in New York has been rented so far. I originally thought that if you were willing to move back to Los Angeles, you could just set up a company near the MRC Group directly. But you are not willing. You can’t...”

“It’s really embarrassing for me if you rent an office outside.”

Charle was obviously doing this for William’s own good, but he still didn’t admit it.

William clicked his tongue and accepted the gift. He said casually, “I like it very much. Thank you.”

Charle snorted and glanced at William. “I’ve said what I should say. It’s up to you whether you want to listen to me or not. As for which city you want to stay in, it’s up to you. But remember to come back often on holidays, understand?”

Charle was concerned about William. Even though the relationship

betw

ween the father

and son was in a deadlock, Charle still hoped that the family would be more lively during the holidays, so he earnestly advised William again.

However, William said casually, “It is not a big deal. Is it necessary for you to pretend to be terminally ill?”

“You!”

Before Charle could curse out loud, William had already rushed out of the study with the gift, leaving only an arrogant response.

“Got it. You talk too much. Take care of yourself!”

The long voice seemed to linger in the study for a long time.

After a long while, Charle came to his senses and couldn’t help chuckling. “This brat!”

Charle shook his head and slowly sat down on the chair in the study.

He was so old that he felt a little tired after shouting a few times.

Charle pulled over the photo frame on the desk, and his eyes with fine lines curved. He looked at the family in the photo frame and sighed softly.

The photo was taken in the year of William’s birth. At that time, the company was a little better, and it had not even changed its name to the MRC Group. It was just a small factory, and the whole family lived in it.

Unlike Jaquan, there were too many things to do in the company after William was born. Charle ate and lived almost every day in the company. He didn't come back to see his wife much, let alone take care of the child.

Fortunately, Jaquan was sensible and knew how to take care of his younger brother and mother.

After that, Jaquan and William grew up. Charle intended to train Jaquan to be his heir. The more he looked at the naughty second son, the more annoyed he became, so he allowed William to do whatever he wanted.

Later, his business was successful, and Sarah accidentally had a third child.

They were overjoyed to have a child at such an old age.

However, it was unexpected that an accident would happen. As soon as the child was born, the child disappeared in the earthquake.

In the following days, Charle had to take care of the company and his wife, so he didn't pay attention to William

It was his fault that their father-son relationship had come to this stage.

But men were proud, especially as fathers. Even if they knew that they had done something wrong, it was not easy for them to apologize to their children.

Charle thought that if he gave William a way out, William would be able to go down.

He didn't expect William to be so stubborn.

Charle thought. "But it made sense. William is our child, so his personality is inevitably similar to ours.

"Back then, when the Chester family had tried every means to make things difficult for Sarah in order to prevent her from marrying me, she had stubbornly persisted.

"Fortunately, I did not disappoint Sarah.

"And William did not disappoint me.

"It is my fault for not being a qualified father.

"It is the same when it comes to Jaquan and Cierra.

“I lacked care for the former and I didn’t take care of the latter.

“I should apologize for my dereliction of duty.”

Charle heaved a heavy sigh of relief and put the photo frame back on the table. A smile appeared on his handsome and elegant face.

Now that their family was reunited, it was time for them to have a new family picture.

It was better to apologize today than any other day. The family picture should also be taken today!

Thinking of this, Charle took out his mobile phone and called Jaquan, asking him to go

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home early in the evening.

In the small garden, seeing Jaquan come back, Cierra also asked Mrs. Taylor to take out the cake from the kitchen.

“Has William finished talking with Dad? We were chatting and are a little hungry. Come and cut your cake, William.”

“Great, cut the cake!”

Will clapped his hands happily in agreement.

Sarah looked at everything in front of her with a smile, and her eyes were slightly red.

It had been a long time since their family had been so lively.

This missing girl was really their lucky star.

As soon as Cierra got home, the house became much more lively.

Not only did William restrain his temper, but Jaquan came back often so that he wouldn’t stay in the company every day.

As for Will, he didn’t look like a child at all in the past. He was as mature as an adult, which made Sarah always reflect on what she hadn’t taught him well.

It was great that Will knew how to cry and laugh. Children should grow up happily.

“That’s great.” Sarah thought.

Looking at everything in front of her with red eyes, Sarah could not hold back her tears.

When Charle came out of the study and saw Sarah like this, he thought that something was wrong. He immediately felt distressed and said, "Sarah, why are you crying on such a happy day? Did the insects get into your eyes?"

Sarah shook her head. Not only was her eyes red, but her face was also flushed.

"I'm happy. I'm crying with joy. Do you understand?"