

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 256

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Chapter 256 Honored Guests!

Dr. Charles and Freddy were interested in delicious food. The main reason they came to Los Angeles was for Cierra, and the second reason was naturally for her cooking skills.

At this moment, seeing the dishes on the table, they only thought about when they would sit down and start eating. They didn't care what Belle meant and just smiled.

politely.

"It's us two old bastards who benefited from everyone. I don't know when that girl will be lazy and unwilling to cook."

The two elders didn't mind, but the Barton family was embarrassed.

This was especially true for Sarah. Because of her sister's words, her face was a little hot.

"You're too polite. As long as you like it, Cierra is willing to cook for you. I just hope you can stay for a few more days."

Without waiting for the children to sit down, Sarah added food for the two old men.

"Please eat first. Don't worry about the children. There is no need to stand on ceremony.

Just eat."

They were the elders who took care of Cierra in New York, so they should be treated with respect.

Seeing this, Belle was even more furious.

Belle thought. "Ever since I got divorced and came back from New York, Sarah has disliked me and even quarreled with me once.

"We are a family, so I don't take it to heart. I think that as long as Sarah comes to coax me once, I will pretend that nothing has happened.

"Unfortunately, not even once!

Even in the past few years when I am in Los Angeles, Sarah has not returned to the Chester family home. And she hasn't also visited the parents. What arrogance!

"If it weren't for the honored guest from the Trevino family, I wouldn't have come to the Barton family to get into trouble.

"They treats the two old men coming from nowhere better than me. Is there a need for me to come here again in the future?"

But Belle was still angry. "Sarah, the children haven't come yet. Is it good to eat?"

"It's okay. We are of the younger generation. It is our fault for being late."

As soon as Belle finished speaking, she was interrupted by a voice coming from the door of the dining room.

Jaquan led the two brothers in and glanced at the layout of the dining table.

Jaquan heaved a sigh of relief when he saw that Wanda had sat down with Will.

The little boy occupied a small area, and there was still a space between him and Sarah. Obviously, it was reserved for Cierra.

On the other side were the seats of Belle and her daughter.

Seeing Jaquan, Cherry immediately smiled and said, "Jaquan."

Cherry pulled out the chair next to her and put on a sweet smile that sounded like her voice.

“Come and sit down. The food is getting cold.”

Jaquan’s gaze fell on Wanda, who was looking sideways at the child. Jaquan lowered his eyes slightly.

When Cherry saw this, there was a hint of unwillingness in her eyes.

“Jaquan, what are you waiting for?”

“Ms. Riley, you don’t call the others, but you call Jaquan intimately. People who don’t know the truth might think that you can only see Jaquan and no one else.”

William had already seen through the undercurrents in the dining room. With a sneer, he stepped forward and sat down next to Cherry.

Although it was a little disgusting, for the sake of Jaquan’s marriage, he had to bear it!

Cherry felt William was annoying.

Cherry had never had an advantage over William, and she was even mocked by him. The moment William sat down, Cherry was on the verge of exploding.

She didn’t care about etiquette and almost cried out on the spot.

“William, can you behave yourself? Jaquan hasn’t even sat down yet. As his younger brother, isn’t it too rude for you to sit down first?”

“I’m rude? Cherry, Jaquan didn’t say anything. Why do you educate me for him first? Who is rude?”

William was not afraid that Cherry would pester him endlessly. Anyway, he could make more trouble than she could.

“Besides, this is my home. It’s none of your business whether I behave myself or not.”

It was indeed rude to say such words to a guest.

But for an unwelcome guest, the people at the table hoped William could say more.

As a result, Charle, who had always paid attention to the reputation, didn’t say anything to William.

Cherry still wanted to say something, but before she could speak, her waist was pinched by Belle, and she had to swallow her words.

Not only that, but her eyes were also red.

Cherry sat up straight and sat on the chair, looking pitiful.

Belle put the cup heavily on the table and said, “Sarah, Charle, it’s not that I want to criticize you, but that you really didn’t discipline William well. Cherry and I are not the only ones at the table today. There are also two old guests. Are you just going to watch him bully us like this? Or do you think that we can be bullied without a man to rely on?”

As soon as Belle finished speaking, the whole dining room fell silent.

It made Belle feel even more embarrassed.

Belle also felt wronged. She cried out to Charle, “Charle, you used to be sensible. You used to scold William when he did something wrong in the past. Are you just going to watch him bully Cherry today?”

Charle raised his head and glanced across the room.

Belle picked up her handkerchief and pretended to cry. Cherry, who was next to her, was even more pitiful. It was unknown whether she was pinched or felt wronged.

As for William, who was next to him, he was smiling.

A mocking smile hung on William’s wild face. He looked at his biological father. His disdain and ridicule were even more piercing.

It was just being scolded by his father. He had been scolded by his father since he was a

child. Was he afraid?

However, to everyone's surprise, Charle didn't say anything to William.

Charle coughed softly and said seriously, "Today is William's birthday. I was happy to celebrate with him, and I didn't invite you two. It's okay to come, but you wanted to teach us the rules. Not only that, but now you're crying and saying that William bullied you. Is that reasonable?"

Belle's eyes widened. She didn't expect Charle to say something like that.

She thought. "Haven't the father and son always been at odds with each other?"

"Why will Charle stand up for William?"

"Brother-in-law." Belle said in disbelief.

"Don't call me that. I don't deserve to be your brother-in-law."

Charle interrupted Belle mercilessly. "Every time you come here, you either give your sister a headache or disturb our family. Today, we finally decided to gather because of William's birthday, but you made up some nonsense again. If you don't want to be our guest, you can take your daughter away now. We can't afford it and can't entertain you well."

Charle didn't seem to be joking. He almost got up and made a gesture to ask Belle and Cherry to leave.

Belle had no choice but to swallow it.

What made them even angrier was that a sneer came from the side, which was simply a slap in their faces.

Holding back her anger, Belle tried to regain her dignity.

But after looking around, she still couldn't find the person she wanted to see.

Immediately, she began to lose her temper again. "Charles, it's okay for you to treat me like this, but where are the two distinguished guests I brought? Don't you ask someone to invite them? They're honored guests from New York!"

Chapter 257 No Way!

"Belle, it's you who brought them here, not us. Even if they are distinguished guests, you have to take responsibility for their disappearance, right? What's more, our Barton family don't welcome them at all."

William was not as polite as his parents. If he was unhappy, he could just say it out loud. He didn't give Belle any face at all.

Belle was so angry that her face turned red. "How, how can you talk to your elders like that?"

William smiled and said, "Haven't I always had a bad temper? It's not the first time that you've met me,

belle."

"That's right." Belle thought.

"Every time I meet William, he is not kind to me and ridicule me as much as possible."

It had been a long time since William had returned to Los Angeles, and Belle had forgotten what kind of people he was.

She couldn't win the argument, so Belle didn't say anything but put on airs.

"Yes, it's my fault for bringing them here without telling you in advance, but I did it for your own good. She's Mr. Trevino of the Trevino family in New York. If I bring them here to visit our family, won't it be a honor for our Barton family?"

Honor?

William couldn't help sneering in a presumptuous manner.

How could Belle be so thick-skinned to say such words like our Barton family?

The people at the table didn't bother to talk to Belle and didn't correct her. Otherwise, they would scold her for being shameless.

When Belle heard William's mocking sneer, her expression became even more serious.

"William, I'm serious. I heard that your company is also in New York. The Trevino family has been established for many years. If there is any project to deal with, you have to rely on them! I brought them here today. You have to thank me!"

"Yes, thank you for sending me a big gift on my birthday."

William picked up the goblet in front of him and raised his hand to Belle.

Belle frowned, and her voice suddenly stopped.

She thought. "This kid is not normal. Normally, he would have scolded me a long time ago. Why would he propose a toast to me?"

"It is really strange."

However, Belle didn't argue with him anymore.

"It's best if you can think like that."

Belle raised her glass in return.

"I didn't know about it before, but after seeing Cierra, I found out that she had divorced with the Trevino family. I can understand that you are prejudiced against Mr. Trevino because of that marriage, but you can't blame me. I didn't know that Cierra was Mr. Trevino's ex-wife, right? I just brought Mr. Trevino here out of kindness. If I had known it earlier, I wouldn't have brought them here again."

As soon as Belle finished speaking, the atmosphere at the dining table darkened.

Even the good-tempered Sarah put down her fork.

On the one hand, Sarah had been enduring it because Belle was her younger sister. Even

if they fell out with each other, they were related by blood, so it was meaningless to say more.

On the other hand, Sarah knew that it was useless to say anything. Belle was thick-skinned. Last time, when Belle spoke up for the Trevino family, Sarah got angry when Belle acted as a matchmaker for Cierra. But today, Belle still dared to come and even brought them here in person.

People should have self-knowledge, but Belle had no self-knowledge at all!

Just as Sarah was about to lose her temper, a woman's cold voice came from the door of the dining room.

"From what you said, if I weren't Mr. Trevino's ex-wife, you would think that there's nothing wrong with bringing Mr. Trevino to visit our house, right?"

Belle thought. "That's right."

At the same time, she raised her head slightly to show off her pride.

After all, the Trevino family stood at the top of the industry in New York and was completely worthy of the Barton family. Shouldn't she be proud since she could bring people to visit?

But Belle was not a fool. She knew what to say and what not to say.

There were no ifs, then why should she speak so bluntly?

In Belle's opinion, even if she brought benefits to the Barton family, these ungrateful people would not remember her kindness.

Seeing her like this, Cierra understood what was going on.

However, Cierra refused to let it go. After putting the food on the table, she sat down beside Sarah and said with a faint smile.

"Before I met you, I heard from my Mom that you wanted to introduce Mr. Trevino to me, and today you brought him here in person. Can I understand that if I'm not Mr. Trevino's ex-wife, you plan to let me have a blind date with Mr. Trevino today?"

Now that her scheme had been exposed, Belle felt a little embarrassed.

Especially when she was questioned by a person of the younger generation in such a tone, Belle felt even more embarrassed.

"I'm doing this for your own good. Mr. Trevino is outstanding. Many girls in New York want to be with him. If it weren't for me, it wouldn't be your turn! I'm introducing you because I have you in my heart."

The smile on Cierra's face widened. "Thank you so much. We haven't even met each other yet, but you're already worried that I won't be able to get married, so you help me arrange a blind date. I've just returned home. My mother hopes that I can spend a few more years accompanying her."

Cierra was mocking Belle for meddling in other people's business.

Cierra thought. "Even my biological mother has not been worried about my marriage, but my aunt, whom I have never seen before, is worried.

"How can Belle meddle in my business like this?"

Hearing the sarcasm in Cierra's words, Belle's face darkened.

"Cierra, I don't like what you're saying. I've done so much for your own good. Look, you've grown up outside. Do you think any of the upper-class young men in Los Angeles will like you? Even if they do, which one of them is better than the Trevino family?"

Pa!

As soon as Belle finished speaking, she was interrupted by the sound of forks hitting the

table.

"That's enough!"

It was Charle who lost his temper. His usual gentle and elegant face was filled with anger, and the sense of oppression of a superior was also fully displayed at this time.

He glared at Belle. "It's not up to you to decide my daughter's marriage. Even if she doesn't want to get married and stays in the Barton family for the rest of her life, it isn't a big deal! She has been stranded outside for more than 20 years. It's my dereliction of duty as a father. It's not her fault. Why do you look down on her? Are people in circle nobler than her?"

When Charle married Sarah, he was ridiculed by the so-called upper class.

your

Now that he had climbed up step by step, they were laughing at his daughter? What nonsense!

Just because their family was rich, they dared to look down on the others.

Did they think the Barton family was poor? Why did Cierra need other people's evaluation?

Before Belle got married more than 20 years ago, Charle had been yelling at her like this. Now that Belle's daughter had grown up and the two families had always been on friendly terms. Bella had never seen Charle so angry.

The fear hidden in her heart was gradually lifted.

After all, it was the younger generation who were going against her now. At this time, it was Charle, who was reaching the top step by step.

"Brother-in-law, I didn't mean that..."

"I don't care what you mean. Cierra's marriage is only up to her. It's not up to you to decide! Not to mention the Trevino family in New York, even if the Trevino family in the Capital City comes to propose marriage, they have to get Cierra's permission. Otherwise, there's no way!"

Chapter 258 How Embarrassing!

Hearing that, Belle was so scared that her back bent and she collapsed on the chair.

She opened her mouth and took a long time to calm down.

"Charle, don't be angry. You know what kind of person I am. I always do bad things with good intentions. I just kindly hope that Cierra can marry into a good family. It's not that I want to hurt her. Stop scolding me. I won't mention it again, okay?"

Belle tried to pick up some food for Charle in an attempt to ease the atmosphere.

However, as soon as she raised her hand, she was glared at by Charle and she did not dare to move.

Cierra didn't miss Belle's little trick and snorted.

Bullying the weak and fearing the strong was human nature.

Cierra filled a bowl of soup for Sarah and slowly said what she had been holding back for a long time.

"Belle, thank you for your kindness, but I think that ordinary people should care about their children. If I remember correctly, Cherry should be a few years older than me and hasn't gotten married yet. Since the Trevino family has this intention, why don't you let Cherry go on a blind date with Mr. Trevino?"

"I already have someone I like. How can I go on a blind date with another man?"

Without waiting for Belle to reply, Cherry spoke first.

As she spoke, she glanced at Jaquan next to her with obvious intentions.

However, there was still William between her and Jaquan. Naturally, her gaze would fall

on William first before she could look at Jaquan.

William's action was exaggerated. "Wow, Cherry, you actually like me? Don't be like this. Getting married with relatives is easy to give birth to fools. It's scary!"

"Who likes you?"

Hearing William's words, Cherry's face turned red, and she wished she could stand up and stamp her feet.

William deliberately said loudly, "If you don't like me, why are you looking at me?"

"I..."

Cherry pouted and poked the bottom of the bowl with her fork, unwilling to speak.

Yes, she liked Jaquan.

But was it wrong to like her cousin?

Besides, medicine was so advanced now. Who said that their child must be a fool?

Moreover, Cherry didn't really want to have a baby. Anyway, Jaquan already had a child.

Cherry thought. "Although the child is an illegitimate child that his mother is unwilling to raise, he still has Jaquan's blood. It is not impossible for me to raise him reluctantly.

"If possible, I want to give birth to a child and then drive this bastard out."

Cherry thought happily and even began to name her future baby.

However, the dream was quickly shattered by William.

"You what? If you are not looking at me, can it be that you are looking at my elder brother or Harold?"

William decided to reveal all Cherry's thoughts to the public without showing any mercy.

“Don’t think about my big brother. He is the same as me. As for Harold... Wow, no way. He is so young. You can’t covert him.”

“William!”

William’s words were getting more and more excessive. Cherry couldn’t help biting her lip and interrupting him. Her fierce eyes seemed to want to pick up the bowl on the table and throw it directly at William’s head.

But she didn’t dare.

She didn’t dare to fight at the Barton family’s table.

She didn’t dare to admit that she liked Jaquan.

Cherry’s eyes turned red. She lowered her head and poked her bowl, not saying another

word.

Unexpectedly, Belle did not speak up to defend Cherry this time.

William didn’t care about it. Anyway, no matter what the mother and daughter said, he dared to refute them.

What surprised William was that his father didn’t say a word to him and just let him bully his “good cousin” and make her cry.

It was really shocking.

His father, who had always disliked him, actually stopped educating him no matter what William did, which really made William a little shocked.

The atmosphere was eased by Jaquan’s presence.

Jaquan said, “Keep your mouth shut. If you talk too much, even if it is your birthday today, you have to go out and stand still. You can come in after everyone finishes eating.”

Then, Jaquan looked at Cherry.

“Cherry, I apologize to you on William’s behalf for his rude words just now, In addition, I’m very happy to hear that you have someone you like. I hope that you can get married as soon as possible. As your cousin, I will prepare a generous gift to congratulate you on your marriage,”

It could be said that Jaquan had tactfully rejected Cherry's idea and cut off her thoughts.

Later, Jaquan's eyes finally fell on Belle.

"Aunt, we don't know if you are worried about my sister's marriage out of kindness or not, but I agree with my father. Even if my sister doesn't get married and stays in the Barton family for the rest of her life, we can afford to raise her."

"L..."

Belle tried to refute, but was interrupted by Jaquan before she could finish her words.

Like his father, Jaquan's sense of oppression of a superior didn't allow anyone to speak first.

Even though Jaquan was young, others did not dare to look straight into his eyes.

His gaze darkened slightly as he stared straight at Belle. "You heard what Cherry said just now. She has someone she likes, so she rejected the Trevino family. But when you arranged the marriage for my sister, did you consider if my sister had someone she liked? Or have you considered if she's willing to accept this marriage? Even if my sister really needs to go on a blind date, the matter should be confirmed after the man and Cierra agree, right?"

It was too rude to bring others to the Barton family for no reason.

It was already very polite of the Barton family not to drive them all out.

On the contrary, Belle was taking advantage of the situation to ask for credit.

If Belle had the illusion that she was a great hero, no one knew what would happen in the future.

Charle had already lost his temper at the dining table just now, so it would be better to make it clear in front of everyone.

There would not be any trouble in the future if he made it clear, including his good cousin's feelings for him.

As soon as Jaquan finished speaking, the dining table fell completely silent.

William didn't dare to make trouble anymore. He put down his fork and enjoyed the awkward silence quietly.

But there were not only his family members at the table, but also the two old men in the main seats.

It was not appropriate to stay in a deadlock, so Charle took the initiative to raise his glass.

“All right, it is fine that we have solve the conflict and misunderstanding. Have a good meal at the dining table and don’t make any more nonsense. Today is William’s birthday. Be happy. Let’s put other things aside and have a good meal.”

Charle raised his glass and took a sip, indicating that they should let it go.

At the same time, Charle looked at the two elders sitting in the main seats and said, “I didn’t treat you as outsiders. I told you some family affairs in front of you. Please don’t mind.”

“No, I don’t mind. I also treat Cierra as my family. We are a family!”

Freddy also raised his glass and said politely.

It was also because he was in someone else’s house. Otherwise, with Freddy’s temper, he would scold Belle with William.

Although Dr. Charles was a little alienated, he only cared about the food on the table. He had never cared about anything else.

Dr. Charles chimed in, “Let’s not argue anymore. It’s inappropriate if we argue since there are so many delicious dishes!

Chapter 259 Of course

“That’s right. A family should be friendly.”

Belle, who was sitting on the right-hand side of Dr. Charles, also said, raising her glass and smiling apologetically.

“Just now,

I didn’t know the rules and made a noise at the dining table. I will drink a little more as an apology. I hope you don’t take it to heart. Let’s eat and drink.”

As soon as Belle finished speaking, the atmosphere at the table was dampened. Fortunately, Belle didn’t say anything too arrogant this time, and no one refuted her.

The two old men in the main seats broke the deadlock first.

“That’s right. It’s better to be friendly.”

“Yes, let’s have a good meal. Let’s not talk about anything else. Come and have a taste of Cierra’s cooking. I didn’t have enough last night.”

Because of the delicious food, the depressing atmosphere at the table finally dissipated a lot.

Even if some people were still furious in their hearts, they didn’t dare to vent it arrogantly. They could only bite the delicious food in their mouths while cursing in their hearts.

After several rounds of drinking, Cierra quietly left the table.

Of course, it was not that no one noticed her, especially Sarah and the nephew sitting next to Cierra.

“There’s something else in the kitchen. I’ll go and have a look.”

Cierra explained with a smile.

Of course, these words were false. The dishes had been served long ago, and even the

had been served. What else could there be in the kitchen?

soup

Only the cake Cierra baked was in the kitchen, but it was not the time to eat it now.

There was already enough food on the dining table. Considering that Coby and the others might come over, Cierra prepared more.

Now that Joshua and Coby were not here, the food was naturally enough.

Cierra sneaked out to see Ryan.

Even though it wasn’t the Barton family that invited them over, they were guests no matter what. Even if they were unwelcomed guests, it was better not to go too far.

Her parents and brothers ignored the two distinguished guests from New York. However, it was not good for Cierra to ignore them.

No matter what, Ryan was good to Cierra.

After leaving the dining room, Cierra went straight to the room that she had pointed out to Ryan earlier.

The afternoon sun shone through the various trees in the garden and fell on the eaves and corridors. It was not stuffy and hot, but it made people feel gentler.

The door of the room was open, and it was decorated in an ancient traditional style. There was a small bamboo couch there, and Ryan was lying there playing with his mobile phone.

Further in, there was a screen. Cierra could vaguely see the person lying on the bed.

Cierra knocked on the door and said in a cold voice, "Mr. West."

Ryan raised his eyes and smiled. He put away his phone and walked casually toward Cierra.

He stopped at the door, leaned against the door frame, and said casually, "Should I call you Ms. Barton or Ms. Boyle now?"

Cierra rolled her eyes at him. "Mr. West, why are you still thinking about this? Didn't you always call me Cierra? Just call me like before. I'm afraid I won't be used to it if you change the way you call me."

Cierra took a step back and made a gesture of invitation.

"I'll take you to eat something. I didn't treat you well. Please don't mind."

"I wouldn't dare. I'm grateful that your brothers didn't beat me up." Ryan pretended to be exaggerating and followed Cierra with his long legs.

Cierra chuckled and glanced back at him. "It's not impossible for you to be beaten up."

Ryan immediately raised his hands. "No. I'm just saying it casually."

Cierra snorted and walked at a steady pace. "How is he?"

Cierra's tone was casual, as if she was not asking about her ex-husband who had made enemies with her, but just an old friend who had not been seen for many years.

Ryan looked up with a complicated expression on his face.

As if Cierra could read his mind, she added, "I was just asking. I was just worried that he would die at my house. I wasn't concerned about him."

Ryan clicked his tongue. "Cierra, you're so cruel!"

Cierra squinted at him and said slowly, "Is that so? Why do I feel that William didn't hit him hard enough? If it weren't for the fact that I was afraid that something would happen to him at my house, I would have stepped on him."

Ryan glanced at her face. What Cierra said seemed to be true.

But when Ryan thought about the situation at that time, he remembered that Cierra had indeed kicked Draven, so he swallowed all the teasing words in his mouth.

Ryan said in a much more serious tone, "Draven didn't fight back when he was beaten by Mr. Barton, but he endured it himself. I just checked his condition in the room. It's not serious, but his injury is not light. I guess he should go to the hospital after he wakes up."

As he spoke, Ryan observed Cierra's expression.

Seeing that there was no change in her expression, Ryan emphasized the last few words.

"Don't worry. I'll take him away when he wakes up. I won't let him be an eyesore in front of you again."

If it were anyone else, perhaps Cierra would feel guilty and even take the initiative to send him to the hospital.

However, it was a pity that the person who was beaten up was none other than Draven.

She couldn't wait for his injuries to worsen.

Therefore, there was still a faint smile on Cierra's bright face, and there was no other expression on her face. She even agreed with Ryan's words.

"By the way, tell him not to show up in front of me in the future. Otherwise, I don't know which brother of mine will beat him up next time. It is not a big deal if they beat him up once or twice, but if they do it too many times, I can't guarantee it. If he blackmails me, I will suffer a loss."

Ryan stopped talking and didn't dare to pretend to be miserable in front of Cierra.

Ryan opened his mouth and silently swallowed the words mixed with scheming, turning them into something else.

"Okay! I'll tell him when he wakes up, but I can't guarantee that he won't be an eyesore in front of you. After all, his legs are on him..."

“I’m very curious.

Before Ryan could finish his sentence, Cierra interrupted him.

She did not continue to walk to the kitchen. She stopped at the kitchen door and looked at Ryan quietly.

“He was the one who proposed the divorce. After I left New York, he was also preparing for the wedding with Aleah. When the wedding was ruined, he tried his best to find me. Is it interesting?”

“Mr. West, I really admire you. Although you change girlfriends fast, at least you handle every relationship well. When you are with your current girlfriend, you won’t miss your ex-girlfriend, nor will you go back after breaking up with her.

“You’re Draven’s good friend. Didn’t you teach him this before?”

What’s more, what Cierra said was basic common sense. There was no need for anyone to teach Draven at all.

She really couldn’t figure out what was on Draven’s mind.

Ryan was speechless.

He did have taught Draven.

Ryan didn’t know how many times he had told Draven how to deal with his feelings, but Draven was crazy and didn’t stop it.

Draven was so stubborn that no one could see through him.

Who could teach a stubborn guy?

Of course, these words couldn’t be explained clearly to Cierra.

Ryan sighed and pretended to be serious. “We have to figure it out by ourselves. What’s the use of teaching him? Cierra, don’t you think so?”

Cierra smiled, “Of course.”

Chapter 260 I Don’t Dare

“When it comes to feelings, in the end, you still have to think about it yourself. Others can’t explain it clearly.”

Cierra had a smile on her face as she raised her eyes and looked at Ryan. Her gaze caused

Ryan to panic.

Cierra said in a cold voice, "Since others can't make it clear when it comes to feelings, I also hope that you won't speak up for Draven. Otherwise, I don't know if I can continue to treat you as a friend."

Ryan's expression changed slightly.

Cierra had already seen through his intentions.

Ryan coughed lightly and raised a hand to make an oath. "I promise I won't mention him again."

Cierra shook her head with a casual smile.

"It's not that exaggerated. You can still mention him. But don't talk nonsense in front of me."

The implication was that Ryan shouldn't say something ambiguous and try to soften her heart and make her turn back.

Although Cierra was a person who remembered kindness and did not bear grudges and would not always have hatred in her heart, she did not have the hobby of getting together with her ex-husband..

No matter how good Draven was, Cierra was not interested in turning back since they had broken up.

Besides, Draven was not necessarily a good person.

He was just a jerk.

There was some food in the kitchen that Cierra had brought out alone. She had prepared

too many dishes, so she didn't put them on the table in the dining room.

It would be good to give it to Ryan.

"You don't know anyone at the dining table, and my parents and brothers don't like you two very much. It may be awkward for you to go there. Can you eat here?"

Cierra served Ryan food and placed it on a table in the kitchen.

Although it was a little shabby, it was comfortable to enjoy the delicious food here alone. under the sunlight.

Ryan naturally didn't mind. He immediately took a large mouthful of food.

"Sure! Of course. Cierra, I can eat anywhere, not to mention that you made this meal!"

There was no doubt that Cierra was a good cook. Ryan was stunned as soon as he ate a mouthful of food. He wished he could put all the dishes into his mouth with one bite.

This meal was even more delicious than the dishes cooked by the chefs in L'Opera Restaurant!

It was late to begin with. Now that Ryan had encountered delicious food, he enjoyed the

food very much.

The only drawback was that some of the dishes had cooled down and were not as delicious as when they had just been made.

But the weather was hot, so it didn't matter.

After a few bites, the food was reduced by half.

Perhaps it was because Cierra had not left yet, so Ryan had to consider his image a little.

After filling his stomach, Ryan looked at Cierra with some embarrassment.

"Cierra, have you eaten yet? Do you want to join me? I think there are quite a lot of dishes."

Cierra couldn't help but smile. "What do you think?"

How could the daughter of the Barton family not be allowed to eat at the dining table?

In other words, Ryan and Draven were so pitiful that they couldn't even sit at the dining table. Ryan could eat in the kitchen.

Ryan was even worse than a servant.

However, compared to Draven, Ryan's luck was not bad.

At least he had something to eat. And the scenery here was not bad.

If he really went to the dining table, Cierra was afraid that Ryan wouldn't dare to eat in front of her parents and brothers.

Ryan sighed faintly and began to eat again.

After putting away the food, Cierra was not in a hurry to leave.

She didn't eat much, and she had had enough at the dining table just now. Besides, there was still cake later, so she didn't have to look at Belle and Cherry she didn't like at the dining table.

The cake in the oven was just a baked embryo. There was no cream on it, so Cierra wanted to work on it right now.

She was very focused on cooking. No matter what kind of food it was, she ground it little by little.

She didn't learn it from L'Opera Restaurant. She learned it in order to please Ernest Trevino.

Ernest Trevino liked sweets, but the sweets bought outside were too sweet.

In addition, Ernest Trevino's taste was very picky, and snacks bought from outside were always not to his liking. He felt that it was extravagant to hire a pastry chef to make snacks for him alone, so he refused in the end.

Even though the Trevino Group had become the overlord of New York, Ernest Trevino was still reluctant to waste a penny in the end.

Cierra was quite talented in food, and at that time, she was also interested in making snacks.

In addition, at that time, she had been bullied by Aleah all day long. In addition to her fear, the Trevino family had become her safe haven.

She stayed in the Trevino family's bakery room for all day long. And she felt at ease.

After going abroad, Cierra began to think about the delicious food in her hometown, so she began to concentrate on studying the recipes of the L'Opera Restaurant.

After so many years, it was still easy for Cierra to make sweets, and she didn't feel unfamiliar with it.

Decorating the cake was done in one smooth motion, and the pattern on the cake made her very satisfied.

Under the shade of the trees, William was wearing a pair of short-sleeved t-shirt and slippers, which made him look wild, casual, and handsome. On the little figure's shoulder, there was the word "William".

Although the painting was not exquisite enough, it had some artistic beauty.

"Very good."

Cierra smiled as she looked at her work.

She didn't write William's age on the cake. After all, William was already in his thirties, so it was a little heart-wrenching if she filled in the age.

Cierra might as well be casual and muddle-headed!

After the cake was ready, Cierra even took a picture and posted it on her social media.

[I made the cake for William myself. Wish him a happy birthday.]

After returning to Los Angeles, Cierra cleared her Instagram.

She deleted all the friends she had added in the Boyle family, leaving only a few decent friends, such as Adam, Yvonne, the employees of L'Opera Restaurant, and Bruno, who was added later.

Moreover, Cierra had completely severed all ties with the Boyle family and returned to the Barton family, so there was no need to conceal anything.

The word William was not strange. Anyone in the circle who had some connections knew who the person behind William was.

After this post, Cierra received two or three likes, as well as Lydia's comment-Happy birthday, Boss.

Seeing this message, Cierra couldn't help but raise her eyebrows and reply, "It's not like you don't have William's WhatsApp. I advise you to leave a message for him. He'll be happier."

Lydia didn't reply to Cierra's Instagram message but sent her a private message.

[Boohoo, I don't dare! After all, the boss is not so kind as you. I don't dare to send him a private message.]

The message was accompanied by all kinds of emojis.

Seeing the emojis of crying and shivering with grievance, people couldn't help laughing.

Cierra couldn't help raising her eyebrows.

She felt that it was reasonable and understandable that William's character would make

his admirers not dare to say anything.

After all, once William became serious, Cierra would feel a little scared.

But William...

What was there to be afraid of? He was just like Ryan, so there was no need to be afraid.