

Divorced but Delighted Chapter 16 - 20

Chapter 16 Entrustment Design Studio

Draven was silent.

The answer to that question was obvious.

With a more mocking smile, Cierra put her index finger on Draven's chest.

“Since you plan to marry Aleah, let's get a divorce as soon as possible so she doesn't have to waste any more time waiting for you. As for me, I know very well what I'm doing, and I don't need you to discipline me. Even if we are not divorced, you have no right to do so, let alone after we are divorced.”

With that, Cierra took two steps back, and the emotions on her face disappeared.

Her face was expressionless, but it also showed a hint of heartlessness.

“You can go back. I don't want to be involved with you, and I don't want to cause trouble for myself.”

Even though Cierra had already signed the divorce agreement, Aleah still tried to defile

her. If she had any more contact with Draven, no one knew how much trouble she would have in the future.

For the sake of her foster parents' kindness, Cierra let go of the old grudge. But if some

one bothered her again, she would not be so magnanimous.

Draven of course did not leave. He stood in place with a sullen face.

For more than twenty years, wherever he went, he would be complimented by others.

This was the first time someone him trouble.

And that person was Cierra, the one who had been clinging to him since childhood!

Draven took a step forward indignantly, but then he was stopped by William.

called

“Mr. Trevino, you shouldn't be so ignorant. Now that you've got Aleah, you have nothing

to do with Cierra anymore. She has already made it so obvious. If you continue to pest er her, it will not be good.”

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Draven ignored the man in front of him.

His gaze fell on the expressionless Gierra. “Are you really not willing to go home with me?”

Cierra looked at Draven and said, “Mr. Trevino, don’t say such ambiguous words to me.

You know that I have liked you since I was a child, and I’ve gone through a hard time before I finally made up my mind to let go of you.

But now you said those words to me. Aren’t you afraid that I will rely on you again? At that time, I’m afraid that you won’t be able to divorce me even if you want to. Are you willing to live your life with a woman you don’t like?”

Back home.

What a luxurious thought.

In the first year Cierra was driven out of the country, she still hoped that Draven would have a little affection for her and wished that he would take her home one day. But he didn’t.

He didn’t even have a phone call. So how could he have come to pick her up for a surprise?

He just wanted her to disappear.

Thinking of the past, Cierra put on a long face and said in a cold voice, “Mr. Trevino, it is

you who said that if not for Ernest, you wouldn’t have married me at all. And now you’re

delaying our divorce. Is it interesting?”

Draven’s thoughts were still stuck on the last question.

For a moment, he felt that it was acceptable for Cierra to cling to him as she did when she was a child.

But his reason was still struggling with this thought.

Until Cierra’s words

knocked him out. Marrying her was just because his grandfather forced him, and what he was unwilling to do should not continue.

His dark eyes regained clarity, and the hostility in his body disappeared. His voice was low and slow.

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“I know whether I should divorce or not, but I can’t watch you go astray. The Boyle family chased you out, and you can come to me if you were short of money. My grandfather

watched you grow up. You’ve become like this now. Will my grandfather be disappointed if he is still alive?”

I have become like this? Like what?

Is finding a rich boyfriend a self-degrading thing?

I know, in their eyes, I’m just an orphan, and all I should have known were hooligans on

the street. So it’s impossible for me to have a friend like William.

Cierra thought about it and found it funny. “Mr. Trevino, according to your thinking, isn’t

spending your money and spending Mr. Barton’s money the same thing? Since it’s the same, why don’t I choose the one I’m comfortable with?”

“Cierra!”

Draven’s extinguished anger was evoked by Cierra again.

“I can hear you. Both of my ears can hear you.” Cierra picked her ears indifferently.

There were already people in Laurel Edifice downstairs for lunch. And there would prob

ably be more

people here in a while. Cierra did not want to continue arguing with Draven as she thought it was very embarrassing.

It seems that we won’t be able to sign the contract today. If I really enter the company w

ith William, I’m afraid that these two will have a fight.

I don’t want William’s hand to be hurt.

Cierra turned to William and said softly, “Go upstairs and apply the ointment. I have an

appointment with Lydia. I don’t want to be late.”

“I’ll go with you! I just want to ask Ms. Navarro if she has any intention of signing with X

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XR Entertainment Let's go together," said William.

Draven swept his gaze over. "I don't think you would mind having one more person.

The

Trevino Group has had an advertising endorsement recently and wants to talk with

Ms.

Navarro about the cooperation."

"Both of you are not allowed to go!"

Cierra got furious. "Make an appointment by yourself if you need to talk about your work

. What's the point of disturbing our meal time?"

She glared at the two, put on her sunglasses, and turned to leave.

The white BMW sped away.

William gave

a soft "tut" and was about to turn back to the company when he was stopped by

Draven.

"Mr. Barton, please forgive me for having offended you today. XR Entertainment has not

been founded in New York for long. If you need any help in the future, please feel free to tell me. The Trevino Group will always be there for you. But I hope you can let

Cierra

go."

With a complicated look on his face, William pressed the tip of his tongue against his cheek.

There was a mocking in his beautiful

eyes which were similar to Cierra's.

"Let Cierra go? Shouldn't these words be directed at you, Mr. Trevino? Besides, how do

you know that I'm not sincere? The entertainment industry is a pool of muddy water.

Can't I be the one who comes out of the mud and is not tainted?"

Draven narrowed his eyes. "Mr. Barton, do you mean that you intend to stand on the opposite side of the Trevino Group in the future?"

William laughed

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lightly and looked fearless. “I don’t mean that. It was you who brought your personal issues into business. How can you blame me?”

The main industry of the Trevino

Group was the physical economy, while William was the boss of an entertainment company. Draven’s words could not threaten William.

Even if William had some scruples about

Draven in New York, he couldn’t be scared off by just one sentence. He still needed to avenge Cierra!

Got threaten? What a joke.

He even added

sentence to Draven with a mischievous smile.

“You look down on me as a person in the entertainment industry. But anyway, I never wanted to pursue two girls at one time. What do you think, Mr. Trevino?”

He was directly condemning Draven.

Draven pursed his lips tightly.

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After a moment, he explained, “Mr. Barton, my marriage with Cierra is due to the wishes

of the elderly. I didn’t dare to disobey. I sent her away because I didn’t want to give her

hope. Our divorce is a matter of course. I don’t object to her remarrying, but she’s different from us. Even if you truly like her, do you think your family will agree to you marrying a woman without any background?”

William stroked his chin in amusement. “What you said seems to make sense.”

Draven heaved a sigh of relief inwardly. He looked still elegant.

“Since you understand, I hope that you won’t give others any unnecessary expectations.

Please don’t take it to heart if I offended you earlier.”

William did not reply to Draven’s words. He pointed at the building behind him and said, “Are you done? If you are, I will go back to work.”

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Draven looked down and thought for a moment. He asked, “Mr. Barton, I have to ask you one last question. I heard that the designer Sylvia of Entrustment Design Studio is planning to sign a contract with XR Entertainment Have you decided?”

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Chapter 17 Daughter of the Barton

Family

William raised his eyebrows.

He tried to avoid talking

about some sensitive information in business, but one's job change was a normal case.

Thus, it was not very rude for Draven to ask about this.

William was about to answer, but he changed his mind as soon as he spoke.

“As for this matter, XR Entertainment is

making effort to attract Sylvia to join in. As far as I know, Sylvia was the chief jewelry designer of the Trevino Group. Since her contract has expired, it is legitimate for us to recruit her. Don't you think so, Mr. Trevino?” said William.

“Of course,” replied Draven.

Draven put one hand in his pocket and rubbed his fingers.

He said, “To be frank, I came to Laurel Edifice today to know more about the progress. If you already signed the contract with Entrustment Design Studio, that's fine.”

William wore a wicked

smile and said, “I thought that you would be here to make some trouble. After all, Sylvia

has been working with the Trevino Group for three years. You have a great advantage.”

“If so, she would not leave us,” said Draven.

He mocked and stared at William.

“I understand you, but Sylvia has not signed a contract with you yet, so I am afraid we still have to compete for it,” said

Draven.

William sighed with a mixture of feelings.

“Yes, you are right. We expected to have the contract signed this morning, but she didn't come and was out of contact either. It is difficult to deal with such a designer,” he complained.

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Draven chuckled, “It depends on how hard we work for it.”

“Definitely!” nodded William.

The atmosphere became more harmonious between them.

“It’s getting late. I have to go back for dinner. Bye, Mr. Barton!” Draven looked at his watch.

“Bye, Mr. Trevino!” William waved his hand.

As Draven was leaving, the smile disappeared on William’s handsome face.

He touched the corner of his mouth and cried out in pain.

What a merciless bastard! William said to himself.

As he walked into the company, he raised his phone to take a selfie and sent it to the group called “Love Cierra“.

William: “I am proud to protect our little sister even though I got hurt!”

Harold: “William, what happened? Which bastard bullied Cierra again?”

Coby: “Where is Cierra? Is she alright?”

Jaquan: “I have already called Cici. She is fine. She is dining with her friend.

Everyone can leave now.”

The group soon returned to silence.

William looked at the chat records, stunned.

They all cared about Cierra but neglected him.

What a group of Cierra lovers!

When William was about to complain, he received a message from Cierra.

Cici: “William, have you applied the medicine to the wound? Painful or not? I’m sorry. I didn’t care about your feelings, and I went away.”

Cici: “By the way, did you eat something? If not, come here to join us. I ordered your favorite meals at L’Opera Restaurant. It is a little far from your company. Take your time, and I already asked the restaurant to serve your dishes as soon as you arrive.”

William was somewhat touched by Cierra’s heartfelt consideration.

It was so lucky to have such a kind sister, rather more intimate than those annoying brothers.

He immediately replied.

“Don’t wait for me. You can serve yourself first! See you soon!”

At L’Opera Restaurant.

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It was a famous but strange restaurant in New York

The restaurant was situated in a remote area, and it limited the number of diners per day. If people wanted to visit it, they had to make a reservation a month in advance.

In such a big New York city, only a few people were eligible to come without making an appointment, and fewer people could have a chance to taste the dishes made by the most famous chief cook Freddy Mayo!

When William arrived at L'Opera Restaurant, Cierra and Lydia started their dinner a moment ago.

At the sight of William, Cierra stood up and greeted, "Here we are, William!"

"Hi, girls, how are you? Sorry I'm late," said William.

William took some medicine with him and started to apply it to his wounds.

Draven gave him such a deadly punch that his teeth almost fell off.

His handsome appearance was close to disfiguration.

"William, let me help you apply it," said Cierra.

She felt sorry for William, who suffered a lot to protect her.

"Thanks, Cici," William answered.

Then William handed the cotton swab and medicine to Cierra with a smile and sat beside her.

"If it hurts, please tell me." Cierra applied the medicine to the wound.

"It is okay for me!" said William.

His face twisted due to the great pain.

Cierra slowed down and said, "William, hold on for a moment and be aware of your month. It is nearly broken."

"My sweetie, are you kidding me?" said William.

He teased and then took out his phone for a selfie. "Still quite handsome."

He sent this photo to the chat group and then put down the phone.

"William, please take care of yourself. Don't get hurt again," said Cierra.

Cierra did not pay attention to this small detail. After applying for the medicine, she took

a hot towel and wiped his fingers clean.

On seeing this, Lydia was touched and said, "I admire the relationship between you and

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your brother. By the way, I heard Mr. Barton call you Cici. Is it your nickname?”

Cierra nodded and smiled, “Yes, my parents gave me this name.”

William added with a smile, “My mother wanted to change it to another name, but that name sounds too old-fashioned, so the name of Cierra is still in use.”

”

This name was not given by the Boyle family but given by Ernest when Cierra was a little child and arranged to marry Draven after growing up.

Cierra still had good memories in New York due to Ernest, who had passed away.

At the thought of Ernest, Cierra’s eyes were close to tears. “Alright, enjoy your meals.”

“Okay!”

William served the two ladies some meals, “By the way, Ms. Navarro, what do you think about what I told you last time?”

Lydia paused for a while.

“Mr. Barton, thank you. To be honest, your invitation is a great temptation for me. But I am a defamed entertainer in this industry. If you insist on employing me, I am afraid it will be a losing business in the future,” answered Lydia.

“How could it be?” said William.

He added, “You are gorgeous and talented. The more you are hated by others, the more likely you can gain more popularity. How could it be a losing business?”

There was a bowl of soup served for Lydia, and it was still steaming.

Lydia was so furious that she even wanted to pour

the bowl of soup toward William. If it happened, her career would come to an end in the

entertainment industry.

However, before Lydia could express her idea, William added, “If we can clarify the groundless rumors, the haters can be turned into followers. As for those entertainers who ha

ve been beautified through all kinds of promotion channels, they will be hated by the world sooner or later.”

Lydia raised her eyes in a big surprise.

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“Do you... trust me?” she asked.

William smiled at her, “Of course, I trust you because you stand on the side of my sister!”

A myriad of thoughts flashed in Lydia’s mind.

She lowered her eyes, and a piece of news popped up on her phone, namely, the lost daughter of the Barton family had been found. Thus, the family donated 83 million dollars

to support the police in helping the lost children returning back home.

The lost daughter turned out to be Cierra.

It was as if a heavy bomb had exploded in Lydia’s heart.

She raised her head.

How was it possible that both William and Cierra were from the Barton family, a wealthy

and powerful family comparable to the Trevino family?

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Chapter 18 83 Million Dollars

“The Barton family found back their youngest daughter whom they lost twenty years ago, so they donated 83 million dollars. Wow, the Barton family is really generous!”

In a private room on the other side of L’Opera Restaurant, Aleah’s good friend Kendra Riley was browsing the hot news on her phone.

“Speaking of which, your family just chased that girl out, and the Barton family announced the return of their daughter. Are they the same person?”

“No way!”

Aleah immediately denied it and could not help but roll her eyes at Kendra.

“You saw it yesterday. That bitch Cierra’s friends are all cheap bastards! If she was the daughter of the Barton family, the Barton family would feel ashamed!”

“That’s true.” Thinking of this, Kendra felt disgusted. “She grew up with you. Why is she

so shameless to hang out with those despicable people? How embarrassing!”

“Why would we talk about her? Take a look at the menu.”

Aleah flipped through the menu. “I heard that Mr. Mayo will cook in person today. How lucky we are!”

Kendra

smiled ingratiatingly. “I know. Thanks to you! Ordinary people have to make a reservation a month before they come to L’Opera Restaurant for a meal.”

“I was only reporting Draven’s name. Don’t thank me.”

Aleah’s face was full of arrogance.

She finished ordering and picked up her phone to check the news, her face filled with disdain.

“Cici Barton. What a vulgar name. Sounds like new money!”

Lydia was still shocked by the news and did not come back to her senses.

Her hand that was holding the fork trembled a little. “Mr. Barton, are you sure to sign an artist like me? Even though I have a beautiful face and you believe that the dirt on me is

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groundless, clarifying it is a great cost, and the audience may not buy it.”

One of the reasons that she was hesitating was that she didn't want to implicate XR Entertainment. After all, she had fallen to this state because of Aleah.

The Trevino family was behind Aleah. No

matter how fast XR Entertainment developed, it could not compare with the Trevino family in New York

She did not want to bring trouble to others.

However, if William was the son of the Barton family... She suddenly wanted to give it a

try because the Barton family had the strength to match the Trevino family.

However, this thought was somewhat despicable. Lydia could not help but say her thoughts out loud.

When William heard this, he could not help but laugh.

“You gave up the chance to start over again and again just because of the Trevino family? Ms. Navarro, forgive me for being blunt, but your thoughts are very stupid.

Draven may not target you just to cheer his beauty up. Even if he does, can your situation be wor

se than it is now?”

Lydia was shocked.

Could her situation be worse than it was now?

At worst, she would be forced to quit her job, go home, and

get married under her family's order. She would become a sacrifice for the family.

Now, it felt like she had quitted her job.

Since Aleah took her role, she had not taken a single play and had been scolded every day.

Cierra also fell silent when she heard this.

To cheer his beauty up.

Ha...

It could happen. After all, Draven had opened an entertainment company for Aleah and

only signed Aleah.

He could use all sorts of methods to suppress Aleah's competitors and spend a fortune t

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o create a nationwide star.

Cierra smiled lightly, “Lydia, your considerations make sense. However, if I were you, I

would be wondering if you want to use me.”

William immediately turned his head and glared at her. “You bad girl, are you talking nonsense again? Am I that kind of person?”

Lydia was a little slow, but she also figured out what Cierra meant.

Lydia chuckled, “If you really want to use me, then it will be easy. I am willing to sign the contract.”

Cierra and William both looked at her.

Lydia explained, “It is said that the enemy of the enemy is a friend. It just so happens th

at I also

have a grudge against Aleah. I’m willing to be used by you! But... I don’t know if I’m qua

lified to be your friend.”

“Lydia, what are you saying? I was

just joking. William really wants to sign you. He is a real businessman and capitalist.

He

has nothing to do with those people and things.”

Cierra hurriedly explained.

William tutted, “Can you say some good words about me?”

However, he really did not have that thought. He didn’t need to use a young girl.

He wanted to sign Lydia because Lydia spoke up for Cierra, and he wanted to help

Lydi

a. After understanding more about the entertainment industry, he felt that it was a

good

deal.

As for whether Lydia would agree or not, that was her business.

The only thing he didn’t expect was to make things so complicated.

As the conversation went on, someone knocked on the door of the private room, and

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en a few dishes were sent in one after another.

The table in the private room wasn't big enough. A few beautiful women wearing dresses held the dishes and stood in two rows.

When the last dish was served, a person with slightly white hair in a chef's uniform rushed in. "Hey, when we learned cooking together, you cooked better than me.

Please try the new dishes that I have developed recently. Is there anything that needs to be improved?"

The private room was so quiet that only the sound of breathing could be heard.

Freddy was the oldest person in this room. Who was the person he mentioned that had

earned cooking with him and cooked better than him?

There was silence and no one spoke.

Freddy couldn't wait. He took the nearest dish and came to Cierra. "Cierra, just have a taste. There isn't much of it. No food will be wasted."

Cierra coughed lightly and squinted at him. "I told you, don't expose outside that we have learned cooking together!"

Freddy rubbed his head and grinned. "I forgot. I won't next time. Please try it."

Fortunately, there were no outsiders in

the room. Those who worked in L'Opera Restaurant had seen her before. As for Lydia, Cierra did not intend to hide it from her.

But it did not mean that Lydia was not surprised.

Lydia opened her mouth wide in disbelief. Freddy was the most famous chief cook.

Who

would have thought that he and

Cierra had learned cooking together, and Cierra cooked better than Freddy?

Lydia had long heard that the disciples who learned cooking in the Mayo family were ranked according to their cooking talent and skills, regardless of age or time of apprentice

ship. Cierra was almost 12 years younger than Freddy, but as the successor of the Mayo family, Freddy respected Cierra so much. It was really shocking.

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“Cierra, how does it taste?”

Seeing Cierra take a bite and put down her fork, Freddy was eager to know the answer.

Cierra chewed patiently. After a moment, she nodded.

“Not bad, but it can still be improved. Is it a new dish that you just developed?”

“Yes, it’s a new dish. The kids in the kitchen all like it. I heard that you’re here today, so

I came to invite you to try it!”

Cierra wiped her hands and smiled, “Why are you in such a hurry? I’ll stay for a while this time. I’m afraid I’ll have to work in your restaurant for some time. Is there

a position for me?”

“What are you talking about? If you want, I can even give L’Opera Restaurant to you...”

”

Before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by a young chef who had rushed in from outside. “Mr. Mayo, something happened! The guests in the opposite private

room are making a ruckus!”

Freddy’s expression changed and he

instantly became serious. “Which big shot dares to make a ruckus here? Throw them

out! We will never serve them again!”

The young chef was in a quandary. “It’s Aleah, the daughter of the Boyle family. She’s a

big star. She even reported Mr. Trevino’s name. We...”

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Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 19 Amazing

“What are you talking about? Are they right to make a scene?”

Freddy was seething with anger. He put the chef’s hat on and shouted.

“A celebrity? Mr. Trevino? So what? I don’t lack customers! Can this restaurant close down without him? Eat or leave! Return the money and tell them to get lost! Don’t bother

me with such things!”

“Freddy.”

Cierra couldn’t help but sigh.

Freddy turned his head and said in a gentle voice, “Cierra.”

Cierra was helpless. “You should moderate your temper. You should ask why customers are making a fuss, right? You are the boss of L’Opera Restaurant. When something happens, they have to come to you.”

“You are right.”

Freddy was convinced, and he nodded seriously.

He turned around, restrained his temper, and asked the little chef, “Tell me, what happened?”

The little chef was a newcomer. He had never seen Freddy in such a gentle manner because of a young and beautiful girl.

He was stunned for a while before he told the whole story.

“Ms. Boyle brought a friend here today. She

was not satisfied with the dishes and said that the taste was not right. Then, she asked you to cook. Otherwise, she wouldn’t eat! We

have explained that you didn’t cook today. But they did not listen and made a fuss.

Now,

they are filming a video and saying that our service is poor. She has many fans. We were worried that something would happen, so we came to you.”

After that, afraid of being scolded by Freddy, the chef carefully took a step back. He sig

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naled to Cierra to ask for help. Freddy did not scold him. He snorted coldly and said, “Am I afraid of her influence online? I’ll be exhausted if every guest asks me to cook. If so, why do I have so many disciples? Cierra, what’s your opinion?”

Cierra rubbed the rim of the cup with her fingers. “You are right. But it’s wrong to drive the guest out. Your disciple said that she had influence. It is not a big deal to lose her, but what about hundreds of guests? Now is the Internet era. The influence of network public opinion is imaginable. With your cooking skills, you can live well everywhere. But what about others in this restaurant?”

Freddy was only interested in cooking and focused on studying the dishes. How could he know these?

He listened carefully to Cierra. “Then, what do you think we should do?” he asked. “She’s a customer. Let’s listen to her request. She can take a video if she wants. So do we. We’re all civilized. Let’s reason with her. But your temper...”

She paused. When she looked up, she found that Freddy was staring at her. “I’ll go with you,” Cierra said as she stood up. She couldn’t help laughing. Freddy clapped and said, “That’s great! Let’s reason with her!”

Cierra said, “After all, I’ll work for you in two days. I have to perform well to win the job.”

She stayed in New York not only because of work but also because she had something more important to do. She wanted to invite a top doctor, Jack Johnson, to treat her mother. Her mother had been at self-blame since she lost Cierra in the earthquake. Her mother had been suffering mentally since then, which made her health break down.

When Cierra came back, she asked lots of doctors to treat her mother. But it didn’t work.

All the doctors recommended Jack to her. Unfortunately, after Jack retired, it was hard to find him. He only showed up occasionally at various food festivals.

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Not only that, but Jack's character was also strange.

After retirement, he chose patients based on his mood. He believed that everyone had his day coming. He didn't want people to ask him for help when they were about to die. He had retired.

However, when he was in a good mood, he would treat some patients even though the patients hovered on the brink of death.

It took Cierra a lot of time to find out that he would go to L'Opera Restaurant a few times

every year. He only treated patients when he enjoyed the dishes.

Thus, instead of looking for him all over the world, Cierra chose to wait in L'Opera Restaurant.

It was one thing whether Cierra could ask Jack for help successfully, but there was hope if she could find Jack.

Cierra went out with Freddy. She heard Aleah's unhappy voice from far away.

"What happened

to your restaurant? I spent so much, but I didn't get the service I deserved. Can't I have an opinion?

"The chef doesn't cook today? How could he call himself a chef if he doesn't cook? How can he let these disciples fool guests?

"Anyway, I

am not satisfied with the dishes today. L'Opera Restaurant must give me an explanation

! It was so expensive. And reservation is a must. Do you think we consumers are fools?

This must be the marketing hype. I will report you!"

In front of Aleah was a waitress in the work uniform of L'Opera Restaurant.

In front of the camera, she could not even say a word. She could only apologize.

When

she heard that Aleah was going to report them, she was even more frightened. She seemed to be the one who did wrong.

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Cierra walked over and stood in front of the waitress. “Ms. Boyle, please calm down
“Calm down? Why should I...?”

When she saw Cierra, Aleah’s voice stopped abruptly.

This... this was Cierra?

How could Cierra who always kept her head down change so dramatically?

Aleah had thought that Cierra would pathetically hang out with punks.

She did not expect that Cierra could be so glorious.

How could this be?

How could Cierra, this bitch, be so good-looking?

How could Cierra become more beautiful than herself?

Aleah was so jealous that her face turned green and white, but she still restrained herself in front of outsiders and forced out a smile.

“Isn’t this my sister? Why are you here? Oh right, I forgot that you have been kicked out

of my family by my mother. I can’t call you sister anymore. So, Miss...?”

Cierra ignored how mean Aleah was and maintained a smile. “I work here. Is there anything that Ms. Boyle is dissatisfied with about the dishes in L’Opera Restaurant? If you make any beneficial suggestions, it’s on the house.”

“You work here?”

Aleah was surprised.

Instead of being jealous, Aleah was gloating over Cierra’s poor condition.

She just knew that Cierra, this little bitch, would not be able to live happily after leaving the Boyle family. Cierra was only a waitress now.

How pitiful!

Aleah sighed softly.

“Back then, I advised you to study hard at school. When our family sent you abroad, you

didn’t cherish this chance. Now, you can only be a waitress here. Is it hard?”

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Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

Chapter 20 Contempt

Anyone could hear the contempt in her words.

And Cierra was not the only one she had offended.

Someone present had changed expressions because of her words. However, they did not want to cause trouble for the restaurant and forcefully suppressed their anger. Cierra seemed to not hear the ridicule in her words, The standard smile on her face did not diminish.

“Ms. Boyle, who doesn’t try to make a living in this world? The waiters in our restaurant

have worked hard. Aren’t the students who study in school and do research in the laboratory working

hard? It must be hard for stars like you who could earn thirty dollars a day. Besides...”

She raised her head and looked straight at Aleah.

“Besides, Ms. Boyle doesn’t seem to study hard in school. Why do you accuse me of it?”

”

“You!”

Aleah was embarrassed.

It was true that she had influence in the entertainment industry. But her poor education was also a worry to her.

She failed to get admitted into college due to her poor performance at the lessons. The Boyle family sent her to a college of joint education with money.

Because the university was famous, her fans were proud of her for being a straight–

A student. However, the netizens dug out the truth.

If those who failed to get admitted to any college were top students, so was everyone else.

el

se.
Endless posts ridiculed Aleah for her educational background.

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Her team of public relations reacted effectively to remove the trending topic and sold Ale

ah as a beauty who was not that smart so that she didn't lose lots of fans.

In the past few years, no one had mentioned it. Thus, it was slowly forgotten.

Education was Aleah's only hurdle in her career. Thus, she got angry.

However, when she glanced at Kendra, who was filming, she suppressed her anger.

A moment later, Aleah's anger was replaced by helplessness. She carefully waved his hand.

"Cierra, that's not what I meant. You also know that I'm not that clever and not good at

words. What I mean is, if you had studied well, your work would have been easier now..."

Cierra raised her eyebrows slightly.

One could become a star with help. But it was one's destiny

if he or she could be a superstar. There was a reason why Aleah could be so popular.

Her acting skill was her talent.

But Cierra was not interested in Aleah's performance and directly interrupted, "Ms. Boyl

e, there's no need to talk too much about other matters. Let's settle our current problem.

May I ask, which aspect dissatisfies you as for the dishes in L'Opera Restaurant?"

Which aspect?

Aleah was not satisfied with every aspect.

This restaurant was far and remote. She heard that Freddy would cook today. Otherwise, she would not have come here.

However, the dishes were not cooked by Freddy. There was nothing special! She had al

ready tweeted this. Now she felt so embarrassed.

Aleah put on a poker face, "Cierra, for your sake, I won't make things difficult for you. To

be honest, the dishes in your restaurant are unpalatable and expensive. How can I be satisfied?"

For a chef, the biggest insult was that the customer's evaluation was unpalatable.

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The chef who made Aleah's dishes was Freddy's eldest disciple, Layton Henderson.

He

was also there.

When he heard the word 'unpalatable', he could not stand it anymore. "Unpalatable? Why does it taste terrible?"

After his apprenticeship, Layton was the cook in L'Opera Restaurant. No one had ever

evaluated his dishes as unpalatable.

Aleah covered her face and took a step back with a disdainful gaze. "It's just unpalatable. If not for the most famous chef, I wouldn't have come here. As a result, it's

a lie! I simply..."

"Bullshit!"

Layton's temper was the same as Freddy's. Before Aleah could finish speaking, she

was scared off by this roar.

It took her a long time to regain her voice. "How can you speak like that? Your dishes are terrible. Can't I say it?"

Layton puffed up his cheeks and wanted to say something, but was stopped by Cierra.

"Ms. Boyle, how do you think we should deal with this matter? Customers' needs are

always given priority in our restaurant. Please tell us what dissatisfies you. We'll try our

best to make you happy."

Aleah snorted coldly. Seeing Cierra's humble attitude, she said as if he was giving charity, "Cierra, all for your sake. I'll let it go. How about this? All I want is to taste the

dishes cooked by the famous chef Freddy. I won't pursue this if it tastes good."

"I see..." Cierra narrowed her eyes.

"It's simple."

Aleah looked at her beautiful nails. Her expression told everyone that she did not lack

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oney, “I’ll pay for these dishes, and I’ll pay for the dishes cooked by Freddy. You see, I

m not looking for trouble. What do you think?”

Cierra shook her head. “I’m afraid that we can’t satisfy your needs. At first, Freddy does

n’t cook for guests anymore. Besides, Mr. Mayo learns from

Freddy. Their dishes make no difference in taste. Since you think that the dishes cooked by Layton are unpalatable, Freddy’s cooking is probably not in line with your taste.”

Cierra thought for a moment and continued, “How about we won’t charge you this time?

Ms. Boyle, you and your friends can go and taste delicious food that suits your taste. W

e can make room for other waiting customers. What do you think?”

As she spoke, she moved to the side.

The waiters on both sides read her mind and made room for Cierra.

The words “take care on your way out” were on the tip of their tongues.

This stunned Aleah.

A waitress in uniform broke the silence and said, “Ms. Boyle, your total consumption is 6

00 dollars. This will be returned to

Mr. Trevino’s account. We will talk with Mr. Trevino about withdrawing the VIP card. As f

or the service fee for the VIP card in recent years...”

“Wait! Why withdraw the VIP card?”

Aleah’s face took on a ghastly expression.

Cierra explained with a smile, “Since our dishes couldn’t satisfy your taste, we can’t let

you continue to suffer losses and waste money. Many customers enjoy our dishes and our VIP service. Thus, it’s better to give it to those who need it.”

When Cierra finished speaking, Aleah’s face was already livid.

She didn’t expect that it would end in this way just because she wanted Freddy to cook

a meal!

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If Draven knew... No, she couldn't let him know.

"But my friend likes your dishes."

As she spoke, Aleah lightly bumped Kendra who was beside her.

"Yes, I think it's quite delicious. Besides, this is Mr. Trevino's card. How can you take it

back?"

"But..."

Cierra seemed to be in a quandary.

Aleah quickly interrupted, "I remember now. There are a few dishes in your restaurant th

at I like quite a bit. It just doesn't taste good today. I'll order a new one. You don't need

to refund the money. Just serve some new dishes."

"I'm sorry, Ms. Boyle. I'm afraid no one can cook

dishes that Ms. Boyle is satisfied with. Ms. Boyle, you should... go to another restaurant."

On both sides, waiters and waitresses were making a gesture of asking Aleah out, neat and orderly!

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