

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 276

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Damien Smyth just squinted for a moment, closing his eyes to rest, and woke up when Vivienne Quinn sat on her lap.

Hearing what Vivienne Quinn said next to his ear, he instantly regained his energy.

Damien Smyth opened his eyelids and saw the charming Vivienne Quinn in front of him, his heart moved.

Vivienne Quinn put her arms around his neck, raised her lips and smiled, "Are you really asleep?"

Damien Smyth pinched her waist and smiled lowly. "Don't make trouble, I was joking with you just now, you are not in good health, we will have sex when you recover."

"Don't want to have sex? That's fine."

Damien Smyth,..."

Then, she got up, walked to the window, closed the window, and deliberately drew the curtains, then walked to the door and locked it.

Damien Smyth smiled when he saw Vivienne Quinn 's actions, "Is this a big deal?"

Vivienne Quinn shrugged and got into bed, "I'm really tired today, so let's rest. If you don't want to have sex, don't think about it. Then you can go to the guest room."

The doors are locked, let him sleep in the guest room?

This small thought, still don't understand?

Vivienne Quinn is angry.

Damien Smyth smiled, and followed under the covers.

"Honey, are you angry?"

Vivienne Quinn blinked and asked knowingly, "What am I angry about?"

Damien Smyth smiled lowly, she reached out and squeezed his neck, "Do you want to have sex, do you want to have sex."

Damien Smyth laughed out loud, Vivienne Quinn was naturally a pinched Damien Smyth, she was just kidding.

"No one would ask for that." Damien Smyth stopped laughing and grabbed her hand, "Honey, you really don't need to..."

"It's okay." Vivienne Quinn smiled.

Damien Smyth naturally knew what Vivienne Quinn was up to.

Vivienne Quinn was wronged by that

Vivienne Quinn is willing, she is willing to have sex with Damien Smyth.

Damien Smyth stopped her, "Honey, I wish I knew what you mean."

Vivienne Quinn took his hand away and said, "You've done so much for me, let me do something for you."

Vivienne Quinn said it all, what else can Damien Smyth say?

From the moment he met Vivienne Quinn, he had a hunch that if he wanted to fall on this woman, let alone fall on her in this life, even if it was forever, he would be willing.

after an hour.

Damien Smyth kissed Vivienne Quinn 's forehead, "Honey, I love you."

Vivienne Quinn leaned over him with her eyes closed and said, "Well, I know, I always knew."

Damien Smyth was so good, she almost failed.

Damien Smyth smiled, "You are also tired today, go to sleep."

"Hmm." Vivienne Quinn wanted to talk about Evangeline, but when she got to the point of speaking, she felt that there was no need to say any more. Damien Smyth had already done a good job.

Tired Vivienne Quinn fell asleep quickly.

Damien Smyth couldn't sleep, he felt refreshed. After Vivienne Quinn fell asleep, he walked out of the bedroom, heard crying in the baby room, and went in to have a look.

The two babies are hungry again, and it's time for night milk.

The confinement sisters were mixing milk powder, and Violet Smyth was also coaxing Murphy with her arms.

"Damien, it's so late, why haven't you slept yet?" Violet Smyth asked.

"Hear the voice and come over and take a look." Damien Smyth walked over to see his daughter and son.

As soon as they took milk, the two babies stopped crying, their eyeballs opened wide, their little hands stretched out, and they held the feeding bottle, as if they were afraid that others would snatch it.

Damien Smyth's heart melted as he watched the baby's small mouth sucking on the pacifier.

Probably this is the meaning of a new life, watching one's own child grow up little by little, carrying one's own blood, one's own surname, passed on from generation to generation.

Damien Smyth didn't know why he made money before, but now he has a goal, which is to give his wife and children a better life.

This is what it means for a man to make money and struggle.

Violet Smyth said with a smile, "Damien, you look so cute. Now I think about **the** two children every day, and they are very energetic."

Violet Smyth is very energetic every day, as long as she looks at the babies, she is very active in everything she does.

play cards with her friends now, and the tea with her sisters is also canceled. Even if she goes out, she still has to bring her grandson or granddaughter.

Everyone in the circle knows that Violet Smyth loves her two children, and they all praise Vivienne Quinn for her good fortune. The two children have taken care of her mother-in-law.

"Yeah." Damien Smyth just responded, without making too much conversation, focusing on the baby's feeding.

He knew that Violet Smyth liked children, so Violet Smyth moved here, and he didn't say anything.

He can't really marry a wife and have a child, so let's put his mother aside.

After becoming a parent, I can better understand the heart of my parents.

Violet Smyth asked, "Damien, why didn't Christian stay at home today? I didn't know until I came back that Christian said she had gone to a hotel. Did Vivienne arrange this?"

Damien Smyth teased the baby and said, "Well, I'm going to the hotel. I told you, this is arranged by Vivienne Quinn. Mom, you don't have to ask."

Violet Smyth wanted to say something, but swallowed it back.

But what Vivienne Quinn did made Violet Smyth more sure that Vivienne Quinn was stingy, but she kept this thought in her heart and didn't say it.

As the hostess of the Smyth family, don't you have the capacity to accommodate people at all?

This spread, people laugh.

And her worries really happened.

The next day, someone posted a post on the Internet, saying that Vivienne Quinn, as the hostess of the Smyth family, had arranged for her sister and father to live in the hotel.

The post didn't say who it was, only alluding to Vivienne Quinn .

Violet Smyth frowned when she saw the hot search, and when she saw Vivienne Quinn coming downstairs, she called over and said, " Vivienne, the hot search on the Internet, have you read it?"

"What hot search?" Vivienne Quinn woke up and went to see the baby, before she had time to look at her phone.

"Look." Violet Smyth handed her phone to Vivienne Quinn.

Vivienne Quinn saw the trending search and instantly understood.

Violet Smyth said," Vivienne, you are now Damien 's wife, the proprietress of Skyeach Group, you have to think more about everything you do, and don't allow people to catch mistakes. Don't underestimate any small matter, there are too many people talking about it, Your image in the circle is also fixed. Now you represent the Skyeach Group,

Dividing into pages now

Damien."

Now when the outside world talks about Vivienne Quinn, they will add the proprietress of Skyreach Group to the prefix.

Her words and deeds now represent not only herself.

Vivienne Quinn didn't say much, instead of arguing with Violet Smyth, she said, "Mom, I know, I will pay attention in the future."

She didn't speak ill of Christian Mendoza in front of Violet Smyth, she didn't think it was necessary.

"As long as you know it." Violet Smyth said, "There will be many more gatherings than this one in the future. Whatever happens to the Smyth family will be handled by you in the future. If you don't understand, I will teach you."

"Okay, thank you Mom." Vivienne Quinn studied humbly.

Mrs. Quinn

went downstairs, she happened to see the scene where Violet Smyth accused Vivienne Quinn. The former Violet Smyth would never say these things. When encountering such a problem, she would defend Vivienne Quinn first and stand side by side with Vivienne Quinn. online, but this time, Violet Smyth blamed Vivienne Quinn first.

The addition of a child to the family was originally a happy event for everyone, but now there are more and more problems and conflicts.

hotel.

Luis Mendoza also saw the hot search and asked Christian

Mendoza, "What's going on? You posted it on the Internet?"

"Dad, how is it possible." Christian Mendoza shook his head, "I just found out, maybe someone is jealous of my sister, so they will provoke discord. I don't think there is anything wrong with staying in a hotel. I shouldn't

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Who Doesn't Have the Right?

"You!"

The young man was also enraged by Cierra. He no longer cared about his gentlemanly manners and rushed toward her even if Cierra was a woman.

"What right do you have to say that about me? Am I wrong? You are just a young girl. Your being a judge here is a humiliation to us. We should ask you to get lost!"

Because he suddenly approached, his angry voice suddenly became louder, which made Cierra frown uncomfortably.

But Cierra didn't move. She still sat steadily on the chair, and her voice was calm.

"First of all, I'll repeat it again. Don't discriminate against female chefs. I'm not the only female chef here. Secondly, I'm invited by the organizer on behalf of L'Opera Restaurant. You have no right to ask me to get out of here. If you really think that you're humiliated, it's not by me.

"Finally, I want to remind you if you have confidence in your chef, no matter who is sitting here today, you should not care. As long as the taste is good enough, are you afraid that you can win the recognition of the judges?"

still

Cierra said, with her fingers tapping on the table, once again blocking the young man's words.

"Young man, if you have time and energy, think about today's competition and think about how to improve your cooking skills, instead of standing out here and thinking of defending justice for others."

"How do you know I haven't been well prepared for today's competition? Besides, I'm not defending justice for others. I'm defending my own interests!"

After being taught a lesson, the young man became even more arrogant, glaring at

Cierra.

"You being a judge means making the competition unfair. I'm not speaking up for others. I'm speaking up for myself."

"Yes, we're just defending our own interests!"

His brothers behind him also chimed in.

The corners of Cierra's mouth twitched.

Looking at the judge's certificate in her hand, Cierra suddenly felt it was a hot potato.

"I shouldn't have joined in the fun!"

"However, since I have already come here on behalf of L'Opera Restaurant, there is no reason for me to leave.

"If I really left just like that, wouldn't it be as they wished?"

"I won't leave.

"Why should I leave?

"I am the 22nd-generation successor of the Mayo family. I am now the apprentice of Freddy, the owner of L'Opera Restaurant. Why am I not qualified to be here?"

"It is a great honor for them to have me here!"

"I won't leave just for the sake of the reputation of L'Opera Restaurant.

"Besides, these people have not only humiliated me, but have even cursed Freddy. There is no need for me to leave just like that."

"In the past, I always tried to minimize the matter and swallow my grievances. Now that I have the confidence to be willful, why should I hold back my anger?"

"What's more, I am not wrong." Cierra thought.

Cierra stopped what she was doing. Just as he was about to speak, Cherry walked over

Perhaps considering Cierra was a judge here, Cherry spoke in a much more polite tone than before.

"Ms. Boyle, as you can see, everyone doesn't approve of you. I think you'd better leave as soon as possible. As for L'Opera Restaurant, since they didn't ask a qualified judge to come over, I don't think it's a big deal to lose one point of this restaurant."

Cierra looked up and asked, "Who do you think you are?"

Hearing that, Cherry was stunned. "What?"

Cierra rotated the judge's certificate in her hand, her red lips parted slightly, saying word by word, "Who do you think you are? Even if I have to leave, is it your place to speak?"

"Cierra!"

Cherry's eyes widened.

However, before Cherry could finish her words, she was interrupted by Cierra, who had stood up.

Cierra looked at Cherry coldly and raised her voice so that most of the onlookers could hear her.

"Cherry, let me tell you! I'm qualified to be a judge in today's so-called Cooking Contest. You're not qualified. I don't know what kind of garbage you're making, but you dare to question me here. It's ridiculous!"

Cierra threw the judge's certificate aside casually and said in an arrogant tone.

"I'm not interested in being a judge here any more, but let me make it clear in advance that it's not that you drive me away, but that you don't have the right to ask me to make a comment. After all, as long as L'Opera Restaurant

participates in the competition, we

will

you."

get the first place. You, the losers, are not qualified to drive me away. Shame on

Cierra sneered as if she had slapped some old cooks who had lost to L'Opera Restaurant

in the past.

"Isn't that right?

"You have lost every match, and now you are saying that L'Opera Restaurant is not

qualified.

"Because you can't afford to lose, you have specially changed the rules of the competition and forbade the champion of the last competition from participating in the competition next year. Aren't you really bad losers?"

"You can't afford to lose, but are still talking tough. Aren't you shameless?" Cierra thought.

At the scene, many old chefs felt a little embarrassed. When one of them looked up

and

saw that his apprentices was still participating in this farce, he immediately went over to find him and scolded him.

"There are only a few minutes left before the competition. Why don't you prepare for it? You still have time to argue with others here. You've learned your skills very well, haven't you?"

After the first young man was taken out, some other young people were quickly taken away by their elders.

the

However, there were still several young men standing where they were. For example, young man in the lead was probably still confident in himself and was not convinced.

For example, Cherry didn't leave either. After all, she had the sponsor backing her up, so she was naturally not afraid.

"Ms. Boyle, this is a formal competition. You can't come and go as you please. Since you don't want to be the judge, you should go through the formalities. Am I right, Wilson?"

T

As she finished speaking, Cherry didn't forget to ask the old man behind her.

Wilson didn't respond to Cherry at all.

Wilson walked up to Cierra with his hands clasped behind his back and spoke in a deep

voice.

"I know that Freddy is here. Call him over and pick up the judge's certificate. I'll let bygones be bygones and pretend that nothing happened, otherwise..."

"Otherwise what?"

Cierra was not afraid of Wilson's threat at all. Instead, she smiled at him.

After all, they had never officially met, so Cierra was not afraid of offending him at all.

Cierra just didn't know if the old man would feel embarrassed when her mother took her to visit him in a few days.

After all, she was not the one who stirred up trouble first.

Cierra was a little arrogant, but she didn't think it was wrong to fight back.

Wilson didn't expect her to be so unrepentant. His expression was a little ugly as he said, "I know Freddy. He has never been well-behaved. He's not sensible, and you, as his apprentice, mess around with him. Do you know how important this competition is in the catering industry?"

"I don't know."

Cierra replied straightforwardly.

Perhaps for other restaurants or chefs, this competition was very important.

However, it was not a big deal for L'Opera Restaurant.

They had skills and there was not lacking in talented cooks. They didn't need this so-called competition to improve their reputation at all.

However, it was all driven by benefits, not related to importance.

"You!"

Wilson was choked by Cierra's reply. For a moment, he did not know what to say.

While they were in a deadlock, a deep male voice suddenly broke the silence.

"Mr. Chester, you're wrong. Mr. Mayo asked Miss Barton to come here on behalf of L'Opera Restaurant just out of respect for the Cooking Contest, not for messing around."

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Chapter 277 Sorry!

The familiar voice made Cierra raise her eyes and look in the direction of the voice.

What came into her sight was Draven, who was in a suit and tie

Draven was dressed in a black suit, which made him look tall and straight. His straight suit pants wrapped around his long legs as he strode over, exuding an inhuman sense of

nobility.

The corners of Cierra's eyes twitched.

"Why is he here?

Cierra looked

up and fixed her eyes on Draven's face.

"Wasn't he beaten up by William yesterday? Why does he look like nothing has happened today?" Cierra thought.

What Cierra didn't know was that William's punches yesterday had all landed on Draven's body and William hadn't even hit him in the face. Naturally, she couldn't see any external injuries on Draven.

As for why Draven was in such a sorry state yesterday, it was only because yesterday William hit him a bit hard. Together with the fact that he was covered in dirt, Draven looked extremely terrible.

However, today Draven paid special attention to his appearance.

Draven was dressed in a suit and had his hair tidied up, so he didn't look embarrassed at

all.

It even attracted the attention of many girls on the scene. Some sharp-eyed girls had already recognized him and couldn't help exclaiming.

"The president of the Trevino Group in New York is so handsome! I don't know why the big star Aleah couldn't marry into the Trevino family. She suddenly broke off the engagement and caused a car accident out of revenge!"

"If I were Aleah, I would go crazy too! Such a handsome and rich man suddenly broke off the engagement to her. Just thinking about it, I feel it is a great loss."

"In that case, it's a great loss for his ex-wife too. He is so handsome. Why did she divorce him?"

"Didn't you watch the news? It was Mr. Trevino who proposed a divorce. But it doesn't matter. It's not surprising how many women are around such a man."

Their gossip behind Cierra reached her ears, causing her to sneer.

Cierra raised her eyes and looked at Draven. At the same time, she cursed him in her heart.

"A horrible scoundrel!"

As Draven was standing far away, he didn't hear any of the gossip about him.

As Draven approached, their voices gradually became lower. In the blink of an eye, there

was no sound.

After all, they didn't dare to gossip in front of him.

Draven stopped in front of Cierra and stared at her for two seconds. Then, he turned to look at Wilson.

"Hello, Mr. Chester."

"Hello, Mr. Trevino."

The two shook hands.

Wilson had shown enough respect for the president of the Trevino Group in New York.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Trevino? Didn't L'Opera Restaurant look down on us by asking such a young girl to be a judge?"

"That's right. What's so good about this stupid competition?"

As soon as Wilson finished speaking, a rough voice came from behind him.

He was interrupted.

Everyone craned their necks again.

Cierra also looked over. Unlike when she saw Draven, she had a bright smile on her face this time.

The person who came was naturally Freddy.

Dressed in a suit, Freddy restrained his temper a little, which made him look a little elegant. It was impossible to tell that he was the short-tempered old man from L'Opera Restaurant.

Freddy strode over with his hands clasped behind his back, glaring at Wilson.

"Old man, you don't know what's good for you. It's already a great honor for you that I you mean?" can send someone to be your judge. Why are you so picky? What do "Freddy, mind your words! This is my territory today. Don't talk nonsense!"

"What do I mean? I wanted to ask you what you mean. You came here yourself, but you have any

shame?" left the job of being a judge to your apprentice. Don't you

"Bah!"

Freddy spat at him. "Shame on me? I asked my senior sister to be the judge for you. Isn't that enough respect for you? That's my senior sister. Do you understand? She's more qualified than me. Don't you think I'm shameless?"

"Freddy!"

Wilson wanted to argue with him, but when he realized what was going on, he stopped talking.

"What did he mean by that?

"Senior sister?

Wilson didn't seem to have realized what was going on. He frowned and sized up Freddy, then turned to look at Cierra.

“Does he call this young girl senior sister?

“Heh, what kind of nonsense is this?” Wilson thought.

Wilson sneered.

“Old fart, you don’t believe me, do you?”

Freddy could tell what Wilson was thinking at a glance and sneered.

“That girl is my senior sister. If you don’t believe me, then there’s nothing I can do about it. This is the rule of our L’Opera Restaurant. Whoever has the ability and talent will have a higher seniority. If they don’t have the ability and talent, then even if they are as old as you, they can only be a grand-disciple!”.

After hearing what Freddy said, Wilson remembered that.

The rule of L’Opera Restaurant was that craftsmanship came first.

If that was the case, it was really possible for Freddy to call the young girl senior sister.

Wilson’s heart suddenly sank, and he looked at Cierra again with his aged eyes.

Cierra had already sat down when Freddy arrived.

Originally, it was Freddy who was invited to be the judge, but he was unwilling to come, so he left the work to her.

Now that they had made such a scene, Freddy had to deal with it himself.

Cierra didn’t want to care about it.

Especially when there was a person she hated standing in front of her, Cierra even didn’t want to look up at him.

Fortunately, things went as she wished. As if Draven knew she didn’t want to see him, he turned around slightly so that Cierra wouldn’t see him.

He said to Wilson, “Mr. Chester, everything is clear now. As the senior sister of Mr. Mayo, Miss Barton is qualified to be a judge. It’s getting late. Why don’t you ask the contestants to cook first? Otherwise, I’m afraid that it would delay the competition.

Besides, the media are still at the scene.”

Not only the media, but also the live broadcast on the platform was waiting for the

announcement to start.

Now that there was such a farce here, they didn't dare to broadcast it.

After being reminded by Draven, Wilson also came to his senses and ordered Cherry,

"Go back to the competition venue quickly. Don't waste time here. Go and tell your uncle. I'll deal with it here."

Cherry had long been shocked by the huge amount of information. At this moment, when she heard her grandfather's instructions, she did not dare to stay any longer and quickly left.

And now, the face of the young man who stood up for others was also burning.

In the past, he looked down on Cierra because she was not only a woman but was young and inexperienced. But in the end?

Even the chefs of L'Opera Restaurant had to call her Senior Sister.

Thinking back, he only felt that he was a clown.

He also wanted to escape as soon as possible, but his feet seemed to have taken root and

he couldn't move.

After pondering for a moment, he walked over to Cierra obediently.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry for what I said to you earlier. Please don't take it to heart."

Cierra was a little surprised and raised her eyebrows.

After all, most people in this world would pretend that nothing had happened after venting their emotions. Very few people would reflect on their mistakes, not to mention apologize.

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Chapter 278 Why Can't I Smile at Him?

"It's rare for one to admit his mistake. I accept your apology."

Cierra was willing to give a good attitude to those who knew their mistakes and decided to correct them.

Cierra looked at the young man seriously and added a few more words of advice.

"You're still young, so it's normal for you to be agitated by the words of the people around you. I hope that the next time you encounter such a thing, you can calm down and think about it carefully to see if the other party is really like what others say what angle he is judging from.

"I forgive you because you're still young, and you apologized in time. But if there's another time, I may not accept your apology. Go and study cooking. I hope you can get a good ranking in this competition."

Those who came to participate in the competition all wanted to win the championship, not only because of the generous bonus but also the advertising effect of their own.

restaurants.

More importantly, there was the honor of being a young man.

After listening carefully to Cierra's words, the young man felt much guiltier. He lowered his head and said humbly, "Mmm."

"Thank you,

later."

Cierra. I'll keep your words in mind. I'll work hard in the competition

"Okay, I'm also optimistic about you."

Cierra smiled at him. Almost everyone on the stage was present, and the host's introduction of the opening ceremony was heard.

Cierra glanced up and reminded the young man in front of her, "It's getting late, and the competition is about to begin. Hurry up and prepare."

The competition had already begun. The beating of drums made people's hearts beat loudly. It was really a lively competition.

The young man didn't stay any longer and nodded seriously. "I'll be right there, but Cierra, can I come find you when the competition is over?"

Cierra raised her eyebrows, looking surprised.

Probably afraid Cierra would be unwilling, the young man hurriedly explained, "I just want to ask you how to practice cooking well, and by the way, I'll formally apologize to you. Don't think too much. I have no bad intentions."

Cierra's smile widened. "I'm not thinking too much about it. Hurry up and get on the stage. I don't know if I'm still there after the competition, so I'm very sorry. But you can come over and take a look. If you're not here, we'll talk about it later. If I'm here, you can

ask me anything you want. There's no need to apologize. I've forgiven you. Good luck in the competition."

After getting the answer, the young man grinned and said, "Thank you, Cierra. I'll work hard!"

"No matter whether she is still there after the competition or not, I still have an answer, as well as her blessing.

"I will *try* my best to do every step calmly and strive for a good result.

"In this way, I will not feel embarrassed to see her again.

"Even if she has already left, we will meet again sooner or later." The young man thought.

All in all, not being refused by Cierra was enough to make the young man who did something wrong delighted.

Cierra looked at the energetic young man and smiled helplessly.

Cierra remembered that back then, she was also like this.

At that time, Cierra was young and arrogant. Thinking that she had some talent, she even did whatever she wanted in L'Opera Restaurant. After being taught a lesson by her master, she didn't repent and didn't restrain herself until she was scolded.

Later, after she realized her mistake, she was happy because of a piece of candy from her master.

Now when she thought about it, Cierra found herself childish and impulsive at that time. too.

It was a pity that when she grew up and became sensible, the two gentle elders in her memory were no longer alive.

Just as Cierra was immersed in her thoughts, she was suddenly interrupted by a deep voice.

"Miss Barton seems to think highly of that young man.

Cierra looked up and met Draven's brown and deep eyes. The emotions on her face were.

restrained.

"Who I think highly of has nothing to do with you, Mr. Trevino. If I remember correctly, don't seem to be a member of the catering industry. Do you need to care if I think highly of a junior who is in the same industry as me? Mr. Trevino, you are too you meddlesome."

There was no trace of gentleness in her tone just like when Cierra spoke to that young man.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that she wanted to stab him.

Without saying a word, Draven fixed his sharp eyes on Cierra.

Draven was thinking about how Cierra had spoken to the young man just now.

Although Draven did not know what had happened before, he could vaguely guess that the young man was not friendly to Cierra, and even went too far with his words.

But he could get so many words of advice from Cierra just by apologizing.

"Since Cierra is so tolerant of a stranger, why can't she smile at me again?

"Even if she doesn't want to show any excessive expression to me, does she even feel unlucky to say a few words to me?

"She is happy to accept a stranger's apology, but I, her ex-husband, who grew up with her, is treated worse than a stranger." Draven thought.

When Draven thought of this, a kind of dark emotion began to grow wildly in his heart like vines.

All of a sudden, he wanted to take Cierra away. As long as she lived a good life, he didn't care about anything!

The darkness in his heart was screaming crazily. He wanted Cierra to stay by his side, in front of him, and be within his sight all the time.

It was all about Cierra in his dreams.

But this kind of emotion didn't last long.

When Cierra's cold voice rang out, Draven collected his thoughts and suppressed the rising emotions in his heart, fearing they would be discovered by her.

He heard Cierra's impatient voice.

"Mr. Trevino, if there's nothing else, please give way. You're really ruining my mood standing in front of me."

Cierra's scalp went numb under his gaze.

She didn't want to see Draven. Being stared at by his aggressive eyes, Cierra couldn't help feeling upset.

Therefore, Cierra didn't want to pretend that nothing had happened in front of him but directly ask him to get out of here.

Hearing this, many people around were surprised.

Except Freddy and Dr. Charles, almost everyone looked at Cierra in shock.

"Does this woman know who she is talking to?"

"He is Mr. Trevino of the Trevino Group in New York. How dare she say that he is an eyesore!"

"If it weren't impolite, I would have walked up to her to see what kind of face she has. How dare she treat him like this?"

"Didn't she see that the organizer of the competition, Mr. Chester, was always nice to Mr. Trevino? Sapidity Restaurant is famous in Los Angeles."

"She only has a little fame in L'Opera Restaurant."

But what shocked people even more was Draven's attitude.

Draven was not angry at all. On the contrary, his attitude was completely different from that of Wilson.

"Cierra, I'm just here to join in the fun. Why are you so cold to me? Am I not even comparable to a stranger in your heart now?"

Draven's dark mood was suppressed, but he still couldn't control himself. He just wanted to ask Cierra why.

"Why could you smile gently at an unfamiliar young man but be unwilling to give me a good look?

"I don't expect you to treat me like a good friend but only to say a few words to me as usual.

"Can't you even do this to me?" Draven thought.

Chapter 279 Grandpa

If Cierra could hear his thoughts, she would definitely scold him, let alone show him any good attitude.

"Are you daydreaming?

"Do you deserve it?

"I have already been magnanimous by not treating you as an enemy. How could you compare to a stranger?

"No matter what, the stranger did not do any substantial harm to me. What about you?

"Even if the young man spoke ill of me just now, he has apologized to me in time after learning the truth. What about you?

"How dare you say that?

"Just because you were beaten up by William yesterday?

"You are really wishful thinking."

It was only then that Cierra realized William had gone easy on Draven. Otherwise, Draven would have gone to hospital instead of coming here to watch the fun as if nothing had happened.

"If I had known this would happen, I wouldn't have stopped William yesterday. As a result, I almost quarreled with him.

"What a great loss!" Cierra thought.

Cierra didn't bother to respond to Draven and looked away.

Looking at Freddy, Cierra said, "Freddy, I'm going out for a walk. It's up to you to decide whether to be the judge or not."

"Don't, Cierra!"

Seeing this, Freddy was unhappy and immediately pretended to be miserable. "Cierra, I'm so old. Can you bear to let me sit here for so long? My waist, alas..."

Cierra was at a loss for words.

However, she couldn't refuse Freddy.

She coughed lightly and looked at the judge's certificate that she had thrown casually on the ground. "Well, I've thrown away my certificate. It doesn't matter whether I'm a judge or not. Anyway, he said that it doesn't matter whether there's a judge from L'Opera Restaurant or not. There are so many people."

In short, it was all someone else's fault.

Freddy immediately straightened his back, pointed at Wilson, and cursed.

"You're the only one who looks down on L'Opera Restaurant, aren't you? If you hadn't invited me to come here, do you think I'd be willing to come all the way here at my age? Wilson Chester, mind your place! I can't sit here for too long at my age, so I asked Cierra to come in place of me. But you, humph!"

Freddy's words were self-righteous, but it was obvious that he was bullying Wilson.

In fact, Freddy had come to see how Cierra was doing in Los Angeles. He was worried that her biological parents would mistreat her in the future since they did not take care of her when she was young.

But on the other hand, Freddy acted as if he had come here specially for this Cooking Contest, even making Wilson feel embarrassed.

After all, in Wilson's ears, these words were true.

"It's a fact that I have invited Freddy several times.

"Freddy didn't show up at the first few competitions. Even if there was someone from L'Opera Restaurant invited to participate, he would let one or two apprentices come over. He is completely uninterested.

"This time Sapidity Restaurant is the host of this competition in Los Angeles, and Freddy has come, which is a great honor for me, but they have caused such a scene.

"Who could stand it?"

Wilson put his hands behind his back and thought for a moment. Then, he bent down to pick up the judge's certificate and bowed to Cierra politely.

"I'm sorry, Miss. I listened to my granddaughter's one-sided story and firmly believed that you were pushed out by Freddy to join in the fun. I am short-sighted and judged you by your appearance. I thought you were a young girl without any skills. I'm sorry."

Wilson's sincere words made Cierra feel a little embarrassed.

Because of her grandmother's words, Cierra had thought Wilson was the same kind of person as Cherry and her mother, who did not distinguish right from wrong, so Cierra's attitude was not very friendly.

After listening to the bickering between Freddy and Wilson, Cierra suddenly felt they were teasing just now, not really cursing each other.

Realizing this, Cierra didn't know how to accept Wilson's apology.

After all, from a certain point of view, Cierra seemed to be backtalking her grandfather.

The situation froze for a moment.

Freddy didn't know about the relationship between the Barton family and the Chester family. He just thought Cierra was a little nervous in the face of the old man's apology, so he simply stepped forward and took away the judges' certificate.

Freddy was still not polite. "Don't pretend that nothing happened just because you apologized. Look at how scared Cierra is! Fortunately, we are magnanimous and don't want to argue with you. Let's continue to be the judge, but if such a thing happens again, don't blame us for falling out with you!"

When Wilson heard this, he knew that this matter was over. He glanced at Cierra and nodded at Freddy.

"Yes, I was in the wrong today. You're willing to come, which is a great honor for Sapidity Restaurant. Freddy, Dr. Charles, why don't you two come over for dinner tonight? Please do me a favor. We old guys haven't seen each other for many years.'

"No!"

The person who refused was not Freddy, but Dr. Charles, who had been silent all the time.

Dr. Charles's face was full of disgust. "The food in your Sapidity Restaurant is so bad. I'm not going."

As Dr. Charles spoke, he glanced at Cierra with obvious intentions.

Dr. Charles had come to Los Angeles with Freddy just greedy for the food cooked by Cierra, so he didn't want to go to someone else's place to eat.

It tasted awful.

"Dr. Charles, you're breaking my heart. Can't my cooking skills be compared to a girl's?"

Dr. Charles's little trick was naturally caught by Wilson and he immediately asked, unwilling to admit defeat.

On the side, Freddy smiled happily. "Old guy, what kind of dream are you having? That's my senior sister. You can't even compare to me. Do you still think your cooking can compare to my senior sister's?"

Wilson turned to look at Cierra in surprise.

Her grandfather's gaze made Cierra feel a little embarrassed. "I'm just lucky that Dr. Charles likes to eat the food cooked by me."

Others might not know, but Wilson was well aware of how picky Dr. Charles was.

For so many years, he had never seen Dr. Charles praise anyone.

At first, Wilson thought Freddy was lying to him by calling Cierra 'Senior Sister', but after hearing Dr. Charles's words, he was convinced.

"You're too modest. Dr. Charles doesn't like to eat anything. By the way, it's getting late. Dr. Charles and Freddy are going to have lunch later. Can I take advantage of this opportunity to eat something cooked by you?"

After hearing what the two old guys said, Wilson was curious and wanted to try Cierra's cooking.

There were extra kitchen utensils and kitchens in the Cooking Contest, and there were a lot of ingredients.

Anyway, considering this girl was young, Wilson shamelessly took advantage of his seniority for the first time. He hoped that she could cook once.

Cierra was in a dilemma.

It wasn't that she didn't want to, it was just that this method was a bit strange.

And it was at her grandfather's request.

Subconsciously, Cierra turned to look at Freddy.

Chapter 280 What's Your Surname?

“Go! Why not?”

Before Freddy could reply, Dr. Charles rushed to answer.

Dr. Charles was worrying about what to eat for lunch. The smell of the food of Sapidity Restaurant made him lose his appetite, especially since he had been eating food cooked by Cierra for the past two days.

It was difficult to go from extravagance to frugal. For Dr. Charles, now eating the food cooked by other people was just like chewing wax.

When Dr. Charles heard Wilson’s suggestion, he was in total agreement.

It was a bandwagon effect. If one person stood up in agreement, most of the rest would not object.

Freddy had no objection and was eager to have two more meals cooked by Cierra.

However, he remained reserved for a moment. “Let’s see if Cierra’s willing or not. I have no objections.”

In fact, Cierra didn’t really care.

Although she was lazy, she was still willing to cook for her elders.

What’s more, the dishes here were all prepared, and the kitchen utensils were very professional. She just needed to make them. It was not troublesome.

“However...”

Cierra didn’t keep it to herself and openly spoke of the confusion in her heart, “Of course there’s no problem to cook for you three, but if I leave, who will be the judge on half of L’Opera Restaurant?”

“Well, it’s not a big deal. There are so many judges. It doesn’t matter if you leave now.”

Freddy didn’t care about being the judge. He had never participated in any competition before.

However, Wilson had his own selfish motives.

He wanted to have a taste of the young girl’s cooking and see if Freddy was trying to fool him.

After all, such a young girl was known as the 22nd-generation successor of the Mayo family. Even if Dr. Charles could prove it, Wilson still had some doubts in his heart.

As for the judge, he didn't want to let her go either.

L'Opera Restaurant was very famous. In the past, they had never taken the competition seriously. This year, Sapidity Restaurant was the one holding the competition, but he had invited someone here. It was not an exaggeration to say that they had gave him face.

If he drove her away, wouldn't all his efforts be in vain?

Wilson interrupted them and said, "Making comments and cooking won't affect each other. Since she is good at cooking, when she finishes cooking two dishes at random, the children in the competition will not probably get their food cooked. We can compare the dishes with hers so that those arrogant children can be sincerely convinced and understand there is always someone better!"

"Pah! Who's your senior sister? Don't call her that!"

They were both cunning old guys, so Freddy knew what Wilson was thinking at a glance.

"Wilson is really shameless.

"In the past, he looked down on L'Opera Restaurant with his granddaughter, but now he is reluctant to let her go.

"He wants to take all the benefits. How shameless he is!" Freddy thought.

However, what surprised Freddy was Cierra's attitude.

Cierra went silent for a moment before she said, "It's fine if I make a comment. Just take it as a competition between me and this group of young people. Since I have enjoyed the reputation of L'Opera Restaurant's Senior Sister for too long, I'm afraid I will forget myself."

People had to spur themselves on all the time.

In terms of cooking, Cierra had always been known as a talented genius since she learned cooking from her master.

It was easy to lose oneself after being praised too much.

Sometimes, she even felt that as long as she made something delicious, she would be the best in the world.

But there were so many delicacies in the world. How could there be the best?

Putting aside the fact that everyone had different tastes and secret recipes, just the most common home-cooked dishes would fail if they were not careful.

Cierra looked at the young people on the stage, and a sense of competition rose in her heart.

Although Cierra couldn't participate in the competition, she still wanted to give it a try.

Cierra didn't want to compete with others but only wanted to win against herself.

Of course, this was not the only reason why Cierra agreed so easily.

The main reason for that was because Cierra felt very apologetic upon hearing her grandfather addressing her as senior sister.

Bloodline Suppression was nothing more than that.

Even though Cierra knew it was a polite teasing, she still felt uncomfortable.

"If I agree, it will be less awkward to meet him in the future." Cierra thought.

While the three of them were discussing what to eat at noon, a man's voice came from behind them. If one listened carefully, one could hear that he was a little aggrieved.

"Can I join you for this meal?"

Draven stood behind the three of them and quietly listened to their discussion. It was not until the result was confirmed that he pursed his lips and interrupted.

Cierra looked back and frowned when she saw him. "Why are you still here?"

Draven's eyes dimmed. "Cierra, do you dislike me that much?" Draven asked.

"Isn't this nonsense?

"As the saying goes, a qualified ex-husband should be dead.

"On the contrary, it seems that he will not stop until he is dead." Cierra thought.

Cierra ignored him. The expression on her face explained everything.

She turned around with a cold face and said, "Mr. Chester, please take me to the kitchen. This is Mr. Trevino, your guest. Please take care of him. I have some old grudges against him and don't want to deal with him."

After all, Draven was brought here by her grandfather. The Barton family could treat him at will, but the Chester family probably didn't dare to offend him.

She didn't want to make things difficult for her grandfather, so she didn't want to show her hostility to him here.

It was good enough to ignore him.

Wilson did not know what was going on between the two young people. He was a little surprised, but he did not ask much. "Okay, I'll take you there."

"The matters between the youngsters will naturally be resolved by themselves.

"I am old and don't want to get involved.

"It is enough to take care of my own business." Wilson thought.

However, Wilson was still very polite. He even looked back at Draven and said, Trevino, it's our honor to have you here today. I'll ask the staff to give you a private seat

and comment on the delicious food with the guests. What do you think?"

"Mr.

This Cooking Contest was not only about pursuing a young champion, but more importantly, it was about food and cultural exchange.

When the competition was over, all the restaurants would bring their specialties to the guests.

It could also be regarded as an advertisement in another way.

If they could attract investment from a big company like the Trevino Group, it would be even more joyous.

Therefore, Wilson did not hesitate to welcome Draven with the highest courtesy.

Unfortunately, Draven didn't come here for the food, but for one person.

It was Cierra.

Draven just wanted to see her.

At first, he just wanted to see Cierra. He thought it was enough to see her from a distance.

When Draven saw her for himself, he was not satisfied.

Especially when he saw Cierra talking and laughing so amiably to the others, Draven felt even more depressed.

Draven didn't care about food. He only cared about Cierra's smile at him.

When Wilson didn't get a reply from Draven, he felt a little embarrassed.

Fortunately, when Wilson turned around to look at Cierra's expression that was even colder, he felt much more at ease.

"This young girl is still giving Mr. Trevino attitude. Compared to him, I am lucky." Wilson thought.

Wilson didn't take this small matter to heart and led her to the spare kitchen utensils,

Wilson was afraid that something unexpected would happen during the competition, so he had prepared a separate hotel stove for Cierra to use.

"Miss, I still don't know your surname. I'm sorry to have offended you before. Please don't take it to heart."

As they walked over, Wilson and Cierra chatted for a while.