

Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman

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“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 signaled 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 unimaginable. 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.

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.

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?”