

## Divorced but Delighted By Millie Huffman Chapter 281

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Chapter 281 How Could She Be a Good Person?

Hearing this, Cierra stopped.

She was silent. Just as she was wondering if she should answer, Wilson had already given his answer.

“Mr. Trevino mentioned it before. It’s the Barton family, isn’t it? But the Barton family is also powerful. The Barton family in Los Angeles is more powerful than the Barton family in New York. Have you heard of that?”

Cierra felt that her silence was useless.

As the saying goes, it’s better sooner than later.

She had planned to visit her grandparents with her parents and explain it to them.

Since things had come to this, there was no point in hiding it.

Moreover, judging from Freddy, they should be acquaintances. He should not be a bad man.

However, it is natural to favor his own relatives. Thus, her grandfather’s attitude toward her earlier was understandable.

One of them was his granddaughter, who lived with him, and the other was a stranger whom he had never seen before.

Even if the former caused trouble first.

But Wilson didn’t know the cause and effect of it.

Furthermore, even if Wilson was truly someone who could not distinguish right from wrong, Cierra was unable to do anything about it.

They were related by blood and that couldn't be denied.

She was about to tell the truth when Wilson interrupted her.

"You grew up in New York, so you may not know much about Los Angeles. Los Angeles is a good city. The Sapidity Restaurant of the Chester family can compare with the L'Opera Restaurant, and the MRC Group owned by my son-in-law, can compare to the Trevino Group. In this way, you may understand."

As the old man led the way, he introduced them to Cierra. His tone was so proud of that.

"By the way, are you married? Judging from your age, you shouldn't be married yet, right? Mr. Trevino seems to be pursuing you. Let me tell you, Mr. Trevino looks good and is capable, but he's not a good person. He had just divorced, and he found another woman. I don't know why he's not married yet. There are too many things, and you can't control him.

In my opinion, my grandsons are great. It's a pity that my grandson is not very promising and I'm afraid he doesn't deserve you. But my grandsons are excellent. They are handsome, tall, and successful. The older one is the president of the MRC Group. He's much better than that guy from the Trevino family, but he's a little older..."

"Grandpa, don't do that."

Cierra couldn't hold it in any longer. She interrupted it.

She wanted to interrupt him several times, but she couldn't find an opportunity to do

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But the more she listened, the more ridiculous it became.

How could they talk about her marriage?

He even wanted to let her be with Jaquan. That was ridiculous!

If she continued to play dumb, he would probably ask her to go on a blind date with Jaquan and William.

Just thinking about it, Cierra felt scared.

If she didn't stop him, she was afraid that Jaquan and William would scold her.

Therefore, regardless of whether it was the right time or not, Cierra interrupted him hurriedly.

When Wilson suddenly heard this address, he couldn't react in time.

He slowly turned around and looked at Cierra. His tone became sluggish.

"What... what did you call me?"

"I'm sorry, Grandpa."

Under the gaze of the old man, Cierra bowed to him.

She pursed her lips and began to explain slowly, "I'm Cici, Cici Barton. My mother should have mentioned it to you. Mom and Dad originally planned to take me back to the Chester family to visit you and Grandma after the competition. I didn't expect that the Chester family was the organizer of this competition. I haven't taken the initiative to recognize you before because..."

She felt a little guilty, hesitated for a moment, and continued.

"I didn't take the initiative to recognize you because it was not the right time. In addition, your attitude was not very friendly, and you even cursed Freddy... In short, I'm sorry, Grandpa."

She gave a vague explanation and then bowed to him to express her apology.

“I saw that you were chatting well with Freddy just now. I think you should be friends. That’s why I spoke so rudely. I didn’t respect you. You can scold me or hit me now!”

After saying that, Cierra finally breathed a sigh of relief. She stood quietly in front of Wilson, waiting for his movements.

Wilson couldn’t bear to scold her.

The girl who was lost had suffered a lot. How could he bear to scold her?

In addition, the elders cherished their grandchildren, and Cierra was the youngest in the family, so how could he scold her?

“It’s good that you’re back. It’s good…”

Wilson’s voice suddenly became a little hoarse, and his hand behind his back moved.

But he didn’t do anything and only muttered.

It could be seen that he felt sorry for her.

Cierra also felt a little guilty. “Grandpa, if you’re angry, just scold me.”

“Silly girl, what are you talking about?”

Wilson interrupted her. He couldn’t hold it in any longer. He grabbed her hand and looked at her carefully. Tears welled up in his eyes.

“You look quite similar to your mother. When I saw you before, I had this feeling. But the situation was special, so it was I can’t ask you. Also, don’t blame me.”

He patted the back of Cierra’s hand and said earnestly.

“I won’t. I was afraid that you would be angry with me. I was impulsive before. I had a dispute with my cousin and I wanted to visit you.”

Her teasing tone made the atmosphere a lot more relaxed.

Wilson withdrew his hand and laughed. "I know your cousin. She's good at pretending to be obedient at home, but she's so arrogant when she is outside. I protected her just because of the Chester family. I'm sorry to embarrass you."

Cierra shook her head. "I understand."

Wilson laughed.

He was well aware of the characters of his family.

Her eldest daughter, Sarah, was innocent. She had always been sensible. The only thing

about her was that she was too stubborn.

Back then, she wanted to marry a boy from the Barton family. He was so poor that he didn't have anything.

Her mother was also worried that it would be hard for her to get married, so she disagreed.

If it weren't for that guy's perseverance, he wouldn't have agreed.

Fortunately, he didn't misjudge him, and Sarah was lucky.

The youngest daughter, Belle, was much more cunning. She would try her best to get the thing she liked.

Cherry was Belle's daughter. How could she be a good person?

Chapter 282 She Could Be Alive

Although she seemed to be better than his good-for-nothing daughter and knew how to judge a book by its cover at home, she had the same character as her mother.

Countless parents had complained, and she would even bully a child!

It was just that he didn't catch her. In addition, he was worried that the girl would be shy, so he didn't teach her lessons seriously. He only scolded her during meals.

He had never said anything harsher to Cherry.

Moreover, he was not her parent. He was just her grandfather. She won't listen to him.

But now that he thought about it, what role did her granddaughter play in the confrontation with Cierra just now?

Moreover, according to Cici, they had seen each other before.

If Cici was angry, then what about her?

As an elder sister, not only did she not protect her younger sister, but she even used him to deal with her younger sister.

Thinking of this, Wilson's face darkened.

"I'll teach your cousin a lesson after the competition. Don't be angry."

"OK, Grandpa. She didn't take advantage of me."

Cierra felt happy.

So that was how it felt to be protected by one's elders.

She regretted it. If she had recognized her grandfather when she confronted Cherry, things might have been different.

But this was not bad.

And in the end, the people from L'Opera Restaurant came to protect her. Cherry was pissed off.

She really liked to cause trouble.

She didn't know why?

Just because she was the granddaughter of the Chester family?

Wasn't she the same?

Without thinking too much about it, Cierra was in a pretty good mood.

"Grandpa, it's getting late. Didn't you ask me to cook a few dishes? I'll show you my cooking skills today."

Wilson also came to his senses. He nodded and said, "Okay, I'll have a taste!"

Cierra was very confident in herself. "I promise it'll be delicious."

"Okay, I have high hopes for you!"

When he heard her tone, Wilson was also very happy.

He was happy that his granddaughter learned a skill.

He was willing to see his children healthy, happy, and successful.

Looking at his beautiful granddaughter who was confident and generous, he was gratified!

Especially when he thought of Freddy having addressed his granddaughter as Senior, he

even felt complacent.

"Why is that old man so arrogant?"

No matter how arrogant he was, he still had to call his granddaughter senior.

In other words, he had a higher status than him!

When Wilson thought of how Freddy would look when he found out the truth later, he couldn't help but laugh, and he walked faster.

He led Cierra to the spare utensils and gave her a detailed introduction.

Finally, he reminded her, "Don't cook too much. Just cook two dishes. I just want to have a taste. Don't treat those two old men as distinguished guests. If you're tired, just have a rest, understand?"

Hearing these words, Cierra felt warm in her heart, and she kept smiling. "I know, Grandpa. You should go and rest first. It's hot. It's not good for you to stay here."

She heard from Jaquan that the Chester family had been declining in recent years.

Because none of the younger generations of the Chester family was willing to learn cooking, the apprentices recruited from outside had run away. And their business was naturally getting worse and worse.

In today's society, there was no shortage of fresh and delicious food.

Even if some restaurants were not as good as Sapidity Restaurant, the customers would naturally flock to other famous places.

Fortunately, the Sapidity Restaurant was a century-old restaurant, and it could be barely managed.

Otherwise, it would go bankrupt in a few more years!

Cierra did not comment on business matters. The business was like a battlefield. It was a process of competition.

But she felt sorry for her elders.

Freddy wasn't in charge of the affairs of L'Opera Restaurant now, so he would only go there every once in a while. The kitchen matters were basically left to Layton to handle.

Those students also slowly mastered skills and they adopted orphans or some children.

If they wanted to study, they could go to school. If they didn't, he could learn a skill to make a living in L'Opera Restaurant.

Now that life was getting better, the L'Opera Restaurant no longer had as many people as it had been decades ago, but it was enough.

On the other hand, her grandfather was still worried about the family business at such an old age.

Therefore, she spent some effort on this lunch and planned to make something suitable for the elderly.

After putting on the apron and picking up the kitchen knife, Cierra looked completely different.

Her movements were quick and her expression was very serious.

Wilson had planned to laugh at Freddy, but when he saw his granddaughter carefully cooking, he didn't want to leave.

He pulled out a chair and sat down. As Cierra's hands moved, her expression became more and more serious.

The most basic skill of a chef is cutting skill. One had to have a clear understanding of it.

Obviously, this girl could do this.

Cierra must practice for a long time.

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His granddaughter, Cherry, had just learned to cook in the past few years. She didn't try her best, and her cutting skills were not good.

Cierra was steady and strong when holding those things. It was obvious that she had been trained.

The pot was not light. Ordinary girls could not pick it up at all. Even his son had suffered a lot when he practiced this.

Every day, he tied a sandbag to his arms and held a pot filled with sand to practice. Only in this way could he achieve such stability.

But Cherry couldn't do that.

Her pot was custom-made, and it was much lighter than the other pots. Even so, she was too lazy to practice it.

Fortunately, the guests of Sapidity Restaurant were not professionals, and Cherry could

help in the kitchen.

But in a professional competition, Cherry couldn't win.

When Wilson saw Cierra's actions, he sighed inwardly.

Unfortunately, she was taken away by L'Opera Restaurant.

He was also very sad that she was not raised by them because of the accident when she was born.

But at the same time, Wilson was very glad.

Fortunately, the people at L'Opera Restaurant were so kind that they adopted children and were willing to teach them a skill.

And she could be alive.

Chapter 283 What Did You Say?

Cierra had no idea what Wilson was thinking. She was focused on cooking.

Because the diners at noon were three old men, she planned to cook something that suited their taste.

As for the ingredients, because of this competition, she could basically find whatever she wanted.

Cierra was very fast. She dealt with all the things quickly.

Four dishes and one soup should be enough.

The cooking method for the stir-fried shrimp was simple, but it was an assessment for a chef. It mainly depended on the control of the heat. The taste would be bad in a short time, and it wouldn't taste good in a long time.

The garlic ribs contained a large amount of calcium. Not only could it prevent the bones from osteoporosis, but it could also prevent rickets.

What made Cierra even happier was that the garlic had been prepared in advance and she only needed to mince it.

But it didn't matter. She wanted to eat it, so she had to pay the price.

The other dish was much simpler, which was fried tofu. It was simple and delicious.

As for the last dish, Cierra had a new idea.

Cierra was still brooding over Dr. Charles's comments.

Therefore, she planned to let Dr. Charles have a taste of his home.

Instead of making it according to the traditional recipe, she asked how to make this dish in Dr. Charles's hometown.

She had indeed changed the taste. Because the old men's teeth were not good, Cierra tried her best to ensure that it was easy to chew.

As for whether it was authentic or not, she would not consider it.

The soup was simple, too. It was a fresh fish soup. The fried fish was poured into the boiling water, and the milky white soup suddenly began to boil. With other foods, the fresh fragrance began to spread in the air.

Cierra had just started to make a few dishes at the same time as if she was competing with the young people on the stage next to her.

At this moment, all kinds of food were cooked.

There was a spicy smell, a salty and fresh smell, and so on....

Everyone gulped as they fantasized about the taste of the food.

There was another fresh fragrance in the air.

It smelled good and made people want to have a taste.

Compared with the oily dishes, this fresh fragrance seemed to be more appetizing.

It was like a piece of lettuce on a greasy barbecue. When one ate the barbecue and drank iced cola at the same time, it would be terrific.

They didn't know who made it.

The people thought to themselves and muttered at the same time, "I'm afraid that this year's championship will be settled. It's a pity that the people from L'Opera Restaurant didn't participate. Otherwise, they may win!"

Time passed slowly.

The drumbeats on the stage represented the end of the competition. Regardless of whether they had finished or not, they had to stop.

Some people wailed and hurriedly arranged the food, trying to make a beautiful appearance, so as to make up for the lack of taste and leave a good impression.

There were also those who were full of confidence and stood up straight as soon as the drumbeats sounded, waiting for the examiners to test.

When the last drumbeat stopped, Cierra also finished cooking.

They could have a taste.

"It's done."

When the host's voice rang out on the stage, Cierra also finished all the dishes, and a satisfied smile appeared on her face.

She didn't forget that her grandfather had been waiting for her. She raised her head and

let him have a taste.

Wilson couldn't wait any longer.

When the fresh fragrance spread out of the kitchen, he kept swallowing saliva.

However, he had been pretending to be calm and resting with his eyes closed. He did not

show any expression.

In the words, even if he looked calm on the surface, his heart was already in turmoil.

At this moment, when he heard Cierra calling him, he immediately got up, took out his forks, and came to her.

Fortunately, Cierra did not see her grandfather's actions. Otherwise, she would have laughed out loud.

She scooped up a bowl of soup for him first and said, "Grandpa, have some soup first."

Wilson got a piece of tofu and took a bite.

It was so delicious.

It had been many years since he had tasted such delicious food.

He wanted to eat all of them.

However, he had to maintain his image. After eating the tofu, he slowly tasted the soup.

The fish soup was tasty. If it weren't for the fact that it was a little hot, he would have drunk it in one gulp.

But at the same time, he thanked the heat for letting him taste the delicious fish soup carefully.

It was great!

Except for the word "great", he couldn't think of any other words.

After finishing the fresh soup, he was very satisfied!

"You old man, I knew you were eating in there. If it weren't for Dr. Charles stopping me, I would have come in and scolded you long ago."

Just as Wilson was about to eat again, Freddy's irritable voice came from behind him.

With a few quick steps, Freddy had already rushed to the table. "You don't call us and you're eating here alone. How could you do this?"

At first, Wilson was grateful to Freddy, but when he heard his words, he became angry.

“So what? My granddaughter made it. Why can’t I eat? You’ve been eating it for several years. Why do you still care about these?”

“Why don’t I care? Who told you...”

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Freddy had a glib tongue and immediately retorted. However, he stopped abruptly.

“What did you just say? Granddaughter?”

Chapter 284 We’ll Go Our Own Way!

look. Seeing that Freddy had come to his senses, Wilson had a smug

At this moment, he didn’t want to eat anymore. He put his hands behind his back and stared at Freddy with joy.

“You old man, are you deaf, or are you out of your mind? Don’t you understand this? I said, Cierra is my granddaughter! Do you understand?”

Freddy was stunned.

He couldn’t say anything. He looked at Wilson stunned and then turned to look at Cierra, who was not far away.

This scene happened earlier than Cierra had imagined.

She pursed her lips and didn’t know how to answer.

But that was the truth and she couldn’t change.

In the end, she slowly said to Freddy.

“This is indeed my grandfather. Freddy, I also recognized him when I was cooking.

You...”

Without waiting for her to finish, Freddy interrupted her.

Cierra immediately shut her mouth.

Although she had always regarded herself as the senior in L’Opera Restaurant, Freddy was at such a young age and she did not forget the principle of respecting the old.

At this moment, she respected Freddy.

Although Freddy interrupted her, he did not say anything.

He was still stunned.

His old friend was Cierra's grandfather. How could this be?

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And Cierra was his senior!

No way.

Freddy took a deep breath and said, "Cierra is indeed my senior, and you are her grandfather, but we still have our own business. She calls you grandfather, and you call

1. That's it!" me brother. Our seniority can't be messed

When Wilson heard this, he was unwilling to let it go. He immediately patted Freddy's shoulder and argued with him, "How can you do that? You don't respect your teacher.

You can't...

The two of them were arguing, but they didn't know that someone had already eaten at the table.

Just as Wilson and Freddy were arguing, Cierra had already set the table.

There were tables and chairs here. What was the point of going out?

He didn't want to behave like those judges.

Dr. Charles took the opportunity to eat while they were arguing.

At the same time, he was planning something.

He had not forgotten his purpose in coming to Los Angeles. Not only did he have to taste the girl's cooking skills, but he also had to treat her mother.

Dr. Charles had intended to take this girl as his disciple and show off in front of Freddy.

However, now she has and it was no longer so easy to be her teacher.

While he was thinking of awa.

he ate a piece of meat.

The familiar taste made him have some inexplicable emotions.

Dr. Charles paused. He just ate it without expression.

All of a sudden, he wanted to cry.

After eating a small piece of meat, he couldn't help but want to eat more.

Cierra didn't notice Dr. Charles's change. When she saw him take the initiative to eat the dish, she couldn't suppress her curiosity.

"Dr. Charles, I wonder if today's dishes are authentic or not?"

She said tentatively as if she was joking.

As soon as she finished speaking, the old man in front of her suddenly choked and kept nodding. "Yes, yes..."

Cierra was frightened.

How could it make him cry?

Moreover, there was no chili. Even if there was chili, it was impossible for him to cry after taking a bite.

Obviously, it was for other reasons.

At that moment, Cierra did not know what to say.

She was not good at comforting people, let alone he was an elder.

Ignoring his image, Dr. Charles took out a handkerchief, wiped his tears, and kept eating.

After he ate it, there were more tears on his face.

Cierra couldn't bear to see others cry, so she couldn't help but comfort, "If it doesn't taste good, or if it reminds you of some bad memories, then don't eat it. Or maybe you can try something else and drink some soup, okay?"

He had always argued with Freddy. She had never seen him like this before.

Cierra panicked. She immediately took a bowl of soup for Dr. Charles.

But he didn't drink it. He just ate the meat and was already immersed in his own world.

Feeling helpless, Cierra could only place her hopes on the two old men who were still arguing over there.

As if they had heard Cierra's words, they did not argue. and turned around at the same time.

Seeing the food on the table,

They didn't argue anymore.

It was just a title!

Was it more important than eating?

No!

"Old man, you're taking advantage of the fact that we're quarreling and you're eating here alone, aren't you?"

Freddy was impatient. After sitting down, he cursed.

After sitting down, he looked up and saw Dr. Charles wiping his tears. He suddenly stopped talking.

He was also at a loss and turned to look at Cierra.

"He..."

Why did he cry after eating something?

They all took their seats. Dr. Charles felt a little embarrassed.

He put down his forks and wiped away the tears. He looked a little tired, less energetic than usual when he bickered with Freddy.

"I'm sorry to let you see that."

Freddy did not buy it and frowned. "We've been friends for so many years. Don't say that."

He probably felt that his tone should not be too harsh at the moment. After saying that, he pursed his lips and patted Dr. Charles on the shoulder.

"Tell me, old man, what's going on?"

"Nothing. It's just a personal matter. It's been decades. There's no point in telling you."

Dr. Charles smiled bitterly and picked up his forks again. Pretending to be optimistic, he picked up some food for Freddy.

“Let’s eat. Cierra’s cooking skills are amazing. Try it quickly.”

Since he had said that, it was not appropriate for Freddy to ask any more questions.

He pretended that nothing had happened just now and snorted. “I haven’t scolded you yet. How could you eat here alone!”

Chapter 285 But What Can I Do?

Dr. Charles knew that Freddy was just trying to make fun of him and ease the atmosphere, so he didn’t pretend to be angry or quarrel with him as usual.

He just smiled, and there was a look of relief on his face.

“When I was not transferred to New York, I lived in my hometown with my mother. At that time, although I didn’t have much money, my profession was decent. I lived with my mother in that era, and I still had extra money every month.

She was good at cooking, but I didn’t have time to eat when I was busy with work. She thought of a lot of ways to let me eat something. After she sent me to the hospital, she watched me finish eating.

The busiest time was during the holidays. There were many patients.

At that time, there were fewer doctors, and I was busy all night. Since I started working, I had never had dinner with my mother.

When my mother was sick, it was Christmas Day. I was still on duty in the hospital. My mother was worried that I would starve at night, so she sent me something to eat at 1 a.m. Then she suddenly fainted in the hospital, which scared me.”

Speaking of this, Dr. Charles raised the corner of his mouth and forced a smile.

If there was wine on the table at this time, Dr. Charles would have drunk it.

Unfortunately, there was nothing else in front of him except for food.

He looked at the dishes with red eyes. “I’ve saved a lot of people in my life, and I’m respectfully called a good doctor. But I can’t even save my own mother...”

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Dr. Charles couldn’t control his emotions any longer. Tears streamed down his face.

They all kept silent.

It was so quiet that only Dr. Charles's heavy sob could be heard.

He wiped away his tears. Perhaps it was because someone was hearing today, he kept talking.

"I'm not a good doctor. I saved so many people, but I couldn't save my mother who raised me up alone. She was thin and skinny, and she kept asking me to take care of myself.

After she passed away, I ate a lot of dishes, but none of them tasted like this."

It was not that the dishes in those restaurants were not authentic, but that they tasted different from what he remembered.

Even the dish made by Cierra today was different from the taste in his memory.

It was just that this was the most similar taste in so many years.

He smiled bitterly. "I truly never imagined that the dish that Cierra cooked today would stir up so many memories of my youth. Thank you, thank you..."

This dish reminded him of his mother.

He remembered his mother's warning.

He almost made him think that he was a big shot and immersed himself in the glory that didn't exist.

He almost forgot to be humble, and he was full of pride.

If he really died like this, he would regret it.

These words also made Cierra move.

She was just not convinced that Dr. Charles said that her dishes were not authentic. She didn't expect this dish to have such a background.

She pursed her lips and looked at Dr. Charles. She comforted him, "Dr. Charles, it's all in the past. We have to live well. People have to look forward, don't we? You didn't save your mother, but you can't blame it on yourself. There were many reasons... weren't they?"

Dr. Charles twitched the corner of his mouth, shook his head slowly, and did not answer.

His mother had passed away, and there was no point in comforting him.

Those who had died could no longer be reborn, and those who were alive could only live with guilt and longing.

He looked completely different from his usual lively self, which made Freddy feel sorry for him.

He patted Dr. Charles on the shoulder and said, "Old man, Cierra is right. No matter how sad you are, it has nothing to do with you, doesn't it? Even if you are a doctor, you can't treat all patients. We are already old. Take it easy!"

"Take it easy."

Dr. Charles muttered, repeating what Freddy had said.

Freddy patted him heavily on the shoulder and said, "Yes, don't think too much about it. If you keep thinking about it, the food will be cold."

Dr. Charles laughed and he gradually became happy.

If it weren't for the sadness in his eyes, they would have thought that he had recovered.

However, that was not true.

After laughing, he let out a sigh of relief and said, "Freddy, Don't try to persuade me. Just like you said, we're both old now. I don't know when I'll die. We have to let it go."

He picked up his forks again. It was obvious that he was struggling to cheer himself up.

"Come on, let's eat."

"Cierra cooks it hard, we can't let her down. We have to eat well. No matter how busy we are, we can't be hungry. Cierra, come over for a meal!"

Seeing Dr. Charles like this, Cierra felt a little helpless.

If she had known this would happen, she wouldn't have made this dish.

But she couldn't know it earlier, and it was not a bad thing to spit out the words.

As they understood tacitly, no one mentioned it again. They began to eat.

They didn't eat the meat and only left it for Dr. Charles.

Letting him miss his mom.

Perhaps he felt guilty that he, a doctor, could not save his biological mother.

Perhaps he regretted not spending more time with his mother back then.

Perhaps it was a pity that he hadn't had a good taste of his mother's cooking back then.

But what could he do?

She had already died. When he was still in his prime, she had already passed away.

They had a quiet meal.

Even though it was delicious, they still restrained.

The silence was broken by a loud noise outside the shed.

It sounded like something had exploded, causing a burst of panic, followed by all kinds of screams!

"Cierra..."

Then, two figures rushed into the small kitchen, shouting Cierra's name anxiously.