

Chapter 1111 Phoenix In Flames

Loraine and Marco devoted extra hours to preparing for their upcoming engagement party, each visit to the shops tinged with a blend of nerves and excitement.

For Marco, the event was more than a prelude to their wedding; it was a sacred milestone that would affirm their commitment to each other.

Marco insisted on perfection for the occasion.

Meanwhile, Loraine took charge of the aesthetics, sketching out venue designs and engaging a well-known studio for the setup. Together, they chose the décor materials.

She also arranged for casual, yet stylish outfits to be prepared for their trips to the local building materials market.

While discussing the venue's design in the bustling market, Loraine's eyes sparkled with ideas. They debated various enhancements and brainstormed innovative additions.

A significant point of their discussion was how to involve Qbot in the engagement party.

Qbot had become invaluable to them, and Loraine affectionately thought of the endearing AI as their own child. It was unimaginable for their "child" to be absent from their engagement party.

In the lively chaos of the market, Marco, usually clad in designer attire and accustomed to the comforts of luxury

vehicles and VIP treatment, found himself feeling slightly awkward, despite it not being his first experience in such an environment.

The sensation of inexpensive fabric against his skin was new and slightly uncomfortable.

Noticing his unease, Loraine smiled warmly and shared a childhood memory. "When I was young, these were the best clothes we could afford. They're inexpensive, so it's no big deal if they get dirty."

Her words eased Marco's discomfort. He clasped her hand, his touch reconnecting him to her past, a life she had lived before him.

Loraine hadn't intended to stir up memories of tougher times; her aim was practicality in their current task. Spotting an ad for a high-end restaurant, she chuckled, "We still haven't settled on the caterer for our party. We're both famished. How about we try this place?"

Agreeing, Marco nodded, and they made their way to the restaurant, hopeful it might be the perfect choice for their celebration.

The restaurant exuded an upscale ambiance, with its elegant, retro décor. Waiters dressed in period attire greeted guests with polished smiles at the door.

As Marco and Loraine entered, a figure who appeared to be the manager glanced their way.

Judging by their simple clothes, he dismissed them as ordinary and refrained from approaching.

His attention swiftly shifted to a gorgeously dressed woman who entered just after them, his demeanor changing as he hurried over with an obsequious bow. "Ma'am, it is an honor to

serve you. Please, allow me to showcase our signature dishes," he said with an embellished courtesy.

Exchanging amused looks, Marco and Loraine were unfazed by the oversight; the high-end establishments they frequented didn't rely on such overt solicitations.

While searching for a table, they overheard the manager continuing his spiel to the woman. "Our culinary creations are the work of an apprentice of Chef Odom from Geranium in Presal, unique to our restaurant in the entire country!"

His tone suggested exclusivity, adding, "We cater primarily to an aristocratic clientele, not those merely seeking amusement or to flaunt their status."

As the manager's gaze flicked to Loraine and Marco, he quickly resumed his obsequious attention to the woman.

Loraine, puzzled, questioned what she had heard. Odom's apprentice?

She recalled Odom once considering her for an apprenticeship, but he had not mentioned taking on other apprentices recently.

Could this chef be a new apprentice? If so, she and the chef would share a connection through Odom's mentorship.

Loraine smiled to herself, choosing not to use this newfound link. Settled at a table with Marco, she reminisced about amusing episodes from her time at the Geranium.

At that moment, a trolley rolled out, bearing a dish with a flamboyant display. The manager proclaimed with fervor, "Ladies and gentlemen! Behold the renowned 'Phoenix in Flames,' crafted by Chef Odom!"

The woman gasped in wonder, joined by murmurs of admiration from the other diners. However, Loraine's

expression turned stern at the sight of the dish and the casual misuse of Odom's name. She asserted with conviction, "This is not 'Phoenix in Flames' at all."



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