

Chapter 997 A Warm Meal

In the kitchen, Vincent, who had kept talking, was stopped by Loraine's complaint. "Ms. Watts has gone to rest. Keep your voice down. You'll disturb her."

Feeling a little guilty, he instantly stopped talking. Loraine remembered what Vincent had said earlier about Maia's preferences. She picked out the ingredients and skillfully dealt with them.

Seeing her actions stunned Vincent. He bought so many ingredients in an attempt to embarrass her, but it turned out that she was a good cook!

He, on the other hand, was completely useless in the kitchen. Watching her handle the food with practiced ease, he said in surprise, "I didn't know you cooked. You're the president of the Universe Group. Don't you have other people to do that kind of stuff for you?"

Loraine threw a cold glance toward him. "Can't you do at least this much?"

He gave her an awkward smile. "No, actually..."

Loraine ignored him and focused on preparing the food. Soon, the kitchen was filled with a delicious aroma.

As she cooked, Vincent couldn't keep still. After some time, he asked, "What did you and Ms. Watts talk about? Tell me!"

Without raising her head, Loraine skillfully cut the fish and said indifferently, "We talked about the necklace."

Vincent paused for a moment, about to ask more. However, before he could prod her for further details, Loraine forcefully brought down the knife on the chopping board, making a loud bang. She turned to him with an eerily gentle smile and said, "If you're not going to help, the least you could do is not get in my way here. You might get splashed with hot oil when I fry something later, or my hand might slip when I cut the vegetables. You wouldn't want to be accidentally cut, would you?"

Vincent froze for a moment, then hurried out.

Maia was resting and now, Loraine had driven him out. Vincent slumped on the sofa, waiting and sighing with boredom. He turned on the TV, flicking over channels and settling for the news.

Suddenly, his phone lit up with a message. It was from his subordinate in the Wilson family. "Mr. Wilson, we heard the news that Ms. Jaylah Wilson will take over planning for the banquet on the excuse that your eldest brother won't be coming back this year."

Vincent's eyes grew deep. This party was for the Wilson family to socialize with celebrities, and it was held once a year. He felt it boring and had never paid attention to it.

However, after seeing the message, he suddenly thought of the phone call Loraine had just answered.

The banquet was set for exactly one month from now.

At first, Vincent wasn't really interested, but now that he had realized it might have something to do with Loraine, he couldn't get it out of his head.

Jaylah never cared about these things before either, so why was she suddenly involving herself now?

For some reason, he felt that something bad was about to

happen.

With a snort, he told his subordinate to follow the news closely and report anything he found. Then, he thought about Jaylah's uncharacteristic actions and frowned.

As he mulled over it, he felt a sudden kick on his leg. He looked up to see Loraine coming out with a dish. She eyed him with furrowed brows. "What are you thinking about? If you want to eat, help me serve the dishes and call Ms. Watts over."

Vincent, who would have been old enough to be Loraine's father, felt more like a younger brother being scolded by a strict older sister. Obediently, he went into the kitchen and brought out the dishes. After a while, he remarked with exaggeration, "It smells amazing!"

It had done the job of waking Maia up.

She walked out slowly, her eyes going to the food laid out on the table. She lit up with appreciation and complimented the food. "Everything looks good and it smells wonderful. I can't wait to try it all!"

Looking at Vincent, who was talking excitedly, then at Loraine, who was gentle and capable, Maia felt warm. "I'm taking a picture and posting it on Twitter. It'd be a shame not to show others!"

Maia took her phone from the living room. She was about to take a picture when she realized that it was out of power. It was strange, since she didn't use it often. She had no idea when the battery got used up.

Seeing this, Loraine said, "I'll take the photo. I'll send it to you later."

Maia, thinking that it would let her follow Loraine and contact her in the future, readily agreed.

Excitedly, Vincent also asked Loraine to send him the photo. Then, almost like a child, he showed it to Maia. "Ms. Watts, I'll post it first!"

He posted the photo. Seeing the pleased expression on his face, Maia couldn't help but laugh.

Warmth surrounded them as they sat at the table and ate. In their merry spirits, not one among them knew how much trouble the photo would cause.

Vincent, who hadn't updated his social media about his private life in a long time, posted a photo of a home-cooked meal on Twitter. Immediately, rumors spread like wildfire throughout the internet, with everyone wondering about his reasons for posting the picture.

Some people focused on the food. One commented, "Mr. Cohen, where are you? I'll bring my own plate and tableware. Just let me have a bite!"

At the same time, Marco also saw the trending post.

He didn't pay much attention to it at first, but soon he received a notification from Qbot showing that Loraine had just taken a photo with her mobile phone.

Marco read the notification and found that it was the same as the one on the trending tweet. His face darkened at once. Was Loraine with Vincent right now?

Chapter 998 The Outsider

Marco was like an old hand at Loraine's cooking. When he scrutinized the posted picture, he immediately recognized her handiwork.

Then he glanced at Vincent's caption alongside the photo: "Here to visit my folks! Today, we're treated to a feast by a culinary maestro!"

Marco clenched his teeth, gripping his phone so tightly that it looked like he could crush it.

What was Vincent playing at? Vincent! He was the one enjoying Loraine's cooking and posting it on Twitter!

Marco, who had been cool and calculating, pulling strings behind the scenes and using Qbot to soften Loraine's heart, hoping for reconciliation once she cooled down, found himself unable to keep his cool.

His plans were solid, but they relied on Loraine being willing to wait.

But if Loraine wasn't willing to wait, what was the point of his schemes?

Staring at the photo, Marco's expression darkened with a swarm of suspicions buzzing through his mind.

Had Loraine met Vincent's family and cooked for them?

Jealousy swirled in Marco's gut, mingled with dread that he was losing his grip.

He feared that if he continued lurking in the shadows, Loraine could slip away with someone else and be gone for good.

This was a thousand times worse than Loraine being mad at him. Marco couldn't sit still any longer and abruptly stood up, striding out with a determined air, asking Qbot about Loraine's whereabouts.

He couldn't afford to be passive anymore. He had to actively win Loraine back.

Qbot quickly provided a rough location of Loraine, but, fearing her wrath, it didn't dare to be too precise, only hinting at a suburban villa area.

Qbot also added, "The guy with Mommy went out once to grab groceries, but she stayed in. I couldn't keep tabs on what was happening inside..."

Marco furrowed his brows, imagining Loraine possibly having a cozy meal with that family. His heart ached, and his fear of losing her intensified, making him press harder on the accelerator.

Before long, he reached the villa.

Just as he was about to storm in, a message from a subordinate interrupted him. "Mr. Bryant, the Wilson family is throwing a banquet in a month and they've invited the top brass from Solar Company. Should we accept the invitation? If so, will you attend, or should we send one of your assistants?"

Marco scowled. At first, he wanted to ignore it, but then he noticed another message from a subordinate who was keeping an eye on Loraine. "Mr. Bryant, the Wilson family is hosting a banquet in a month and it seems they specifically want Miss Torres to be there."

Marco paused, his grip on the wheel tightening as he

considered his response. Suddenly, he saw several figures exit the villa.

His eyes narrowed when he saw Loraine, and instinctively, he sank back into his seat.

Remembering that he had switched cars when he got back to Solar Company and that the windows were tinted, he let out a relieved sigh and watched closely.

Among the three people leaving the villa were Loraine, Vincent, whom he recognized, and an older woman.

The elderly woman, with her grey hair styled elegantly, oozed sophistication and nobility. Marco's expression darkened as he guessed she was likely a senior member of the Wilson family.

He watched the elderly woman warmly holding Loraine's hand, her face radiating kindness as she whispered something and slipped something into Loraine's palm.

Marco's face turned pale. Though he'd never known the warmth of family, he'd seen enough to know that when parents liked their son's girlfriend, they'd often give gifts and offer heartfelt advice.

His jealousy flared up, but he didn't dare leave the car, fearing Loraine's anger. He even switched off the headlights the moment she appeared.

As he watched the happy scene from the shadows, he could only silently observe Loraine's cheerful chat with the elderly woman, his heart heavy with sorrow.

His phone buzzed several times, and with great effort, he tore his gaze away to tell his subordinate to keep monitoring the Wilson family. Then, through the car window, he resumed his silent vigil over Loraine.

After the meal, Loraine had impressed Maia so much that she had forgotten her own student, affectionately holding Loraine and fussing over her. Vincent teased from behind, "Ms. Watts, you're playing favorites! I'm your student!"

Maia grumbled, "Oh, come on! Loraine came to visit and made a wonderful dinner, but what about you? You only squandered my fine tea!"

With a soft grin, Loraine said, "I'll make time to see you frequently when I'm free. Then I'll prepare delectable meals for you."

Holding her hand and speaking with an elderly caress, Maia gave a satisfied nod. Something was being carefully put into Loraine's palm.

Since Maia had kept it low-key and slipped it to her quietly, Loraine didn't make a fuss, keeping her expression unchanged.

At that moment, she felt a pair of intense, mournful eyes on her. She turned her head instinctively and saw a strange car lurking in the darkness!

