

Chapter 1191 Picked On

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Their formal attire caught the attention of other diners, who watched them with admiration as they took their seats.

The ambassador from Xelorie had yet to arrive.

With some time to spare, Marco picked up the menu and inquired about Loraine's preferences. Checking her watch and noting the ambassador's tardiness, Loraine frowned slightly and shook her head. "Let's wait for the ambassador to arrive," she suggested.

Shortly thereafter, the ambassador made his entrance.

Despite their surprise at his lateness, Loraine and Marco rose to greet him without a hint of displeasure.

The ambassador, Wray, carrying a few extra pounds, barely acknowledged Loraine's extended hand, opting instead to give Marco a brief handshake. Sitting down, he spoke brusquely. "Time is valuable to all of us, so let's cut to the chase."

Exchanging puzzled looks, Marco and Loraine wondered about the ambassador's abrupt change in demeanor, contrasting sharply with his earlier enthusiasm over the phone.

Nonetheless, they were there on business. Loraine, unfazed,

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Exchanging puzzled looks, Marco and Loraine wondered about the ambassador's abrupt change in demeanor, contrasting sharply with his earlier enthusiasm over the phone.

Nonetheless, they were there on business. Loraine, unfazed, proceeded to lay out the documents to begin their discussion.

However, Wray ignored her efforts and surveyed the restaurant with a critical eye. "This establishment is mediocre at best—hardly better than a modest diner back in Xelorie. If this is your choice for a meeting, I question both your

highly regarded in Zodiac."

Wray glanced at him and inquired, "Who are you, and what is your connection to her?"

He gestured towards Loraine as he spoke.

Loraine felt her heart skip a beat, aware that the ambassador's demeanor had shifted because of her presence.

Under the table, Marco grasped her hand, his voice firm as he declared, "I am her fiancé."

Wray furrowed his brow. Unaware of Marco's prominent role in Solar Company, his attitude cooled at Marco's words. He briefly perused the menu before throwing it down on the table with a dismissive gesture. "I don't find these dishes appealing at all," he remarked.

Marco's grip tightened, and he was on the verge of standing, but Loraine gently held his hand, urging him to remain seated. She shook her head slightly, cautioning him with a look.

They both understood the delicacy of interacting with foreigners. Any misstep could blow up into a scandal if misinterpreted.

It was crucial to remain composed, especially since Wray seemed intent on provoking them.

Facing Wray, Loraine offered a slight smile. "What sort of cuisine do you prefer, Ambassador? Perhaps I could cook something to your liking?"

Caught off guard by her smile, Wray momentarily lost his composure and nodded, only to recover quickly with a scoff. "You don't look like someone capable of cooking, dressed so elegantly. What decent meal could you possibly prepare?"

The smile on Loraine's face waned slightly. "Then what would you recommend?"

Wray paused, contemplating. He doubted Loraine could cook,

considering her poised and delicate appearance. Yet, the thought of her attempting to cook and possibly creating chaos seemed entertaining to him.

Furthermore, if she lacked culinary skills, it would give him a perfect excuse to decline their partnership.

Thus, Wray declared, "If you manage to cook something palatable, we can proceed with our talk. Otherwise, consider the deal off!"

Right after his words echoed in the room, a sharp crack resonated as Marco clenched a spoon so tightly that it broke.

With a stoic face, Marco discarded the fragmented spoon onto the table, his gaze icy as he stared down Wray. Wray flinched, but before he could respond, Loraine intervened, pulling Marco aside.

Loraine, with a reassuring smile, replied, "Very well, Ambassador, just give us a moment, please."

She then guided Marco toward the kitchen, seeking permission to use it from the restaurant staff.

Visibly irritated, Marco muttered, "The ambassador is picking on you. Let's get out of here. He doesn't deserve your cooking skills!"

Loraine let out a sigh and comforted him, "The materials at stake are valuable and worth the effort. Moreover, I suspect the ambassador's hostility masks deeper issues. Preparing just one dish is a breeze for me. We'll see what their true motives are."

Despite his frustration, Marco could not argue, feeling only pity for her. "This is tough on you."

Shaking her head, Loraine obtained permission to use the kitchen and sprang into action.

Moments later, a waiter approached their table and unveiled the dish.

Inside the modest bowl was nothing but clear water with a single piece of stark white tofu floating at the center.



Chapter 1192 A Magic Show

Initially apprehensive, Wray watched the waiter serve the dish, wondering whether he had underestimated Loraine's culinary skills.

Upon spotting the unassuming bowl of clear water and tofu, his anxiety dissolved into derisive laughter. "You really think you can fool me? This, tofu, is practically the cheapest fare in your land!"

He scoffed at Loraine, who had trailed behind the waiter. "I had no high hopes, but boiled tofu? That's practically an insult!"

Loraine remained silent. Having shed her formal jacket, she donned a plain white apron over her shirt, which, despite its simplicity, seemed to exude a hint of designer flair.

Standing there at ease, she appeared as graceful as a Michelin chef.

As Wray aired his doubts, Loraine merely offered a serene smile to the waiter and gracefully accepted a long-handled teapot, beginning to drizzle its contents over the tofu.

Wray was on the verge of mocking Loraine further, dismissing her actions as mere antics, when the scene before him took an unexpected turn.

The moment the liquid touched the tofu, a rich, enticing aroma filled the air, captivating everyone present.

Marco's eyes sparkled with realization as he understood the

type of dish Loraine had prepared, his gaze warm with admiration.

Meanwhile, Wray found himself utterly confounded. The tofu appeared unchanged, yet the air was thick with fragrance from what had seemed mere water. His curiosity piqued, he was about to voice his bewilderment when the dish transformed yet again.

The pale tofu, gently bobbing in the water, slowly unfolded like a flower in bloom, each slice so finely cut that it resembled the delicate petals of a flower. The skill behind such carving was nothing short of remarkable.

As the tofu opened fully, it transformed into an intricate lotus flower, beautifully complex.

Upon closer inspection, it became apparent that other ordinary ingredients like radishes had been immersed in broth to enhance the vividness of the lotus.

The tofu moved fluidly, mimicking fish playfully darting through a pond.

The spectacle captivated everyone, even the restaurant staff. Wray was especially struck, his eyes wide with astonishment.

Yet, he quickly regained his composure and scoffed, "Impressive presentation, but I came here to eat, not to watch a magic show. It looks simple; how could it possibly be delicious?"

He eyed Loraine with a smug look of anticipation. "Remember our agreement. If this doesn't delight my palate, its artistic merit is irrelevant."

Loraine simply smiled, unfazed, and nodded to the waiter. The

waiter, clearly impressed with her composure, promptly served a bowl of soup to Wray.

Intent on showing his disdain, Wray prepared to taste and then reject the soup. However, as he brought the spoon to his lips, a rich, enticing scent enveloped him, stirring his hunger. "Just a taste," he muttered under his breath, planning to spit it out after one sip.

With that in mind, he found himself unable to resist taking a sip. As soon as the soup met his lips, he nearly leaped in awe.

Delicious! It was unbelievably scrumptious! The flavors were so intense that they nearly prompted him to exclaim in praise!

Wray tried to stay poised, yet before he knew it, he had gulped down the soup. Then, spotting the tiny "fish" bobbing in the broth, he instinctively took another sip.

The tiny "fish," smooth and tender, astonishingly mimicked the taste of actual fish, despite being crafted from tofu!

When Wray regained his awareness, he discovered he had unwittingly polished off the entire bowl.

A flush of embarrassment colored his cheeks. He found himself inwardly cursing Loraine for preparing such an irresistible dish that he hadn't even noticed finishing it.

Now, to continue asserting his dislike for the dish would only contradict his own behavior of having finished the soup.

Loraine, with a tranquil smile, inquired, "Do you still believe this dish isn't delicious?"