

Chapter 1193 Other Ways

Wray wanted to deny his liking for the dish, but the sight of the soup on the table made him involuntarily swallow.

The delicacy before him was irresistible. He glanced at the radish stained with soup in the soup plate.

Although it appeared somewhat plain, he remembered its delicious taste well.

The exquisite meal in front of him whetted his appetite immensely, leaving him without words to deny its allure.

However, admitting that Loraine was a skilled cook felt like an acknowledgment of his own defeat.

After a moment of internal debate, Wray said seriously, "I've only had a few bites and haven't fully tasted everything yet. To be fair, I should finish it before making any comments."

Loraine watched him with a half-smile, her expression suggesting she saw right through his pretense.

Feeling somewhat cornered, Wray coughed to mask his discomfort. Rather than calling him out, Loraine gracefully gestured for him to continue and said with a smile, "Then, please, go ahead."

Before she even finished her words, Wray had already signaled the waiter to refill his plate with soup. Realizing he appeared a bit too eager, he straightened up, trying to maintain his composure.



Once the soup was served, however, all pretense fell away, and he dug in voraciously.

Soon enough, his plate was clean. Reveling in the aftertaste, he closed his eyes in satisfaction.

It was then that he was caught off guard by Marco's cold inquiry. "Is it delicious?"

Startled, Wray glanced at his empty plate. It was spotless—no soup remained, and he had indeed consumed every last drop himself.

Faced with undeniable evidence of the soup's excellence, Wray could no longer deny its deliciousness. It surprised him just how adept Loraine was at cooking, softening his initial skepticism about her capabilities.

As the waiter cleared the table, Wray's demeanor shifted towards a more conciliatory tone. He invited Marco and Loraine to sit and began the business discussion earnestly. "I've promised to grant you an opportunity if your dish impresses me. Let's now delve into the details of our collaboration."

Loraine exchanged a smile with Marco before she laid out the materials she had prepared and began explaining their proposal to Wray.

Throughout the discussion, Wray's expression evolved from surprise to deep engagement. He nodded frequently, and by the end, they tentatively agreed on a collaboration.

However, the issue of pricing introduced a hiccup. Wray hesitated, recalling a recent phone call, and proposed a price that was higher than usual—one that was deemed high even before the recent diplomatic developments between their



countries.

This unexpected high price immediately darkened the mood at the table. Marco and Loraine could sense Wray's intention to leverage their eagerness into a steeper cost.

They were not the type to be easily bullied into unfavorable terms and quickly hardened their stance, insisting on a fair price.

Despite their firmness, Wray maintained an air of arrogance. "It's the final offer. Take it or leave it. After all, now that the new diplomatic relations are established, there'll be plenty of others eager for a partnership."

Marco's expression grew stern, his patience thinning. He fixed Wray with a cold gaze, his voice icy as he responded, "I have dealt with numerous high-ranking officials in your country, and none have ever dared to impose such an exorbitant price. Do you really want to begin your international dealings with a reputation for exploiting foreign businesses? Is that the impression you wish to give at the dawn of your diplomatic relations?"

Hearing this, Wray bristled but couldn't mask his guilt. He replied with feigned toughness, "Don't try to slander me. Honestly, I don't trust you, especially this lady who can cook. She doesn't seem like a businesswoman at all! I want a higher price as a security measure, which is understandable. If that's not acceptable to you, let's just forget about the cooperation. Remember, you're the ones in need here, not me!"

Loraine, unfazed, glanced at Wray and replied with deliberate calm, "In that case, the collaboration appears to be off the table. Since you enjoyed the food I made so much... I'll give you some time to think it over. Reach out when you've changed your mind."



Suddenly, the tables had turned. Wray, who had been waiting for them to plead, found himself on the back foot. He was at a loss for words as Loraine and Marco decisively walked away, showing no signs of desperation.

Outside the restaurant, Marco's expression was grim. As they left, he ordered his men to investigate why Wray had developed such a sudden prejudice against them.

However, the investigation turned up nothing suspicious. The only notable detail was that Wray had recently met with Damon.

Loraine's brow furrowed at this information.

She had a hunch. Could Damon be orchestrating this to force her back to the Wilson family?

Perhaps Marco was thinking along the same lines. His voice was icy as he declared, "I don't want those materials anymore. There are other ways to handle this. I can't tolerate anyone treating you so disrespectfully."

Loraine was about to reassure him when her phone buzzed with a new message. Reading it, her mood visibly lifted, her eyes sparkling with resolve.

"You can't stand it? Well, neither can I. I wasted my time cooking for him. But you know what? We don't have to stick with him. This message confirms we can switch partners!"



Commented [Ma1]:

Chapter 1194 A New Type Of Compound Material

In the restaurant, Wray fidgeted, his brow furrowed as he frequently glanced toward the door, his anxiety palpable.

He had assumed that Loraine was merely playing hard to get and would eventually return to plead with him, but time passed and they did not return.

It wasn't supposed to be this way. The high-precision materials they needed were exclusive to Xelorie. Surely, they would have to come to him eventually.

Yet, here he was, the one filled with anxiety.

The primary motive for establishing relations between the two countries was economic advancement. Xelorie possessed raw materials but lacked high-tech capabilities, relying heavily on exports.

The terms Loraine and Marco had proposed were advantageous, and logically, he should not have declined them.

Without their partnership, even if he found another collaborator, none could match the scale and immediacy of the Universe Group and Solar Company.

After much internal conflict, Wray was in a state of panic. He had acted to appease Kaley's anger, and now, fearing the collapse of the deal, he considered seeking compensation from Damon.

With this in mind, he immediately called Damon to inquire about Kaley's mood since he had acted on her behalf.

Damon responded with confusion, "What are you talking about?"

Wray recounted the events, and at his words, Damon exploded in anger. Clenching his teeth, he declared, "Kaley is no longer my niece!"

Stunned, Wray listened as Damon composed himself, sighed, and briefly explained recent upheavals within the Wilson family. "Kaley and Jaylah have been expelled from the Wilson family. We have nothing to do with them anymore! You..."

Damon sounded helpless, bewildered by Wray's actions.

He questioned how Wray had even learned of the feud between Kaley and Loraine. Was Kaley stirring up trouble again?

In that moment, Wray grasped the gravity of his mistake. He lamented his ignorance of the full situation before making his decision, realizing he had curried favor with the wrong person and alienated the legitimate daughter of the Wilson family.

Wray eagerly praised Loraine's appearance and character. He concluded earnestly, "Ms. Torres is a phenomenal cook. She's the most remarkable woman I've ever met; not only beautiful but also skilled in the kitchen..."

Damon, reminded of the meals Loraine had prepared in the countryside, found himself nodding in agreement, his mouth watering at the memory.

However, a sudden thought struck him. Had Wray tasted Loraine's cooking?

Piecing together what Wray had told him, Damon realized that not only had Wray enjoyed her meticulously prepared dish, but he had also caused her distress.

With the entire Wilson family now striving to win Loraine's favor, Damon worried that Wray's actions might cause Loraine to mistakenly believe that he had instructed Wray to make things difficult for her.

A headache brewing, Damon's demeanor chilled. He addressed Wray sternly, "Mr. Larson, I thought you were trustworthy, but what you have done is truly intolerable. Regardless of my relationship with Loraine, it's unacceptable to mistreat merchants from my country. Your actions cast doubt on Xelorie's integrity!"

Caught off-guard, Wray was visibly shaken. Admitting his error, he quickly offered, "Mr. Wilson, please, it's all a misunderstanding. Let me make it up to them with a discount. Could you perhaps clarify this to Ms. Torres?"

Damon responded with a cold snort, initially inclined to refuse.

Yet, realizing this presented an opportunity to engage with Loraine, he concealed his true motive. Feigning consideration, he said, "So, how much of a discount are you looking to offer?"

After negotiating a slightly better price, Damon reluctantly agreed to mediate. Once off the phone, his facade dropped, and he rushed to Universe Group, eager to make an impression on Loraine.

Upon arrival, however, he noticed a group converging within the building.

Recognizing them as members of the Patent Bureau, he approached them with curiosity.

Chapter 1194 A New Type Of Compound Material  +120 Points at most

One official, familiar with Damon, shared, "It appears someone at Universe Group has developed a new type of compound material and is applying for a patent!"

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