

Chapter 1305 Marco's Cooking

It was rare for Loraine to ask Marco to cook for her. As she expressed her desire for him to prepare a meal, he couldn't say no. In fact, he found it surprising albeit in a pleasant way.

Without a word, he happily went with her to her place. When they entered the porch and turned on the lights, he saw that the place wasn't very spacious. It had quite a simple layout, and there was not a lot of furniture around. Nevertheless, it looked clean and neat.

As a CEO, Marco had been used to living luxuriously and had never been in such a small place for many years. For a moment, he felt almost claustrophobic. "It's a bit small," he said to Loraine. "Why don't you live in a bigger place? In fact, I'll ask my assistant to look for a better place for you."

"Thank you for your concern, but no. I feel safer in such a place," Loraine said with a smile. "I never really planned to stay here initially. And it's just a place to sleep. It doesn't have to be luxurious."

Marco fell deep in thought and didn't say anything anymore.

A thought suddenly entered Loraine's head and she quickly reminded him, "You once rented a small place like this, remember? You wanted to look poor to me. As a result, I was so worried about you back then."

"No, I never wanted to look poor to you," Marco denied. "I just wanted to be closer to you, and I didn't give a damn about the size of the place. Look, I don't have huge tastes when it comes

to quality of life, but I just want you to live comfortably."

Loraine lowered her head and said with a smile, "Thanks, but I'm doing okay now."

They then entered into the living room, talking and laughing all the while. After dropping their bags and coats on the sofa, Marco called Carl to send some foodstuffs for the meal he wanted to cook.

Minutes later, the doorbell rang. Marco got up to go open the door, and he saw Carl standing there with a bag of foodstuffs and some fresh fish.

But Carl didn't look happy. He had been carrying out Marco's instruction to investigate the source of those malicious photos when all of a sudden Marco called him. At first, he thought something big had happened, but he was shocked when Marco told him that he just wanted him to go to the supermarket to buy some foodstuffs and bring them to Loraine's place.

For crying out loud, Marco could have just sent someone else or placed an online order!

But seeing the stern look on Marco's stern face, he didn't dare utter a word out loud.

"Well done. You can go," Marco said as he took the items from him. Carl muttered underneath his breath and left.

Marco then turned around and happily announced, "Look, Loraine! Here come the foodstuffs!"

When Loraine heard this, she poked her head out of the kitchen and said, "Come on, bring them here. You need some teaching on how to cook tonight's meal."

When Marco entered the kitchen, he found that Loraine had already made the initial preparations for the meal.

She had made a cross cut on a tomato and put it in a bowl. When she was about to scald it with boiling water, she found that Marco was standing aside and staring blankly. "Hey," she called his attention, "your task is to butcher the fish."

"What? How?" Marco asked in surprise, staring at the jumping fish in the bowl.

When he was a child, he was heavily pampered. When he grew up, he became a CEO.

As a result, he had no experience with household chores. He had never butchered fish before in his life. The fish was struggling vigorously and so slippery to the touch that he didn't even know where to begin.

Noticing Marco's hesitation, Loraine grabbed the kitchen knife and hit the fish on the head while Marco looked on in shock. Immediately, the lively fish stopped moving in an instant.

"Now, butcher it," she said to him. "Then scale it and cut its belly open to clean out its internal organs. It's easy."

Her tone made it sound like a piece of cake, but it was quite challenging for Marco. In fact, he was already sweating.

Still, he picked up the kitchen knife albeit with trepidation and began to scratch off the fish scales with the back of the knife under Loraine's guidance. He was trying his best to make sure that she didn't see him as a coward.

They worked together in the kitchen for quite some time. Finally, they managed to cook and serve a set of delicious dishes.

Only the fish that Marco cooked tasted a bit bland.

Loraine took a bite and said with a smile, "These dishes taste better than those served in restaurants. I prefer the dishes we



make. They're always clean and cheap."

"Really?" Marco murmured doubtfully. Nonetheless, he began to eat. However, after taking a bite, he frowned. To him, the food was barely edible.

But when he saw that Loraine was eating it happily, his face softened and he stopped frowning. "Since you like it, I'll keep learning," he promised. "I know you have wonderful culinary skills. After we get married, you'll become my wife and I'll pamper you like a princess. I'll cook a lot for you to eat."

Loraine's eyes lit up when she heard this. "What kind of wedding do you want, Marco?" she asked eagerly.

Now that they were discussing about the wedding, they began to happily express their views on the layout of the wedding scene. Loraine preferred a bright scene. She also wanted feathers and roses, preferably on an open lawn. Marco listened quietly and kept all these in his mind.

For now, the wedding was expected to be held in a month's time.

It was the first year anniversary of the day when Marco saved Loraine in the burning orphanage. Marrying Marco on that day would mean that Loraine's life had entered a new phase after one year.

"Let's register the marriage first. We can hold the wedding after that," she happily suggested, and Marco nodded with a smile.

Just then Marco's phone, which was lying on the table, suddenly started to ring. The sharp ringtone immediately interrupted their fantasy. When Marco saw the caller ID, he frowned.

"Hello?" he said as he answered the phone. But in the next second, his face turned cold.

Carl was the one on the other end of the line, reporting that the person who had paid off the agency and targeted Loraine's life was actually Caroline.



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"How dare she!"

Upon hearing this, Marco was consumed by rage. Loraine, seated at the opposite end of the table, heard Carl's report clearly and frowned deeply.

Over the years, she had been the target of numerous threats, some even wishing her dead. Thus, when Loraine learned of Caroline's extreme malice, she was surprisingly composed. Instead of anger, a weary sigh escaped her lips.

Blue veins pulsed on Marco's hand as he clutched his phone tightly. He spoke coldly into his phone. "Carl, bring someone to get Princess Caroline right now..."

"Wait, Marco," Loraine interrupted, pressing gently on his hand. He looked at her, puzzled.

She shook her head and offered a sly smile. "No need to make a fuss. I have a plan."

Marco hesitated for a moment before setting his phone down. He watched as Loraine picked up her own phone and made a call.

The line connected quickly, and Damon's surprised voice filled the room. "Lorrie? Is that you?"

Hearing Damon's voice, Marco instantly grasped Loraine's intentions.

She blinked cunningly at him and replied calmly, "Yes, it's me."

"What's up? Are you alright? Did Marco mistreat you?"

Damon's voice overflowed with concern, clearly delighted by Loraine's call. He promptly set aside his work to focus entirely on her.

Loraine blinked at Marco while responding to Damon in a flat tone, indicating to Damon that she was preoccupied.

Damon's instincts alerted him that something was amiss. After several inquiries, Loraine revealed to Damon, "I've run into some trouble recently. It seems someone is following me. I asked Marco to investigate, and we've uncovered some leads. I might need a favor..."

As she spoke, Loraine nodded at Marco, who immediately grasped her intentions. He took out his phone and forwarded the information Carl had gathered to Damon.

Damon fell silent for a moment. When he spoke again, his voice was tinged with obvious anger. "King Will didn't teach her well! How dare she try to harm you! I won't allow it!"

As a diplomat, Damon's anger could jeopardize the diplomatic relations between two countries. After a brief pause, he assured her, "Lorrie, Princess Caroline won't trouble you anymore."

Loraine exchanged a knowing look with Marco. It was done!

Damon added, "But this must have frightened you. Shall I send additional bodyguards to ensure your safety?"

"No need, Uncle Damon. Just follow the usual protocols," Loraine replied, declining the offer now that her objective was accomplished. They chatted briefly before she ended the call, with Damon sounding hesitant to hang up.

After she hung up, Marco frowned and questioned, "I think he's

Chapter 1306 I Will Reclaim Everything That Bel.. 🎁 +120 Points at most right. You do need more bodyguards. Why did you refuse?"

Loraine shrugged dismissively and said, "There's no need. A spoiled princess like Caroline can't do much. Besides, if the government intervenes, Damon can negotiate a lower price given the seriousness of this situation."

Marco was initially stunned. Then he smiled at Loraine and remarked, "Oh, I didn't think about that. You've become better at business dealings than I have."

"I'm flattered," Loraine responded with a gentle smile. "I know you're just concerned for me. If you calm down, you'd make the same decision."

They exchanged smiles, viewing the incident as just another episode, and continued to enjoy their dinner.

Meanwhile, kneeling down, Kosha reported to Mr. K, "Sir, we received news that Princess Caroline has been detained by the government."

"Good." Seated at a long table in the restaurant, Mr. K swirled the red wine in his glass. As he watched the liquid sway, he mused as if envisioning someone's downfall.

He casually remarked, "Marco and Loraine live up to my expectations... Everything is proceeding as I planned."

Kosha remained motionless, like a statue.

Mr. K paid her no mind, lost in his thoughts.

He savored a sip of wine, closing his eyes to relish the taste. When he reopened them, a spark ignited in his gaze. "No one can take what is rightfully mine. I will reclaim everything that belongs to me!"