

## Chapter 274 Don't Deserve It Anymore

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In the beginning, Colette was full of confidence, but she didn't expect that Loraine would make such a common comment. Colette's expression changed.

"Loraine, you have just returned to the Torres family. You haven't eaten many fancy dishes so far, have you? No wonder you know nothing about cuisines. I'll advise you to try to cultivate the taste of the upper class, so you won't embarrass yourself in the future."

This comment annoyed Loraine and her eyes turned cold. "This is the first time that I've heard this. So, what you're trying to say is that if a customer thinks the dishes are not delicious, the problem is with the customer, not the food, eh?"

Colette wanted to nod, but when she noticed Marco's cold gaze, she nearly choked. Immediately, she tried to perform damage control.

"Marco, I didn't mean anything else. I was just giving her suggestions. After all, everyone has different taste. She has stayed in the countryside for a longer period. Clearly, she is used to the ordinary local food and finds it difficult adapt to luxurious meals now. That's very understandable."

"Colette, you better mind your words!" Marco growled at her, his face dark with anger.

Colette shrank back, but she still grumbled defiantly, "I

didn't say anything wrong."

Marco retorted, "It's always the guests' right to comment on the dishes. Do we have to show you our education background and other qualifications before we comment on your food?"

Colette's face burned in embarrassment and she responded in anger, "Marco, I used to be the chief cook at a Michelin restaurant. Obviously, I have more knowledge about food. Please trust me and stop listening to Loraine's nonsense!"

Loraine found this quite funny and she couldn't help but chuckle before giving her own retort.

"Colette, though I'm not a professional cook, I've cooked for three long years. I'm pretty sure I'm not a stranger to it."

Everyone present knew what she meant by this.

Colette sneered at her. "So what? You've just been a housewife for three years. Nothing more. Is this what you call being a chef? Besides, how many times did Marco eat the food that you cooked? I'm sure even the servants refused to eat it."

This was beyond what Marco could take. "Enough!" he shouted at her, slamming his fist on the table.

He stared daggers at Colette.

Colette had never seen such a terrible expression from anyone before. She trembled in fear and murmured, "Marco, I..."

Loraine looked calm and relaxed compared to Marco, who was still very angry.

"They didn't eat it because they didn't deserve to. Now, they're dying to eat my food, but they can't," Loraine said with a chuckle.

The three years of humiliation didn't mean anything to her now.

Marco, knowing what she meant, felt his heart aching badly.

But the damage had already been done. He could only regret it whenever he thought about it.

How could he make up for the damage he had caused to Loraine during those three years?

Meanwhile, Colette noticed how affectionately he was staring at Loraine and her heart burned with jealousy.

Why the hell was he looking at her like that?

They were divorced for crying out loud.

Why did he still care about her so much?

Gritting her teeth in ill-disguised anger, Colette looked at Loraine and scoffed bitterly. "Loraine, how about we have a competition?"

"Not interested." Loraine shrugged carelessly.

"What? Why? You don't want to?" Colette asked in surprise. She didn't expect that Loraine would refuse. But she quickly recovered from her astonishment and broke into a smile. "You're scared of me. Since that's the case, you can as well admit that you refused to allow me become a partner in your project out of jealousy!"

Loraine narrowed his eyes and said, "Fine. So, what do you

want?"

She couldn't bear to see Colette being so arrogant. She just wanted to shut her up.

Colette raised her chin and said defiantly, "It's just a cooking competition. And we will do it here. You can use the kitchen as you like. When you're done cooking your dish, Marco will be the judge. Are you interested or not?"

Since this was her place, Colette was very confident that she could easily defeat and disgrace Loraine.

Marco would know that she was ten million times better than Loraine.

Loraine shrugged and nodded to accept the challenge.

Seeing the two of them walk into the kitchen, Marco frowned tightly.

He was a little worried about Loraine, but at the same time, he was looking forward to eating the food she would cook.



## Chapter 275 Cooking Competition

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All the chefs stopped what they were doing and created space for Loraine and Colette in the kitchen.

Loraine removed her coat and placed it on the shelf. She had on a white shirt, which highlighted her delicate collarbone.

Colette sneered. "Attention seeker."

Loraine paid her no attention and put on her apron. In an orderly manner, she began the preparations for her meal.

The competition started the moment they entered the kitchen.

Colette's expression changed slightly and she started the preparations for her own meal as well.

Loraine pulled her sleeves up, exposing her dainty wrists, and with ease and skill, she picked out all the ingredients she needed to prepare the dish and set them aside.

She diced the washed mushrooms into tiny pieces with a sharp knife. She picked out the prawns and began to deal with them.

As Loraine did all that, she had a pot of water boiling on the side.

With her astute time management and the skill she

portrayed in working, it was easy to view her on the same level as a professional chef.

Colette was surprised. Just then, she heard her chefs begin to praise Loraine.

"She works like a professional! She is a chef with skill."

Colette's heart sank. Instantly, she snapped out of it and yelled, "What are you looking at? Help me with this lobster!"

In an instant, the chefs stopped talking and hurried over to help her in dealing with the ingredients.

Loraine, on the other hand, kept going at her calm pace.

Once the water in the pot boiled, she poured in the right amount of olive oil and salt, following right away with the spaghetti. She spread the spaghetti in the pot and once it boiled, she took it out just at the right moment, preventing it from being too soft or too hard, then drained it and placed it aside.

She had another pot filled with oil heating on the side. Once the oil heated, she poured in the fresh prawns to fry. Once the color changed slightly, she poured in light cream and mushroom pieces, then added salt and black pepper.

Then, she poured in the cooked spaghetti and allowed it to be fully wrapped in the cream.

Lastly, she turned the heater off and sprinkled celery on top of her dish.

The entire process went smoothly.

Throughout the time she cooked, Loraine maintained her cool and took her time. The way her hands moved was



smooth and pleasing to the eye. The chefs were beyond surprised.

Colette, on the other hand, ordered the chefs to do all the cooking, and she still hadn't really started anything.

She turned frantic as she saw Loraine was done making her own dish.

However, when she took a closer look at the dish Loraine had prepared, she saw it was just spaghetti. She instantly sighed in relief.

"I expected you to prepare something high-end, but this is what you made? Although you're a Torres, your horizon and foresight are still limited to the lower class."

Loraine's tone was nonchalant. "Are you done? If you're not, I might as well take my dish out now."

Colette's smile instantly dropped, and she shouted, "Absolutely not! Our dishes have to be served at the same time. That's what makes it fair!"

Loraine nodded. "Then be done with it quickly, please."

Colette prepared a high-end spaghetti with lobster. Due to the complicated procedures to make the meal, she ordered the chefs to cook with her to save time. It was a lot more convenient for her to use all sorts of equipment as she was in her own restaurant, she had access to all the help she could get, and her ingredients were better selected than Loraine's.

At the end of the day, a lot of time still ended up being wasted to prepare the meal.

Once her dish was finally done, the waiter served two



dishes of the same portion to Marco.

The spaghetti with lobster was well arranged and more aesthetically pleasing to the eyes, so Marco decided to taste it first.

The lobster was fresh and tender, but Marco was used to such delicacies. Besides, the dish felt a bit greasy, so he put it down after one bite.

He then tried the next one.

The instant Marco put a prawn into his mouth, his eyes widened in awe.

The prawn was surprisingly soft and bouncy. The spaghetti, perfectly cooked, was tasty too.

In only three bites, Marco was done with the spaghetti Loraine made. "This one is the best."

As he rolled the sweet taste in his mouth around, he knew Loraine was the one who made the spaghetti.

Colette rushed out the instant she heard his conclusion. She yelled in disbelief, "That's impossible. My food is better than Loraine's. I can't be the one who lost!"

However, to Marco, she didn't exist at that point. His eyes were fixed solely on the woman behind her in an apron, Loraine.

He felt like he went back three years ago.

Back then, Loraine was still his wife, and she made him delicious food every day.



## Chapter 276 Continue The Competition

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Colette's sharp voice interrupted Marco's train of thoughts.

"Marco, it's unfair. Loraine has served you for three years. No matter how bad she cooked, you won't notice because you're already used to it."

Loraine, who was standing behind her, narrowed her eyes in displeasure.

As far as she was concerned, the word "served" was harsh.

"Are you trying to find an excuse for your failure?" Loraine sneered at Colette.

In the three years of their marriage, Marco hardly ever came home, and he seldom ate the food she cooked.

Even the few times he came home, he wouldn't touch any food that wasn't to his taste.

Marco pulled a long face. "Colette, I can tell whether a meal is good or not. The spaghetti Loraine made did not just look good, it also tasted good. But yours wasn't. It lost, both in terms of looks and taste. Why don't you reflect on yourself instead of questioning the taste of Loraine's dish? That's a very ridiculous thing to say, you know."

Colette went red in embarrassment, but she was not willing to admit failure so easily.

"I don't agree!" She screamed angrily at Loraine. "I'm sure I did not lose! It's unfair to let Marco be the judge. It's only expected that he would consider the relationship and partnership you two have and support you."

Before Loraine could respond to her, Marco asked her, "So, what do you think would be fair?"

"Well, let the customers in the restaurant taste the food and judge which is better," Colette quickly suggested.

"Okay then," Loraine agreed without any hesitation. "But if we must do this again, I want to sweeten the pot."

Colette's eyelid twitched involuntarily. She was a little suspicious and beginning to feel uneasy, but still, she asked, "What do you want?"

"If you lose, you have to apologize publicly for slandering Universe Group. You have to publicly admit that we didn't choose Moreau Group because it didn't meet our standards."

Loraine smiled when she saw Colette's pale face.

"What do you think of it?" she asked.

Colette gritted her teeth. She could not admit defeat.

She was so angry that she didn't even think much of the consequences of losing. "Fine. I accept it. I'm not afraid of you at all!"

Then she ordered the staff of the restaurant to serve out both dishes to all the customers for free, so each customer could taste them and choose which one was more delicious.

After that, she gave Loraine a defiant look, as if she was sure that she would win this time.

The customers that frequented the restaurant were not poor people, so they were no strangers to expensive cuisines.

Most of them chose to try the spaghetti with lobster first.

But in most cases, they had no comments. Many of them even stopped eating after tasting the lobster.

But when they got to Loraine's spaghetti which looked quite ordinary, the results were very different. Their eyes lit up in joy.

The winner of the contest was very obvious at this point.

"The spaghetti with lobster was pretty average. But the other one was fascinating!"

"Yeah. To be honest, the spaghetti with lobster had too much seasoning, which even spoiled the natural taste of the lobster. I hope I don't have to taste such lobster ever again."

These comments from the customers made Colette very angry.

She was so furious that she couldn't keep from venting her anger on them.

"No wonder the catering industry in Vagow has never evolved. The people here are all bumpkins with terrible taste!"

Lorraine sneered. "Since you don't think much of the catering industry in Vagow, why did you leave your high-class restaurant to come here? Is it because they didn't want you?"

"Of course not!" Colette retorted. "Besides, why I came back has nothing to do with you, you busybody."

Loraine responded, "Of course, it has nothing to do with me. But I hope you won't deny it that you just lost the contest. How can you blame your failure on the customers?"

"Damn you!" Colette shouted at her, her face white with fury.

Loraine smiled and shrugged. "Well, don't forget you need to apologize to us."

As she spoke, she took off her apron and threw it aside. Then she grabbed her coat and left the restaurant.

When Marco saw her leaving, he stood up and hurried after her.

Colette was in panic and she quickly called after him, "Marco, wait! This whole thing is supposed to be a joke. Loraine doesn't have to take it seriously."

She knew very well that if the statement that Loraine had asked her to make was issued, the reputation of Moreau Group would be ruined.

Marco looked at her with an icy gaze. "You made a promise. You're expected to keep your word."

With that, he turned and walked out of the restaurant without looking back.

Colette was left dumbfounded. The thought of having to publicly make such a self-destructive statement was so scary.