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Fiora sat down, picked up another set of cutlery, and tried a piece of ribs. However, she immediately spat it out. It was undercooked and tasted terrible. She couldn't even bite through it.

Frowning, she exclaimed, "I did as the recipe said – why is it undercooked?"

"Let's just eat out," Stanley suggested, standing up.

Fiora had hoped to impress him with her cooking skills, but she ended up embarrassing herself.

"You've never cooked before, so this is normal," Stanley assured her.

Fiora pouted. "Cooking looks simple, but when you have to do it yourself, it's actually really difficult. You have to control the heat, know the exact order and amount of seasoning to use..."

"Is that so?" Stanley had never considered it, assuming women were naturally adept at cooking.

Iris could already cook when she married him. In fact, she was an excellent cook, unlike Fiora.

But it's understandable when he thought about it. Iris and Fiora came from vastly different backgrounds.

Fiora was born with a silver spoon in her mouth. She was even the youngest in her family. She had everything provided for her. How could she possibly know how to cook?

But Iris was different. Her background made her good at household

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chores.

"In the future, when we live together, would you be unhappy if I still couldn't cook?" Fiora asked tentatively.

Stanley looked at her with furrowed brow but didn't say anything.

Undeterred, Fiora pressed on. "Does your ex-wife know how to cook?"

Stanley recalled seeing Iris busy in the kitchen every time he came home. Not only could Iris cook, she could cook exceptionally well.

The thought of her made him frustrated. "I don't want to talk about her," he replied curtly.

Fiora smiled. She thought he must really hate his ex-wife. She must be bad at housework too, or he wouldn't look so annoyed whenever she was brought up.

Fiora took Stanley's arm affectionately. "Don't worry, when we live together, I'll definitely be able to cook. I'll take care of you real well so you won't have to worry about anything at home."

She was determined to be a better partner than his ex-wife.

Stanley absentmindedly put on his coat and headed out, with Fiora following closely behind.

They went to an Italian restaurant, as Stanley preferred Italian cuisine. After dinner, Fiora suggested a walk, and he agreed.

They strolled down the street. The snow had melted, so the street was wet. The warm yellow lights lining the street created a cozy atmosphere. Suddenly, Fiora stopped and asked, "If I told you I still haven't had my

first kiss, would you believe me?"

Stanley turned to her. Before Stanley could respond, Fiora wrapped her arms around his neck, stood on tiptoes, and kissed him.

Stanley was stunned, but he didn't push her away, letting her kiss him. Her lips were soft and sweet, and he instinctively put his arm around her waist, reciprocating the kiss.

Feeling his response, Fiora smiled. Encouraged, she boldly slipped her tongue into his mouth, and they kissed passionately right on the street, like a pair of ardent lovers.

A tall man in a black coat and a charming, innocent-looking girl kissing passionately created a picturesque scene that attracted plenty of curious glances.

Meanwhile, Mike wandered aimlessly down the street, heartbroken. When he spotted the affectionate couple, he chuckled mockingly.

Does true love really exist in this world? he thought.

However, his eyes soon widened in surprise. Wasn't that Iris' husband? He took a closer look and confirmed that the man was indeed Stanley. He quickly took out his phone to call Iris.



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