

## Chapter 367

"I'm going fishing."

Luck left unhappily.

"What a funny child. Why are you shy when I praise you?"

Krista was a little confused.

Kingston handed her a glass of freshly squeezed juice.

"The meat is a little greasy. Drink some orange juice. And you will feel better."

"Thank you."

Krista did not appear constrained. After all, she would live with him for half a year and they would meet every day.

Moreover, she did not dare to offend Kingston. After all, Kingston was a big shot.

"Is it delicious?"

"It's delicious. You should try some of Luck's cooking too."

"No need to try. I did it. I know what it tastes like."

...

Krista blinked as she looked at him blankly.

Did she hallucinate just now? Kingston said that he was the one who prepared these two dishes.

"You... Stop joking. You... You are Kingston. How can you cook

dishes?"

"Why can't I cook?" Kingston raised his eyebrows slightly as if cooking was a matter of course.

Krista couldn't accept this fact. She stared fixedly at his long, pale, and beautiful fingers.

She had seen his hands tapping on the keyboard and holding a pen... But she had never seen Kingston cook dishes.

Krista was somewhat at a loss. Kingston had many similarities with him four years ago, but many things that she did not hear of.

She was a little confused about whether it was true four years ago or now.

Four years ago, they were husband and wife. But Kingston wanted to divorce her and insisted on marrying Sandra.

Four years later, ignoring Krista's objections, Kingston let her stay in the villa and he was very concerned about her.

Krista was confused.

"What's wrong? Why are you looking at me?"

Kingston knocked on Krista's head and interrupted her thoughts.

"It's just... much unexpected."

Krista put down the lunchbox and didn't know if she should continue having it.

"You haven't seen me for four years, and many have changed. I

can do many other things. You will slowly discover them in the future."

"But I think we would not reach such a deadlock if you had cared for me four years ago. And we would not embarrass each other," Krista said.

At that, Kingston looked terrible.

Krista was right. If Kingston had cared for her four years ago, both of them would have been better.

But things had happened. Nowadays, Kingston had got opportunities over and over again. He decided that he must firmly hold on to them and not let her leave him again.

"Four years ago, it was my fault. Let's take it slow. We still have time."

Krista didn't respond. She didn't want to give Kingston any hope because Lance was waiting for her.

When it was time for lunch, Quincy started a fire and began to roast the fish.

Krista only saw it in the TV series and felt it was amazing.

"Can it be like this? Could the roasted fish be delicious? Will it be filled with the smell of fireworks?"

"Don't worry, Ms. Compton. Mr. Irwin is an expert at roasting fish. The fish roasted by him is tender and juicy. I remember the last time I went on a business trip with him and we were plotted against. I didn't know where we were. I still can't forget Mr. Irwin's roasted fish."

At that, Krista couldn't help but glance at Kingston.

He was fishing with Luck, and nobody knew what they were talking about.

"What's being plotted against?"

Krista came back to herself and asked.

"Mr. Irwin is the only son of the Irwin family. And the Irwin family controls almost half of City D's capital. The other big families and large groups are dissatisfied because no one is willing to be suppressed all the time. There will always be people who are unwilling to give up and want to harm Mr. Irwin. These years, he has been attacked by overt and covert means many times. Fortunately, Mr. Irwin is powerful and resourceful. Every time he met misfortune, he would turn into good luck."



Send Gift



Comments