

Chapter 32

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He found it really childish. He couldn't recall ever fastening a seatbelt for Iris; she had never asked him to do it for her either.

Iris had a gentle and innocent face that invited fantasy, but she was actually very bold.

He shook his head, frustrated that he kept thinking of her.

"Let's go to the Pedestrian Walk," Fiora suggested. She had planned the outing after doing research online. Besides shops, the Pedestrian Walk was also lined with maple trees. Even in winter, with the leaves fallen, the snow adorning the branches lent a unique charm to the scenery.

Stanley merely grunted in agreement.

When they arrived at the destination, Fiora exited the car first while he searched for a parking spot. Just then, his phone rang.

He answered via Bluetooth, and his mother's voice came through. "How are you getting along with the Just girl? Remember, she's raised in luxury, unlike Iris, so don't you go treating her like..."

Before she could finish, Stanley hung up. He parked the car and stepped out, and Renee called again.

He answered curtly, "If you keep this up, I'll tell her to leave immediately."

Renee hesitated. "Okay, okay, I won't say anything..."

Stanley hung up before she could finish.

When Fiora saw him, she gave him a bright smile. "Um... Can I hold your hand?"

At the law firm, he had seemed reluctant to let her.

Stanley simply grunted in assent, and her smile widened.

"What do you want to buy?" he asked.

Fiora shook her head. She did not lack anything, but it felt boring to shop without buying something. "If I see something I like, I'll buy it."

She looked up at him, hopeful. "Will you pay for me?"

She had read online that men who spend money on women were good men.

Stanley frowned. He did not like Fiora's personality. Was this a test?

So, if he was willing to spend money on her, it meant he liked her?
And if he was unwilling to, it meant he didn't like her?

She wasn't a kid anymore, so why was she so childish?

Perhaps it was because she grew up sheltered.

He replied, "Only poor people have to consider if they should spend money on a date. Neither of us lack money, so even if I do pay for you, it doesn't mean anything, and if I don't, it doesn't mean anything either."

Fiora blinked, taking in his words. "Um, I understand."

She didn't feel offended; she thought he made a good point.

Shopping here wouldn't cost much, and neither of them lacked money. He's right, testing his sincerity this way seemed unreasonable.

"This street is beautiful," she remarked, admiring the snow that blanketed the branches like a white outfit on the trees.

Stanley looked up, then suddenly stopped in his tracks.

His first kiss had been with Iris on a snowy day like this.

Why did she keep invading his thoughts?

Shaking his head to dispel the memories, he asked, "Are you thirsty? I'll get you a drink."

Fiora nodded eagerly. "I am."

She smiled at him, appreciating his thoughtfulness.

Meanwhile, Iris returned home after work to take her parents out.

Cassie complained, "It's so cold; why are we out?"

Iris linked her arm with her mother's. "There's no way you're cold. You're wearing such a thick down jacket."

Cassie feigned exasperation. "You're not me; how would you know if I'm cold or not?"

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"I bought you that down jacket, so of course I know you're not cold."

"Oh, you..." Cassie slapped her back, "You have such a sweet mouth."

Iris led her parents into a jewelry store.

"What do you want to buy?" Cassie asked.

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