

Chapter 35

Fiora was startled. "Oh my god, are you blind? Watch where you're going! You spilled coffee all over my boyfriend!"

Iris took a step back, her gaze only stopping briefly on Stanley before flickering towards the girl who was furious that Iris had spilled coffee on him.

The girl was strikingly beautiful, with a smooth, round face and deep, expressive eyes. Dressed in a white down jacket, she exuded an air of purity and elegance, reminiscent of a blooming lotus – exactly the type that Stanley liked.

"My boyfriend's clothes are very expensive..." the girl continued indignantly.

"Those expensive clothes can't cover up his filthy body," Iris remarked as she walked past Stanley.

"You're so rude!" Fiora shot back, glaring at Iris. "Can you believe how rude she is?"

Stanley brushed off the coffee stain from his suit jacket and glanced back at Iris, a cold scoff tugging at his lips. "Some people simply have no manners. Ignore her."

His voice, neither loud nor soft, echoed clearly in the underground parking lot, reaching Iris' ears.

There was a pause in her steps.

A smirk appeared on her face. How had she failed to recognize his despicable nature before? Leaving aside their recent divorce, how

could he move on so quickly from Wendy? Wendy was willing to do anything to be his wife, even illegal things, yet he seemed unfazed by her sacrifices.

He cheated on Iris with Wendy, then started another relationship right after Wendy went to prison.

Was he this casual in every relationship? Had he always been this heartless, and Iris was simply blind to the truth? Was their seven-year relationship merely a one-way commitment from her side? Had Stanley ever truly loved her, or did he get into a relationship with her just because she's the type of woman that he liked?

She tossed the coffee cup into the trash can and said, "Trash."

Finding her car, she got in and drove back to her parents to pick them up.

When she dropped them off, Dennis reminded her, "Be careful on the road, Iris."

Iris nodded. "I will. Hurry up and go in. It's cold outside."

Cassie waved her wrist and said, "Thank you for the bracelet; I really like it. My daughter, you're the pride of my life."

Iris felt embarrassed. The gift wasn't that expensive. Her mother's making such a big deal out of it.

"Alright, we're going in." Dennis led his wife into the building.

Iris watched them until they disappeared from view before driving away.

Cassie took out the card and asked her husband, "Should we save

this money? Iris is still young; she'll marry again one day. We should save it for her dowry."

Dennis remained silent. Sensing his reluctance, Cassie pressed, "What's wrong? Don't you want to save for our daughter's dowry?"

"It's not that," he replied. "I just think men are so unreliable. Maybe Iris should just stay single. But we should definitely save the money for her."

Cassie understood her husband's feelings and couldn't help but curse Stanley. "I know, right?! He looks like a decent man, but he's actually a scum. I'll pray tonight for his downfall – let him get hurt when he goes out, choke when he eats, and choke when he drinks..."

Cough, cough, cough

While enjoying some curry, Stanley gulped down water too quickly in an attempt to soothe the heat and ended up choking.

Fiora quickly patted his back, concern etched on her face. "This is all my fault. I shouldn't have suggested curry for dinner..."

Stanley waved his hand, his throat burning and uncomfortable, making it hard for him to speak. His face flushed red.

He completely lost his appetite after that.

Fiora, ever considerate, suggested, "I'm done too. Let's leave."