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"How would I know?" Lester settled onto the couch, intrigued. "If both Stanley and Ted find out that Iris is dancing at a bar, who do you think will show up first?"

"Haha..." Henry laughed. "You're so bad."

"Hey, it's all in good fun." Lester raised an eyebrow at Henry. "Let's make a bet. Whoever guesses right wins. The loser pays for all the expenses tonight – what do you say?"

Henry swung his hand confidently. "Deal. I'm not afraid of you. I bet... Ted will come first."

After all, Ted had confessed his feelings for Iris in front of them not too long ago. With Iris and Stanley now divorced, it seemed the perfect opportunity for him to make a move. If he knew Iris was at the bar alone, he would certainly rush over.

Lester shrugged. "Then I'll go with Stanley."

Henry whipped out his phone and sent a message, tagging everyone in their small group chat, which consisted of just the four of them. The message was: [I just saw Iris at XX bar].

Lester checked his phone, eager to see who would reply first. But the group chat remained silent. No one responded.

"Maybe neither of them believe it?" Henry frowned.

Lester pursed his lips. "It's possible."

"No problem," Henry said, raising his phone and aiming the camera at

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Iris, who was currently dancing wildly with Yvonne.

One was recently divorced, the other recently broke up – the two women with similar fates were letting loose.

With Yvonne leading, Iris twisted her body on the dance floor, graceful and captivating with every movement. She exuded a charm that was both familiar and foreign; she used to be innocent, but she was now undeniably sexy. Lester found himself mesmerized.

Henry recorded a video of Iris dancing and sent it to the group chat.

Stanley had just finished showering and was preparing for bed when his phone buzzed on the bedside table. He picked it up to see the notification of a new message in the 'Fun' group chat.

Clicking on it, he first saw the message, then the video of Iris dancing.

She was wearing YSL black and gold heels paired with a black strap dress. Her short hair framed her face perfectly, resembling a rose blooming in the dark – breathtakingly beautiful.

Stanley narrowed his eyes. He lifted the covers to get up but hesitated.

The Iris he knew would never do something like this. Was she doing this intentionally in front of Lester and Henry to provoke a reaction from him?

She had made things very clear to him the other day. Was he really going to go after her now, after what she said to him that day? He refused to stoop that low.

He set his phone down and lay back on the bed. He closed his eyes, but sleep evaded him. He tossed and turned, restless. He grabbed his phone

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again and sent a message to the group chat: [Boring]. It was an attempt to maintain his aloofness while still making his presence known.

The group chat remained quiet. No one replied to his message.

That was because they were all busy. Ted had just arrived at the bar.

Henry and Lester stared at Ted. "Are you for real? Are you seriously going to compete with Stanley for Iris? Isn't that a bit... unethical?"

Ted shook his head. "It's not a competition. Stanley already gave up. He told me I could pursue Iris if I wanted to."

Yvonne noticed Ted. She dragged Iris towards the three men. And so, Iris heard what Ted just said.



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