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Yvonne, who was next to Iris, naturally heard it too. She couldn't help but remark sarcastically, "Wow, how generous of Stanley Stein."

She quickly added with a cold snort, "He's just Iris' ex-husband. Does he really have the right to give permissions? Who does he think he is?"

Although Iris had long been aware of Stanley's scummy nature by now, her heart still turned cold.

"Sister-in-law, come sit here," Lester offered enthusiastically, standing up and gesturing for Iris to take his seat.

Iris firmly replied, "Call me by my name from now on."

She did not go over. Instead, she chose the corner seat next to Yvonne, who was sitting next to Ted.

Henry and Lester settled opposite them.

"Sorry, force of habit," Lester smiled. "It won't happen again."

Henry poured wine for Iris. "Here you go, sl... Iris."

As the wine filled the glass, he sighed. "Calling you by your name feels weird."

Yvonne glanced at them. "You'll get used to it."

Leaning back on the sofa with a playful glint in her eyes, she rested her hand on Iris' shoulder. "Our Iris is an independent woman."

Henry and Lester chuckled dryly. They could understand Yvonne's

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dissatisfaction with Stanley. After all, he cheated on Iris.

However, they were surprised that Iris actually went through with the divorce.

She had always loved him deeply.

Iris picked up her glass and took a few sips of the wine. The alcohol burned her throat, making her wince.

Ted leaned closer and said, concerned, "Don't drink too much, Iris."

Iris set her glass down with a smile. "I have something to do tomorrow, so I have to go. See you guys later."

As she stood up, Ted immediately rose as well. "I'll drive you. It's not safe for you to go home alone at night."

Iris hesitated. "But..."

She glanced at Yvonne, who waved her hand dismissively. "You go with Ted. I'll stay and have a chat with these two."

Henry's interest piqued, and he asked with a smile, "What's your name, beautiful?"

Yvonne knew that Henry and Lester were childhood friends of Stanley. Iris had met them before, but she wasn't very close to them. She was more familiar with Ted because they were alumni of the same school.

"Yvonne Sandler," she replied with a smile. "And you?"

"Oh, what a coincidence! We have the same surname. I'm Henry." He sat next to her. "Maybe we were family in a past life."

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He poured her a glass of wine as he spoke.

Lester pursed his lips. The moment Henry made a move, he was already aware of Henry's intention. This guy was definitely looking for a "beautiful encounter" with Yvonne.

Iris frowned and pulled Yvonne aside. "You should go home too."

Yvonne waved her away. "I'll stay a bit longer."

Seeing that Yvonne was serious, Iris turned to Lester and Henry, warning them, "You two better not do anything to her. She's a very important friend of mine."

It was a clear warning.

Iris knew that Lester and Henry liked having fun, and their behavior could get out of hand. Given that Yvonne wasn't in the best mood, she was concerned things might go awry.

Lester assured her, "Don't worry, Iris. Your friend is our friend too. We won't let anything bad happen to her."

"I'll be fine," Yvonne insisted. "You go ahead."

"Don't stay so late," Iris urged.

Yvonne nodded and said, "Got it."

Iris and Ted made their way out of the bar.

Once on the roadside, Iris said, "I can just grab a cab."

Ted replied, "it's okay, I'll give you a ride. I drove here and I didn't drink."

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"It's not safe for you to take a cab alone."

Without giving her a chance to decline, he went to his car.

Meanwhile, Henry and Yvonne were engrossed in a dice game, while Lester sat bored. He initially wanted to join the dance floor, but he was really curious if Iris had truly gone home with Ted.



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