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So, he went to the entrance. He watched Iris getting into a car with Ted. Pulling out his phone, he snapped a quick picture and sent it to Stanley with the message: [Ted's putting in a lot of work. He might actually end up with her.]

Stanley, who was still awake, grabbed his phone at the sound of the notification and saw the image of Iris climbing into Ted's car.

He sat up in bed, staring intently at the picture.

He pulled up Lester's contact but hesitated to call, his pride holding him back. Words eluded him, and annoyance bubbled up – was Iris really accepting Ted's pursuit?

He soon dismissed his concerns. Ted was not Iris' type. After he managed to convince himself, he lay back down and drifted into sleep.

Meanwhile, Lester waited for Stanley's reply, but none came. He glanced at his phone screen, shaking his head. "I hope you won't regret being so stubborn tonight."

He bore witness to Iris and Stanley's seven-year relationship. He knew that Stanley loved Iris just as much as Iris loved him. Yes, he had succumbed to Wendy's temptation, but it wasn't true love. Looking from the outside, Lester could see the big picture clearly.

Stanley was a proud man. He was not used to lowering his head, having gotten accustomed to Iris' sacrifice in their relationship. What he didn't realize was that love could disappear.

Putting away his phone, Lester stepped onto the dance floor, raising his

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hands and moving to the rhythm of the music.

Meanwhile, Iris exited the car, and Ted rolled down the window to look out. "Why do you live here?" Ted asked.

This area was close to Stanley's law firm. In fact, there were three major law firms nearby.

Ted naturally thought that she chose to live here to be closer to Stanley.

Iris waved at him. "My house is under renovation, so I'm staying here for now. Thank you for giving me a ride; drive home safely."

Ted looked like he wanted to say something, but in the end, he merely sighed and said, "I will. Go on in."

Iris turned around and walked through the gate. She noticed that although the snow had melted during the day, it was still cold at night, and the melted snow had turned to ice. Fortunately, the roads in her community were well-maintained and were not slippery at all.

Ahead of her, a man dressed in thin sportswear caught her attention.

Is he not cold? she wondered.

Suddenly, the man stopped and turned around. Iris' eyes widened in recognition. "M-Mr. Just?"

Jason looked her up and down. She was bundled in a long black down jacket, but her high heels seemed out of place for winter attire.

"Mr. Just, aren't you cold?" she asked curiously. Men may be less susceptible to cold, but it's winter.

"I've just finished working out," Jason replied, tilting his chin towards

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the gym in the distance.

Iris followed his gaze and recalled that there was indeed a gym in the community, but residents of single apartments weren't eligible to use it, despite the apartments' high rent.

"Are you cold?" Jason suddenly asked.

Iris just got out of a car and was wearing a down jacket, so she's still warm.

She suddenly realized something and looked down. She noticed her fair legs were slightly reddened from the cold.

"L... I'm fine," she stammered, feeling a bit embarrassed.

Without further comment, Jason went into his building, while Iris headed to the opposite one. Each of them went back to their respective homes.

The next day, as soon as Iris reached the law firm, Jason told her to meet with a client.

"Thank you for the opportunity, Mr. Just," she expressed.

Jason raised his gaze and asked, "Are you going to thank me with just words?"