

Chapter 47

"I got tired of him, so I broke up with him. We're adults. Do I need any other reason?" Yvonne replied, her tone indifferent.

Now it was Iris' turn to be confused. So, her night out at the bar yesterday wasn't to heal from heartbreak?

"What's the deal with you?" Iris asked.

"I'm not young anymore, and my family is pushing for marriage. There's no way I can marry Mike, and my family would never agree anyway. I didn't date him to marry him. Life was boring, so I needed some excitement. Besides, I treated him well when we were together. Now that I want to break up, he should be more considerate and stop clinging to me," Yvonne explained.

Iris was impressed by Yvonne's carefree attitude. "Impressive," she said, giving her a thumbs up.

She took out Mike's letter and handed it to Yvonne. "Mike asked me to give this to you."

Yvonne took it and tore it up without a second glance.

Iris was taken aback. With widened eyes, she asked, "Aren't you going to read it first?"

"I've already decided to break up with him. Reading it will only complicate matters. No need to make myself unhappy," Yvonne said, curling up on the couch.

Iris poured her a glass of water. "Can I say that you're pretty heartless?"

Chapter 47

Yvonne smiled. "Being heartless isn't the exclusive right of men; you can do it too."

Iris shrugged. "I'm not interested."

"Iris Glover, you're divorced and single now. The world outside is waiting for you; don't waste your youth," Yvonne said, stretching lazily.

But Iris wasn't interested in that kind of world; she wanted to focus on her career and achieve something meaningful.

"That kind of world isn't for me. By the way, what time did you get home last night?" Iris asked.

Yvonne looked away guiltily. "I don't know, I didn't check the time."

Then, she said while blinking her big, innocent eyes, "Iris, I'm hungry. I've been busy all day and didn't eat much."

"What do you want to eat?" Iris asked.

Yvonne smiled. "I want you to make spaghetti and meatballs for me."

"Am I your maid?" Iris complained, but she still got up to cook for Yvonne.

Yvonne lay back on the couch, watching her. "You're the best."

Iris smirked. "You always sweet-talk me into cooking. And you always ask for complicated dishes too."

Iris' spaghetti and meatballs was her own unique recipe that couldn't be found anywhere else. She ground the beef finely, then added chili slices, celery, mushrooms, and soaked black fungus before adding seasoning.

Chapter 47

She rolled the mixture into meatballs and sautéed them until they're golden brown. Then, she cooked the spaghetti and the marinara sauce.

An enticing fragrance filled the air.

Iris made enough for two people.

"You haven't had dinner yet?" Yvonne asked.

Iris nodded.

"This is really tasty," Yvonne exclaimed, digging in. The meal was a delightful success, especially for Yvonne, who had skipped lunch.

Meanwhile, Stanley was also having dinner, but his brow was furrowed in frustration. The reason Flora had asked for the passcode to enter his house was to prepare a lavish dinner for him, hoping to surprise him.

After a busy afternoon, the table was full of dishes, but none were edible – they were either undercooked or overly salty. She didn't even peel the potato. And yet, she still eagerly asked Stanley if it was good.

He couldn't bring himself to lie. Even the thought of putting the food in his mouth was tormenting.

"Don't bother cooking anymore," he finally said, setting down his cutlery.

Flora bit her lip, looking worried. "Is it not to your taste?"

Stanley raised his chin, gesturing for her to sit. "Sit down and try it yourself."