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The woman brightened up again. "So, getting a divorce certificate is not the top priority. The key is to find a way to maximize the benefits."

"Be patient when necessary, strike when the time is right," Iris advised. She looked at the asset list the woman had provided and was surprised to see the assets total tens of millions. She had to reassess her opinion of the woman.

When they first met, the woman had dressed very plainly, likely because her husband had just cheated on her. Today, she had dressed casually too. It's almost impossible to tell that she possessed such wealth from her appearance.

Iris was reminded of her former self. Once women married, they often prioritized their family, neglecting their own needs and desires.

Having experienced similar struggles, Iris carefully devised a series of detailed plans for the client. She emphasized that now was not the right time for divorce; rather, she should secure the assets first.

The woman fully agreed with Iris' strategy. "You must have lunch with me today," she insisted, extending another invitation.

This time, Iris did not refuse. She still had some questions to ask the woman, so lunch was the perfect opportunity for that.

The woman smiled brightly. "Let's go!"

She took Iris' hand. "I know a lovely restaurant. I'm a member there, so we can get a private room to discuss things. Can you eat seafood?" the woman asked.

Iris replied, "Yes, I'm not picky."

"Great!"

The woman drove Iris to a restaurant called Orange Bay Seafood House. As soon as they entered, the manager personally greeted them.

"I'm entertaining someone important today; please bring us your signature dishes," the woman instructed the manager.

The manager nodded. "Of course, please follow me."

He led them to a private room. While waiting for the dishes to arrive, Iris and the woman discussed the specifics of their plan.

By the time the food was served, they had made significant progress in their discussion.

"Try this," the woman said, serving Iris a dish. "This seafood restaurant makes seafood in all kinds of different ways – stir-fried, braised, steamed – but their specialty is seafood marinate. It requires very high quality seafood, making it their signature dish."

Iris couldn't eat raw food; no matter how good it tasted, it just wasn't for her.

"I'll stick to the steamed dish; it's more to my taste," Iris said with a smile.

The woman didn't insist; after all, everyone had different preferences.

After enjoying their meal, they walked out of the private room. At the same time, the door of the adjacent room opened.

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not be doing so well lately. Look at those cheap clothes. You've really gone downhill since leaving my son."

The client frowned at Renee's words, wanting to step forward to defend Iris, but Iris held her back.

With a cold stare, Iris addressed Renee, "As an elder, you should behave like one. The way you speak is inappropriate."

Renee's face flushed with anger.

The wealthy woman dining with Renee cast a disdainful glance at Iris. "No wonder you got divorced. An ugly duckling like you should feel grateful for the chance to marry into the Stein family, yet you didn't appreciate it..."

"Do you want the chance instead?" Iris clapped back.

Iris' client couldn't help but let out a chuckle.

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