

Chapter 51

The wealthy woman felt humiliated.

"Ill-mannered wretch!" Renee fumed, her face flushed red and her eyes wide with rage.

In the past, Iris had endured her insults out of respect for Stanley. But now that she was divorced, would she still tolerate such behavior?

"You call all this shouting 'manners'? If that's your definition of manners, then I'd rather be without them," Iris replied, her calm demeanor contrasting sharply with Renee's fury.

Renee, driven to a boiling point, shot back, "All you have is a sharp tongue. My son will never want you again. Even if you beg and cry, you won't step through the Stein family's door ever again. Stanley's dating the daughter of the Just family now, and they're about to get married. You're just a discarded woman, thrown away like an old shoe. You have no future."

Renee's words were venomous, lacking a filter in her anger. Iris' face paled, her hands clenched tightly into fists at the sides.

"If a legally married partner can be easily discarded like an old shoe, what does that make your son?" Iris' client interjected, unable to stay silent any longer. She had never witnessed such shamelessness, nor someone so willing to insult their former daughter-in-law in public. Didn't she realize that by insulting her former daughter-in-law, she's insulting her own son too?

"And who are you?" Renee sneered, dismissing the woman.

"It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is that even an outsider like me can't stand your vile behavior. That should tell you how vile you are," the woman shot back, her words equally fierce.

The wealthy woman dining with Renee chimed in, "Who are you to interrupt in her conversation with her former daughter-in-law?"

The client retorted, "If you can interrupt, why can't I?"

Both Renee and the wealthy woman were enraged. Iris, not wanting to engage further with such people, turned to the client and said, "Let's just leave."

As they walked away, Renee shouted after them, "Iris Glover, you're nothing without my son! All you've known is a carefree life! You're just a piece of useless trash that only knows how to serve men!"

Iris straightened up and walked out of the seafood restaurant with her head held high.

The client couldn't contain her frustration any longer. "Although my husband is no good, my mother-in-law isn't so ill-mannered," she remarked. She looked at Iris sympathetically, not expecting Iris' marriage to be so terrible too.

Perhaps because they had both endured unhappy marriages, the client suddenly felt a connection with Iris. It transcended the typical lawyer-client relationship; there was a sense of mutual understanding.

"So even lawyers can have unhappy marriages," the woman observed.

Iris smiled softly. "Lawyers are human too. We all face worldly troubles. The world is full of temptation; who wouldn't fall prey to the allure of

excitement?"

The woman nodded in agreement. After chatting for a while, they parted ways at the entrance of the seafood restaurant, with the client driving off and Iris taking a taxi back to the law firm.

Once back, she carefully reviewed the information the client had provided. To secure more assets for her client, she needed to be fully prepared for any unexpected situations.

At three in the afternoon, there was a routine meeting at the law firm that she had to attend. The meeting concluded just before six o'clock.

As she tidied up her belongings at her desk, Jason approached her. "Where did you buy yesterday's meal from?" he asked.

Iris looked up, momentarily confused. "Yesterday's meal..."

When she figured it out, she asked uneasily, "Why? Did it taste bad?"

Jason had specifically come to her to ask about yesterday's meal. It made her feel a little uneasy.

Was her cooking that bad?

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