

Chapter 53

Jason reached out and took the food container, saying, "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Iris replied with a smile.

"I live alone, so it might not be appropriate to invite you in," Jason said, closing the door promptly behind him.

Iris blinked, realizing she had been left outside without even a sip of water. Although no one witnessed this embarrassing scene, it still felt quite awkward. She cleared her throat and turned to leave.

She herself had not had dinner yet because she was busy cooking. Fortunately, she had saved a portion for herself. Now, it was time to go home to eat.

Meanwhile, Stanley had been summoned back to the Stein family mansion by Renee. Upon entering, he spotted Fiora standing in the dining room, looking at him with a sweet smile. "Welcome home" she greeted.

Stanley responded with a simple acknowledgment.

Renee said to Fiora warmly, "Hurry up and sit down."

"I'll help serve the food," Fiora said.

"Oh, no need. Leave it to the servants," Renee replied, patting Fiora's shoulder as she walked towards her son.

Stanley frowned. "Why didn't you tell me you invited someone over?"

"Well, you know now," Renee shot back. Glancing at the dining room, she leaned in closer to her son and whispered, "I ran into Iris earlier. She's gotten so rude. She actually insulted me. Listen here, if you try to get back with her, I'll kill myself in front of you."

Stanley looked at his mother in shock, never expecting her to say something so extreme.

"We're already divorced; why are you still worried?" Stanley said.

Renee coldly snorted. "I'm worried you haven't let go. I'm worried you can't move on."

Stanley glanced past her shoulder towards Fiora in the dining room. "We have a guest today. Are you going to keep talking to me like this at the entrance?"

Renee quickly remembered her manners and went back to talk to Fiora but not before warning her son, "I'm not having anyone else but Fiora as my daughter-in-law. I don't care how, but you must marry her."

Fiora blushed at this declaration, shyly lowering her head.

Stanley's mood visibly darkened. He handed his coat to a servant and stepped further into the house.

"Serve the food, please," Renee said, eager to impress Fiora with the many delicious dishes she had asked the servants to prepare. Beautifully presented plates were brought to the table one by one.

"Would you like some wine?" Renee asked Fiora.

"No, thank you," Fiora replied with a smile. "I don't want to get drunk."



"It's okay; if you get drunk, just stay for the night," Renee said before heading off to fetch a good wine from her collection.

Stanley observed his mother's enthusiastic demeanor. She had never treated Iris like this. Renee had never liked Iris as a daughter-in-law, and Stanley had always been aware of that. However, he had never tried to mend their relationship. He imagined Iris must have endured a lot of hardship over the years.

Thinking of that, he told Renee, "I have to go. There's something that I need to take care of."

He stood up.

Fiora quickly stood as well. "It's that urgent? Surely you have time for dinner?"

"It's something work-related," Stanley replied coldly.

Renee firmly ordered, "You can't leave."

Stanley raised an eyebrow. "Are you going to support me financially if I lose my job?"

Renee was speechless.

"Don't talk back to me. I don't care what business you have, you must stay and finish your meal before leaving," Renee's tone was strong.

Stanley's expression darkened further. Though Fiora didn't want him to leave, she tried to show maturity. "Renee, maybe Stanley really has something urgent to deal with. Let him go; I'll stay and have dinner with you."

Renee glared at her son. "Look at you, and look at how considerate Flora is. I've given birth to such an ungrateful son."

"Ask her to be your daughter then," Stanley shot back. He knew Renee wanted him to marry Flora and said that on purpose to provoke her.

Renee dismissed him, "Go away. You're an eyesore."

Stanley picked up his coat and left, driving back to his residence.

As he entered the building and took the elevator to his floor, a foul smell hit him as soon as the elevator doors opened. He was met with the sight of his door splattered with feces, and the wall had "Die, cheater!" painted on it.

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