



Chapter 55

Stanley kept quiet. His expression darkened.

Iris didn't have time to waste on chit-chat. "Did you check the surveillance footage?" she asked pointedly.

Stanley hesitated. He had immediately assumed it was Iris and hadn't bothered to check the footage. Still, he feigned calmness. "I did."

"The surveillance footage showed that I did it?" Iris did not believe it. She didn't do it, so there was no way he could pin it on her. "I want to see the footage."

Stanley's gaze flickered guiltily.

"Don't tell me you have no evidence?" Iris challenged, glaring at him. "You're just speculating that it's me, aren't you? And you call yourself a lawyer – an elite lawyer, at that. Is this how you usually handle cases?"

"Are you done?" Stanley stood up, frustration evident on his face. "I'll show you the surveillance footage."

"Okay," Iris replied.

After they exited the law firm, Stanley opened the car door for her. "Get in."

Without a glance at him, Iris said, "I'll drive myself."

Stanley stiffened for a moment before forcefully slamming the car door shut.

The two cars drove back to Stanley's residence. Stanley went to the property management office to review the surveillance footage, with Iris accompanying him.

Stanley gave the property management office a time frame, and they quickly found footage of the culprit.

When Iris saw the culprit's face, her expression froze. Stanley was equally stunned. He knew that guy. It was none other than Yvonne's boyfriend, Mike, who hadn't even bothered to disguise himself.

Exiting the monitoring room, Stanley snorted. "Even if you didn't do it yourself, you clearly orchestrated it. What else do you have to say for yourself? Iris, I know you still have feelings for me. If you want to come back, I'll take you back."

Iris felt a wave of disgust wash over her. She just saw him smooching another woman not too long ago, and now, he was asking her to reconcile. How could he be so shameless?

"Didn't your mother say you were about to marry the Just girl? Are you sure you can reconcile? What happens to the Just girl, then? And your mother – didn't she say she would never allow me back into your family's home? If I remarry you, what if she dies from a heart attack?" Her words were sharp and cutting.

Stanley squinted at her, clearly frustrated. "Did you eat shit? Why is your mouth so foul?" 1

Not wanting to engage in further pointless banter, Iris turned away towards her car.

"Enough with the act, Iris!" Stanley called after her. "My mother dislikes you because of your family background – you knew that when you married me. Why would you care what she says? Do you think I don't know? You found a place near my law firm, hoping to reconcile with me. I'm now giving you a chance. How long do you intend to keep this up?"

Iris stopped and turned back to face him. "How do you know I live near your law firm?"

"It doesn't matter how I know. It's true, isn't it?"

Iris didn't deny it. "Yes, it's true. I do live close to your law firm. But just because of that, you think I want to remarry you?"

Confidently, Stanley shot back, "Why else would you do that? Do you have any other reason to live in that area? The housing prices are ridiculously high; the rents aren't cheap either. You must live there for a reason – it's obvious you live there because of me."

Iris was bewildered. When did he become so self-absorbed?

"Are you going to tell me that you work nearby? Do you think I'd believe that? You married me right after graduating; you have no work experience. Even though you have a good education, no big company would hire someone who only knows how to do laundry and cook."