

## Chapter 56

Iris glared at Stanley, her heart stinging sharply. So in his eyes, her biggest value was doing laundry and cooking?

"So, in your eyes, am I only worth doing laundry and cooking for you?" Bitterness surged in her throat, but she forced it back. She refused to shed another tear for him. "I guess I only have myself to blame," she said. She must have been blind when she chose someone like him to be her husband.

Stanley realized that his words may have been a little hurtful, yet he stubbornly maintained his viewpoint. "You may not want to admit it, but that's the reality. What you learned in school can't be fully applied in real life. You're used to working in the kitchen; your life revolved around me. You can't adapt to the deceit and politics of the workplace. Besides, you studied law, but you've abandoned it for too long – it's hard to pick it back up."

Iris didn't want to argue. Before she achieved anything significant, her words felt weak and futile. Her achievements would be her best proof.

Silently, she turned around and left in her car.

When she got back to the law firm, her client was waiting there for her.

"Are you sick? You look terrible," the woman remarked.

"I'm fine," Iris said, mustering energy and forcing a smile. "Let's talk in the reception room."

"How old are you?" the woman suddenly asked. "I'm thirty-five. You're definitely younger than me, right?"

Iris replied, "Yes."



Iris replied, "Yes."

"My name's Denise Johnson, so you can just call me Denise from now on," the woman said.

She patted Iris' shoulder. "Please take care of my divorce case."

"Of course. It's my duty," Iris responded.

"I did as you said. He's unwilling to sign the nuptial agreement. Looks like his remorse is just a delay tactic," Denise explained.

Iris had anticipated this. "Then we'll move on to Plan B."

Denise nodded in agreement.

Denise's situation was complicated. Iris could sense that her husband must have hired a lawyer too. She could tell that someone was telling him what to do to protect his assets. They couldn't afford to be careless.

She spent the rest of the day crafting a more detailed plan for Denise.

After work, she gave Mike a call.

The phone was answered quickly. "Iris," he greeted.

"Let's meet," Iris said.

"I'm at the riverside, at a barbecue stall."

"Okay, got it." Iris hung up and drove to the riverside.

She parked the car and walked over. The riverside was dimly lit at night, bustling with people and barbecue stalls. The weather was still cold, but

the atmosphere was lively, although it would be even livelier in summer.

She spotted Mike sitting alone at a table, several empty beer bottles scattered around. She approached and took a seat across from him.

"Here you are, Iris," Mike said, looking up.

Iris removed the glass in front of him. "It's cold; don't drink so much."

"Did Yvonne read my letter?" Mike asked, a hint of hope in his voice.

Iris hesitated, not wanting to hurt his feelings with the truth.

In the end, she sighed and said, "You should just give up."

"Is it my problem?" Mike asked.

"No, you're great," Iris assured him.

"Then why won't she give me a chance?" Mike's voice choked slightly.

"Maybe she..." Iris struggled to find words to defend Yvonne. She felt that Yvonne was pretty heartless.

"Never mind." Mike wiped his face in frustration. "Sorry, I still can't accept it. My emotions got the best of me."

"It's alright," Iris said, understanding his feelings. Abrupt breakups were always hard to process.

"By the way, I have to ask you something. Did you go to Stanley's house?" she asked.