

Chapter 57

Mike nodded.

He looked up at Iris. "I can't stand guys like him. I'm a man too, but I look down on men who cheat."

He paused, anger bubbling up. "When I saw him kissing another woman, I got mad. It felt incredibly disrespectful to you. So, I went to his house and splashed his door with feces to disgust him. Did he look for you?"

"Yeah," Iris replied.

"Did I cause you trouble?" Mike asked. He had calmed down now and realized that he may have been too impulsive.

Iris shook her head. "No, you didn't."

She appreciated that Mike was looking out for her.

"Did you divorce him because he cheated?" Mike asked.

Iris actually did not want to discuss such a painful topic, but she realized that she couldn't avoid it forever.

She responded with a faint "mhm."

"What a scumbag!" Mike exclaimed angrily.

"It's all in the past now," Iris said.

Mike poured her a drink. "I understand how you feel, Iris."

Despite having moved on, being reminded of her past with Stanley still

made her feel a twinge of sadness. She had once loved him with all her heart. There's no way a seven-year love could be dismissed without pain.

"Cheers, Iris." Mike raised his glass, clinking it against Iris'.

Iris couldn't refuse. She finished the glass of beer. The cold beer felt even chillier in winter. She set down her glass and picked up a skewer of grilled squid.

Mike's mood remained low, and he poured himself another drink. Iris frowned. "Maybe you shouldn't drink anymore."

"I have to drink away my sorrow or I won't be able to sleep tonight," he said with a bitter smile.

Feeling sorry for him, Iris stayed with him, drinking together rather than letting him drink alone. The more they drank, the colder it felt. Eventually, Iris couldn't take it anymore; she felt cold and dizzy. "I can't drink anymore; it's too cold. I have to... go back," she said, her teeth chattering.

She took out her phone to call a designated driver.

Mike, with slightly red eyes, looked at her. "Thank you for keeping me company today, Iris."

"There's plenty of fish in the sea; don't get hung up on Yvonne," Iris comforted him.

Mike nodded with a grunt.

The designated driver arrived. Before Iris left, she urged Mike to go home as well. Mike said he would.

The driver drove her home and parked the car in her apartment's underground parking lot.

"We're here," the driver said, handing her the keys back.

Iris took them, saying, "Thank you."

After the driver left, she sat in the car for a moment, feeling dizzy. The stuffiness in the car made her stomach churn, and she felt like she might throw up. She quickly pushed open the car door, got out, and crouched against the wall, trying to relieve her nausea, but nothing came out.

Her stomach was still churning.

After taking a moment to recover, she stood up slowly and turned around, nearly bumping into someone. Fortunately, the wall behind her prevented her from falling. She squinted to see who it was.

"M - Mr. Just..."

Jason frowned. "Did you drink?"

Iris nodded, gesturing with her fingers, "A little bit."

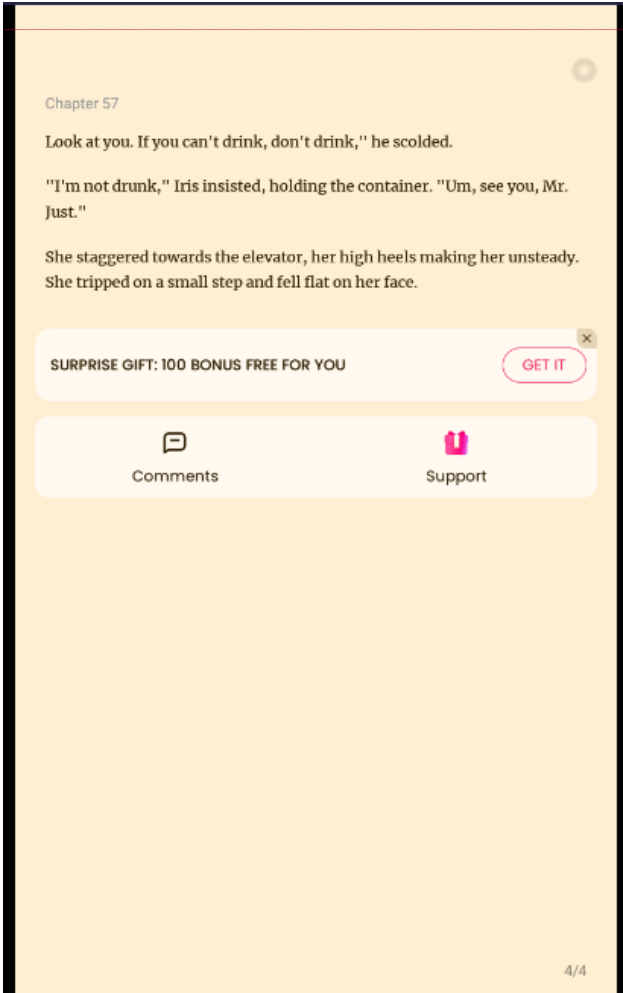
She glanced around. "Mr. Just, what are you doing here?"

"Returning the food container," he replied, handing it over.

Iris reached out to take it. "Actually, you don't have to. Just bring it to the company, and I'll take it home after work... oh -"

Before she could finish, she burped.

The strong smell of alcohol, mixed with her scent, assaulted Jason. "



Commented [Ma1]: