

Chapter 59

Iris could no longer maintain her composure. Jason's expression suggested she had made a fool of herself when she was sleeping.

Her grip on the coffee cup tightened. She accidentally crushed the paper, spilling coffee all over herself. It jolted her back to her senses. Mortified, she realized what she had just done. Once again, she had embarrassed herself in front of him.

"What's wrong with me?" she thought frantically.

Jason said, "We have to spend the night here. You'll have to figure it out yourself." With that, he got into the car, leaving Iris speechless.

She patted the coffee stains on her clothes, only to dirty her hands. Jason started the car, rolled down the window, and handed her a packet of tissues.

Iris took it, murmuring, "Thank you." She wiped her hands and body. Although she wasn't totally clean, it was better than feeling damp. She settled in for the ride and placed the tissues on the back seat.

"Where are we going now?" she asked.

"We're going to eat, then heading to the hotel," he replied emotionlessly.

"Okay," Iris said, turning to look out the window as the scenery rushed by.

The car soon stopped in front of a restaurant. They got out and sat down at a table by the window. Jason ordered for both of them while Iris sat silently.

While waiting for the food, he asked, "Are you confident in winning your case?"

Iris nodded. "Yes."

Satisfied, Jason said, "If you need any help, just ask."

"You've already done enough for me," she replied. She couldn't trouble him further. She understood that Jason was guiding her, providing valuable opportunities for growth.

Jason took a sip of water from his glass. "Why did you drink yesterday?"

"Oh, I was with a friend who was feeling down after a breakup, so I had a few drinks with him," Iris explained.

He put down the glass and looked up. "I thought you were drowning your sorrows because you were heartbroken."

Iris was speechless.

"It wasn't me," she clarified.

After finishing dinner, they went to the hotel. Jason had booked separate rooms for them. Iris did not know that they would stay overnight, so she didn't bring any spare clothes. She was refreshed from her nap in the car, so she decided to go out to buy some new clothes. She checked the map for a nearby shopping mall and headed out.

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Fiora held onto Stanley as they walked together.

"That day, at your house, your mother told you to marry me. Was that your idea or your mother's idea?" Fiora asked. After hearing it that day, she had taken it to heart.

She looked forward to Stanley proposing to her.

Stanley, disinterested, replied, "I just got divorced."

He was in the city of Shellfield for an important legal conference. Many talented individuals in the legal field had gathered.

The events in the day were not that important. The main event was the evening banquet.

Fiora – Lord knows how she found out about the conference – insisted on coming with him. Under Renee's intense pressure, Stanley had no choice but to bring Fiora along.

Hearing Stanley's answer, Fiora felt deflated.

She was unable to discern Stanley's feelings for her. Sometimes he seemed really cold, but when she kissed him, he didn't reject her. She comforted herself with the notion that he was still adjusting to his recent divorce.

"I want to buy a gift for your mother. Can you help me choose?" Fiora said, pulling Stanley into a jewelry store. He followed her lead, not showing interest nor outright resisting.

To be honest, part of the reason he dated Fiora was because of Renee's pressure, but there was also the fact that he had gotten used to having someone around him. In the past, that person was Iris. Now, it was Fiora. At least, when it was quiet, he wouldn't feel so empty inside.

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"Does your mother prefer diamond or jade?" Flora asked.

Commented [Ma1]: