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"She doesn't lack anything..." Stanley muttered.

Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of Iris passing by outside the glass window. He could not be mistaken; after seven years together, her silhouette was etched into his memory.

"I have to use the restroom. You stay here and keep shopping," he told Fiora before striding out of the jewelry store and heading in the direction Iris had gone.

Iris was standing in front of a flower stall, carefully admiring the blooms, seemingly wanting to buy a bouquet.

In the past, whenever Jason returned home, he would see fresh flowers on the table and Iris bustling in the kitchen. Even when work was challenging, going home brought him comfort. But now, he found himself disliking going home. The maid couldn't even keep the most basic level of cleanliness, which caused him a lot of frustration.

He slowed his pace as he approached her. Iris was caught between choosing sunflowers or daisies. The florist chimed in, "Ma'am, I think sunflowers suit you better."

Iris smiled, curious. "Why is that?"

"The language of sunflowers is to bravely face challenges, cut through thorns, and show a brilliant life," the florist explained.

Iris was a lawyer, and having recently cut her hair short, she exuded a competent and neat impression, but there was a hint of sadness in her eyes. Perhaps that was why she looked like she was in need of

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encouragement, and so, the florist recommended sunflowers.

Stanley's hurtful words from the day before had indeed made her sad.

With a smile, she replied, "Okay, I'll take six sunflowers, please."

"Alright," the florist said, "You pick them. I'll wrap them up for you."

Iris picked out six fresh flowers. She admired other flowers while the florist wrapped them. The florist soon came back with her bouquet.

She took the flowers and asked, "How much?"

"I usually sell them for two dollars each, but I'll give you a discount: a dollar and fifty each, so that's nine dollars, plus a dollar for wrapping," the florist replied.

"Okay," Iris said, reaching for her wallet to pay. Just as she did, she turned her head and saw Stanley standing next to her.

She frowned.

What was he doing here?

Stanley stepped forward and paid for the flowers, but Iris refused to accept his gesture. She turned and walked away.

"Iris," Stanley called softly.

Iris quickened her pace.

"Are you still angry?" he asked after he caught up to her.

She kept her mouth shut, unwilling to engage.

Stanley grabbed her wrist. "Stop being difficult; my words may have been too harsh yesterday and I may have hurt your pride, but what I said is the truth."

Iris shook off his hand, turning to face him. "Stanley, we're divorced. How you interpret yesterday's events is none of my business."

Her cold demeanor stung him, and his expression hardened. "Fine, let's say that you living near my law firm is mere coincidence. What about today? Are you going to say this is another coincidence?"

Iris couldn't believe her luck either. She had come with Jason, unaware she would run into Stanley. Had she known, she would have stayed in the hotel. It was too late to regret it now.

"I don't care if you think that I'm following you or trying to reconcile with you. I can't control what you think. But I want to make it clear that I didn't come here because of you," she stated firmly.

Before Stanley could respond, Fiora grabbed his arm tightly while glaring at Iris. "Stanley, who is she?"

A woman's intuition was sharp, and Fiora could sense that Stanley's relationship with the woman was far from simple.