

Chapter 61

Chapter 61

Stanley had no intention of answering Fiora's question. Instead, he focused on Iris, searching for any cracks in her expression.

He believed that there was no way Iris wouldn't feel upset seeing him with another woman.

Fiora's grip on Stanley's arm tightened, and her expression grew wary.

Iris, sensing the tension, smiled and said, "Don't be nervous, and don't feel threatened. I'm just his ex-wife."

Immediately, Stanley's expression darkened, while Fiora's face paled. Fiora remembered that the first time she had dinner with Stanley, Iris was there too, seated at another table. She recalled how Stanley had occasionally glanced in Iris' direction, and when Fiora had asked him if he knew her, he had denied it.

Also, they had bumped into her after having curry the other day. No wonder Iris had reacted the way she did after spilling coffee on Stanley.

"If you're already divorced, why are you still bothering him?" Fiora challenged. She believed that all three encounters with Iris were deliberate, that Iris wanted to gain Stanley's attention. "Are you trying to reconcile or something?"

Stanley smiled.

See? He's not the only one who thought that.

If he was mistaken, then Fiora, as an outside observer, should be able to see the matter with more clarity. What excuse did Iris have now?

Iris chuckled, her voice dripping with sarcasm. "You two are a perfect match."

Both of them were so self-absorbed.

With that, she strode away confidently, leaving Stanley staring at her retreating figure.

He thought to himself, "Go ahead and act tough; you'll come back to me and beg me to reconcile eventually."

He wanted to see just how long she could maintain her act.

"How did she know you were here?" Fiora asked, looking up at Stanley. Did he intentionally let Iris know?

"I don't know; maybe she found out from my friends," he replied. It wouldn't be hard for her to find out that he was coming to Shellfield since Lester, Henry, and Ted all knew.

"Does she still have feelings for you?" Fiora asked tentatively.

Stanley kept quiet, and Fiora's anxiety grew. Fiora pressed further. "What about you? Do you still love her?"

Stanley felt an inexplicable tightening in his chest.

Did he still love her?

He wasn't sure.

However, the days without her had been challenging, and her presence lingered in every corner of his mind. Memories flooded back: shared

Chapter 61

meals, movie nights, autumn strolls, watching snow fall together, cheering at late - night matches...

They shared a lot of memories together.

He had also done a lot of things for the first time with her.

He gave her his first kiss.

They had been each other's first loves.

The first time they had sex was on their wedding night – Iris was actually a pretty conservative person, and prior to her, he had been inexperienced as well. They had lost their virginity to each other. They had only kissed up until then.

He rode a roller coaster for the first time with her.

He climbed a mountain to watch the sunrise for the first time with her.

The first time in his life he truly felt blessed was because of Iris, especially during the first year of their marriage, which had been filled with warmth; Iris had cared for him, soothing his exhausted mind and body.

Yet, as time passed, he had grown accustomed to her, and familiarity bred contempt.

He grew weary of her unchanging nature, her predictable routines, and the monotony of their lives. Their relationship had lost all elements of excitement and surprise.

It was during this stagnation that Wendy entered his life. She reminded him of the vibrant, youthful woman Iris used to be.



"Stanley, I will treat you better than her. I will love you more than her. So forget about her, okay?" Fiora said, biting her lip as she looked at him.

Stanley was pulled back to reality. He chose not to answer her. "Have you picked the jewelry? Let me take a look."

Fiora nodded, though her gaze lingered back on Iris' retreating figure.

So, his ex-wife was actually that beautiful.



Comments



Support