

Chapter 65

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Stanley felt humiliated. He stared at Iris and asked, "Who are you going with?"

Out of respect for their seven-year relationship, Iris didn't humiliate him further. "We're divorced, so we have nothing to do with each other anymore. I need to work. If you have something to say, we can discuss it after I get off work." This was the only dignity she could offer him. "Let's go, Mr. Just."

Jason's eyes moved past Stanley disdainfully as he turned around.

Stanley stood still, hands empty and frozen in place. The tension in the air was palpable, and no one dared to approach him.

Professor Aston finally broke the silence. "What happened between you and Iris? How did it escalate to divorce?"

Stanley had always thought that Iris was merely throwing a tantrum. He was convinced she would return to him eventually. They were each other's first love, after all. He knew how much she loved him.

But now, he was struck with the painful realization that she wasn't throwing a tantrum; she was serious.

"Stanley..." Professor Aston began, but Stanley's mind was racing, overwhelmed. He needed some peace and quiet.

"I have to go," he said, his voice strained, and he left under the crowd's scrutiny. This felt like the darkest moment of his life; he had never experienced such public humiliation.

After exiting the banquet, Stanley used all his connections to locate the hotel where Iris was staying in.

Tracking down hotel registration records was fairly straightforward business.

Iris returned to the hotel close to midnight. Because she had already embarrassed herself in front of Jason after getting drunk once, she did not drink much at the banquet earlier. She had only sipped her drink, and with Jason's protection, no one dared to press her.

She had met many people and expanded her network, but the encounter with Stanley had marred what could have been a perfect evening.

In good spirits, she swiped her card to open her hotel room door when suddenly, she was embraced from behind, startling her. Time seemed to freeze as cold sweat trickled down her back.

"Who are you?" she gasped, her voice trembling.

"You've already forgotten what your husband's embrace feels like after only a few days? Is it because you've found a new love?" Stanley whispered in her ear.

Relief washed over Iris, but the tension quickly returned, and she turned around and pushed him away. Stanley held her tightly, refusing to let go. "Stop playing with me."

"I'm not playing with you!" Iris nearly shouted. "We're divorced! Don't you understand what that means?"

Stanley pursed his lip, at a loss for words. He had signed the divorce agreement and divided their assets because he thought she was just

throwing a tantrum. The truth was, he had never truly wanted a divorce.

Yes, he got tired of the same old routine, got tired of the food she made. After all, no matter how delicious the food was, you would get tired of it if you ate it every day. He had a lot of dissatisfaction about their marriage, but he had never thought of divorcing her.

"Marry me again," he ordered.

Iris sneered, her emotions spilling over. "Stop being so childish, Stanley. I told you, I would never reconcile with you. Never."

Stanley refused to believe it. "You're lying..."

"No, I'm not lying," she replied, her voice choking with tears. "My heart died a long time ago – when you cheated on me, when you chose to believe Wendy over me."

As she spoke, memories flooded back – the heart-wrenching pain of betrayal, the confusion, and the overwhelming frustration that had consumed her. She had endured sleepless nights, crying in silence, grappling with a sense of loss that felt like a dark struggle for survival.



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