

Chapter 66

Iris had bravely climbed out of the abyss, giving herself a chance to start anew. How could she turn back now?

"Stanley, let's part on good terms," she stated calmly, devoid of any extreme emotions.

If she had shown anger, blame, or hatred, there might have been a chance for Stanley to salvage the situation. But her calm demeanor signified that her heart was dead; she no longer held any hope for him.

Stanley staggered back, nearly losing his balance. He leaned against the wall for support.

"You promised to love me forever. You can't break your promise..."

"And you promised to love me, trust me, cherish me, and protect me, but you hurt me, tricked me, and deceived me instead. In our four years of marriage, I can honestly say I've never betrayed you, not even once. If I ever did, may I be cursed to a wretched existence and a painful death. Do you dare to swear such an oath? Have you ever done anything to betray me during our marriage?"

Stanley found himself at a loss for words.

This was the answer Iris had expected. She smiled, "Stop acting like a loyal man. You're not."

Looking at Iris' resolute and icy expression, a sudden pang gripped Stanley's heart, as if something within him was being forcibly torn away, leaving him feeling raw and exposed.

His Adam's apple moved up and down. He struggled to find words. Faced



with her accusations, he could say nothing to defend himself, because she was speaking the truth.

At the end of the corridor, a tall figure slowly approached. Stanley's eyes focused on the approaching figure.

"You refuse to reconcile with me because of Jason Just, right?" Stanley's voice came out hoarse.

Iris replied, "No, it has nothing to do with anyone. It's because I've lost all hope in you; I don't love you anymore..."

Before she could finish, Stanley lunged forward, grabbed her and kissed her forcefully, silencing her. Iris recoiled at the smell of him, feeling a surge of revulsion. She pushed against him with all her might, but his hold was too strong. In a moment of determination, she bit his lip hard.

Stanley winced in pain, loosening his hold just enough for her to push him away. He stumbled back a few steps until he leaned against the wall.

He did not seem angry about being pushed away. He bent slightly forward, smirking at the person behind Iris. "Sorry you had to witness that. We're used to public displays of affection."

Wiping the blood from his lips with his thumb, he continued, "This is just how she is. She loves doing this to my lips. It's been four years, and she still has this habit."

He was declaring his authority over Iris. His words dripped with a mix of pride and possessiveness, a boast of their four-year marriage.

Women have a sixth sense, but so do men. Stanley could feel that Jason was a more threatening existence than Ted.



Iris turned around with a frown and saw Jason standing behind her. He wore a blank expression, but upon closer inspection, one would see the darkness in his eyes that were as chilling as a cold, dark pond.

His lips tugged. He said nothing as he retrieved his key card and swiped it to open the door to his room. With a beep, the door opened, and he entered, swiftly closing it behind him.

Stanley smirked triumphantly. "Oh no. Did I cause a misunderstanding?"

Iris shot back, "You bastard."

Stanley was unbothered. He had achieved his goal. "Jason Just is cold and heartless. He wouldn't want a tainted woman."

Iris' grip on the door handle tightened. "He's just my boss. Don't project your filthy thoughts onto others," she retorted, turning her head. "Do you think everyone is like you?"

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Chapter 67

Stanley's expression darkened at Iris' words. "Is that how you see me?" he asked, hurt evident in his voice.

Iris, unwilling to engage further, pushed open the door to her room.

Once inside, she struggled to maintain her composure. Tears streamed down her face. The strength and calmness she displayed a moment ago was just a tough exterior she put up.

She closed her eyes. In that moment, her love and marriage died completely, leaving no chance for revival.

Outside, Stanley stood staring at the closed door for a long time. "You'll come back to me," he muttered to himself. He knew Iris' weakness. Even now, he still believed he had a chance.

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The next morning, around six o'clock, Jason sent Iris a message: [We're going back at seven.]

Iris had a restless night and only fell asleep in the morning. Her phone was on silent, so she missed the message.

By seven o'clock, Iris was nowhere to be seen, so Jason could only knock on her door.

Awoken by the knocking, Iris stumbled to open the door. Rubbing her eyes, she greeted, "Good morning, Mr. Just."

"Didn't you see the message I sent you?" he asked



"Huh? Let me check," she replied, rushing to grab her phone. Upon seeing his message, she awkwardly ran her fingers through her hair. "Sorry, I had my phone on silent last night..."

Jason pressed his lips together, studying her for a few seconds. "You have ten minutes. I'll be waiting in the car." With that, he turned and left.

Iris hurried to get ready. She hadn't changed out of her wrinkled clothes from the night before, and with no other options, she settled for what she had. She packed the coffee-stained clothes, then went to wash her face.

After washing her face, she noticed her eyes were slightly swollen. No wonder Jason had stared at her eyes.

She sighed in frustration. Once again, she had embarrassed herself in front of him. But because it had happened so often, she had grown numb to it.

Noticing the flowers in the vase, she picked them up, holding them in her hand as she left the room to check out.

Outside, Jason was standing by the road. He was wearing a dark gray suit that accentuated his thin frame with a black cashmere coat draped over his arm.

"Mr. Just," she called as she approached.

He glanced back at her.

"Sorry for the wait," she said, forcing a smile.

Jason was impeccably dressed, his clothes wrinkle-free and sharp in their dark hue. His expression remained cold, like a winter sea. His eyes



briefly flicked to the flowers in her hand before he turned away, opening the car door silently.

"Do you want me to drive?" Iris offered.

Jason ignored her and started the car. Left with no choice, she climbed into the back seat.

Jason drove fast. He drove very steadily during their trip here, but the pace now was noticeably faster. Maybe he was in a rush to go back, or maybe it was because of some other reason. In any case, the ride was not as gentle as before.

Occasionally, he would glance at the sunflowers Iris held tightly in her hand through the rearview mirror.

Noticing his gaze, Iris looked down at the flowers. They were indeed beautiful. When they arrived at the law firm, she handed the flowers to him. "You can have them."

Jason paused, unsure how to respond.

"Are you crazy?" he said before walking towards the law firm.

"I thought you liked them?" Iris quickly followed him.

Suddenly, Jason stopped, and she bumped her head against his chest. "S-Sorry," she said, rubbing her forehead. "I noticed you looking at the flowers, so I thought you liked them.."