



## Chapter 68

"I'm not interested in other men's gifts," Jason said. For some reason, Iris thought she detected a hint of jealousy in his voice.

"Other men? I bought them myself when I went to the mall to buy clothes. I'm not a man." She looked genuinely puzzled. Why would he think the flowers were from a man?

Then it dawned on her. "You thought Stanley bought these for me? He would never do that. Besides, we're divorced. We..."

Jason had no intention of listening to her talk about Stanley. The word "we" was especially grating to his ear.

Iris was baffled by the sudden change in his emotions. They were as unpredictable as the weather in June – sunny one moment, stormy the next.

"Ms. Glover," Denise walked over, interrupting whatever she still wanted to say.

"Denise, what brings you here? Are things going well?" Iris asked.

Denise smiled. "Yeah, everything's good. I happened to be in the area, so I thought I'd come see you." She approached Iris, glancing at Jason who was heading upstairs. She nudged Iris and asked, "Is that your boyfriend?"

Iris paused, caught off guard. "No, he's my boss," she replied.

Denise smiled knowingly, clearly skeptical. "Really?" Her gaze fell on the flowers in Iris' hand. "Does your boss always give you flowers?"



Iris looked down at the sunflowers. These flowers were causing more trouble than she anticipated. She explained, "It's not what you think..."

"C'mon, you're divorced now; you have the right to pursue happiness. I think he looks great," Denise quipped. "He's single, right?"

Iris nodded.

"Well, that's perfect. And he's within arm's reach too. If you miss this chance, you might regret it," said Denise.

Iris had never considered entering a new relationship. Her experience with Stanley had nearly cost her everything. Fearing whatever Denise was going to say next, Iris quickly changed the subject. "I'm glad everything's going smoothly. Oh, I have something to tell you."

She led Denise to the reception room. Denise told her to wait for a minute while she went to the receptionist to pick up the pastries she left there for Iris.

"I got some pastries from the Crispy Aroma bakery, which is near your law firm, so I bought a portion for you too. Unfortunately, when I came, you weren't here, so I left them with the receptionist. Now that you're here, I'll give them to you myself."

Iris was a little shy about taking Denise's gift.

"It's not anything expensive," Denise insisted warmly, making it difficult for Iris to refuse. She accepted the pastries graciously.

An hour later, after seeing Denise off, Iris returned to her desk.

She wondered if Jason was still upset. He probably didn't have breakfast, so he should be hungry. Looking at the pastries on her desk, she decided



to make good use of them.

Opening the exquisite box revealed the pastries from the famous Crispy Aroma bakery. The strawberry mousse there was especially popular, and there was always a long line.

Each pastry inside the main box had its own individual box. She brewed a cup of coffee, placed two cakes on a plate, and knocked on Jason's office door.

"Come in," came his deep voice from inside.

Iris pushed the door open. Jason looked up as she entered.

"Hi, Mr. Just," she greeted with a smile, placing the coffee and pastries on his desk. "You didn't have breakfast, right? You must be hungry. This is a signature cake from the Crispy Aroma bakery; it tastes really good."

Jason's gaze shifted to the cake. He had passed by that bakery several times, often seeing long queues.

"You bought this yourself?" he asked.

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