

Moving On from a Cheater Chapter 11

Iris left decisively, without a moment's hesitation.

In a fit of anger, Stanley kicked Ted in the stomach. "Why did you stop me?"

Ted staggered backward from the impact. He bumped into the table behind him, knocking over plates and wine glasses.

Lester and Henry quickly intervened, pulling Stanley back. "Stanley, Ted is just trying to help you. You and Iris are both heated right now, if your argument escalates, it won't end well."

Ted steadied himself and straightened his clothes. "Let him go. If he wants to fight, then let's fight. I'm ready."

Stanley sneered. "Oh, looks like you really do have feelings for her."

When Ted saw Iris having dinner with another man, he realized he could no longer hide his feelings.

He had already missed his chance once; this time, he intended to seize it.

He had invited Iris today on purpose; he wanted to confront Stanley!

"Yes, I've had feelings for Iris for a long time. I liked her even earlier than you did." Ted declared, finally revealing the secret he'd kept hidden for years.

It felt liberating.

He finally did not have to keep it a secret anymore.

Lester and Henry were shocked.

Stanley was also momentarily stunned.

Ted continued, "The first time I saw her, I already developed feelings for her, but I was too timid to confess. By the time I gathered the courage, she was already dating you. I saw your love for her, and I knew she loved you too, so I kept my feelings to myself. Even when you two got married, I sincerely wished that you would live happily ever after. As a friend, I've always done right by you."

Best gifts for your loved ones

Stanley's expression shifted to one of fury.

Ted pressed on with a sneer, “She sacrificed her career for you. She took care of you after your marriage and supported your career wholeheartedly. And how did you treat her? After you became successful, you cheated on her!”

Stanley couldn’t take it anymore. He shoved Lester and Henry aside and charged at Ted, landing a punch squarely on his face.

Ted retaliated immediately, his punch even fiercer than Stanley’s. “I thought she would find happiness since she married the man she loved, but how did you treat her? And you dare to hit me?!”

The private room erupted into chaos.

The two elite gentlemen, usually composed, were now embroiled in a fierce, messy fight.

Lester and Henry moved back against the wall, hesitant to intervene. The fight was too fierce, so they

+25 BONUS

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knew if they interfered, they would get hurt too.

The restaurant manager, alerted to the disturbance, came to check, but Lester stopped him outside.” Don’t worry, we will cover all damages.

“Please tell them to keep it down. They’ll disturb the other customers,” the manager said.

Lester appeared hesitant.

What could he do?

He shrugged and said, “Do you want to go in there and tell them yourself?”

The manager glanced nervously at the private room, weighing his options. In the end, he decided it was safer to step back and observe for now.

The customers of their restaurant were all rich. They could definitely afford the compensation. There’s no need for him to risk getting hurt.

Inside, the fight escalated. Lester and Henry worried that one of them might get seriously hurt, so finally intervened, each holding a person back.

“Alright, enough! Stop fighting!”

Ted wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth and said, “Stanley, you and Iris are already divorced, which means she’s single now. I have every right to pursue her.”

Enraged, Stanley swung at Lester, punching him. He then lunged at Ted, grabbing him by the neck.

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Ted instantly retaliated.

Both men gripped each other’s necks tightly.

“You know what, Stanley?” Ted struggled to say. The moment I found out that you were flirting with Wendy, I knew you were playing with fire. I watched as Iris’ love for you slowly disappeared, I never believed that she would touch drugs, but I kept quiet, wanting to see if you were foolish enough to trust that pretentious little bitch instead of her. And you were.”

Best gifts for your loved ones

“I had planned to wait until you sent her to prison, pushing her to the point of completely giving up on you. Then, I would clear her name and rescue her. But you and I both underestimated her resilience. From the moment she fought back in court, she had already given up on you. You were the one who crushed her love for you.”

“You bastard! How dare you set your sights on my woman?! You told her about me and Wendy, didn’t you?”

“Wake up!” Ted shouted angrily. “I wouldn’t stoop that low! You’re with Wendy all the time; Iris Did I force you to have an affair with Wendy? Did I encourage you to sleep with her?”

isn’t blind!

Ted sneered. “Fine, let’s say I did. Did I force you to put your dick inside her? Did I force you to get hard?”

Veins bulged on Stanley’s forehead, his face flushed with rage, as if he might explode. Losing all sense of reason, he genuinely intended to strangle Ted.

Fearing for Ted’s life, Lester gritted his teeth, grabbed a wine bottle, and smashed it against the back of Stanley’s head.

Stanley’s vision blurred, and he collapsed to the ground.

Lester pointed at Ted, exasperated. “Why would you provoke him like that? Do you want to die?”

“Henry, help me!” Lester yelled.

“Oh, okay!” Henry finally reacted, quickly stepping forward to help lift Stanley. They got him into the car and sent him to the hospital.

Ted rubbed his neck, still feeling the pain from their struggle.

The private room was in disarray.

The manager finally gathered the courage to enter after seeing Stanley being carried away.

He had already calculated the damages. Ted handed him a card to cover them.

Meanwhile, Iris was unaware of the altercation between Ted and Stanley after she left.

The things she had overheard left her feeling disgusted, as if she had swallowed something unpleasant.

It was shocking to know that the man she once deeply loved had such a despicable side.

She couldn’t believe he would humiliate her like that.

Trying to escape her thoughts, she went to a bar alone, ordered a cocktail, and sipped it slowly. One drink quickly turned into another, and soon she lost count, feeling herself grow dizzy.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed in her pocket. She pulled it out to find a text from Yvonne: [I went to the hospital to get high blood pressure medicine for my stubborn grandpa and saw Stanley being carried into the hospital with multiple injuries on his face. I wonder if he took on a case he shouldn’t have and got retaliated against?]

Iris squinted. Too intoxicated to type, she replied with a voice message: [Let him die.]

Yvonne smiled at the response. I’ll go check if he’s dead.]

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Yvonne discreetly checked with the doctor, who confirmed that Stanley’s injuries were superficial and not life-threatening. Disappointed, she sighed and texted Iris: [I’ve checked; he’s not dead.]

Iris read the message but did not reply. After finishing her drink, she paid her tab and left the bar, her steps a little unsteady.

Two young men in the bar had taken notice of her. Seeing a pretty girl drinking alone had given rise to bad intentions. They decided to follow her.

Standing on the roadside, Iris checked her phone; it was past nine o'clock.

The illumination of the streetlights cast a long shadow behind her.

It was still early, but because she was in an alley behind the bar, it was very quiet. The cabs did not normally visit this alley.

Feeling stranded, she called Yvonne. The call quickly connected. "Yvonne, I've had too much to drink. Come pick me up..

Before she could finish, someone covered her mouth from behind.

"Iris? Iris!" Yvonne called out anxiously.

Iris eyes widened in shock. In that moment of panic, she suddenly recalled Jason's advice: she must remain calm and composed in any situation.

Yes, panicking was not an option, especially not now!

She composed herself, quickly devising a plan. She stomped hard on her assailant's foot.

The man winced in pain, loosening his grip. Seizing the opportunity, she elbowed him and broke free, sprinting into the street without looking back.

The bustling street became her refuge.

"Damn bitch." The man cursed. Pain shot through his foot and abdomen, so he was unable to pursue her.

The other man gave up after chasing for a short distance. After all, it was too risky to grab someone in public.

Iris kept running, her heart racing as she nearly collided with several pedestrians. Glancing back, she saw no one was chasing her. However, she remained cautious. She was eager to put as much distance between herself and the alley as she could.

Lost in thought, she accidentally bumped into someone. "Sorry, my bad..." She quickly apologized.

When she looked up, she was surprised to find Jason standing before her.

“M—Mr. Just,” she stammered.

“Are you okay?” he asked.

Iris nodded. “I’m fine.”

She looked back again. When she confirmed that no one was chasing her, she felt a wave of relief wash over her.

“Let’s go,” Jason said, leading her to his car while calling Yvonne on his phone..

“I’ve found her,” he said.

When Yvonne received Iris’ call earlier, she was with her grandfather, and Jason happened to be there too. When he heard that Iris might be in trouble, he had rushed over with Yvonne to look for Iris.

Because Iris’ call was still connected, they could pinpoint her location. That was why they were able to quickly locate her.

Inside the car, Yvonne hugged Iris tightly. “What happened? You suddenly went silent! I was so scared!” “I’m alright,” Iris reassured her.

Lawyers possessed strong minds, and remaining calm was a fundamental quality for the profession. Although she had felt panic in the moment, she was now regaining her composure, though she still had lingering fear.

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Iris was touched knowing that Yvonne had immediately rushed to her rescue. She was feeling relieved for having survived the ordeal. “Yvonne, thank you,” she said sincerely.

“Why are you so polite?” Yvonne replied with a smile. She glanced ahead and added, “I’m not the only one you should thank.”

Iris felt ashamed. She couldn’t believe she let something like this happen to her because of a scumbag like Stanley.

She didn’t even dare to look ahead. Averting her gaze, she said, “Thank you, Mr. Just.”

“You’re welcome,” he replied, his voice calm and indifferent as usual.

After a while, they arrived at the hotel. Yvonne and Iris stepped out of the car, and Yvonne said, “Thank you,”

Jason nodded slightly, his gaze landing on Iris. Although she had calmed down, her face still looked pale. The concern in his eyes deepened. However, he simply said, "Goodbye."

As Jason drove away, Yvonne linked arms with Iris and asked, "Do you know who he is? I'm surprised my grandfather is so well-acquainted with him."

"I know," Iris replied. "He's a partner at the Golden Path Law Firm, the biggest law firm among the Big Eight

"No, no, no! Being a lawyer is just his least impressive identity, Yvonne whispered conspiratorially. "He's also..."

"Yvonne," Iris interrupted, moving slightly away. She did not want to gossip about Jason.

She wasn't that interested in his background anyway. Her focus was on her job. She wanted to achieve something quickly so that she could make Professor Sandler proud. Professor Sandler had nurtured her and, at the lowest point of her life, introduced a renowned lawyer like Jason Just to her to be her mentor. If she wasted his efforts again like she did seven years ago, she would be a fool.

Noticing Iris' bad mood, Yvonne refrained from saying further.

Once inside Iris' room, Yvonne said, "It's not safe for you to stay here by yourself. I found an apartment near the Golden Path Law Firm. Can you take half a day off tomorrow to check it out?"

Iris nodded. "Sure."

The next day, Iris visited the apartment Yvonne mentioned. She found the place suitable and immediately signed a one-year lease. Although the rent was expensive, Iris still did it because it was convenient for

work.

When she left the real estate agency, Ted called, inviting her to lunch.

Since she did not eat anything at Ted's birthday party, not even the cake, Iris agreed. She invited Yvonne to join her, but Yvonne had plans with her boyfriend and couldn't go, so Iris went alone.

When she saw Ted, she was taken aback. He had a bruise under his right eye and visible bruises on his mouth and cheeks.

Recalling Yvonne telling her that Stanley was admitted to the hospital, she asked, "Did you fight with Stanley after I left?"

Ted didn't deny it.

Iris said, "You know he has a short temper; there's no need to clash with him..."

"Iris," he interrupted, looking deeply into her eyes. "The reason I fought with him was not because of him, but because of you."

Iris misunderstood. She thought he was standing up for her.

She took a sip of water, then said calmly. "You shouldn't have fought with him because of me. I've already moved on. Now that we're divorced, he has nothing to do with me anymore."

"I like you," Ted said, "I've liked you since the first time saw you."

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Ted's eyes were filled with affection.

Iris nearly spat out the water she was drinking.

She quickly covered her mouth. "Ted, have you gone crazy?" she exclaimed. She couldn't believe he would say something like that. They had always been good friends, and his sudden confession left her uncertain about how to interact with him in the future.

"I know you feel bad for me and pity me for what I've gone through in my marriage, but you don't have to console me this way," she said, deliberately misinterpreting his words. She wanted to avoid complicating their friendship with romantic feelings. She could only be friends with Ted..

She had just gone through a divorce. It was impossible for her to jump straight into another relationship.

Besides, she did not plan to get married again. Men were untrustworthy, and love was a fleeting concept.

"I have something to do, so I have to go. See you," she said and quickly exited the restaurant, not giving Ted a chance to respond.

When she returned to the law firm, she spotted Jason waiting for the elevator downstairs, causing her steps to slow for a moment. By the time she reached him, the elevator had not yet arrived.

“Have you found a place?” he asked.

Iris nodded. “Yes, near the law firm.”

With a ding, the elevator doors opened, and Jason stepped inside, followed closely by Iris. Once inside, she positioned herself in a corner, maintaining a respectful distance from him.

He was tall, blocking most of the light. His commanding presence emphasized his masculine charm, with his fitted white shirt and black belt accentuating his sexy physique.

Suddenly, Iris’ phone buzzed. She quickly retrieved it from her bag. It was a call from the client.

She listened intently to the situation on the other end before hanging up. “I need to go to the Cloud District. The court hearing is approaching, so I need to gather more information.”

“Okay,” Jason replied.

When the elevator reached the office area, Jason exited, while Iris pressed the down button to head to the underground parking lot.

She drove off to meet the client.

Meanwhile, Stanley’s mother, Renee Stein, visited him at the hospital. She was taken aback by his injuries. “What kind of case did you take to get hurt like this?” she asked, her heart aching for him.

It was also quite embarrassing since they were famous people.

“Where’s your wife? Why isn’t she here caring for you? She doesn’t work, so she has nothing to do. By the way, you’ve been married for four years now; when are you going to have children?” she continued.

Her nagging only made Stanley’s mood worse.

“I don’t need anyone to care for me,” he replied tersely,

“You’re seriously injured! Of course you need someone to take care of you!” Renee insisted. How could Iris leave Stanley by himself in the hospital? As a housewife, Iris should be taking care of her husband! Was she out having fun somewhere?

At the thought of that, Renee’s frustration grew. She pulled out her phone to call Iris.

Stanley quickly stopped her. "I asked her to go home and cook for me. She'll be here soon, so you can leave now. I don't need anyone else here."

Stanley did not know why he would lie. Perhaps he just wanted to placate Renee and make her leave as soon as possible, or perhaps it was something else.

"That's more like it," Renee said, "I admit, she does take good care of you, but that's her duty since you're the breadwinner. Every dime she spends is yours, so don't spoil her too much. She doesn't work but doesn't even have time to have children? What's her excuse? Does she have health issues that prevent her from conceiving? She needs to go for a check-up. If she can't conceive, you need to find

way to have children outside. Our family's bloodline can't end with you..."