

Moving On from a Cheater Chapter 16

"Mom, that's enough. I'm a patient. I need to rest. I don't want to hear about children anymore. I'm the one who doesn't want children yet," Stanley replied.

Iris had expressed her desire to have children quite a few times, but he thought they were still young, so there was no rush.

He now realized that his mother might have been pressuring Iris.

"Hmph, you always defend her. She'll take advantage of you. I don't even understand what you see in her. She comes from a very ordinary family; both her parents are working-class. Yes, she has a good education, but what can she actually offer you? Beyond doing laundry and cooking, what else is she good for? She can't even give you a child. Before you got married, the young woman from the Just family expressed interest in you, and they even sent a matchmaker. If you had married her, you would be part of the capital's high society right now," Renee complained.

Family vacation packages

"The Just family is incredibly wealthy, their business reaching across the globe. If you had married that Just girl, your father would have received significant support for his business. Yes, our family is doing well, but we can't compare to the Just family. It's like comparing a drop of water to an ocean. "You're our only son, and eventually, you'll have to inherit the family business. Your wife should be someone with status and connections, someone who can help you, do you understand?" Renee continued.

Renee had never been satisfied with Iris, in fact, it could be said that she disliked Iris.

The reason for that was because Stanley had spent less time with his parents after marrying her. They had moved out after getting married. Renee viewed that as Iris trying to drive a wedge between Stanley and his parents.

Stanley felt like his head was going to burst. He couldn't lash out at his mother, so how...

Mom, I have to rest. Can you please leave?"

patiently said,

Renee huffed. "Fine. Your pretty little wife will take care of you, so you don't need me." With that, she walked out, high heels clicking

Lester and Henry were still outside. They were the ones who had called Renee. Stanley needed someone by his side to take care of him, but they couldn't reach Iris.

Renee stared at them. "What exactly happened to Stanley? Did someone get him back for something he did?"

Lester quickly reassured her, "Yes, but everything is fine now. Please don't worry, Mrs. Stein. Stanley can handle it,"

"Alright. He said Iris will be here to take care of him soon, so I won't be staying. Call me if anything happens," she said before departing.

"We will, don't worry," Lester replied.

Once Renee had left, Henry turned to Lester and asked "Do you really think Iris will come?"

Lester shrugged. "Who knows?"

Henry frowned, "I'm doubtful."

Lester shared that sentiment. "Let's go in and check." He pushed open the door to the ward, only to have a pillow thrown at them.

"Did you guys call my mom?" Stanley demanded.

Lester caught the pillow. "We can't leave you here alone. We couldn't reach your wife, so we could only..."

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"Shut up." Stanley couldn't bear to hear Iris' name at the moment. He was in a bad mood.

He had a nagging feeling that Iris might be serious this time.

Picking up on his unease, Lester suggested, "Maybe Iris is just acting intimate with Ted to make you mad." "You think so?" It did not look like that to Stanley.

Henry chimed in, "Ted said he's liked Iris longer than you have, but you dated her for three years and were married for four, so you were together for seven years. Could Ted really have liked her secretly for eight years? I find that hard to believe. Can a person really hold onto feelings for that long without wavering?"

Yes, he was trying to comfort Stanley, but it was also true that he found it hard to believe. Henry thought that kind of devotion was unrealistic. After all, there's no true love in this world.

Iris was undeniably beautiful, but surely that was not enough to keep someone secretly in love with her for eight years?

Stanley's thoughts were in turmoil. "You guys can leave!" he said, wanting to be alone.

"But what about you?" Lester asked.

"I'll be fine. If I need anything, I'll call the nurse," Stanley replied.

"Okay. If anything happens, give us a call. With that, Lester and Henry left, leaving the ward enveloped

silence.

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Stanley took out his phone, hesitated, but ultimately decided to call Iris. However, he only received a busy tone.

After waiting for a while, he tried again, but he was met with the same result. Sensing something was off, he did a bit of research.

A busy tone could mean one of two things: either the line was genuinely busy or he had been blocked. After a third unsuccessful attempt, it was all but confirmed—she had blocked him.

His expression darkened. She was really going that far? Fine.

Meanwhile, Iris was meeting with the client of the fake marriage case to gain a clearer understanding of the situation. It was more complex than she initially thought.

Not only were there no traces of the couple living together, the woman was actually a repeat offender. She had a history of prior marriages. She was older than him as well.

The client was also not the only one who had a fake marriage to get more relocation compensation; over a dozen other people did the same. Thus, the police wanted to make an example out of Iris' client. The client felt anxious. "What should I do? Is this situation very unfavorable for me?"

Iris remained composed. "While the case is more complicated than I thought, the police must establish a strong chain of evidence to convict you. That won't be easy, in my opinion. As long as there's even a slight crack, we can attack it."

The client was still nervous. Although Iris appeared calm and professional, she looked young and inexperienced. He was doubtful about her ability to help him.

Iris noticed his skepticism, but refrained from commenting. Trust could only be built if she could demonstrate her ability. Until she proved herself in court, he had every right to doubt her.

Suddenly, her phone rang, displaying “Home.” Her expression stiffened.

“Why aren’t you answering the call?” the client asked.

Inis stood up, saying, “Sorry, I need to take this.” She stepped outside to answer. Her mother’s sharp voice cut through, “Where are you?”

Iris held the phone away from her ear so that she wouldn’t go deaf.

“Don’t you know that Stanley is injured? Why aren’t you at the hospital taking care of him?” Iris’ mother, Cassie Glover, questioned sharply.

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Iris replied, “I’m busy right now. I’ll go home in a few days and tell you all about it...”

“In a few days? Are you crazy? Come home immediately!” Cassie’s voice grew sharper.

Iris realized that Stanley must have complained to her mother, and she couldn’t help but scoff.

They were already divorced, yet he had the audacity to complain to his former mother-in-law. He had no shame.

Without further discussion, she hung up. She was determined to deal with the case first no matter what.

To avoid any more distractions, she temporarily blocked her family’s phone numbers. In order to not be found, she decided to stay in the Cloud District until the trial. She didn’t have any clothes to change into, so she bought new ones.

Family vacation packages

Seven days later, the client appeared in court, with Iris serving as his defense attorney.

a lawyer

As she expected, there were flaws in the evidence against her client. The woman had also hired a and pleaded not guilty.

This was a favorable situation for them, and Iris was well-prepared, Each time she refuted a point, she did so with confidence and composure.

Jason observed her performance from the back row. Although it was her first time handling a case by herself, she was doing very well. She had identified all the key points.

Ultimately, she won the case, as expected.

As Iris stood up after the proceedings, she spotted Jason. After having a few words with her client, she caught up to him outside. "Mr. Just, when did you arrive?"

"Today." He turned to face her. "It's your first time in court, so of course I had to come to see how you'd do. Professor Sandler entrusted you to me after all."

Iris asked, "Was my performance satisfactory?"

"It's acceptable," Jason replied.

Iris was speechless.

Having won the case, she thought she would at least get some praise, but his evaluation felt disappointingly low.

"Will you be going back today?" Jason opened the car door parked by the roadside.

Iris felt a headache rising at the thought of everything awaiting her at home.

"What's wrong? Don't you want to go back?" Jason asked, noticing her troubled expression.

Iris shook her head. She wished she could hide forever. However, she knew that wasn't an option.

"You just finished a case, so you can have the rest of the day off. Return to the law firm tomorrow." "Thank you, Mr. Just." Iris bowed slightly to express her gratitude.

As Jason rolled up the car window, a fleeting, subtle light flickered in his eyes before they lost sight of each other.

Iris drove to her parents' house. Before entering, she unblocked all the numbers she had previously blocked.

The door opened to her parents having dinner. Upon seeing her, Cassie sprang up, visibly angry. "Where have you been? I couldn't reach you. What are you up to?"

Feeling exhausted, Iris responded coldly, "You didn't even ask if I've had dinner. The moment I got here, you immediately started interrogating me. What unforgivable sin

have I done to make you so angry?" "Oh, the nerve of you!" Cassie exclaimed, turning to her husband. "Do you see how your daughter's talking to me?"

Dennis Glover signaled with his eyes for his daughter to keep quiet.

Iris knew her mother's temperament; she was not a bad person, but because she had been under intense pressure for too long, she was impatient and irritable.

Sighing, Iris pulled out a chair and sat down. "You're angry because of Stanley, right? What did he tell you?"

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Cassie instantly moved to the seat next to Iris and held her daughter's hand, "Iris, it's not that I want to be mad at you, but you can't be so willful. Your father and are just ordinary people, but after you married Stanley, we're able to live in such a nice house. He's injured now, but you're not there for him; you're failing as a wife right now."

"What else did he say?" Iris inquired.

"He said you're upset with him and asked us to talk to you. Iris, Isn't this enough? He already apologized to us. You should go back to him," Cassie persuaded.

Iris scoffed, looking at her mother. "Mom, Stanley and I are divorced. The divorce papers are already finalized. Why should I go back?"

Cassie was taken aback, and Dennis stared at his daughter in disbelief. "D-Divorced?"

"Iris, what in the world happened?" Cassie asked.

"He cheated on me, so we divorced." Iris produced the divorce certificate, ready to confront her parents.

Cassie grabbed the certificate and inspected it. It was indeed a legitimate divorce certificate.

"Are you out of your mind?" she exclaimed, repeatedly punching her daughter's arm. "Go and apologize to Stanley right now. Maybe he'll still forgive you...."

"Why should I apologize? I didn't do anything wrong!" Iris retorted, her heart heavy. "He was the one who cheated."

"Stanley is not an ordinary man. He's a top lawyer, he comes from a wealthy family, and he's an only son will inherit billions in the future. How can you be so stupid? Even if he has other women outside, as long as you don't give up your position, you're still his legal wife. You have nothing to be afraid of."

“Cassie, please calm down.” Dennis tried to hold his wife back because she was getting too emotional.

Her parents not siding with her left Iris feeling exhausted and heartbroken. She stood up and told them, I’ll earn enough money to give you a good life. I don’t need a man; I can manage just fine on my own...”

“What kind of nonsense are you talking about?” Cassie shouted, her frustration boiling over. “Can you earn billions? Maybe in your dreams!”

Iris fell silent.

Yes, even if she became a top lawyer, she couldn’t possibly earn that much.

Suddenly, Cassie’s eyes widened as if she had suddenly thought of something. “If you’re divorced, doesn’t that mean he has to give you half his assets? How much did you get?”

“Six million.”

“Aaah!” Cassie gasped. “You should have gotten hundreds of millions!”

Seeing her mother’s greedy reaction, Iris’ eyes reddened. “That’s his family’s fortune, not his. I only get a share of what he earned during our marriage. Why can’t you just be content, Mom? I’ll work hard to support you...”

“You fool! How much money can you even earn? Do you understand how much my status changed after you married Stanley? A lot of people envied me, especially your aunt, who used to mock me for not having a son. Since you married Stanley, I could hold my head high in front of her. How can you not think of my situation?”

Cassie’s grievances spilled out. She had suffered severe complications during Iris’ birth, which left her unable to have more children. Iris was her only child, and not having a son was a source of shame in the old days.

“You know as well as anyone how poorly your grandmother treated me. Things only got better after her passing a few years ago. I could finally feel proud in front of our relatives and friends when you married a wealthy and respectable man like Stanley. And now, just a few years later, you’re already divorced. How am I supposed to face other people from now on?” Cassie’s voice broke as she cried, feeling increasingly aggrieved.

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Dennis attempted to comfort his wife, saying, “As long as we have enough money to support ourselves, we’ll be fine. Let’s just live our lives without worrying about what other people think.”

Cassie retorted, "It's that mindset that's kept you from achieving anything in life. If you had money and influence, would people have looked down on me?"

Her words instantly silenced him.

Wiping her tears away, Cassie turned to Iris with determined eyes. "Go and reconcile with Stanley right now."

Iris pursed her lips, remaining silent.

"Say something!" Cassie pushed her hard, causing her to stagger and bump against the table.

Dennis signaled to his daughter with his eyes as he said, "You should leave first, don't argue with your mom right now."

Iris gave her father a glance, took the divorce certificate, returned it to her bag, and walked out the door.

Behind her, Cassie's voice rang out, "I don't care if you have to cry or beg: you must reconcile with Stanley!"

Tears unexpectedly streamed down Iris cheeks, but she stood tall, refusing to show weakness,

She sat in the car, staring blankly ahead. After a long while, she started the engine and drove back to the hotel.

When she stepped out of the elevator on her floor, she saw Stanley standing outside her room.

She stopped in her tracks. She wanted to turn around and leave.

"Iris," he called, "Can you hide from me forever?"

Reluctantly, she turned back and approached him. "What do you want?"

Stanley studied her face, noting the change in her appearance. With short hair, she radiated a determined and cold beauty, far from the gentle persona he remembered.

Leaning against the door, he asked, "You wanna have the talk here?"

"What's there to talk about?" Iris replied, her expression a complex mix of disdain and coldness.

"If you don't want to talk, that's fine. Your mother will talk to me anyway," he said, preparing to leave. Are you threatening me?" Iris clenched her fists.

He didn't deny it. "You can think of it that way if you want."

Iris opened the door, saying, "Come in. Let's talk."

A triumphant smile crossed Stanley's face. He entered the room.

He surveyed the room and asked, "This is where you're staying?"

The room wasn't big. There was only a bed and a table inside. She had been gone for a week, and she did not allow the cleaners to clean her room while she was gone, so the room was pretty messy.

She opened the curtains and the window, letting in fresh air.

"Please stop seeing my mother," she said in a pleading tone, backing down a little.

Stanley sat on the bed. "No problem, but you have to go back with me."

"We're divorced," Iris asserted.

His expression hardened. "What, do you really want to be with Ted? Or have you had an affair with him all along?"

"Do you think everyone is like you?" Iris snapped, annoyance surfacing. "Get out of my face!"

Stanley regarded her with a cold, icy stare. He did not like this new Iris. She felt unfamiliar to him. It made him worry that he would lose her.

"Don't speak to me in that tone, Iris," he warned.