

Moving On from a Cheater Chapter 02

Iris turned to Stanley.

It turned out that the word divorce was not as difficult to utter as she had imagined.

“I won’t divorce you; you know that very well,” Stanley replied, his expression cold.

“As a lawyer, you know very well that if I was pronounced guilty, I would have gone to prison...”

“In light of the evidence, I had no choice...”

“No, you chose to believe Wendy over me,” Iris pinpointed the issue.

He did not believe her.

Perhaps, in his heart, Wendy was more important, so he hoped Iris would be the one to go to prison rather than Wendy.

“Let’s just go home,” he said, walking down the steps.

Iris adjusted her coat against the biting wind as she followed him toward the car, the chill cutting across her face.

Inside the car, silence enveloped them, almost suffocating in its weight.

Upon arriving home, Stanley did not get out of the car. After Iris stepped out, he simply drove away.

She watched him leave without saying a word.

He must be worried about Wendy’s impending investigation.

Once inside, Iris drafted a divorce agreement before packing her belongings.

The home they lived in was a newly purchased property—a big condominium over three hundred square meters in size in a wealthy residential area. They had not moved in for long, so there wasn’t much to pack—many of their items were still at their previous home. She could easily fit all her belongings in a large suitcase.

She had meticulously kept the house clean because Stanley was a clean freak. After she took her belongings, there was barely any trace of her left in the house.

She signed the divorce agreement, then looked down at the wedding ring she had worn for four years. She rubbed it softly, and finally took it off. She placed it on the divorce agreement on the desk.

Leaving the condominium, she did not return to her parents' house. She knew her parents would worry and nag if they found out.

Her only close friend, Yvonne, was living with her boyfriend, so it was impossible to stay with her. Thus, Iris could only stay in a hotel for the time being.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed.

It was Yvonne. Iris answered, sandwiching the phone between her ear and shoulder.

"Hey."

"How did it go? Do you need me to testify for you?" Yvonne asked.

Iris was writing her resume. Looking at the resume, her lips tugged in disappointment. Only her education stood out—she had no practical experience whatsoever.

She sighed dejectedly and replied, "No need. It's over."

"Stanley believed you?" Yvonne scoffed. "Heh, you're more important to him than that little b*tch Wendy after all..."

"We're getting a divorce."

Silence lingered for two seconds on the other end. "Where are you? I'll come find you."

Iris told Yvonne her location, and Yvonne quickly made her way over.

When Iris opened the door, she found Yvonne leaning against the wall. Yvonne was wearing a striking red dress beneath a long black cashmere coat. Her wavy hair framed her face, giving her a fiery and charming appearance.

"What's going on?" Yvonne asked.

"Come in, I'll tell you," Iris said, stepping aside to let her in.

Yvonne entered the room. "You're staying here?"

"For now," Iris confirmed.

She poured a glass of water for Yvonne and handed it to her. "No, he didn't believe me. This marriage has lost its meaning, so I proposed the divorce. He'll see the divorce agreement I left in the house soon."

Yvonne fell silent, unsure of how to comfort her friend.

"You know..."

"I know you're going to say it's a pity," Iris said, lowering her gaze. "I gave him a chance, but he didn't take it."

Yvonne did not press her any further. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"I'm planning to look for a job," Iris replied with a smile. "I've been out of touch with society for too long; it's time to rediscover myself."

She had abandoned her dream of practicing law for four years. It was time to pursue it again.

There was no one worth sacrificing her dreams for anymore.

Yvonne patted her shoulder. "That's a great idea."

"To celebrate your divorce, shall we have a drink?" Yvonne suggested, raising an eyebrow.

"A drink?" Iris was indeed in a bad mood, and she appreciated Yvonne's effort to lift her spirits. "Wait, let me change."

Yvonne nodded, reminding her, "Wear something nice."

As Iris opened her suitcase, she realized she lacked any fancy clothes. Her usual attire consisted of comfortable outfits suited for household chores and running errands. She mostly wore practical clothing for grocery shopping, making it easy to carry heavy items.

"How about we go buy some new clothes right now?" she proposed, looking up at Yvonne.

Yvonne smirked. "The divorce hasn't been processed yet, right? That means you can still use his credit card. Anything you buy now will belong to you."

"You're right." Iris smiled.

"Then let's go," Yvonne said, pulling her out of the hotel.

Stanley's friends knew the court hearing was today, and that a verdict must have been reached.

The group of friends, led by Lester Parker, asked Stanley out to cheer him up.

Stanley was clearly in a bad mood.

He had inquired about Wendy. The police had formally filed a case, and the details of Wendy's crimes were clear.

"Iris must have done something like that because she got too bored at home," Lester attempted to offer some comfort.

Tension hung in the air of the private room.

Henry Scott tried to break the mood, asking, "Hey, where's Wendy?"

He nudged Stanley playfully, adding, "No need to be so down, Stanley; at least you still have your girl, Wendy..."

Bang!

Henry's casual mention of "your girl" struck a nerve with Stanley. In a fit of anger, he hurled the wine glass in his hand.

Silence enveloped the room.

Lester deduced that Stanley must be upset because Iris was going to prison, so he approached Stanley to offer support. "Stanley, I know you're upset about Iris. We understand how you feel. She didn't have that much drug on her, right? Her sentence couldn't have been that severe. Besides, you still have Wendy..."

"Are you done?" Stanley snapped, his frustration boiling over. Their constant references to Wendy only fueled his anger.

She had lied to him and done something he considered unacceptable.

And now, Iris wanted a divorce, and he was seething with annoyance.

He grabbed his coat and made for the exit.

"Stanley," Lester called out, confused by his abrupt departure.

Stopping at the door, Stanley turned back to face the group. "From now on, stop mentioning Wendy in front of me. Anyone who does will hear it from me."

With that, he slammed the door behind him, leaving his friends in stunned silence as they exchanged bewildered glances.

“What’s wrong with him?” Ted Zeller asked with raised eyebrows from a dark spot.

Lester shrugged. “Who knows.”

Stanley drove home after leaving the club.

Usually, when he opened the door, Iris would immediately set aside whatever she was doing to greet him. She would place his slippers by the door, help him out of his coat, and attend to him with meticulous care.

Today, however, as he stepped inside, the house was eerily quiet. Iris was not there to greet him.

He paused for a moment, surprised, then casually tossed his coat aside and bent down to retrieve his slippers from the shoe rack himself.

Entering the living room, he sank wearily onto the sofa, leaning back and closing his eyes. “Iris, I’m tired,” he said.

Usually, when he expressed his fatigue, Iris would come over and massage away his stress with proficient fingers, helping him relax. But today, silence lingered, and Iris was nowhere to be seen.

“Iris?” he called out, but received no response.

She was not home?

Stanley got up to look for her.