

Moving On from a Cheater Chapter 26

It was so brief that Iris wondered if she was seeing things.

“Come with me,” Jason said.

“Where are we going?” she asked.

“Just do as your boss says and stop asking so many questions,” he replied, moving forward. Iris jogged to keep pace with him.

“Mr. Just, I have a request,” she said.

“Go ahead,” he said, still walking briskly.

“Can you slow down a little?” she asked.

Jason stopped and turned to look at her. His gaze slowly dropped down to her legs. “Oh, I see. It’s because you have short legs,” he remarked seriously.

Iris was speechless. She was considered tall among women, with a figure comparable to a model’s. How were her legs short?

Jason resumed walking, but at a slower pace, allowing her to keep up without jogging.

The person Jason took Iris to meet was a very important figure. Iris had no idea who the person was, but she came to that conclusion based on the meeting place and the content of their conversation.

They were discussing a rather complex international case.

Throughout the meeting, Jason exuded confidence, showing no signs of inferiority to the man sitting opposite him who was clearly used to being in charge. He dominated the conversation with strategic control, while Iris listened intently.

An hour later, the atmosphere lightened as they concluded their discussion about the case. The conversation transitioned into more casual topics, albeit still revolving around business.

Suddenly, the prominent man turned to Iris and asked, “And who is this?”

Jason leaned back against the sofa. “My assistant.”

The man chuckled. “You’ve never had an assistant before.”

In the dim light, Jason’s gaze fell on Iris. “It’s a request from someone.”

“Tsk.” The man reacted like he had just heard the biggest joke in the world. No one could make Jason Just do something that he did not want to do.

“I’ll be off, then,” Jason said as he stood up.

“I leave the case in your capable hands,” the man replied, also rising.

Jason nodded.

Once outside by the car, Jason asked, “Can you drive?”

Iris nodded. “Yes.”

He tossed the car keys to her. “From now on, you drive. I’m your boss, but I’m quickly becoming your dedicated driver.”

Iris was speechless.

But after she thought about it, she realized it was true; he always drove when they were together.

However, he had also allowed her to accompany him to important client meetings, giving her valuable exposure to complex cases. She had learned a lot from the meeting earlier. At the thought of that, she willingly got behind the wheel.

After fastening her seatbelt, Iris started the car. “Back to the office?”

“No, go home,” Jason replied lazily, leaning back in his seat and adjusting his tie as if he were tired.

Iris acknowledged softly and drove back to the residential area. Once parked in the underground parking lot, Jason stepped out, removing his jacket to reveal a vest over his white shirt.

Iris shivered slightly. Was he not cold?

“Go do some self–studies,” Jason said as the elevator arrived and he stepped inside.

“Okay,” Iris responded.

Glancing at the car keys in her hand, she hurried over. “Mr. Just, wait.”

Jason pressed the button to keep the door open and looked at her.

“The car keys,” she said, handing them over.

As he took them, his fingers brushed against her hand

His fingers were very cold,

Concerned, Iris said, "Take care to keep warm, Mr. Just."

He tucked the keys into his pocket. "Men don't get cold that easily."

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Iris was speechless.

She stepped back and nodded towards Jason.

Once the elevator doors closed, she adjusted her coat. The underground parking lot was chilly, perhaps because it was such a huge space.

Tucking her head down, she walked towards the exit.

It was even colder upstairs.

She returned to the law firm. She heard the law firm had a whole floor filled with rare books, some of which could not be found anywhere else. She planned to do some reading.

Time flew by quickly during her study session, and before she knew it, it was already dark outside. The lights in the room flickered on automatically.

Her phone buzzed in her pocket. Pulling it out, she saw it was Yvonne calling, so she answered it immediately.

*Come out, I'll buy you dinner," Yvonne said.

"Wow, someone's feeling generous today," Iris teased.

"Of course! Isn't that what bosses do?"

Iris laughed, enjoying the banter.

"What's the location?"

"Number thirty-two, Beige Road."

"Alright," Iris replied, glancing at the time. "I'll be there in thirty minutes."

"Okay," Yvonne confirmed before ending the call.

Iris returned the book she was reading to its rightful place. When she exited the room and closed the door, the lights automatically turned off.

She took a cab to Beige Road and, upon entering the restaurant, spotted Ted next to Yvonne. Her steps faltered.

Yvonne noticed her and quickly approached. She put a hand on Iris' shoulder and said with a smile, "Why are you just standing here? Don't you recognize us?"

Iris pulled Yvonne aside with a frown. "Why didn't you tell me he's here?"

"What's the problem? It's not like you don't know him," Yvonne replied, leading her towards the table.

Ted stood as they approached.

Iris had left in a hurry the last time they met. He knew that Iris was intentionally avoiding him. If he were to ask Iris out for dinner, Iris would surely say no, so he had asked Yvonne to invite Iris instead.

Every fiber of Iris' being resisted the situation.

Yvonne leaned in and whispered, "Stanley cheated on you, so you should sleep with his buddy. Don't you find that exciting?"

Iris shot her a glare. "Are you crazy?"

She wasn't going to degrade herself because of a scumbag.

She could not!

Yvonne grinned. "I'm not crazy; I just want some people to realize how popular you are. If he doesn't appreciate you, plenty of others will."

"Am I an object to you?" Iris retorted.

"An object that is in high demand is a valuable object," Yvonne countered, gesturing toward another table next to a window.

Curious, Iris looked over. She saw Stanley sitting at the table with another woman across from him.

Stanley looked over too. Their eyes met.

Yvonne whispered, "I set this up on purpose. I heard he's already going on a date even though he just got a divorce. Have you ever seen someone so shameless?"

Iris withdrew her gaze and said flatly, "I don't care anymore."

Yvonne scrutinized her expression. Did she really not care?

They were together for seven years. Could Iris really move on that easily?

Iris had good acting skills. Yvonne couldn't see through her.

But regardless of Iris' feelings, Yvonne couldn't stand the idea of that scumbag being happy.

Heh, if his ex-wife and his buddy got together, it would surely humiliate him.

"Did I scare you that day?" Ted cautiously asked.

Iris shook her head. "No."

She immediately added, "We'll be good friends forever."

Ted fell silent, his face pale and his shoulders drooping. A look of despair crossed his face.

Yvonne nudged Iris and spoke up for Ted. "I think Ted is great. Whether in school or after graduation, he's never fooled around with women. He comes from a rich family too, but he's not a scummy playboy. He's a much better man than some people."

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Ted knew that, even though Yvonne was helping him, her real intention was to anger Stanley.

However, Ted was more focused on Iris' feelings than Yvonne's motives. With hopeful eyes, he turned to Iris.

"Iris, please give me a chance," he implored. "I'll never hurt you like Stanley did. I would give my life for you."

In the past, such heartfelt words would have moved Iris to tears. But after the heartbreak she experienced, she would not trust a man that easily anymore. Even if it meant hurting Ted, she had to be honest. "Ted, I've just divorced, and you know the reason for the divorce. I can't do it. I'm sorry."

Ted's lips tightened, and his brow furrowed. "Perhaps I was too hasty. I've been waiting for this chance for so long that I failed to consider your feelings. I'll give you some time, so please don't reject me just yet."

Yvonne nudged Iris playfully. "If he can transition to another relationship right away, why should you hesitate?"

Iris shot back coldly, "He's a dog. Am I a dog?"

Yvonne and Ted were momentarily speechless.

Meanwhile, Stanley and Fiora Just were seated at their own table, but the food felt tasteless to Stanley. He wanted to look over, but he didn't want to be caught looking, so he had to hold back.

"Do you know the people at that table?" Fiora asked, her curiosity piqued.

Stanley poured some wine for Fiora. "Nope," he replied.

Fiora blushed, biting her lip. "Thank you." Despite being only a year younger than Stanley, her youthful face made her seem much younger than that. Her demeanor was reminiscent of a girl in the throes of first love, shy yet sparkling with affection.

Fiora had met Stanley at a gathering long ago and had fallen for him instantly. However, Stanley married another woman instead.

In a fit of anger, she left the country. She ended up staying abroad for seven years. A few days ago, she returned to deal with something, and found out that Stanley was now divorced.

She wanted to see him, but hesitated because she feared it might be too soon. However, Renee soon came to see her.

When Renee said she wanted Fiora as her daughter-in-law, Fiora immediately agreed to meet Stanley.

The passage of time had only intensified her feelings for him. An unattainable love was always harder to forget.

She found the older Stanley even more attractive. As she gazed at Stanley, her heart fluttered. "I don't mind that you're divorced," she said.

At the mention of the word "divorce," Stanley couldn't help looking over at his ex-wife. His grip on the cutlery tightened as a whirlwind of emotions crossed his face.

"What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?" Fiora asked with concern.

"It's nothing," Stanley replied, "I'll take you home after the meal."

Fiora nodded eagerly and said, "Okay."

Once they finished their meal and stood to leave, Yvonne pulled Iris up to leave too. She intentionally guided Iris to Ted's side.

Internally, Stanley scoffed at the situation—she's not the only one who could find a new date!

After Iris and her group exited the restaurant, Ted offered to drive Iris home. She wanted to refuse, but Yvonne pushed her towards Ted's car, whispering, "It

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Iris was speechless. Why did she feel like she was being used like a pawn?

Ted seemed to understand what she was thinking. "I'm the one who's being used," Ted said.

"Ted..." Iris said, feeling embarrassed.

"But it's okay, I do it willingly," Ted declared, making his thoughts clear.

Sighing, Iris said, "You will always be my good friend." It was a polite way of expressing her rejection.

The words dimmed Ted's expressions.

From the other side of the road, Stanley watched as Iris climbed into Ted's car.

Yvonne gave Stanley a middle finger. Stanley frowned but chose to ignore her.

Instead, he opened the car door for Fiora, who climbed in without hesitation. He only entered his own vehicle once Ted's car had driven away.

Stanley's expression was cold and heavy. He gripped the steering wheel tightly, the veins on the back of his hands bulging as he tried to suppress his frustration.

Fiora noticed his abnormality. "Um, are you really okay?"

"I'm fine," he replied, adjusting his expression as he focused on driving. However, his mind was filled with thoughts of Iris, and he pressed his lips together in annoyance.

How dare she get into Ted's car?

They drove up the mountain to the Just family mansion. The estate was impressive. Built on a mountainside with water in front and mountains behind, its view was exceptional. The entire mountain belonged to the Just family, so theirs was the only residence on it. The Just family had occupied the area for over a hundred years.

The car navigated the wide road, flanked by guardrails. The main building stood majestically in the center of the estate, flanked by side buildings, forming a large triangle. In the middle of the triangle was a massive fountain pool teeming with prized koi fish. The expansive lawn in front of the main building was large enough for golfing, and a well-designed driveway accommodated over twenty vehicles.

Stanley stopped in front of the main building.

Fiora looked at Stanley with hopeful eyes. "Um, can we go out again tomorrow?"

Stanley, slightly distracted, asked, "Where do you want to go?"

"The usual places couples go for dates!" She reached out, linking her arm with his. "Can we?"

Stanley grunted in acknowledgment. "Sure. Just let me know once you've decided where you want to go."

Fiora beamed. "Okay, got it!" She unbuckled her seatbelt and opened the door. She paused, then turned back to hug Stanley and kiss him on the cheek. "I can't believe we still get to be together seven years later. This shows that we're destined to be together."

With that, she quickly exited the car, closing the door behind her as she shyly dashed into the house.

Stanley was left momentarily stunned; but truth be told, he didn't really feel anything. He wiped his face with a tissue and drove away without sparing Fiora a single glance.

When Ted returned home after dropping Iris off, he spotted Stanley waiting outside his house. Dressed in a striped suit and a long black coat, Stanley exuded an air of elegance.

Ted parked the car and got out.

Stanley looked over. "Did Iris accept you?"

Ted shot back with a mocking tone, "None of your business."

Noticing the dejection on Ted's face, Stanley raised an eyebrow. "Looks like you got rejected."

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Ted's silence all but confirmed it. Stanley felt his mood lift. He smirked. "Let me buy you a drink."

“Not interested,” Ted rejected the invitation.

Stanley continued, “If you want to pursue her, go ahead. We’re divorced, so you have every right to try. I don’t know if you’ll succeed though.” His last words dripped with confidence, as he believed Iris had rejected Ted because she still loved him.

All his frustration had faded away. “I may have gone too far that day,” he admitted, his tone softening.

Ted was not an unreasonable person. They had been close friends for years.

“You’re the one who said I could pursue her. Don’t you regret it,” Ted said.

It was indeed inappropriate for him to be in love with someone else’s wife before this. He could overlook what happened that day, but he wanted to gauge Stanley’s current stance.

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“Go ahead,” Stanley reiterated.

Satisfied, Ted responded, “We’ll put what happened that day behind us. Let’s go.” He opened the car door and climbed in.

They headed to the Star Coast Club, a familiar haunt. On the way, Ted called Lester and Henry to join them.

Upon arrival, Lester and Henry were already there.

“You two sure got here quick,” Ted remarked.

Lester smiled.

When Lester and Henry saw that Stanley was with Ted, they seemed concerned.

Henry’s gaze went back and forth between Ted and Stanley as he asked, “Um, you two aren’t going to fight again, are you?”

“Order two bottles of expensive wine and put it on Stanley’s tab,” Ted instructed. “I paid the compensation. at the restaurant.”

Stanley removed his coat and sat on the couch without saying anything. Lester and Henry exchanged glances, wondering if the two had reconciled. Henry nodded hard. It sure looked like it.

“I’ll get the wine,” Lester said.

“Get the most expensive one,” Henry suggested.

Stanley chuckled. “You guys are going to bleed me dry.

“Hey, we’re here to have a good time,” Henry replied, taking a seat next to Stanley. “Should we call some pretty girls over to liven up the mood?”

Ted shot a look at Stanley that seemed to convey his thoughts on the matter – some people never change.

Stanley smirked. “I did cheat on Iris, but I’m not that desperate.”

He actually had a high standard when it came to women.

He didn’t mind fooling around with the women in places like these, but he wouldn’t sleep with them because he found them dirty.

“Hey, it’s just some lighthearted fun; it’s not that serious,” Henry said. He was clearly excited, so Stanley decided not to dampen the mood.

Ted let out a cold snort.

The girls Henry had called were all attractive, with nice skin and good figures. While Ted and Stanley focused on drinking, Lester and Henry became more engaged. Soon, they took some girls upstairs.

Ted and Stanley were used to it. Today, they had consumed a significant amount of wine. Half-drunk, Stanley leaned on Ted, exhaling a strong smell of alcohol. “What do you like about her?” he asked. Ted pushed him away, “I don’t know.”

Was it her aesthetic appeal, her gentle yet strong personality, or her bright smile when they first met? He couldn’t pinpoint it.

Suddenly, Stanley was flooded with memories of the moments he had shared with Iris, and sadness washed over him. He poured himself another drink and drank alone, eventually succumbing to the alcohol.

It was Lester and Henry who helped him home. They placed Stanley on the bed. With his face flushed and gaze unfocused, he mumbled incoherently, “Iris, I’m thirsty…”