

Moving On from a Cheater Chapter 03

She wasn't in the kitchen.

She wasn't in the bedroom either.

He pulled out his phone to call her and found that the screen was filled with transaction notifications. Because he did not want to be disturbed, he had put the phone on silent mode.

He reviewed the transaction records.

[XX Bank] These are the transactions made on November 29th from your account ending in 0081:

15:17: Transaction of \$5,034

15:26: Transaction of \$9,889

15:45: Transaction of \$5,000

16:00: Transaction of \$13,800

16:12: Transaction of \$11,000...

The long list of transactions made him frown.

He tried calling Iris, but there was no answer, intensifying his frustration.

It wasn't the money that annoyed him; rather, her absence left him feeling empty. He tugged at his collar irritably. It felt suffocating despite not being tight.

He decided to distract himself with work and headed to the study.

When he entered the study, he immediately spotted the divorce agreement on the desk along with Iris' wedding ring, which she had worn for four years without taking it off once.

Stanley's expression darkened.

He called her once more, but right now, Iris was out at a bar drinking and dancing with Yvonne, so she was completely unaware of her phone ringing. The missed calls kept piling up.

Iris only saw the dozens of missed calls the next day.

She ran a hand through her disheveled hair. She had drunk too much last night.

She figured Stanley must have seen the divorce agreement by now, so she returned his call.

He answered quickly, to her surprise.

He rarely answered her calls that quickly. He always claimed that he was busy. Sometimes, he wouldn't even answer.

"Where were you last night?" His voice was low, carrying an accusatory tone.

Iris used to be very concerned about Stanley's feelings. Whenever he was even slightly upset, she would try to comfort him. However, that was no longer the case. She replied coldly, "I've drafted the divorce agreement. If there's no problem, sign it."

"Enough of this nonsense, Iris. I'm hungry. Come back and make me breakfast."

He assumed her spending spree with his card was just a tantrum. He didn't take the divorce threat seriously. After all, he knew how much she loved him.

After a night out, she must have calmed down by now.

Annoyance tugged at her lips. "I said I want a divorce. Don't you understand?"

"Are you serious?" Without waiting for her reply, he spoke again, "You married me right after graduation. You've never worked before. How are you gonna support yourself?"

"That's none of your business. If you have any conscience left, sign the divorce agreement. I don't ask for much—just an even split of the assets. After all, I sacrificed seven years of my youth for you."

She sat up, her eyes scanning the mess around her—YSL heels scattered, a Chanel bag carelessly tossed, and a Balenciaga coat thrown by the door. She glanced down to find she was undressed.

A note from Yvonne caught her eye: "Girl, you shouldn't drink so much if your alcohol tolerance is that low. You were throwing up everywhere, so I helped you undress. Wash the dress yourself after you wake up."

"Don't you regret it, Iris!" Stanley's voice boomed, filled with anger.

Beep beep—

The call was abruptly disconnected.

Iris raised her eyebrows, showing little concern.

She sent Stanley her current address and added, [I've clearly outlined the asset division in the divorce agreement. Review it, and if you have no objections, sign it and send it to me through courier.]

Stanley stood at the kitchen door. He was hungry, but he didn't know how to cook. He must have breakfast at 7 AM every morning; it's a habit for him. Iris would always make sure that breakfast was served on time.

Just then, his phone buzzed. He took it out to check and saw the message from Iris. Reading it filled him with fury.

'So she wants to play, huh?' he thought.

He refused to believe that she no longer loved him and genuinely wanted a divorce.

She had been aware of Wendy's presence for a long time but pretended not to know anything because she couldn't bear losing him. If she truly wanted a divorce, she would have acted long ago; she wouldn't have waited until now.

She was merely requesting divorce because she was throwing a tantrum.

In a fit of anger, he marched to the study, signed the divorce agreement, and called a local courier to deliver it to Iris.

In the hotel room, Iris rubbed her face to shake off the remnants of last night's indulgence. She must have drunk quite a bit. She struggled to remember how she had gotten back to the hotel. Getting out of bed, she headed to the bathroom for a shower.

Once she had showered and wrapped herself in a towel, she stood in front of the mirror, inspecting her hair. During their shopping trip yesterday, Yvonne dragged her to a spa for a full-body treatment and manicure. Iris had impulsively decided to cut her long hair, opting for a fresh start.

Her natural light brown hair was smooth even without treatment, with the ends curling slightly inward, giving her a youthful appearance.

Stanley had always loved seeing her lying on the bed with her hair spread, often saying, "Seeing you with your hair down makes me really want you."

Especially after intimate moments, when her hair would cling to her face and neck, it was incredibly alluring to him.

While long hair made her look innocent, the short style highlighted her distinct facial features beautifully.

She pinned her hair behind her ears, revealing her delicate facial structure. She found herself liking the new look.

Ding dong...

The doorbell rang. She put on the bathrobe and she walked over to the door to answer it.

A courier stood at the door. "Hi, are you Ms. Glover?" he asked.