

Moving On from a Cheater Chapter 04

Iris nodded and said, "That's me."

The courier replied, "I have a delivery for you." He handed her the receipt. "Please sign here."

After signing, she returned the receipt and received a document envelope from him. She thanked him and closed the door.

Opening the envelope, she found the divorce agreement she had drafted inside, now bearing Stanley's signature. She raised her eyebrows in surprise. Setting the envelope aside, she opened her laptop.

The signed agreement confirmed his consent to the property division.

Property division required specific procedures, including documentation like her ID. She made copies, provided her bank card information, opened a fund account, and drafted a power of attorney, stating that due to personal reasons, she could not handle the divorce proceedings herself, so she entrusted Stanley Stein to act as her divorce lawyer to handle the proceedings on her behalf.

After organizing the required documents, she packed everything back into the envelope and called a courier to deliver it to Stanley's law firm.

Stanley had just arrived at the law firm and sat down at his desk when Larry, a fellow lawyer, knocked on his office door. He had brought a courier to Stanley's office as Stanley currently had no assistant due to Wendy's arrest.

"This is a delivery from Ms. Glover. Please sign here," the courier said.

Stanley signed and accepted the document envelope from the courier.

He brought the envelope back into his office and opened it.

As he reviewed the contents, he thought, 'She's still going?' But when he saw the power of attorney, he lost his composure.

She's hiring him as her divorce lawyer?! She couldn't handle the divorce proceedings herself due to personal reasons?!

Hah!

He couldn't help but scoff. Even now, he still believed that Iris was merely throwing a tantrum, and that she still loved him.

Perhaps Iris had loved him so deeply in the past that he was led to believe her love for him had no limit.

But could love truly not vanish?

He sat down at his desk and began to divide their assets, giving Iris half of everything. As Iris had sent him her bank account and fund account information, all he needed to do was transfer her share. They had two cars, each registered in their respective names, so that required no changes. She had also prepared all the information necessary for the house paperwork; all he needed to do was have someone take care of it. As for the divorce certificate, if a party couldn't appear in person due to personal circumstances, they could appoint a litigation agent to proceed with the divorce.

If she wanted to play, Stanley was ready to play along.

He accepted Iris' commission.

He was indeed a highly competent lawyer. He took care of all the procedures with impressive efficiency. The divorce certificate was quickly issued.

After that, he sent the property deed and divorce certificate to Iris via express courier.

Iris was just about to go to the police station when the courier arrived. Now that she had been acquitted, her car was no longer impounded, and she was going to pick it up.

She received the courier at the hotel entrance, where Yvonne had come to pick her up. Yvonne asked Iris, "Who was that?"

"The delivery guy," Iris replied, pulling out the contents to show her.

Yvonne leaned in closer, her expression shifting to surprise as she spotted the divorce certificate. "Dang, that's fast."

A slight smile tugged at Iris' lips. "Pretty good."

In truth, she was quite impressed herself. She hadn't expected the process to go so smoothly and quickly. She had underestimated Stanley's efficiency—or, perhaps, he had been wanting a divorce for a long time.

"Are you okay?" Yvonne asked, trying to comfort Iris.

Iris packed the documents back in the envelope and smiled. "I'm fine."

Suddenly, a tune played as Yvonne's phone rang. She was driving, so she answered using the car's Bluetooth.

“Buy me a small black pine bonsai and bring it to me tomorrow.”

“Got it,” Yvonne replied, glancing at Iris. “Iris is with me...”

Before she could finish, the call abruptly ended. “That stubborn old man. He’s still mad at you,” Yvonne said, ending the call.

Iris’s fists tightened.

Yvonne looked ahead and added, “Stanley is such a jerk. Because you married him, my grandpa retired early. You can imagine how much of a blow that was to him. Even now, he can’t stand hearing your name. Whenever it comes up, he just shakes his head. Yet Stanley doesn’t even appreciate you.”

Iris felt a tightening in her chest and lowered her eyes as guilt washed over her.

Back when Professor Sandler and Professor Aston were competing for their qualifications—both were associate professors vying for full professorship—Iris had been Professor Sandler’s ace, while Stanley was under Professor Aston’s wing.

The competition for the overseas studies spot was actually a battle between the two professors.

Her withdrawal from the race had dealt a significant blow to Professor Sandler.

But that was not what had disappointed him most. It was that the talent he had painstakingly nurtured had not even chosen to practice law. She ended up serving as a housewife, doing laundry and cooking for Professor Aston’s student.

It felt as humiliating to him as if he had washed Professor Aston’s feet.

From then on, Professor Sandler found himself overshadowed by Professor Aston, leading to his early retirement.

“Do you know that Professor Aston has been rehired due to Stanley’s achievements?” Yvonne asked.