

## Moving On from a Cheater Chapter 05

Professor Aston had also reached retirement age, but he had benefited from Stanley's success.

"I've done Professor Sandler wrong," Iris said, turning to look out the window.

Professor Sandler had invested so much in her, even giving her more attention than his own granddaughter, Yvonne. Yet, she had repaid his faith with disappointment, ultimately leading to his humiliation and early retirement. And it was all because she was blinded by love.

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Tears brimmed in her eyes.

"Oh, don't blame yourself. That stubborn old man and Professor Aston have always been at odds. It's been so long, so stop dwelling on it," Yvonne comforted, feeling flustered at Iris' tears.

To lighten the mood, she said with a chuckle, "Besides, if we're talking about making him angry, you can't even compare to me. He wanted to groom me as his successor, but I ended up in finance. He was so upset he didn't eat for three days!"

Professor Sandler had been trying to nurture Yvonne since she was young but she honestly had no interest in law. Despite being forced to attend law school, she joined the finance sector after graduating.

Talent and interest were both very important. Yvonne had never liked studying law, so it was useless to force her.

"Is Professor Sandler doing well?" Iris asked with concern, her voice hoarse.

"He's doing fine. After retiring, he spends most of his time gardening and bird-watching. There are many elderly folks who gather at the park downstairs to dance, so I tried to get him to join them, but he just gave me a disapproving look and called me crazy. He's so old-school and stubborn," Yvonne replied.

After a pause, Yvonne said, "I'm going to visit him tomorrow. Would you like to come with me?"

Iris was too ashamed to see Professor Sandler. She was partly responsible for Professor Sandler not achieving full professorship.

"Let me get a job first," she replied, looking down at her hands.

She wanted to achieve something first before facing the professor who had helped her so much.

Yvonne knew Iris needed time, so she didn't push her.

Her gaze fell on Iris' hands, and she said, "Your hands used to be so pretty."

Yvonne had always admired Iris' hands which had fair, tender skin and slender, soft fingers.

Not only was Iris' face pretty, her hands were pretty too.

Iris managed a bitter smile. Due to Stanley's obsession with cleanliness, she kept their home pristine. She did all the work herself.

She knew Stanley was under a lot of stress at work, so she learned professional massage techniques to give him massages to help him relax.

The strain of her tasks had left her hands rough and her fingers less slender than before.

"That scum. He took you for granted. You chose to serve him even though you have a law PhD, and he still cheated on you? He deserves to get hit by a car," Yvonne cursed.

Iris simply smiled.

"Oh, by the way," Yvonne suddenly remembered something and pulled a business card from her bag while waiting at a traffic light. She handed it to Iris.

"What's this?" Iris asked, curiosity piqued.

"Aren't you looking for a job? I'll introduce you to a law firm," Yvonne said with a smile.

Iris took the card and inspected it. It was a pure white card with a name on it. "Jason Just?"

"Yup," Yvonne replied with a hint of smugness.

Iris could not keep calm. Although she had become a housewife after graduating, Jason Just was a name that everyone in the legal world knew.

The reason Jason Just was such a legend was that to this day, no one knew what kind of background he came from.

He was known as the "Law's Grim Reaper". People joked that he was the strongest lawyer on Earth. His clever and sometimes bizarre arguments often gave judges

headaches, and some of them were even unwilling to attend court sessions where he served as an attorney.

When everyone thought a case would reach a simple verdict, he would make a shocking reversal using brilliant arguments. It was said there was no case in the world that he couldn't win.

There's no way Yvonne could have obtained his contact, considering she wasn't part of that circle.

Seeing Iris' confusion, Yvonne scoffed, "I know I'm not that resourceful, but my... my family has connections in the industry. My grandfather was a law professor, and my father is a judge. I'm the only black sheep in the family. But even though I'm a black sheep, I still know some people. Don't underestimate me."

Iris seemed to have realized something. She tightened her grip on the business card.

"Okay, okay, I'll be honest with you. I told my stubborn grandpa about your divorce. He was the one who got you this opportunity. He said, don't go see him before you achieve anything," Yvonne admitted in a rush.

As expected, she couldn't lie.

Iris had already guessed the truth.

She knew it must have been Professor Sandler who helped her get this opportunity. Without his help, how could a housewife with no practical experience get an opportunity with such a prominent figure?

"Thank you," Iris said sincerely.

"Who? Me?" Yvonne raised an eyebrow, a playful smile on her face.

"When I can make Professor Sandler proud again, I'll apologize to him in person," Iris declared, looking ahead, her gaze firm and resolute.

"I look forward to that day," Yvonne replied with a smile.

They soon arrived at the police station. Yvonne asked, "Do you want me to go inside with you?"

"No need. I just need to handle some paperwork to take my car back. You don't have to wait for me," Iris said as she got out of the car.

"Alright," Yvonne replied.

"I'll see you later," Iris waved as Yvonne drove away. She then went into the police station, signed the necessary documents and retrieved her car.

After leaving the police station, Iris drove to a renovation company. Out of the two houses they owned, she chose the smaller house. However, everything inside reminded her of her life with Stanley, so she wanted to renovate it.

She couldn't live in a hotel forever.

Determined to eliminate any reminders of Stanley from her living space, she asked the renovation company to help her sell all the furniture at a second-hand market. She would also discard the items he rarely used, as well as her old belongings.

Once she finalized the renovation plans with the design team and signed the contract, she handed over the keys, allowing them to handle the renovations.

After leaving the renovation company, she made her way to the bank to deal with her alimony. She had received six million in cash and three million in funds. She left the three million in funds untouched. She deposited three million of cash into a fixed-deposit account. Because it was a large sum, the interest was pretty high.

She kept the remaining three million liquid.

Yvonne worked in finance. Iris decided to hire Yvonne as her financial advisor and invest the remaining three million. She could support Yvonne's career that way.

After Iris settled these matters, it was already pretty late, so she returned to the hotel and rested.

The next morning, she woke up early. She sat on the edge of the bed, staring at the phone number on the business card. After hesitating for a few minutes, she dialed the number.

After a few rings, the call connected.

A deep male voice came from the other end.

"Hello?"