



Chapter 78

"Alright," Denise agreed, sensing the tension in the air. A fight might break out at any moment, so it would be wise to leave. After all, they were three women facing a group of men.

"I'll give you a ride, Yvonne," Henry quickly offered.

Yvonne replied irritably, "You're a scum too. Birds of a feather flock together."

Henry was taken aback. He hadn't done anything wrong. Why did he get yelled at?

"I'll go with you guys," Ted said, leaving with them.

Lester took a cautious glance at Stanley. Stanley's expression was dark, the simmering anger ready to erupt.

No one dared to speak.

Stanley turned, rushed into the crowd, grabbed Iris' wrist and pulled her away.

When Yvonne and Ted realized what was happening, they tried to give chase, but they were blocked by Henry and Lester.

"Let them talk," Henry said.

Yvonne was about to curse him out again, but Lester cut her off, "They were married for four years and were together for seven years. Stanley just wants to talk to her. He's not going to hurt her."

Henry nodded in agreement. "Exactly. Stanley is at fault, but even if

he wants to apologize, he wouldn't do it in front of so many people. Their relationship, whether they reconcile or remain divorced, is their business. We're outsiders; we shouldn't get involved."

Ted snorted. "What relationship? They've already divorced."

Henry and Lester fell silent at that remark.

Yvonne nodded and said, "Fine. Let her crush the last shred of hope he still has." She knew Iris had made up her mind and wouldn't turn back.

Stanley pushed Iris into his car. When she attempted to open the door, he quickly locked it and drove off.

"What the hell are you doing? Where are you taking me?" Iris asked coldly.

Stanley said nothing, pressing the gas pedal harder as if he wanted to kill them both.

Iris gripped the armrest tightly. "Are you crazy?"

Stanley smirked. "Does hurting me make you happy?"

Iris chuckled dryly. "You misunderstood. I don't have time for that, nor do I have any interest in doing that."

Stanley humphed coldly in response.

Soon, they arrived at the house where they had lived together during their marriage. Stanley parked the car and pulled Iris out.

Finding the door unlocked, he pushed it open with a frown and found

that the interior was under renovation, although the renovation workers were not currently present.

The interior looked completely different from what he remembered.

He questioned with eyes wide, "You demolished our home?"

Iris replied coldly, "Our relationship is already shattered. What's the point of keeping the house as is?"

Stanley roared, "We lived here for four years! How could you?!"

When they divorced, Iris had asked for this house. He thought it was because she had an emotional attachment to it. Every corner of the house contained memories of their shared history.

Iris' lips tugged mockingly. "I don't see anything wrong with it." She looked up at him defiantly. "Is there anything worth remembering in this house?"

Stanley's breath hitched. He felt as though a heavy stone was lodged in his chest, suffocating him. With reddened eyes, he asked, "Are you really leaving me?"

Iris laughed. "Stanley, we're already separated. We're divorced. Do you think I lack the backbone to leave you?"

She was calm and unwavering.

It was a side of her that Stanley had never seen before.

No.

He shook his head, pulling her into his arms and hugging her tightly,



burying his face in her neck as he kissed her frantically. "No, no, you'll never leave me. You like me, you love me..."

Memories of their intimate moments in this house flooded his mind, clouding his judgment. "Iris, I missed you, I want you..."