



Chapter 79

Iris did not panic or lose her composure. She asked calmly, "What are you doing?"

"What? You used to love it when I did this to you. We've never done it in an environment like this before..." Stanley pressed her down against a pile of boards and greedily tore at her clothes.

He was attempting to stir her memories by doing this.

Iris simply looked at him coldly. "Stanley, this will only make me think even less of you."

"I don't care. I just want you back," he mumbled, burying his face in her chest, his voice muffled. "Don't you remember? You lost your virginity to me here in this house. You cried a lot that night..."

He was so scared of hurting her that he didn't dare to use much force.

Iris closed her eyes, unwilling to relive those memories or look at his face.

Stanley removed her sweater and lifted her waist. She wriggled in protest.

"Ugh..." Something pricked her, and the sharp pain made her groan.

"What's wrong?" Stanley asked. He immediately noticed that a nail had pierced the delicate skin on her waist, and all lustful thoughts vanished. "Iris..."



Enduring the pain, Iris sat up and straightened her clothes. It was winter, so her clothes were thick. If Stanley had not pulled her clothes up, the nail would not have penetrated that deeply.

"I'll take you to the hospital," Stanley said, flustered.

He didn't mean to hurt her.

Iris' expression remained blank. "I can go by myself."

She gritted her teeth and walked away, declaring, "Stanley, I've moved on. Really. It's too late for us."

Stanley stood frozen, tears streaming down his face. All I could think of was her indifferent expression.

Even when he kissed her passionately, she reacted coldly, not resisting nor responding to his kiss.

She was as indifferent as a puppet, as if she were just a shell with body heat but no heartbeat nor emotion.

Stanley chased after her.

"Iris..."

Iris walked away resolutely with firm steps. When she heard him call her name, she did not stop or look back.

She walked farther and farther away from him.

The distance between them kept growing.

Looking at her determined back, Stanley's body seemed to have been



drained of strength. He got down on one knee, and his straight spine bent down.

He, who was once proud, now lowered his head.

Iris took a taxi home and removed her clothes. The injury was on her lower back, so she couldn't see it directly, but blood had soaked through her thin sweater, making it clear how deep the nail had pierced.

Finding her first aid kit, she took out iodine and headed to the bathroom to disinfect her wound in front of the mirror. Although the wound was deep, the cut was small, and it wasn't bleeding that much anymore. She applied a band-aid to it.

Her cashmere sweater was ruined and couldn't be washed, so she threw it away. Then, she tossed her outer clothes into the washing machine. After changing into clean clothes, she laid down on the bed to rest.

She noticed a coat hanging on the rack. It belonged to Jason, who had left it behind when he came for dinner. She had been busy with the lawsuit lately, and he was away on a business trip, so the coat was still with her.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed. She picked it up and saw a text from Jason, which she opened immediately.

[Congratulations on winning the case.]

Iris was puzzled. How did he know about her victory? [Aren't you away on a business trip?]



[You seem to underestimate my connections.]

Iris admitted that she had indeed. He had been in the legal field for a long time. He might even know the judge in charge of her case. He could easily find out the result of her case.

She did not expect him to be the first to congratulate her.

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