

Chapter 80

Iris smiled.

[When will you be back?] she asked, almost as if she couldn't help herself, and immediately regretted it. It wasn't her place to ask her boss' schedule, so the question was a little rude, but it was too late to take it back.

She felt embarrassed. Just as she was about to put her phone down, a voice message came through. She listened to the deep, husky voice in the message, sounding groggy as if he were half-asleep or slightly intoxicated: "I'll be back tomorrow."

"Should I pick you up at the airport?" she replied.

The response was simple: "Okay."

As she was about to set her phone down, it rang again. This time, it was Ted. "Are you okay? Did Stanley do anything to you?"

"No," she replied.

"Where are you? I'll come see you."

Iris, feeling drained, said, "I'm already home. I'm tired, I don't feel like going out."

"Can I see you tomorrow?" Ted asked eagerly.

"I'm busy tomorrow," Iris replied.

"How about the day after tomorrow?" Ted persisted.



Iris felt tired. "Ted, I..."

"Don't be so quick to reject me. Let's just see how it goes first," Ted interrupted.

Iris sighed helplessly. "Alright, I'll call you when I'm free."

"Okay, but don't forget," Ted reminded her.

"I won't," she assured him before hanging up. Closing her eyes, she felt drowsiness creeping in when suddenly—

There was a knock at the door. Wondering who it could be and why they wouldn't let her rest, she dragged her weary body to the door. To her surprise, she found Yvonne and Denise outside.

"What are you two doing here?" she asked.

Yvonne rolled her eyes. "We're worried about you."

Denise smiled and added, "She's really worried about you."

Iris knew that. She stepped aside. "Come in."

Only then did she notice the food in their hands.

Yvonne placed the food on the table. "Did Stanley do anything to you?"

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Iris lowered her eyes, her long, curly lashes casting shadows over her cheeks. "No," she replied softly.

"Damn, he's so annoying. A divorce is a divorce. I can't believe he thinks you're just playing games with him. What a genius," Yvonne



remarked.

Denise laughed at Yvonne's brashness. She appreciated Yvonne's personality.

Iris was quiet and reserved, while Yvonne was fiery and outspoken. Denise thought they must both be kind people, or they would not have become such good friends.

She was very happy to have met people like them.

"Your favorite," Yvonne said, unwrapping the food.

Denise had brought beer.

Iris blinked in surprise. "Are you two planning to have a party at my place?"

Yvonne grinned. "Why not? If it weren't for you, I'd still be dancing with a hunk right now."

Denise chuckled.

Iris had no retort and could only go along with their plan. She went to get some glasses. The three of them settled around the dining table.

Yvonne turned on the TV. "Let's watch a horror movie while we chat."

Denise frowned. "Are you sure? You want to watch a horror movie while we chat?"

"Yeah," Yvonne smirked. "Don't tell me you're scared?"

Denise, being the oldest among them, couldn't back down. "Tch, of



course not."

"Then let's watch 'The Ring'," Yvonne suggested.

Iris was not as bold. She shifted her seat to face away from the TV, while Yvonne and Denise sat opposite her.

As Iris poured beer into their glasses, Yvonne, resting her chin on her hand, suddenly noticed a man's coat hanging on a hanger. "Iris, are you hiding a man?" she asked.