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Iris was taken aback. Almost instinctively, she suggested, "I'll treat you to a meal." It was the most common way to express gratitude.

Jason responded, "That's not sincere enough."

Iris was left speechless. "Then, I'll buy you a gift?" she asked tentatively.

Jason nodded, "Save it for now. Give me a big one in the future."

"No problem," Iris readily agreed.

"The client is waiting in Reception Room 1," Jason informed her calmly.

"Okay." Iris exited the office, closed the door behind her and made her way to Reception Room 1. When she pushed the door open, she saw a woman sitting on the couch.

"Hi," Iris greeted her.

The woman stood up, "Hi. Are you Ms. Glover?"

Iris walked in with a smile, closed the door, and replied, "Yes, I am." She brought two bottles of water with her, and she handed one to the woman.

"Let's sit down and talk."

"Okay, sure," the woman said as she settled back down into her seat. "It's like this. The homewrecker sued me for sharing a private video of her. She demands an apology from me, but I don't want to apologize," the woman explained, her expression darkening.

Upon hearing her story, Iris immediately understood the reason the woman was upset. As a woman herself, she could empathize with her

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client's predicament, but as a lawyer, she knew she had to remain composed and objective.

"Tell me more," Iris prompted, maintaining a calm, almost cold, demeanor as she took out a voice recorder.

"I just found out recently that my husband was seeing another woman. I know her; we work in the same business district. She's a sales manager at another company. Not long ago, I accidentally found a video on my husband's phone. It was a sex tape of him and that woman..." the woman recounted, visibly agitated. "I've never seen such disgusting behavior; it's appalling. That woman, she used her mouth to... it's revolting. When I saw it, I was furious. Since they had no qualms hurting me and even recorded their act, I thought I'd let everyone see it. So, I secretly sent the video to my phone without my husband knowing. I edited it and sent it to that woman's boss and coworkers since I'm acquainted with them. Soon, almost everyone in her company knew."

"And then she sued you?" Iris inquired.

The woman nodded hard. "Yes! But she's the one who ruined my marriage and hurt me first. There's no way I can apologize to her. Ms. Glover, you're a woman too, so you should understand how I feel, right? Is there a way for me to not apologize?"

She continued, "I can't believe she has the audacity to sue me after doing something so shameless! She demands an apology and five thousand dollars in compensation. It's outrageous!"

Iris could sympathize with the client. After all, no woman could remain calm facing her husband's infidelity. The client probably just wanted to vent her frustration and shame the homewrecker, not realizing that her actions were illegal. Still, Iris felt a sense of satisfaction hearing the

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woman's story; no one liked homewreckers.

"What was the verdict?" Iris asked.

"The court ordered me to compensate her two thousand dollars and apologize, but I don't want to do either," the client replied.

Iris pressed on, "Was the video widespread? Has a criminal case been filed?"

"No, no," the woman quickly clarified. "I just showed it to some friends because we have a similar social circle with many common acquaintances, so almost everyone who knows her knows about it."

An evil smirk crept onto Iris' face.

"After she lodged a police report, the videos were deleted. What I'm struggling with is the apology. I just can't do it. If I apologize to her, I feel like I'm gonna die."



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