

Chapter 52

"No, it's great. I really like it. That's why I want to know which restaurant it's from. I plan to go there this evening to try out some other dishes," Jason said.

Iris was taken aback. "Um, actually, I made it myself..." She quickly explained, "When you asked me to buy food for you, I had just finished cooking. I thought I wanted to do something for you since you've been so kind to me ever since I started working here. I thought the food I made should be more hygienic than the food from restaurants, so I took the liberty of bringing you my own cooking."

Jason stared at her for several seconds before remarking, "Well, I guess my mouth is out of luck."

"I can cook for you," Iris offered almost immediately. "As long as you give me more opportunities to practice."

Jason raised an eyebrow. "Am I not treating you well enough already? You're already handling cases independently as a legal intern. Isn't that practice?"

"Yes, you're right," Iris replied, acknowledging his support with gratitude. "If you think my cooking is good, should I cook for you and bring it over?"

Jason bluntly stated, "I feel like having ravioli."

With that, he turned and walked away.

Iris was speechless. Not only was he not shy, he even placed an order?

"Where's the food container?" she suddenly asked.

"It's in my office. Go in and get it yourself," he replied, casually raising his hand as he walked out the door.

After packing her things, Iris headed to Jason's office to retrieve the food container. It was sitting on the desk. She took it, closed the door, and left.

She suddenly realized she forgot to ask him what filling he wanted for the ravioli.

As she exited the law firm, she called Jason. After a brief wait, he picked up.

She asked with a smile, "Mr. Just, what filling would you like for the ravioli?"

"Anything," he replied.

Iris couldn't help but retort, "Even ice cream?"

"What?" Jason didn't hear her clearly.

"Nothing. I'll see what I have, then," she said.

"Okay."

After hanging up, Iris' smile faded. She had bought many things yesterday, but she hadn't purchased ingredients for making ravioli. She had to make another trip to the supermarket.

She didn't drive to work and didn't want to go home for her car, so she took a taxi to the supermarket, quickly gathered the necessary

ingredients, and rushed back to cook.

Chopping the filling, rolling out the dough, and wrapping them took quite some time. By the time she finished cooking, it was nearly nine o'clock.

When she opened the food container to wash it, she was surprised to find it had already been cleaned.

Did Jason wash it?

She did not expect that. After all, elite professionals like him typically didn't perform such chores. At least, Stanley had never done it.

She washed it again, dried it, and placed the ravioli in the food container. She poured the sauce into a separate container.

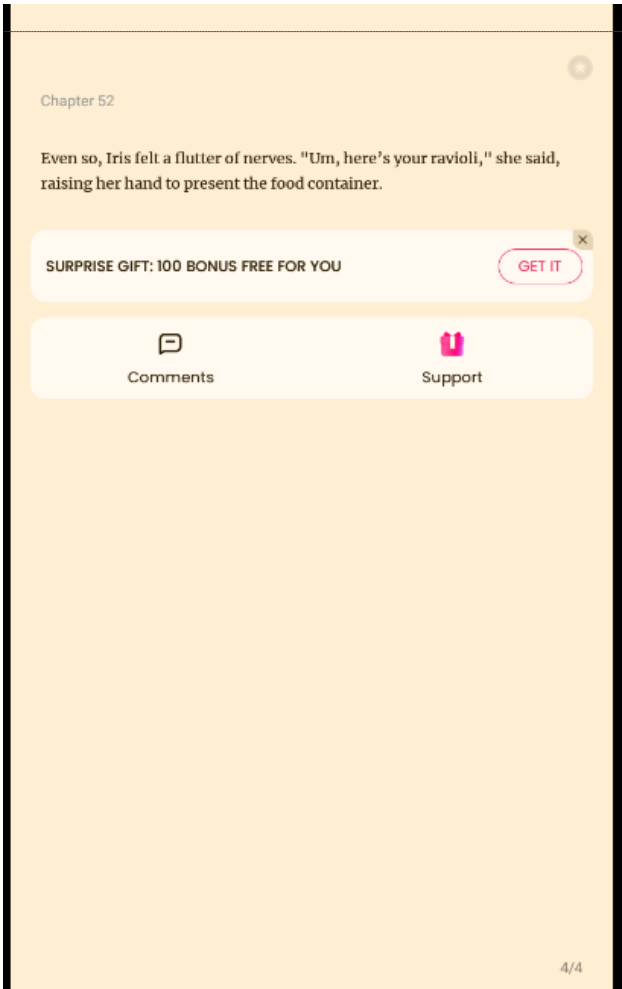
With everything ready, she carried it downstairs and sent a message to Jason: [Mr. Just, which floor and unit do you live in?]

After a brief wait, he replied, [22, 101].

Iris entered the building where Jason lived and waited for the elevator. When it arrived with a ding, she stepped in and pressed the button for the 22nd floor.

Once the elevator stopped, she walked out and found room 101 close to the elevator. She approached and knocked on the door.

Soon, it opened, revealing Jason in light-colored home clothes and black slippers. He was tall, so he looked good in whatever he wore. His casual appearance was a contrast to his usually sharp professional demeanor, making him appear more approachable.



Commented [Ma1]:

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