

Pursuing 26

Chapter 26 Does It Hurt

“Aren’t you the best lawyer in Jipsdale, Uncle Jason? You must help me. I don’t want to go to prison.” Her faith in her uncle had never wavered.

“You-” Jason was too livid to complete his sentence.

Jeffrey had regained his composure by then.

“My client is only an eighteen-year-old student, Your Honor. The plaintiff had kidnapped my client’s classmate; she had only acted in self-defense. More importantly, the plaintiff had kidnapped her classmate and issued threats. What else would she be capable of in the future if she is not taught a lesson today?”

“The young lady can hold her own, Mr. Tristan.” The man who spoke was the best lawyer in Jipsdale, Sean Burton.

“It doesn’t look like your services would be needed. You may go.”

“Right. You’re the boss.” The case was very clear. “The girl is suited for a career in law.”

Tristan did not deign to respond.

Sophie has many facets. Her performance in court was better than many lawyers.

Besides, she was only an eighteen-year-old senior in school.

As the court adjourned, the jury went to the back to discuss the verdict.

Jeffrey gazed at Sophie in awe.

“Where are you planning to attend university, Sophie?”

“I don’t know yet.” Her future ahead was bright with possibilities.

“Be a lawyer! You will be the best lawyer there ever was.”

“You have it in you, Jeff. You’re just temporarily off your game. Don’t forget why you started this.”
Having understood Jeffrey’s situation was the reason why she insisted that he be the one to represent her.

“I know. I won’t give up.” He was initially considering quitting. Without a foothold or a reputation in Jipsdale, he would not survive in the city.

The lawsuit today gave me a fresh perspective.

“Remember to come to me if you run into any trouble in the future.”

The jurors returned with the verdict. Queenie was sentenced to prison for five years for kidnapping and extortion.

Even after her wrists had been cuffed together, she remained in flat denial.

“Help me, Uncle Jason! I don’t want to go to prison.”

Jason was frozen to the spot, unable to believe his defeat. How the hell did Jeffrey beat me?

That’s not true. I’ve lost to a little girl who’s not even out of high school.

Queenie screamed in despair at the prospect of a prison sentence.

The courtroom only regained its silence after the police took her away.

“Have you studied law?” Jason could not repress his curiosity as he approached Sophie. His loss had hit him hard.

“I’ve flipped through a couple of books. I wouldn’t count it studying.”

Jason was dumbstruck in disbelief. Is that really true?

Sophie got to her feet and led Ysabelle out. It’s over, isn’t it?

“If you’re not satisfied with the verdict, you could put in an appeal.”

Ysabelle gazed in awe at Sophie once they were out of the courtroom.

“Are you sure you’re a terrible student, Soph?” Impossible! This is the rhythm of a prodigy!

“No. I dabbled out of interest.” Sophie did not mention that she had a photographic memory.

Jason had sabotaged himself this time. Being fond of publicity, he had preemptively tipped off the reporters.

The reporters were waiting outside at that moment.

They rushed forward to meet Sophie and her companions.

“You have established a pattern of defeat against Jason, Jeffrey. Do you plan to remain a lawyer?”

A lawyer who had never beaten Jason; even if he wanted to keep being a lawyer, nobody might want to hire him.

The reporter's question was blunt. Before, Jeffrey would have turned and run.

At that moment, however, he was already calm.

"I always believe that justice is plain to all. I love my profession and will keep working hard to fight for those who have been wronged."

"Are you Ms. Sophie Tanner, whose name has been dragged through the mud? Could you please--"

Before the reporter finished his question, a dozen bodyguards clad in identical suits blocked him.

"Get in, Ms. Tanner."

Sophie brought the two of them over and saw Tristan seated in the silver Lamborghini.

"You're coming with us in this other car, Mr. Goode. We'll give you a ride home."

Jeffrey was taken away.

Sophie and Ysabelle got in the car.

Back there, Jason was swarmed by the reporters as soon as he emerged.

"We have heard that the plaintiff is your niece, Mr. Chandler. What is the outcome of the trial?"

“That’s right. Against your old nemesis, Jeffrey, you must have won by a landslide, haven’t you?”

“Excuse me, no comment.” Jason looked a little pale. He could not bring himself to tell the reporters that his niece had been sentenced to five years in prison, and it would be akin to shooting himself in the foot.

“You couldn’t have lost, could you, Mr. Chandler?”

“How is that possible? Mr. Chandler could not lose.”

The reporters were tormenting him.

Jason shoved the reporters aside brusquely.

How can I tell Cynthia that Queenie has been put behind bars?

His mood worsened at the thought of that.

Before the Lamborghini departed, Ysabelle glanced back at Jason surrounded by reporters.

“Jason deserves it.” Despite being smug earlier, his cheeks must be smarting with embarrassment.

Sophie merely cast an indifferent glance.

Five years was the price Queenie was forced to pay for kidnapping and slapping Ysabelle.

As Ysabelle is part of my group now, to lay a finger on her means to declare war against me.

By the way, did Tristan come to court? What is he doing here?

Tristan departed after dropping them both at Wisteria Apartments.

“You must be exhausted, Soph,” Ysabelle said at once. “Let me give you a back rub.”

“I’m not tired.”

“You must be thirsty, then. I’ll get you a glass of water.”

Sophie found it amusing to watch her scramble all over the place.

Ysabelle’s adorable demeanor is really growing on me.

After an afternoon nap, Ysabelle awaited Sophie to head to school together.

Sophie shook her head.

“Why not? Are you unwell?” Ysabelle asked anxiously.

“Not at all. I have something to attend to this afternoon. Please explain my absence to Mr. Hayes.”

“What is it? Do you need me to come with you?”

“No need. I can go alone.”

“You’re not going to start another fight, are you, Soph? Bring me along!”

“This is a serious errand.” My task from Butterfly isn’t complete yet. It wouldn’t do to drag it out.

“All right then.”

Ysabelle headed to school while Sophie took a cab to the police station.

“Good day. I’m looking for Captain Sheppard.” Sophie walked to the young man on duty after getting out of her taxi.

“What business do you have with Captain Sheppard, miss? He’s a busy man.”

“It’s fine. I can wait.”

“Go on in, then. Captain Sheppard is out. I’ll let him know once he returns.” The young man on duty did not complicate things for Sophie.

Sophie entered the police station and seated herself.

She had been kept waiting for over two hours before the legendary captain showed himself.

“Are you looking for me?”

A handsome man in uniform arrived before Sophie.

“You are Eustace Sheppard?” Captain Sheppard is young! And very handsome too.