

Moving On from a Cheater Chapter 08

Iris was speechless.

That was way too much info.

Iris stayed up late and fell asleep on the desk.

When she awoke the next morning, her body ached from the awkward position she had been in.

Yvonne, now sober, greeted her with a smile. She waved the card in her hand and said, "Thanks for this."

Iris returned the smile.

After Yvonne left, Iris tidied up and went to work.

As soon as she arrived, Jason called her into his office and told her to meet a client with him.

"What do I need to prepare?" Iris asked dutifully.

"You just have to listen," Jason replied, putting on his coat as he made his way out.

"Oh," Iris said, quickening her pace to keep up with his long strides.

He had such long legs.

They took the elevator straight to the underground parking lot.

Jason led her to his car, and she climbed into the rear seat.

The destination was a relatively remote area, so the journey took a while.

They soon arrived at a small restaurant.

Iris was confused at first; why would a prestigious lawyer like Jason come to such a remote place?

But then, she heard him say, "You're in charge."

She finally realized that he was giving her a chance to gain experience. She stared at Jason, her eyelashes fluttering.

Despite his cold demeanor, he's actually treating her pretty well.

He must have a lot of respect for Professor Sandler.

Taking a deep breath, she pulled out a voice recorder from her bag. This would be her first experience listening to a client recount their case, and she took it very seriously.

The client, a young man, explained his predicament: his house was facing demolition, and the relocation compensation was calculated per inhabitant. In order to get more money, he had hired a woman to enter into a fake marriage.

The developer found out and accused him of fraud. The woman had been arrested, leaving him in a state of panic.

“What is the current status of your case?” Iris asked.

“The woman has confessed, so they want me to plead guilty and accept my punishment,” he replied.

“Did you obtain a marriage certificate?” she inquired.

“Yes”

“Where did you get it from?”

“City Hall.”

“Is it a legitimate marriage certificate processed by the official department?”

“Yes.”

“Then you should plead not guilty,” Iris stated confidently.

The man looked bewildered. “They told me my guilt is confirmed and I could face five to ten years.”

“How much did you profit from this arrangement?” Iris asked.

“80,000.”

“You can plead not guilty. For a fraud charge to hold, there must be fabricated facts. You and the woman married legally, and the marriage certificate is valid. How can that be deemed a fake marriage?” Iris immediately managed to identify the key points.

“Hire a lawyer and go see that woman,” she advised.

“But they said we have no evidence of living together,” he added.

Iris smiled reassuringly. "You can argue that you had disagreements and lived separately. How is the marriage fake? You have a legally binding marriage certificate. Please remember this point. Your marriage is legitimate, so stop calling it a fake marriage."

The man's eyes lit up with hope. "Can you be my lawyer?"

Iris turned to Jason.

She wasn't officially a lawyer yet, so she couldn't take on cases independently.

Jason said, "Go ahead. Gain some experience."

Was he telling her to take the case?

Iris bit her lip, feeling a surge of gratitude that she struggled to articulate with words. She felt like a simple 'thank you' would not suffice.

She confidently declared, "I'll take on this case."

The man reached out to shake her hand in excitement.

Iris returned the gesture politely.

Now, she had to dig deeper into the details of the case and devise a specific defense strategy based on her findings.

A case like this was trivial for a lawyer of Jason's caliber.

The reason he met the client with Iris was so that Iris could gain practical experience by starting small.

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Chapter

He also wanted to assess Iris' capabilities.

He was pleased with her quick thinking during the meeting.

Iris exchanged phone numbers with the client.

During the drive back, Iris hesitated for a long time before she finally spoke up. "Um.... thank you."

Jason remained silent, focusing on the road.

Iris clenched her hands nervously. “Was I too impulsive earlier? I told him so confidently that he wouldn’t get convicted. What if I was wrong?”

“That means you were too impulsive,” he replied casually.

Iris pursed her lips, acknowledging his point. “I’ll be more careful next time.”

“No matter when or what the circumstances are, you must remain calm and composed. This is an essential skill to be a successful lawyer, Jason advised, his tone steady and emotionless.

Iris committed his words to memory. “Got it.”

“Do you have a car?” he asked.

“Yes,” she confirmed.

“You need to drive here yourself from now on. Can you find your way here?” Jason glanced at her through the rearview mirror.

Her eyes sparkling with determination, she nodded. “I can.”

When they got back to the city, it was already lunchtime. Iris suggested, “Why don’t I buy you lunch?”

Even in an ordinary law firm, it was rare for a new lawyer to jump straight into handling cases, let alone in a prestigious Big Eight law firm like theirs. Normally, a newbie lawyer like her would have to endure a one- year internship period before taking on such responsibilities.

Even though this case was minor, it was a significant opportunity for her growth.

Jason remained silent, which Iris interpreted as agreement. “I know a great restaurant...”

Suddenly, she remembered it was a place she had visited with Stanley, and her mood dampened.

“Where is it?” Jason suddenly asked,

It’s too late to change her mind now. Iris had no choice but to tell him the location.

Before long, they arrived at a nice-looking Italian restaurant.

As Iris opened the car door and stepped out, she stumbled a little, and Jason instinctively reached out to steady her. “Are you okay?” he asked.

“I’m okay. Thanks,” she said.

Inside the restaurant, a man seated by the window looked over in their direction,