

Master of Time

#Chapter 61: Impossible Victory (POV) - Read Master of Time Chapter 61: Impossible Victory (POV)

**** Critical Information

When a chapter has a (POV) suffix, it is written in the point of view of another character. As more and more characters appear in the story, in the prime universe and other alternate universes, there will be more and more of these kinds of chapters.

I will create an auxiliary chapter on all the characters that have appeared. There is quite a lot already, but as a general rule of thumb, if they are given a full name or a history, they are probably a recurring characters – unless they are already dead.

I don't give names to background characters. They are unimportant as a person even if they drive the story forward. Also, I will run out of unique names if I do, at least for English names.

All characters are fictional, even if they are based on real life people and share the same name. Names aren't copyrighted. They can be trademark, but even so, I can still use them in my own context. It will not have any legal implication – probably.

Oh by the way, Rebecca Abarbanel is based on one of the main characters from Eric Flint's novel 1862 and its sequels. She is a Mary Sue in that story, perfect in everything and beautiful. Seriously. I expect better from a well-known author.

I usually drop cultural references all over the story, even from the first few chapters. A thousand year of compound interest thing is from Futurama. The ring against the vending machine to get free drinks is from the Simpson. On the latest stuffs, the Tesla Tank amongst many others is from Red Alert. The dark elf is obviously based on Warcraft.

If you didn't pick up these cultural references, it is fine since they don't impact the story in anyway. I add them for fun most of the time.

But if you did, please give a shout out! I will give thumb ups!

With the power of time, even dead characters can come back to life, if not in the prime universe, then in the other universes or realities. The multiverse gives me unrestricted literary freedom to write all sort of situations!

My mind is exploding with ideas! It is so crazy!

Note that I will not write fillers even for these kind of chapters. They do advance the story in one form or another.

Although I have stated before that I will only write 1k chapter from like chapter 42 since it is easier to check for grammar and spelling mistakes, but the previous 18 chapters are all like 1.5k to 2.5k. I do get carry away since there is so much to explain.

Anyway, less chitchat, more story! Please enjoy the chapter!

Remember to vote, review and send gifts. I need motivation to keep writing and money for coffees.

Mwuahahahahahhaha! Ahem... don't mind me.

I will chill in my little corner over here.

**** Story Continues

"Miss Allison McBill. Please don't fall behind even if it is your first time here. We are already running late and it is highly disrespectful to our client if we are to show up after he did."

My boss request of me when I slow down to examine several opened courtrooms.

He is a very strict man and a very good lawyer.

It is a pleasure to be his assistant, but I didn't think he has chosen me over the countless others in our firm because of my skills and experiences.

I have very little of those because I have recently join the firm.

In fact, this is my third week at work.

As one of the more prestige firms in Los Angeles, the recruitment is extremely difficult.

So many applications have failed the initial screening despite their impressive skills, experiences, and work histories.

Even being the top of their classes when graduated didn't mean anything to the firm.

This has really opened my eyes to the profession as well as the whole industry.

I have always thought that I would lose out to those that have went to Harvard and the likes, but I was wrong.

The firm states in no small amount of words that it is not looking for colourful histories or certificates or even experiences. It is looking for innate talents and abilities regardless of background.

A homeless person could be hired if they proves to have the skills the firm needed.

I could still remember the incredibly difficult series of tests that were given to all of us, the applicants when we manage to pass the preliminary screening.

The firm is very thorough with the screening, requesting all sort of personal information, which include our blood type, likes and dislikes as well as measurements.

People who didn't want to disclose those private information were shown the door without hesitation, and people who lie repeatedly on their forms are evicted from the premises immediately.

It is then that I had realized the screening is a test for trust and honesty. The firm will not disclose our private information to anyone, but we must not withheld any information, including the private details of our personal life.

The firm even told me so when I was being interviewed afterwards to explain myself.

It is very terrifying, sitting alone in a room with no visible window whatsoever. Only a camera is placed in front of me, scrutinizing my body and facial expression.

The interviewer spoke through a intercom mounted on the wall.

I swear whatever was interviewing me isn't human from the way it directly phrases its questions. It is like an artificial intelligence, but that is crazy, right?

How the firm knows that I had withheld personally information and wasn't entirely honest when filling out those forms have stunned me greatly.

But the firm did give me a chance to explain myself.

Luckily, I manage to give a satisfying answer.

However, the whole experience really scares me.

It is as if the firm is always watching me. They knows things that no one should ever knows.

For the first test after the preliminary screening, each of the applications is given about 30 seconds to read through several pages of wordy documents before being questioned about specific things within those documents.

Many of the applicants have unfortunately failed here, as that kind of reading speed is inhuman, and many those who have passed only did so barely.

I got a perfect score thanks to my photographic memory. I had thought the firm would retest me since that is kind of cheating, but it did not. My innate ability is a tool, the firm tells me.

The second test is not as difficult as the first.

It examines all of us morally and psychologically.

No one fails the second test. And I wasn't sure what kind of psychological profile the firm created for me, but I know for a fact that they did.

My profile was used to formulate the third and final test, which is different for everyone.

Most applications are tested on their knowledge like me.

But the questions and situations described in the test were designed around my personality and sense of righteous. They could have only done so after forming my psychological profile.

I failed several questions spectacularly on the test since I didn't know the firm isn't exactly looking for what is right and what is wrong in a sense.

The firm is looking for loyalty to itself and the client.

It did not matter if the client is labelled by the public as a mass murderer or a serial child rapist.

As long as he or she is our client, we will treat him or her with the upmost respect.

There is only one exception to the rule. It is when the interest of the client affects the firm negatively, but that rarely happens.

When it does, the case is given to the seniors and the client usually concedes to whatever terms the seniors give them.

If the clients didn't accept the terms, I think they were killed. I don't want to get into trouble, but it is very suspicious to me that those arrogant clients have unfortunate accidents shortly after they insults the firm and its conducts.

Everyone in the firm knows, but no one really dare to say anything. But as long as we kept everything professional, the firm will treats us as professional.

This is one of the very reasons that I feel that if I make a mistake, it won't be an easy slap on the wrist and let bygone be bygone.

Some seniors have been forced to retire with a rather generous compensation, but they look like they are scared out of their mind.

Those seniors never practice law again.

However, our impressive salaries and benefits outweigh all of these. The firm also provides living space for all of its employee completely free of charge.

The firm offered a serviced apartment in one of its many holdings. I accept of course since the building has a great view of the lake. Many of my colleagues also live there, giving me time to social with them after work as long as our socialisation does not infringe on the confidentiality of the workplace.

As senior of the firm, my boss is given an entire floor apartment on the upper level of the building. He even goes to work everyday on a helicopter ride or limousine.

It is expected since his regular clients are multi-billion dollar companies around the world. I had to fly with him to India at three in the morning just a couple of days ago.

While an incredible experience, it is extremely exhausting. I have to memorize so much documents.

I follow my boss closely behind.

It is quite difficult to move quickly in a short skirt, wearing heels, especially when we are in a hurry.

We are currently late because there were a lot of documents to go through on our way. The helicopter is extremely noisy as well, so that didn't help.

After passing through several hallways and corridors, we enter a large room. There are already people inside, discussing amongst themselves about the current case.

They are also lawyers from the firm, just in different division. It isn't exactly normal to have this many seniors working on the same case.

Terra Entertainment must be very well connected.

I take a seat next to my boss, who immediately goes through his handwritten notes for the umpteenth times. The golden ring around his middle finger glitters whenever he flips a page. His reading speed is very impressive.

All seniors are given the ring. I hope I will be given a ring one day.

I also go through my own handwritten note after I have given an eye-greeting to a couple of my friends.

They are sitting across the room, supporting their boss. They are looking very busy.

In fact, everyone is.

The client or whoever is representing the client isn't even here yet and everyone is working so hard already.

From all I have experienced in these past weeks working at the firm and under my boss, it is a sign that we cannot lose this case or there will be severe consequences.

I have a mind to think the client is Henry Oxford himself, but the poor man is grieving for his late daughter right now.

Everyone knows that Marian Monroe Oxford died in an accident almost two weeks ago.

An oil tanker crashes into her limousine when she was on her way home.

That accident is suspicious in my opinion. I even tell my boss about it, but he tells me to not speak of the matter anymore. He is quite serious when he said that, so I will take his advice to heart.

My boss knows thing that I do not know.

Furthermore, unlike so many times before, Henry did not request us to sue the living hell out of the truck company that had claimed his daughter's life.

An hour goes by before the seniors stops what they doing and stands up. The assistants follows suit, not fully understanding what is going on.

I did so as well just as someone enters the room. It is a young man, but that isn't what surprises me.

He brought his five-month old daughter along. He even waving her hands at everyone in the room. It is like this courthouse is his own property.

"Mr. Maxwell."

All the seniors greet, almost in unison.

That is insane! I have never saw such a display of extreme respect before.

Who is this person!?

"As you were, everyone. And greeting to all as well. Say hi to everyone, Antigone."

As everyone returns to their seat, the man takes the seat in the front behind a desk, facing everyone in the room. His daughter sits on the table in front of him, jerking her little shaker toy and uttering implausible words.

"So, for those that doesn't know me yet, my name is Maximilien Maxwell. You can call me Max if you prefer. This is my daughter, Antigone. She will be joining us for this concession. Don't worry, she won't say anything that you can understand."

Maximilien speaks up in a casual tone. However, his words seem to command extreme power. I am a little shaken at this.

"Although I am 100% certain that I can win this case on my own, but I want everyone to have a shot at it. The book I published is word for word with the item presents by Mr. Crichton in his case against me and my company. He documents all of his work, so there is no doubt that he is the rightful author of the book. If you must know, I stole it and publish it under the penname M.C."

Maximilien cracks up a little. He then smiles.

I nearly choke at that. No one in their right mind would admit to such a thing. Luckily, everyone here is his lawyers or the case is as good as gone.

"The acronym obviously stands for Michael Crichton for anyone who has a brain in the room."

Maximilien continues.

"That information is a secret so don't blab to anyone. Now, it is your job to win this case for me. The first person to do it will be awarded very handsomely. Oh, the assistants can join in as well. If you help win the case, I think a promotion to senior is in order."

That announcement gets everyone pumping, even the assistants. Being promoted to seniors brings a lot of benefits.

I open the book, Jurassic Park, and reread it again. I compare it to the copy of the evidence provided to the court by the other parties.

It is like Maximilien has said, it is word for word.

This is an impossible case!