

## **Master of Time 62**

Chapter 62 Path to Certainty POV

I am unable to see a way to win this case.

It is impossible from a legal standpoint.

Most of the people in the room are of the same opinion.

I am talking about the assistants in generally.

The seniors themselves didn't appear to be troubled at all. They are always calmed and collected in all situations. They might be thinking of a settlement, but that couldn't be.

Maximilien Maxwell does not want a settlement. He wants a complete victory. He is extremely certain that he will win even without our help. I do not know where he gets his confidence from, but it is very contagious.

I also don't want to lose, and I am confident there is a way to beat this.

The seniors seems to think so too from the relaxing atmosphere around them.

In fact, most of them have already left, heading home for the day since it is already past 6pm.

One of our firm's outstanding policies is for us to try not to overwork ourselves.

It will not do anyone any good if we are stressed and exhausted – that is the plain reason.

In retrospect, during working hours between 8am to 5pm every day of the week except for the weekends, everyone does not waste valuable time and works their hardest.

"You should also head home, Miss Allison McBill. Thinking too hard on it will make you miss important things between the lines."

My boss tells me on his way out of the courtroom.

He is heading home to have dinner with his family. His wife and his two lovely daughters live with him in the apartment provided by the firm. I get to know them very well as his assistant.

Somehow, I think my boss is giving me hint.

Did he already figure out how to win this case!?

Is that why he is chatting with the other seniors this whole time?

I also pack up my things to hitch a ride with him in the limousine.

I would have to wave down a taxi or walk home otherwise. It also gives me a chance to talk to my boss a bit about the case although he is not very pleased at discussing work outside of work hours.

To be honest, for the first few days working as his assistant, I was very defensive when in the limousine alone with him.

I might have a misconception about being a personal assistant. There are so many horror stories about that, where being an assistant to an older man in position of power means a lot more things.

I just don't want to give head to get ahead.

And luckily, I didn't have to.

The firm prohibits using sex as a favour. It does not prohibits sex outright, but fornicating during work hours is a ground for discipline. Some people have already been severely punished for this. More than a few lost their job.

Work is work, and personal life is personal life.

As such, many employee hook up together after work and at home, especially when they are living in the same building together.

It is like the firm wants us to be one big happy family like some sort of experiment.

Scary that it is working.

"You are thinking too much on this, Miss Allison McBill. You should have dinner and a good night rest. You will figure out something out tomorrow with a clearer mind."

I accept that advice and put the case away.

"May I ask, who is Maximilien Maxwell? Is he an unofficial son of Mr. Oxf –

"Stop right there, Miss Allison McBill. There are some things that must never be assumed. Countless people have paid dearly for this over the years."

My boss is very serious, causing me to sink a little in my seat.

"But if you must know, I suppose he is the boss of my boss of my boss. I don't truly know how high the pyramid goes, but he is at the top of that pyramid. You will do well to pay him respect where it is due, and please don't spread any rumours or gossips."

My boss leaves it at that.

It is enough to scare me out of my wit.

My boss is a very powerful man, but he has to answer to the partners – the people who sits at the top of the firm.

The partners themselves have to answer to Henry Oxford as the firm is just one of the subsidiaries of Chrono Holdings.

Since the firm deals with legal matters, I become aware that there is a unannounced company called Chronicle. It is the parent company of Chrono Holdings.

No information is available on Chronicle publicly.

It doesn't even have an office building.

Could this person, Maximilien Maxwell is the owner of Chronicle? This means Chrono Holdings belongs to him. And so are all of its subsidiaries.

I flinch when my boss stares at me unblinkingly, knowing what had just went through my mind.

In that instant, I truly believe that the moment I know the answer to my question, it will be the moment I take my last breath.

"If you truly wish to know then work hard and become a senior. That photographic ability of yours will help you go far, but just a word of warning, some things are not meant to be remembered forever."

My boss smiles as the limousine comes to a stop.

It has arrived at my building.

I bid my boss goodbye after exit the limousine and enter the building.

After the security check, I greet all my colleagues in the hallway and near the elevators.

They are heading to the dinning hall together, chatting and giggling away.

Breakfasts, lunches and dinners are provided by the firm for free, as long as we are not wasteful.

We can even bring in outsiders.

They just cannot stayed overnight for security reasons.

I will join my friends shortly since I don't feel like cooking tonight.

My apartment isn't huge, but it is very cosy for a couple of people. It is just me right now. I don't have a boyfriend.

And I am not seeing anyone despite being constantly hit on in the office.

Sexual remarks is fine during works hours. It is the act itself that isn't. If it does get out of hand, I can file a complain to Human Resources (HR). They take these things very seriously. However, that would make a bitch.

No one want to be a bitch in the workplace.

My apartment also get serviced every day at noon, so it is always clean and very tidy.

If I have a family, I can request a bigger apartment as the firm values family greatly.

Just don't let personal feeling compromises works.

If I need time off work for family matter, I can request it instead of mopping around the office all day, dropping overall productivity.

After a nice long shower, I have a read of the book again.

Jurassic Park is one of the best sellers right now.

Although I don't like the book very much, I can see the fascination about having a park with dinosaurs. It will be one of a kind zoo.

Comparing the published book to what I have read from Mr. Crichton's version, it is really word for word. However, his version is dated years ago.

If it is really is stolen like Mr. Maxwell has admitted this afternoon, then it will cost Terra Entertainment hundreds of millions of dollars.

All the royalties must be paid in full alongside with all the legal fees and fines.

Since that is the case, why did Mr. Maxwell did such a thing, knowing full well that it will lead to this copyright lawsuit?

Even if it is for the publicity, it will have an enormous adverse effect on his company in the future.

I just can't get my head around it.

And I cannot see any legal means of fighting this.

We could drag the case out for years, bleeding the other party of all the financial means, but even so, it will not end well in the end.

Furthermore, Mr. Maxwell wants this to be solved as soon as possible. He even prefers it to be in the preliminary hearing tomorrow.

That is impossible.

"Or is it? Read between the lines..."

I mutter and read the book again and again, forgetting about dinner. I'm not really hungry anyway.

There is nothing I can really see between the lines like my boss has told me. It is only when I bend the book in one hand and let the pages flip rapidly that I see something between the lines.

My eyes widen in surprise.

I open the book again and check each page again and again to make sure of what I have found.

With my heart thumping madly, I check the other party's copy.

It is exactly the same.

Now, I know why Mr. Maxwell is so certain that he can win this without even trying. This basically just turn the case upside down.

I call my boss to tell him the exciting news. He will love to hear what I have found.

"Honestly, didn't I tell you to have dinner and take a goodnight rest, Miss Allison McBill? If you are so sure of this, I will allow you take charge of the preliminary hearing tomorrow. And good job Miss Allison. You are probably the first assistant to notice it. I think you will do well as a senior, so let me be the first to congratulate you. By the way, I am giving my daughter a bath right now, so please don't bother me again."

I am utterly shocked.

It is a test!? Some sort of promotion examination!?

It would explain why the seniors are so relaxed. They probably have figured out how to win this case within an hour or less. I feel so dumb when comparing to them.

Despite that, I couldn't sleep that night since I am too excited.