

## **Royal Contract 5**

### **Chapter 5 - Trained To Be A Fighter**

"Due to the lack of evidence and witnesses to make a solid case, I would have to side with the defense on this Ms. Hamilton." The judge seating on his table inside his private chambers told her.

"But, Judge Roberts. I think you're making a mist..." She was not able to finish her sentence as the judge held out his hand, indicating that he already made a ruling.

"Ms. Daniella Hamilton, I gave both parties enough time to gather and present your evidence. Now, I already decided that this case is now closed." Judge Roberts made his final judgment, but stubborn as she was, she was not yet ready to give up, despite the warning in his tone.

When the judge dismissed her case a few moments ago, she could not believe it. She immediately followed him to his chambers and demanded reconsideration. His secretary did not dare to stop her, knowing who she was. Besides his secretary was used to this scene, and there was nothing she could do about it.

"But, Uncle Ben." She stood in front of the judge's table and demanded his attention, feeling very frustrated.

She could not help it. She never liked using her name or her associations, but desperate times needed desperate measures. This counted as one. She would do anything to help her clients as long as it was in line with the law and her conscience.

This was the third time that she lost her case this month. It was not that she was not good. She was one of the best and graduated on top of her class. She just needed to get a break and some good funding, so she could build a better case.

"Ms. Hamilton, refrain from addressing me other than Judge or your honor when we are at my chamber." Her uncle said, which usually she would abide, but she was in no mood for formalities and no one else was around to hear them anyway.

"Ok. Sorry about that, your honor." She could not help that it sounded a bit sarcastic. Breathing deeply, she tried to change her approach. "These people needed help." She insisted this time with a pleading tone.

Although she specialized in Corporate Law, circumstances directed her to another path, where she ended up working with Jenkins and Johnsons. Working for a small firm was not exactly ideal, but she believed in what their group was fighting for.

She handled most of the pro bono cases, which sometimes led her against big law firms. It was not an easy task when they had many resources at their disposal. But she was not ready to give up on her fight. She would find a way to even the playing field, to give her a chance to win her cases.

"I understand what you are trying to do, Dani." Judge Roberts said with a bit of sympathy. "But we can't bend the rules just to accommodate our wishes. The law is there for us to follow and without it, the world would be in chaos."

"I'm sorry, Uncle Ben. I didn't mean to be disrespectful." She sincerely was.

She was just overwhelmed by her case that she failed to see reason. Hearing her uncle called her by her name and break his rule, meant that he did want to help her, but there was just no getting around the system.

Her uncle was one of the most honest and hardworking lawyers she ever met. He and her mother did not come from old money. They both worked hard to get to where they were today. He was one of the reasons why she became a lawyer. He was her mentor.

"I know what you're trying to do, but we have a justice system that I have to uphold. I had to rule based on what was presented to me." Her uncle just shook his head at her determination.

He suddenly remembered back when she was young. She had always been the light of the party. Always standing out among the crowd. Everybody expected that after law school, she would be the next in line to her father's empire, being the only child of the great Ethan Hamilton.

Who knew that she would end up on the other side of the fence? Defending the poor against her kind. He could see himself in her. He used to be an idealist too, but somewhere down the line, he had to sacrifice his ideals for reality. He only hoped that her path did not follow his.

"Ok. Fine." She finally conceded her case. There was nothing else she could do anyway. "Thanks, your honor." She said seriously this time.

If he said that there was nothing else he could do about it, then she believed him. He would have reviewed and double-checked the case, even if it was not her case, before deciding on it. It was just unfortunate that she did not find enough to make a solid case.

"You'll get them next time, Princess." Her uncle gave her a wink, a silent sign of his approval. She smiled at the way he addressed her in his chambers.

They were interrupted by his secretary as she placed some papers on his table.

"Alicia, I told you to stop her from entering my chambers." Judge Roberts reprimanded his secretary.

"Well, you could not stop her, so why should I?" His secretary responded with a wide smile on her lips, immediately closing the door as she left.

"Thanks for your time, your honor." She waved goodbye to her uncle. When she passed by Alicia's table, she blew her a kiss for letting her get away with her antics.

She walked out of the courtroom with a forlorn face. She did not like to disappoint her client, knowing that she was depending on her to help her in this case.

"I'm sorry." She spoke softly to the sweet lady who was waiting patiently for her outside the courtroom. "There's nothing else we could do."

"Thank you, Ms. Hamilton, for helping me. I know you did your best, that's enough for me." The old lady hugged her tightly before letting her go.

She ushered the lady outside and to a taxi that would take her home. She would just visit her when she had come up with another way to help her. For now, she needed to get back to her office and work on her other cases.

"Ahhhh!" She shouted out her frustration when she was safely inside her car, banging on the steering wheel to ease her tension.

She admitted, her uncle had a point. She could not continue to fight a battle she already lost. She would never win her cases without any weapons and a good strategy.

She had to be more prepared next time before entering the arena. She was, after all, trained to be a fighter. Her father made sure of that.