

Master of Time 63

Chapter 63 Publicity Stunt POV

Tomorrow eventually comes.

It always does.

But I didn't get any sleep at all.

Instead of rolling around in bed thinking about the case, I spent all night preparing a statement for my boss. It is for the preliminary hearing this morning.

Although my boss is more than likely won't be using the statement as he will have prepared his own, it does give me something to do and preoccupies my excited mind.

I met my boss outside the courthouse. He is currently having a conversation with several seniors from the firm, so I didn't interrupt.

It is rude to, considering my current position.

If I am a senior, I could join in the conversation.

Sadly, I am not one at the moment.

Normally, it does take a few years of merits to become a senior of the firm. However, there are always exception to the rule as indicated by last night conversation.

Several assistants greet me. I return the greeting before noticing our client, Mr. Maxwell.

His daughter is also with him, sitting in her stroller and shaking her toys.

Since this is a preliminary hearing, it is unnecessary for our client to be here in person.

I wonder what he has been doing as he had just came out of the courthouse.

Please don't tell me that he had gone and talk to the other party?

And without a lawyer with him!

Does he even aware of how foolish that is?

But then again, he is more than meet the eyes. My boss did advise me on this. Since he is here, I should greet him respectfully.

"Good morning, Mr. Maxwell."

I greet.

The other assistants greet him as well, very respectfully. The seniors must have given them the head ups about our client.

"Good morning everyone. And a special greeting to you, Miss Allison. I have heard from Mr. Simmons that you have found a solution to my little problem?"

"Ah, yes sir."

I response courteously.

I wonder if it is true that he has stolen the work from Mr. Crichton.

What I have found tells me that it is the other way around.

"Don't think too much on it, Miss Allison. It will makes wrinkles on your forehead and takes away some of that lovely beauty of yours. All you need to do is make sure the case is blown wide open, as big as possible. That way, I can get as much publicity as I want."

That surprises me. I am also flattered at his compliment.

"But sir, we can get the case dismiss right now. In fact, we can reverse the situation."

I point out hastily.

His expression change, causing me to be taken back.

Why did I feel fear for a second? I don't think he likes me telling him what to do.

"Hmm..."

Mr. Maxwell hums before shaking his head.

"I initially wanted to resolve this matter peacefully, but the other party don't want to. They have disregard my offer and tell me that they will see me in court. Since they have insulted me when I've taken the effort to make peace with them, I will destroy them, preferably legally. The other ways are a bit more messy."

He gestures his hand dismissively.

"As for you, Miss Allison, please join me after the preliminary hearing. This is not a request. Well then, see you later. Let's go, Antigone. It's time for breakfast. What will we have today? Any suggestion?"

"Hen!"

The baby girl calls out and shakes her toys excitedly.

I don't think she wants a chicken for breakfast. Her teeth haven't come out yet.

"Hic. Daddy is a bit sad that your first word isn't going to be me. Hic... but that's okay. I can't be mad at you. Hic..."

And with that, our client heads off with his daughter.

I wonder what I should do. The right thing would be to close the case as soon as possible. The correct thing would be doing whatever the client wants.

The right thing isn't necessary the correct thing.

Since the firm would want me to do the correct thing, I don't need to think too much about it anymore.

"If that is what Mr. Maxwell wants then it is what Mr. Maxwell will have. Our job is to satisfy our client no matter what they demanded, as long as it does not infringe on the interest of the firm. Although in Mr. Maxwell's case, that particular rule is no longer applied."

My boss reaffirms my decision once he finishes talking to his colleagues. The other seniors of the firm head off with their assistants.

"I have talked to the others. This case belongs to us. Or more correctly, it belongs to you. You have done well these past few weeks as my assistant. I am very hesitant to let you go, but even children will have to grow up one day and spread their wings."

He continues and pats me on the shoulder. It appears that my promotion is set in stone.

Although I should be happy, I feel sad. I did learn a lot from him since he is a very good lawyer. I don't think he had ever lost a case before.

Losing a case isn't a ground for punishment.

The firm understands that not all cases are winnable, but as long as the employee learn something in the process, it is considered a win.

"Let's head inside as it is almost time for the hearing. Also, I have been informed that you have a date with Mr. Maxwell afterwards, so whatever plans we have this afternoon and evening, consider them cancelled. Please do enjoy your time with Mr. Maxwell. It might open your eyes to many things. I know I did when I became a senior."

I am unsure of what to make of that.

Regardless, I join my boss in the preliminary hearing.

As requested by Mr. Maxwell and my boss, I withheld the information on what I have found.

All the evidences are documented and entered into exhibit after being confirmed on both sides.

If what our client has admitted yesterday is honestly the truth, then it is rather strange that the other party didn't notice the tampering of their book before they submitted it into evidence.

If Mr. Crichton is the original author, he should have known.

It is like jumping into a spike trap on purpose.

I shouldn't think too much about this since this seemingly impossible case at first has become a certain victory.

With that, the case Crichton vs Terra Entertainment is now public.

The court also orders the immediate cessation of the book being sold in bookstores all over the United States, pending the outcome of the case.

This causes a massive outcry.

And the case becomes high profile due to the public outcry.

It is what Mr. Maxwell wanted.

Speaking of the man, he awaits for me when I exited the courthouse with my boss.

His baby daughter is no longer with him, so it will probably be all businesses.

Somehow, I wish his daughter is with him. At least then, I won't be alone with a lion.

Actually, my boss is a lion. He is something much worst.

What I know of him or actually don't know of him scares me more than a little.

I am actually very scare.

"Have a good day, Mr. Simmons. I will be borrowing Miss Allison for a little while. I will have her back to you in one piece tomorrow or the day after, hopefully."

Mr. Maxwell tells – orders – my boss. My boss gives his farewell and enters his limousine without any further question.

Wait a second!

What did he mean by giving me back in one piece? I hope he is only joking.

It is hard to tell from his calming expression.

"Walk with me, Miss Allison."

He requests and begins walking away from the courthouse.

I have no choice but to follow.

"I have heard many great things about you from Mr. Simmons, Miss Allison. He holds you in very high regard. And your work is exemplary. I believe that you will do very well as a senior of the firm. A ring will be given to you in the upcoming days and you will be informed of things you might not even have any thought about."

He pauses for a moment.

We are standing at a crosswalk. Dozens of people are passing us by.

"Now that is out of the way, let's talk about something more important."

He adds and begins crossing the street.

"Something more important...?"

I question as I follow him.

What could be more important than that?

"Your photographic memory."

I swallow hard.

So it is about that.

I have always hid my ability of perfectly recall everything I have seen or heard since it feels so unnatural even for eidetic or photographic memory.

However, nothing can be hidden from the firm. They knows everything about me, from the moment I was born to this very second.

It is quite scary in fact.

"What about it, sir? It is just a photographic memory. It helps me remembers what I read more clearly than most people, but it shouldn't be anything special."

Maximilien laughs and shakes his head.

"Nothing any special, huh? Please don't lie to me, Miss Allison. I get a little angry when people do, and you won't like it when I am angry."

I tense up.

He knows!

He knows!

Oh my gosh! He knows!

"I..."

"Do not worry, Miss Allison. You are the next step in our evolution. I am very curious though, what is the first thing you can remember? Is it when you open your eyes and see your father holding you up with tears in his eyes? Is it as clear as if it just happen a second ago?"

"Yes..."

I answer weakly. I actually remember things much earlier than that. I did open my eyes in my mother's womb, but I think he also knows about that as well.

"You don't need to be afraid, Miss Allison. I won't dissect you or anything like that, but I do need to examine your brain a little. It will probably hurt a little. Alright, I lied. It will hurt a lot. But I promise you that you won't remember any of it afterwards, and your sacrifice will be greatly compensated."

I actually want to run away after hearing that.

However, the entire surrounding change before I could.

Instead of standing in the middle of the street, crowded with people, I am now in a white laboratory with several scientists.

They are expecting me.

There is a metal chair in the middle of the room. It is surrounded with medical tools.

"How...? Wait. No! No! Please!"

They grab me and drag into the chair as I scream and kick, begging them not to.

They strap me to the seat, locking my arms and legs in place. My neck and head is held in place by a metal collar.

Several laser pointers come out of the collar.

I don't think they are just simple laser pointers.

Those are actual laser!

I can feel the heat!

They are going to open my head up!

No!

No!

Someone help me!

Someone please!

No! No!

My eyes become watery. No one can save me from this place, wherever this place is.

"It is very unfortunate that we cannot disable your pain receptors... so you will feel everything. But it will be over quickly, Miss Allison."

Mr. Maxwell tells me calmly, but his words send chills throughout my body.

Excruciating pains come after.