

We Are Doomed

The intruders in Fiero's apartment have been taken to custody, minutes after he called the police. Aleo rushed to Fiero's apartment to check on him.

"Don't worry. I am okay, there was no fight since I just dodged their pathetic attempt to stab me. Since I am in no mood, I put them to sleep and called the police," Fiero told his lawyer who looked really worried.

"The Alphas --"

"I spoke to them and told them I was fine. Just take care of those intruders. If it is too much you can ask for Aunt Jasmin's help in interrogating those intruders," Fiero said, cutting him off.

Aleo sighed and nodded.

"Are you sure you are okay to stay here? You can stay at a hotel while I find you another apartment,"

Aleo suggested but then Fiero shook his head.

"I am fine here. I will just cover everything with shadows and get some sleep. You should too since I have been troubling you with this case," Fiero told him.

"It's not a trouble at all. You know I like fighting for the oppressed," Aleo replied and Fiero smiled.

Aleo looked around before sighing.

"I'll be off now. Make sure to barricade yourself and rest." He said and Fiero nodded.

Aleo patted his shoulder and left. After he was finally alone, Fiero locked the door and windows. Then his eyes turned red as the shadows around him started moving and went to barricade all the openings and possible entry.

Once his whole apartment was secured, Fiero let out a yawn and made his way to his room to rest.

The next day, before Fiero could wake up, Aleo has taken care of everything. The interrogation of the intruders was fast as Aleo was better in interrogation than the police. The moment the questioning started and the intruders saw Aleo's huge and intimidating figure behind the police officer questioning them, they blurted everything out. That included who paid them to break into Fiero's apartment, and it was someone whom they already thought of -- Sean's father.

Because of that, the cases against them just pile up with another for attempted homicide since the intruders attacked Fiero with knives. After filing additional papers for the additional lawsuit, Aleo went to see Sean and his friends in their holding cell.

"You should make yourselves comfortable there since I will make sure you are never going to see the light of day any time soon," Aleo told them.

Sean grabbed the bars of his cell and started banging on it.

"Wait till my father hears about this!" Sean snapped and Aleo smirked.

"Did you not hear? Your fathers are in the other holding cell. They were taken in after they tried to assault and bribe my client, and they also sent someone to kill my client. So, you three and your fathers' reign of terror is over," Aleo told them.

"I don't believe you!" Ethan exclaimed.

"Yeah! Do you have any idea how much influence our fathers have?!" Leonard hissed.

Aleo looked at them and started laughing at them.

"Influence? Your family is nothing but a nouveau riche from some community. My client, on the other hand, came from a background your family can never afford to offend, but you did, so here we are. You and your fathers are going down," Aleo said with a glint of intimidation and taunting in his eyes.

Then Sean and his friends glared at him.

"If I were you, think about all the things you did and start begging for forgiveness,"

Aleo told them before he turned around and left to go to the other holding cell where their fathers were. When he got there, he saw them talking to their lawyer. A tall man in his late forties, wearing an expensive brownish suit and leather shoes.

"Hi," Aleo greeted them.

Mr. Gillory, Mr. Sitton, and Mr. Pump all glared at Aleo when he approached them. Their lawyer stood straight as he faced Aleo.

"Are you, their lawyer?" Aleo asked.

The other party's lawyer nodded and pulled out his business card from his suit jacket's breast pocket, and handed it to Aleo.

"Atty. Paul Franklin," he introduced himself.

Aleo took the card and looked at it. He then looked at the lawyer and handed him his own card.

"Atty. Aleo Abramov,"

He introduced himself and then the other lawyer's eyes widened as he looked at Aleo and then at the card. The gold lettering on the black card glimmered against the light.

The logo of the famous law firm, C&S law firm took the center of the card's one side and the other side has Aleo's name and number. The lawyer once again looked at Aleo.

"Y-You are f-from C&S?" he asked and Aleo nodded.

Then he looked at the name as it rang a bell. When he finally realized who he was, his eyes grew wider, and even took a step back. Aleo Abramov was one of the young lawyers who made noise in the legal community and won every case that he handled and he was also known for the ability to dig into his enemies deepest, hidden secret.

No wonder all the past victims resurfaced after many years, Atty. Franklin thought.

Mr. Gillory looked at their lawyer who looked like he was cowering under the other party's lawyer.

"Why are you acting like a puppy? Do your job properly and fight him, get us and our sons out of this place," Mr. Gillory hissed.

His lawyer looked at him, looking worried.

"Uhm, Mr. Gillory I'm afraid it will be difficult for me to --"

"What do you mean difficult for you?!" Mr. Sitton snarled.

"We've been employing you for so long to take care of things like this and you're backing out now?! Why are you so afraid of this boy?!" Mr. Pump snapped.

Atty. Franklin opened and closed his mouth while glancing towards Aleo's direction. Then he looked straight towards his client.

"Sir, he isn't just some boy. He is associated with --"

"I don't care! Do your job properly!" Mr. Gillory spat.

Aleo then cleared his throat and all men looked at him.

"The men you hired to break into my client's home were apprehended and they just admitted that you were the one behind the job order," Aleo said and the men behind bars glared at him.

They were about to speak when their lawyer stopped them.

"You should not respond to that," Atty. Franklin told his clients.

Aleo then looked at him.

"Did they tell you who my client is?" he asked and Atty. Franklin looked at him.

"Uhm, a certain student named Gobert Martys," Atty. Franklin said and Aleo smiled.

"Gobert Martys is the victim, but since he was beaten to the point that he almost died by their sons, his friend, my client called me and asked me to help. Your clients just hired some men to attack my client in his home last night after they did not succeed in bribing him in the hospital yesterday," Aleo paused and he looked sharply at the other lawyer.

"I'm sure you read all the lawsuits filed against them," he added, and then he fixed his tie.

"Mr. Stanford will not drop the case or even be swayed. We will make sure that justice is served,"

Atty. Franklin then looked at Aleo with wide eyes when he heard the surname, Stanford.

"Did you just say Stanford?" he asked and Aleo smirked.

"Yes, the very same Stanford you are thinking of right now," Aleo paused as he glanced at the men behind bars.

"They just tried to harm the heir to Stanford Security, so, bear with the consequences," he added before turning away and leaving the area.

After Aleo left, Atty. Franklin turned towards his clients with an ashen look on his face like the world crumbled around him.

"Did you have any idea what you've done?!" he snapped at them.

"We just did what we know is right for our children," Mr. Sitton sneered, crossing his arms over his chest.

Atty. Franklin groaned as he rubbed his palms against his face.

"That lawyer was not just any lawyer. It was Aleo Abramov; he is one of the best lawyers in the C&S law firm. That Law firm is the Alpha dog of the legal community. They are under the biggest and most powerful conglomerate in the US and one of the biggest in the whole world," he said.

"And?" Mr. Pump spoke.

"And we are doomed! Aleo Abramov is the lawyer everyone is scared to go against in court. He is like a dog that digs up every dirt on his opponent, in this case, you. No wonder they know about those people you dealt with in the past,"

Atty. Franklin stressed and Mr. Gillory frowned, crossing his arms over his chest.

"And it is your job to get us out of this mess," he spoke.

"I know it is because I have been cleaning up your sons' and your mess for years! But this time, I don't think can," the lawyer said and the three men behind bars looked at him unamused.

"What's with this tantrum? Are you intimidated by that lawyer?" Mr. Sitton asked.

"Yes!"

Paul Franklin blurted.

"Not only I am intimidated by that great lawyer, I am also afraid for my career, my life, and my family's lives," he continued and the three men behind the bars snorted like he was just being dramatic.

Their reactions infuriated the lawyer.

"The boy whom you tried to bribe and tried to hurt; do you even know which family he is from? He is from the Castillejo-Stanford family. They own CCW Group, the same giant conglomerate that I have been telling you about," Atty. Franklin told them through his gritted teeth.

The three men's smug faltered when CCW Group was mentioned. As thriving business owners of a small to medium company, they hoped to have any kind of affiliation with the business empire that holds the majority of the US. They tried so many times to pitch a deal even with one of the subsidiary companies under the empire but they always fell short.

"If what Atty. Abramov said that if the boy, his client is the heir to Stanford Security, then you can kiss your little companies goodbye. They will tear you to shreds until you are left with dirt,"

Atty. Franklin told them and now, all three of them are nervous and worried. Their company's security system, though a low-grade package was still from the infamous Stanford Security and it helped them big time. At the moment, they were behind the payment for the security system since they used the fund last month to pay off another student that their sons bullied.

If they lose the security system, their company will crumble like a sandcastle and it will be the end of their business. At the same time, they knew how big of an influence the Stanfords had in the business and social circle. They can end them in any way possible. They even believed they could assassinate their enemies without leaving a trace.

Now that they know who they went against, they are scared to their wits.

"Do something, Atty. Do everything to --"

"No."

Atty. Franklin said firmly, cutting off Mr. Gillory's sentence.

"I will not do anything that will put me in the line of danger this time. I will not endanger myself just to clean up your mess. Heed my advice, plead guilty, apologize, tell your sons the same and just pay for everything you did. Then maybe I can make sure you'll be comfortable inside your prison," the lawyer said.

"You cannot just abandon us like this!" Mr. Pump exclaimed.

"We made you rich, you son of a b***h!" Mr. Sitton snarled while Mr. Gillory glared at the lawyer.

"And I will make sure to keep all of us alive, so, shut up and just do what I suggest. For once, listen to me!"

Atty. Franklin snapped back, his fear of the opposite party is greater than his fear of his clients, transforming into a new kind of courage to finally be a rightful kind of lawyer.

Meanwhile, Fiero is like a zombie after he comes out of his class. His mind and body are both tired from all that is happening. He felt exhausted but he couldn't stop, he needed to fight for Gobert.

He was on his way to his next class when he received a text from a nurse in the hospital saying that Gobert was awake. Reading that text made Fiero feel like half of the heavy feeling he had disappeared and was replaced by relief.

At that moment, he smiled and decided to ditch school and rush to the hospital. When he got to Gobert's suite, the remaining heaviness disappeared as he was totally relieved to see Gobert sitting upright, eyes open and was listening to what the doctor was saying.

When Fiero walked in, the doctors smiled and greeted him but his focus was on his friend.

"You're awake," Fiero said and Gobert just gave him a curt nod and a small smile.

Then Fiero turned to the doctor.

"How is he?" he asked.

"He is recovering really well. The surgery site was healing and no signs of infection, the lungs are functioning well also. No more discharge so, we removed his chest tube. But since he just woke up, he still couldn't talk much. Give it a few hours and then he'll slowly have the energy to speak and converse," the doctor said.

Fiero let out a sigh of relief.

"Thank you doctor," he said and then he turned towards Gobert and gave him a small smile.

"I'm glad you are awake," he told him.

Then the doctor and nurses excused themselves and Fiero went to sit on the lounging chair next to the bed.

"So much has happened but I am really happy you are awake and recovering," Fiero said.

Gobert then looked down at his arm cast and then his hand was to touch his face and then his sides. Fiero looked at him, wondering what he was doing, and then he realized he must be wondering what happened to him.

"Do you remember what happened to you?" Fiero asked and Gobert nodded.

"But you don't remember how you got to the hospital?"

Gobert nodded again and Fiero let out a soft sigh before he looked at Gobert.

"I found you while being beaten by Sean and his friends,"

When Fiero said that, Gobert suddenly looked nervous, worried, and scared.

"Don't worry," Fiero said, calming him down.

"I got enough evidence to put them away,"

Gobert looked at him, confused by what he meant. Then Fiero looked at him intently and told him.

"I filed the lawsuit in your place,"