

[The Hammers arc] [13] [Arbitrary] [9642]

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Related story : [The Hammers arc] [2] [Everything101] [9600]

Year 9642,

Despite Cecil not being qualified as a judge, that never stopped him from stealing court cases occasionally. His first actions of such began year 9600 where he took several high & low profile court cases which resulted in a high degree of reduction in what he claimed “unnecessary” court cases.

Since then, although far less frequently, he still took court cases from time to time.

In this particular case, it was a shuttle accident. In short, a parked shuttle with two people inside was rammed by a speeding shuttle. The parked shuttle was in its parking zone. Therefore, the speeding shuttle was fully guilty. The victim sued the offender rightfully so for the damages after the offender refused to pay for damages.

However, the defendant’s lawyer was able to drag the case on, costing the plaintiff more than they could afford. Thus, they were literally being forced to drop the case.

In the court, the plaintiff was going to declare that they were dropping the case, originally. With Cecil in the judge’s seat, however, all changed. The defendant’s lawyer became pale when he saw Cecil in the court.

You see, the defendant who rammed into a parked shuttle was a son of a rich man. He knew he was guilty, but not wanting a red mark on his record, he was artificially dragging the case on. This wasn't his first time, either. He had a habit of speeding and caused several accidents, even killing few in the progress. But money talked and he was able to get off easily.

Not this time, however, the defendant's lawyer realized. Cecil stole court cases randomly and never informed anyone about it. Thus, the lawyer was not able to advise him how to act in front of him. To make the matter worse, the defendant was a spoiled man who perhaps rightfully came to believe that money was the power and progressively became arrogant over the years. Additionally, he was born after Cecil took over Venus. Thus, he did not experience first hand how absurd and cruel Cecil could be.

As everyone sat down in their proper seats, the defendant's lawyer quickly advised him to act properly. The trouble was that the defendant's way of "acting properly" was vastly different from the lawyer's understanding of "acting properly". The defendant was clearly not concerned with whatever was going on in the court that he didn't even bother to look who was in the judge's chair.

As the court session began, Cecil took his time reading up past cases of the defendant. After a good ten minutes of uneasy silence, he officially began the session. The plaintiff's lawyer stood up from his chair and was about to speak. However, Cecil put a stop to that.

"I don't need to hear your speech," He said to the defendant's lawyer.

Puzzled, the plaintiff's lawyer remained standing. Then Cecil's attention was directed at the defendant's lawyer as well as his client who was playing something on his personal computing device, showing his obvious lack of concern.

"I see that the defendant has quite of a history. Anything to explain?"

The defendant's lawyer, realizing at this point that Cecil had no intention to let his client go alive, quickly pleaded.

"Sir, I am only his lawyer. I do what he asked me to do. Sir, pray spare me."

His client was still oblivious of the situation because he was caught on whatever he was doing with his mobile device.

"Thirteen cases he got away by either out of court settlements or by appealing after appealing. And he has hired the same lawyer in all cases: you. You are not innocent," Cecil declared.

The lawyer, having absolutely nothing in his sleeves, walked away from his chair and got down on his knees in open space.

"Sir, please. You should know that we don't really get to pick our clients. I did only what he has asked of me."

It was this point that his client has finally paid some attention to the situation.

"The fuck?" He uttered when he noticed that his lawyer was on his knees and begging. "What the fuck is going on?"

He glanced at the guards in each corner of the room who quickly double-checked their pistols. Then he quietly called the client out.

"Mister, do you realize what situation you are in?"

The client, after a short moment of being confused, replied casually.

"Is it over? Can I go home?"

He slowly stood up from his judge's chair and declared.

“You are to die here today. Any last words?”

The client talked back fiercely, “The fuck?! Do you know who I am?!”

To which he also talked back with a raised voice, “Do you know who I am?!”

“Uh...” It was this point that the client realized who he was barking at.

“Quit wasting oxygen. Guards!”

The client was promptly shot in the head and fell to the table in front of him. The guards did not lower their pistols however. Their guns were aimed at the lawyer who was on his knees. The people at the plaintiff’s table were too shocked to even react. They could only gasp air.

“Sir?” A guard inquired, asking whether to execute the lawyer as well.

Cecil spent few seconds looking at the lawyer whose face, at this point, was drenched with tears. Eventually, he walked away from the judge’s chair, leaving the court room.

“Spare him,” he said as he left.

The lawyer began to cry aloud upon hearing that he was spared.

A woman was desperately fleeing in an empty mall. She was severely burnt. Half of her face was burnt, her entire left arm was burnt, her shirt was ripped part into pieces, revealing her bare breasts with numerous cuts on them.

It wasn’t abandoned mall but it was empty for a routine inspection. The female didn’t mean to enter this mall. It was purely by accident. When she took off at a subway junction, she entered a wrong elevator and got herself to where she was.

Why didn't she just turn back, one might have asked. Well, she was unable to because a janitor assaulted her before she realized the mall was empty due to an impending inspection.

Why did the janitor attack her, one might have also asked. Well, that was a mystery.

Regardless how it all began, what mattered was that she was assaulted and lost consciousness only to be woken up later by sudden pain of being set on fire. With a moment of chaos and luck, she was able to free herself from the janitor and was on run. She screamed for help only to hear her voice echoed back and forth in an eerily empty mall.

Where she was inside of a lower part of a 192-story skyscraper and it was empty from floor 1 to 50. Therefore, she wasn't going to alert anyone. In desperation, she activated an emergency alarm which was powered off due to its impending inspection.

She cried out of frustration as well as worsening pain. All she could do, at the very moment at least, was to keep running and hope for the best.

This horrific story, however, took a bizarre turn. When the victim was completely out of breath at seventh floor, she ran into a pair of security guards. At first, she was frightened to see any one. She was correct in her assessment in a sense because the pair of guards assaulted the offender and set him on fire after torturing him.

By the end of the day, the victim was rescued and the three men were arrested. This bizarre event became a national wide event on Venus due to its low crime rate. Not only was it the first crime in 6 days, the whole event was just too bizarre to ignore.

And this news became a small topic among the Hammers as well.

Perhaps not surprisingly, Cecil silently stole the case from a judge.

The first trial was set just days after the initial arrest and rescue. The first trial was between the female victim and the initial assailant. The female victim already went through an initial skin generation surgery and doctors informed Cecil that she was going to fully recover, minus physiological damage. Cecil inquired whether she could stand in the trial and the doctors gave him green light.

As for the initial assailant who was eventually set on fire by a pair of security guards later, he was a bit worse for the wear. With over 90% of skin burnt, he required an extensive amount of time in a regeneration capsule. However, Cecil was informed that he could still stand in the trial in a capsule.

With that settled, the trial went ahead and it was a public trial; the court room was packed to the brim. A regeneration capsule full of light green liquid was transported to where a defendant would ordinarily sit. The plaintiff, supported by two nurses, walked into the court room and slowly made her way to her chair where her lawyer welcomed her with a firm handshake.

The people in the room murmured loudly but they quickly became dead silent as Cecil walked into the court room. Having taken his seat, Cecil looked over at both plaintiff and defendant for a brief moment before he began the court session.

However, with Cecil in the seat, the session wasn't going to be normal court experience. He completely ignored the lawyers' presence and simply read provided evidence of what had occurred. After then, he declared.

“So, there is no doubt that the defendant is guilty. Do you agree?”

The defendant's lawyer argued that his client must undergo a mental test which Cecil firmly denied with an explanation.

"Just because he may be mad, it doesn't mean he should be punished less. That's just disrespecting the victim. Does the defendant have anything to say?"

The defendant was conscious in the capsule. He was unable to speak due to being submerged in the capsule but there was a floating keyboard within the capsule for him to type if required. Regardless, he did not type anything and chose to remain silent. The lawyer insisted on a mental test but Cecil shot it down again.

"Mention it one more time and I will have you dead," Cecil boldly told him. The defendant's lawyer kept a low key in the court room since then.

The trial proceeded regardless and Cecil listened what the plaintiff had to say. She recalled her painful memories of the attack and the runaway aftermath until she met a pair of security guards.

"So, you have no idea why they did what they did," Cecil said.

The plaintiff confirmed that she did not know the men and certainly had no clue on why they did what they did.

After a short moment of silence, Cecil inquired the plaintiff.

"Plaintiff, what do you wish me to do to the defendant?"

She didn't expect such a question. Therefore, she was unable to answer. Just as her lawyer was about to whisper some advice to her, Cecil shut him down.

"Do not advice her anything. I am merely asking her honest opinion. Plaintiff, I repeat; what do you wish me to do the defendant?"

After an uneasy moment, the victim, plaintiff, replied carefully.

"I want justice to be served upon him," She said to which Cecil replied right away.

“Reasonable. However, hasn’t justice been served to him already? He was attacked just like how you were attacked and even suffered greater damage than you did.”

What the plaintiff really wanted was some sort of compensation but she and her lawyer weren’t going to say that out loudly, especially not in front of Cecil.

Knowing that it wasn’t going anywhere, Cecil ended the first trial.

Some expected bloodshed from this court session, but the trial ended without much fuss. The defendant’s lawyer was obviously not pleased at the mental test being turned down but he wasn’t going to do anything about it. However, he did voice his displeasure in it outside of the court room to reporters, pressing that the defendant had his rights to undergo a mental test.

A day later, the former defendant became a plaintiff against the pair of security guards who set him on fire after assaulting him. The judge was, again, Cecil. That took no one by surprise.

The two defendants were handcuffed and were escorted by two guards as they entered the court room. Their lawyer was already present. The plaintiff’s capsule was installed the same way as before.

The session began as both lawyers made their cases. The plaintiff’s layer demanded his client to be released to be fully recovered despite the ongoing trials. He pressed that his client needed peaceful time to recover.

Meanwhile, the defendants’ lawyer claimed that their clients were “not themselves” at the time of the incident. Whatever the reasons may have been, the lawyer claimed that his clients needed mental tests.

Cecil glazed over the lawyers in the court room and told them.

“So, you have no valid arguments and are simply pushing for mental tests to get them out of the troubles.”

The defendants’ lawyer argued back.

“Sir, the case is currently on going and we don’t really have much evidence to build up any argument at this point.”

While he sounded reasonable, there was a flaw in his speech; no evidence of any sort was found or would be found. Therefore, any cases made will be hypothetical which wouldn’t hold a leg in the court. Thus, their best and easiest chance of breakthrough was mental health. And quite frankly it might have worked in an ordinary court. Alas, this was no ordinary court.

“Let us be honest here. There is no evidence and no evidence will be found from the scene of the crime. Therefore, the mental test is the only path you can push forward,” Cecil said, “But I feel I have an idea of what really happened. Would you like to hear my hypothesis?”

The lawyers were flabbergasted. They heard how arbitrary Cecil could get in court rooms but this was beyond their imaginations.

He was trying to solve the case with a hypothesis. However, Cecil knew what these lawyers had no idea of. He knew only because of his vast experience.

Tapping his index finger on the table in front of him, Cecil gazed into air as if he was recalling memories.

“I do recall a certain sect... or cult, depending on how you define them... What was the name... the daggers of flamingo, wasn’t it?”

There were clear reactions from both defendants and plaintiff. Regardless, Cecil continued.

“They were very seclusive and had a habit of performing ‘rituals’ which were cutting skins of sacrifices with knives and eventually set them on fire to ‘cleanse’ them. I thought they were gone but it seems they are not.”

The defendants’ lawyer took a step forward and made his speech.

“Sir, with all due respect, without any evidence, you cannot accuse my clients of belonging to this sect or whatever. I demand my clients to undergo a mental test first and then we will decide the next course of actions.”

“Be quiet,” Cecil quietly warned. However, the lawyer was on fire and continued.

“Additionally, belonging to a sect is not a crime.”

“Quiet, I said.”

“Justice is carried out by examining solid evidence and then making a proper conclus-”

Those were his last words as a guard in a far corner shot him in the head after noticing Cecil raising his hand which was a signal to shoot. The plaintiff’s lawyer became pale and was glad that he chose not to speak aloud against him. Because this was also a public court session, the killing was broadcast on live and there were gasps from audiences.

After his body was dragged out of the court room and the floor was cleansed of blood, the court resumed.

“As the deceased said, belonging to a sect or cult is not a crime. I will make final verdicts on both cases tomorrow. This court session is over.”

The final verdicts on both cases were case dismissals which meant nobody was going to be punished.

In the first case where a woman was assaulted and burnt, the defendant was found guilty by Cecil. However, because the defendant was, then, received the same attack by others, he felt the defendant got what he deserved. Therefore, no charge was made. However, he made clear that the defendant would need to pay for his medical bills Venus health care wasn't going to pay for it. Additionally, he granted a special bill to cover the plaintiff's medical bill as well as her living expenses in duration of her recovery.

Normally, an appeal could be filed but not on Cecil's verdicts. However, they were final. Even Venus supreme courts couldn't overturn his verdicts.

In the second case, the two defendants were also found guilty. However, Cecil stated that he felt their actions were justified. Thus, he was letting them go without any punishment. The plaintiff's a lawyer was clearly not pleased but having seen how his the defendants' lawyer went down, he made no fuss.

Whether those two verdicts were fair, Cecil couldn't care less. The media kept their mouth shot on the issue as well. They all knew better that they would gain nothing but corpses by questioning his methods.

The case appeared to have closed on surface.

Meanwhile, Cecil asked Kisia to search the daggars of flamingo for their traces.

“I’d wager that the mall was one of their gathering ground and the inspection was a sham. I’d start your search from there.”

Kisia inquired why he was interested in them. She asked because Cecil hadn’t shown any interest in anything for decades.

“The daggers of flamingo was originally a group of assassins under the O’ren,” Cecil explained. “They were specifically trained to deal with the Klisis clan when they landed on Venus. When the Klisis clan fell, so did they or so I thought.”

“Are you saying this group can pose a threat to us?”

Cecil gave it a thought and soon shook his head.

“From what I can tell, the group had become something else. I am sure they chose to lurk after the O’ren decided to cut them off but, over hundreds of years, it was only natural that their goal became twisted.”

“Was it a good idea to let those three be off then?”

“I don’t feel they will pose any threat. I simply wish to know what has become of them. Even if they do pose a threat, their target would be me, not you.”

As mentioned, Kisia began her search from the supposedly mall inspection. As Cecil suspected, the inspection was fake, sort of. An inspection was indeed due to be carried out but there was no inspector assigned. This was what they called “an internal inspection” which was an informal form of inspection and it was against the laws on Venus. A certified inspector had to examine sites.

The next step was fairly simple. Kisia pulled out who were supposed to be there and made a list of those involved in the inspection. And those who were involved in the

inspection had a common trait; nobody was connected to anyone. In other words, they were all over the places that it could have been just a gathering of some sort.

She informed Cecil then, giving him the list which contained about 50 people, including the three involved in the trial.

Cecil looked over the list slowly and took his time before telling her to drop the investigation.

“May I ask why? It does seem something is going on,” Kisia inquired.

“The investigation itself will have enough effects. I am positive that they will go dormant or become more secluded. Arresting those on the list is an option obviously, but I will leave that decision to you.”

Perhaps, that was a reasonable excuse, but Kisia had known Cecil long enough that it wasn't the real reason. When pressed, finally Cecil told her.

“Only few were present in the meeting which makes me believe that not everyone on the list are actual original members of the sect. They may have joined for different reasons. No matter what you do, you can't have 100%. This is such a case. I can try to eliminate possible opposing factors to the regime but eliminating all will simply entice them to create more. Leaving some outlets for those who are disgruntled with my way is a way to handle the opposition. Keep them in check is what I'd do instead of getting rid of them. At least, we know who and where they are now.”

After a moment of brief silence, Cecil added.

“Keep the dagger alive but make sure that its blade remains dull.”

Fin