

29 November 1867 9:05

The crowd cheered as the prisoner that they've all been waiting for is brought up in chains to the guillotine. Upon first glance, one would think that the man being brought to the guillotine was a disheveled, grungy man to begin with, but in actuality, he was a young, handsome man of about 19 years of age who was thrown behind bars for a year for a serious crime. As he was secured into the guillotine, he heard the boisterous crowd shouting,

"Vers le bas avec le traître!"

As one of the guards who was securing him proceeded to read the details of his crime from the court record in the hands of another guard, the executioner forced the young man to bend over and stick his head through the lunette of the guillotine. The young man swept the crowd with his eyes, capturing the last scene that he will ever see. He wasn't surprised to see many angry faces, but one face caught his full attention. It was the face of a beautiful young maiden who had tears in her eyes and was forcing herself to stay strong. The young man saw how hard she was trying to restrain herself and told himself that if there's one thing he would regret most in his life, it would be that he had to see her make that face. After all, he was the reason why she's making a face like that. The girl was with him all his life and was his source of happiness. He even planned to marry her in one year's time. Finally, the executioner asked the young man in a gruff voice if he had any last words. The young man took a deep breath and said in a clear, remorseful voice,

"Ma chérie, je suis désolé."

The young man's remorseful eyes met with the young maiden's sad, glistening ones for one last time before she turned away abruptly and the executioner released the latch on the blade, causing the blade to fall in one swift motion and perform its deed.

The traitor was executed.

24 November 1872 9:30

*The headline of the newspaper read, "Young Female Attorney Does It Again With Her Lightning Fast Thinking!" Sherlock Holmes glanced over at it and thought, Again? This is the third time in a week! He shook his head and sipped his English tea, wondering how in the world this girl was even able to make it into her profession. He had heard of her when she first made her debut, but he found it hard to believe that a *female* defense attorney was even accepted into court. Normally he didn't involve himself much in court, all he did was look for clues and evidence to point the case in the right direction. However, he felt that this was absurd. A *female defense attorney winning all her cases in perfect succession all in a span of a month? The sudden burst of activity by itself was already suspicious, but now... something has got to be up.**

23 November 1872 14:30

"Objection!" Claire exclaimed upon hearing a very "off" statement in the witness testimony.

"What, little miss?" The witness retorted, clearly irritated by the interruption.

"Mr. Tyler, correct? I don't know if you've been listening earlier, but another witness, Benjamin Dawes, repeated most of what you said, except for the part where you said that the defendant was carrying illegal drugs to Gate B-15 at the airport. However, he stated that the defendant was carrying the illegal drugs to Gate D-15. Why is that?" Claire inquired.

The witness on the stand clenched and unclenched his fists repeatedly before saying, "Well how the bloody hell am I supposed to know? My memory is kind of fuzzy."

The prosecutor rubbed his chin and said, "Ms. Éclair, you must be so desperate that you're jumping to conclusions. Have you ever considered that what sounded like 'B' to Mr. Tyler here, could actually have been 'D'. The two letters sound awfully similar, you know."

Claire bit down on her lip, not because she felt beaten by that statement, but because she felt it was a desperate attempt from *the prosecution*.

"Well, Mr. Steiner, fancy me this. Why would there be a need for the two of them to discuss *which* gate the defendant went to, if they were witnesses who actually *saw* the defendant enter the gate with their own eyes. Unless, of course, they *didn't* see the defendant and just fabricated this whole story collaboratively." Claire rebutted.

Claire noted that Tyler started to have nervous twitches and felt in her gut that she will win again. She was on a streak, and she wasn't going to break it. The prosecutor glared daggers at her and was speechless, so Claire declared,

"Your Honor, I request a thorough examination of the illegal contents found in the defendant's belongings, as well as the belongings of Eugene Tyler and Benjamin Dawes."

"Request granted. In the meantime, the court will take a twenty minute recess." The judge declares and brings down his gavel.

25 minutes later...

"The court has found that not only did Mr. Eugene Tyler and Mr. Benjamin Dawes attempt to smuggle illegal drugs to another country, but they also attempted to frame the defendant, Mr. James Evans for the crime. Unfortunately for them, this illegal drug is only found in Russia, and due to a background check, the court has found that Mr. Tyler and Mr. Dawes have indeed come from Russia with a criminal record. Therefore, the court declares the defendant, James Evans, not guilty!" The judge declares and brings down his gavel definitively.

The courtroom erupted in surprise and all eyes were not on the acquitted defendant or the newfound culprits, but on the female defense attorney, Claire Éclair. Nobody had expected her to become such a rising star in the world of law because she was not only young, but also female. Claire did not seem to care about the evident attention she was getting as she pushed past to exit the courtroom. However, the defendant that she had just fought for and won, rushed over to her to thank her.

"Ms. Éclair!" James called out.

Claire turned around to see her client and briefly smiled at him. James was a tall, lean young college student in his early twenties who got caught up in the illegal drug exchange at the airport. He had sandy, brown hair, green eyes, and freckles that made him very distinguishable. She waited for him to catch up before stepping to the side so that he could say what he wanted to say to her.

"I just wanted to say thank you. I honestly did not think that I would be able to get out of this because the drugs were found in my luggage, but you saved my life. I cannot thank you enough."

"Well, it was my pleasure. It's only cases like yours that I take anyway, so you are indeed special." Claire replied and turned to leave, leaving a confused young man behind.

26 November 1872 13:15

Claire was on the phone with an old friend in her office when the door burst open. A middle aged woman with curly brunette hair and round rimmed glasses rushed inside asking,

"Is this the famous defense attorney that has made the headline on the newspaper recently?!"

Claire casually hung up the phone and replied, "I'm sorry, but I don't read the newspaper."

"Oh... b-but you're Claire Éclair, right? The female defense attorney who's been winning all her cases?!"

"Yes, that would be me. What is it that you need?" Claire replied tonelessly.

"My husband was just taken into custody, and-"

"M'am, you have to understand that I only take certain cases-"

"It wasn't him! They're accusing him of murder, but he was just at the wrong place at the wrong time, and everyone has turned me down when I asked! So please... I beg of you..." The woman sobbed.

Claire clicked her tongue and leaned over her desk to regard the woman.

"Take a seat and tell me the details."

The woman gasped and exclaimed, "So you'll take his case?!"

"We'll see."

26 November 1872 5:12

Sherlock Holmes had been investigating Claire Éclair for the past two days and found little to nothing. Because of this, Holmes was even more convinced that the young girl was a farce. Getting his hands on the birth records from around twenty years back in London proved to be a very tedious task because the records he found were either dated too far back, or too recent. Not to mention that he had to come up with a fatuous lie to get in only for fifteen minutes. To top it off, he didn't find anything on Éclair! After trying to decipher what he could from the court record on Éclair's profile, he was frustrated because all he could get was that she registered as a defense attorney about a year ago, her recent stunning accomplishments, and the fact that she was a very beautiful girl with dark brown hair and hooded, jade green eyes, a "duchess" nose, glossy thin lips, and a kite shaped face. Of course, what he saw was just an accurate, artistic representation of the real deal, but after all, it was just a *representation*. It probably gave her looks more credit than it should. Then, it hit him. "*Éclair*" is not an English surname! A name like "*Éclair*" is surely French! Holmes closed the record book he was currently looking in and smiled to himself.

"Now, all I have to do is look through the immigration records for the past few years! As I always say, when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever is left, however improbable, is the truth!" Holmes said proudly to himself.

26 November 1872 15:35

Claire placed her quill in its container after exhausting her remaining supply of ink on the details of Harry Heyran's case. Heyran's wife, Jodie Heyran, spent the past two hours describing her husband's arrest and all that she knew. Jodie had not visited her husband in the detention center yet, so Claire cannot fully trust the validity of the details she had heard, but she knew that this case was a big one, and that it could make or break her career. After all, she had never dealt with a *murder* case before, and she certainly did not want to acquit a murderer. Therefore, she cannot afford to slip up at all. Based on what Jodie told her so far, Claire can assess that the victim was killed due to blunt force trauma and that it *could* be possible for Heyran to be framed. She pressed her lips together, in thought, and said,

"If I'm going to take your case, I'm going to have to see the crime scene first, as well as talk to your husband."

"Yes... Yes! I can definitely take you!" Jodie exclaims and abruptly stands up.
30 minutes later...

"Honey, I brought you a lawyer! Everything will be okay now, I promise." Jodie Heyran said to her husband in the detention center before introducing Claire to him.

Claire stood in the back, taking in the recently familiar setting of the detention center. Gray walls, gray ceilings, gray everything. Security cameras pinned on all sides to ensure no escape, as well as rigid guards watching every move. She noticed a guard that she had seen for her past few cases eyeing her suspiciously, but Jodie suddenly waved her over.

"Ms. Éclair, this is my husband, Harry. Harry, this is the lawyer I told you about."

Harry Heyran was a short and scrawny man who looked very unsure of himself. He had a patch of ginger hair on his head, big ears, and crooked teeth. He didn't look like the type who would kill anyone, but then again, looks could be deceiving. Claire nodded at him and said,

"Claire Éclair. I'm here to ask you questions regarding what happened."

Heyran looked at Claire with uncertainty before looking back at his wife.

"She's my lawyer? B-But... she's a girl! She's not a world renowned lawyer, she can't get me out of this!" Heyran complained.

Claire pursed her lips distastefully, but she didn't move, nor make a sound. She waited for Jodie to reply.

"Dear, she's getting really popular these days! She's the only local lawyer around these streets of London who hasn't turned us down yet! Please, darling, give her a chance." Jodie begged.

"Hmph... only the best of the best could get me out of this mess... oh, why do I always have such rubbish luck?" Heyran whined.

"I can start to see why you've been turned down so much, Mr. Heyran." Claire stated, surprising the couple.

"O-Oh, Ms. Éclair, please! He didn't mean it! My husband has just been under a lot of stress and he... he doesn't know what he's saying!" Jodie pleaded.

"Okay. I'm going to have a one to one talk with Mr. Heyran and see how it goes. Ms. Heyran-"

"Jodie. You can call me Jodie."

"Okay, Jodie. Can you please step outside for a moment until we're done?"

"Y-Yes, Yes, of course." Jodie responded and quickly excused herself.

Claire pulled out a chair and sat down, facing Heyran directly. Heyran watched her skeptically and asked, "So... what do you want to know?"

"I visited the crime scene just fifteen minutes ago, and from what I can tell, the victim was waiting for his carriage to arrive when the culprit landed a cast iron kettle on the victim's head from a two story window. I haven't seen the autopsy report yet because I have no authority to yet, but I'm assuming death was instantaneous, or close to instantaneous. You got arrested because you live in that building where the kettle was dropped, correct?" Claire stated.

"That is... correct." Heyran responded, suddenly humble.

"May I ask why else were you arrested? Did you have any connection to the victim?" Claire asked a follow up question.

"He was... my best friend. He had just left my building after visiting."

"Where were you when this happened?"

"I was using the washroom at the time. I think it was about ten minutes after he left, and I was about to prepare lunch but decided to use the washroom first-"

"Was there anyone in the building with you?"

"There is one more family living on the same floor as us, but... I'm not sure if they were home at the time. I remember the front door was unlocked, so I suppose if they wanted to-"

"Would there be a reason for them to kill your best friend?"

"Ah... I'm not sure? I honestly don't even think they know him. We don't talk with each other."

"So where was your wife at the time?"

"She was out grocery shopping. She didn't know anything at all until she came back to see me get arrested."

Claire leaned back in her seat and crossed her arms, putting together the information she had just gathered. This case required some extra investigating, but it was... doable. *The question though, is if it's worth it.* Claire thought. She gave Heyran a once over, and felt a tiny bit of pity for him. She thought about how his wife is trying so hard for him and let out a sigh.

"Alright. If you don't have any objections, I will take you as my client."

"Well, it doesn't look like I have a choice." Heyran responded and started to get up.

Claire got up as well and said, "I'll do my part. You let them know and do yours."

Heyran nodded and turned to his guards. Claire pushed her chair in and headed out of the detention center, finding Jodie pacing outside. When Jodie saw Claire, she stopped pacing and rushed over to Claire, asking what her response was.

"I agreed to take his case; now please excuse me as I go fill out the paperwork. I'm going to start investigating right after." Claire stated directly.

"Oh, thank you, thank you so much! Ms. Éclair, I am indebted to you-" Jodie started, but Claire stopped her and said,

"Don't thank me yet. Wait until after I win."

26 November 1872 19:54

Sherlock Holmes had spent the whole day investigating Claire Éclair, and he felt as if he had a breakthrough after looking through the immigration records. According to what he found out, Éclair came to London three years ago from Versailles, France and settled down in London since then. Using that info, Holmes pieced together the information he got from the court records and can conclude that she passed the English bar exam with flying colors and became a licensed lawyer at the age of twenty. It's been two years since she started her career as a defense attorney, but what still puzzled Holmes was the sudden burst of activity. Holmes deduced that Éclair must have come from a wealthy family and therefore have some power which was why her information seems to be so scattered and hard to obtain. The question still remained, though. Why did she scatter her information and make it difficult to obtain? Holmes was determined to find all of it and find out the truth about this young maiden, and he *will* find it before the end of the week.

27 November 1872 10:00

"The victim, Jean Morhange, was killed with a cast iron kettle to the head, dropped from two stories high. He was waiting for a carriage after visiting the defendant when the defendant supposedly dropped the kettle from his kitchen window. The bottom of the cast iron kettle has blood on the bottom which matches that of the victim." The legendary prosecutor, Barok van Zieks, stated an overview of the case.

Claire had been searching hard for evidence for the past day and felt there were two other people who could have committed the crime. However, when she found out that van Zieks was the

prosecutor for the case, she was just a tiny bit fazed since that meant that this case would really define her career. Of course, the crowd would already be on the side of the prosecution since he was already so well known, not to mention that she was a woman and greatly looked down upon because of that. Nevertheless, she will fight, and she wasn't planning on losing.

"Prosecutor van Zieks, may I ask if the kettle belonged to the defendant?" Claire asked to make sure.

"Yes, the kettle belonged to the defendant and had his fingerprints all over the handle as well." van Zieks responded coldly.

"The defendant stated that he was in the washroom at the time of crime."

"Is there anyone to confirm the defendant's alibi?"

"..."

Claire suddenly found herself blanking out. She remained silent, which van Zieks took as a 'no'. He smirked and said, "Now, if there isn't anything else to say, let me call the first witness to the stand. I call forth Hermen Cobalt to the stand!"

27 November 1872 9:51

Holmes had found the medical record of Claire Éclair, and was in shock. Éclair has been to the hospital only once after birth, and that was because she tried to commit suicide by cutting vertical slits in her wrists. The fact that the slits were vertical meant that she really wanted to get herself killed. She was saved and sent into rehabilitation for six months. There were no reasons stated on the record as to why she would do such a thing, but it certainly has Sherlock Holmes even more intrigued. There was more to this mystery than he thought.

27 November 1872 10:35

Claire wasn't doing so well. The witness, Herman Cobalt, was next door to the Heyrans and admitted that he did not see Heyran drop the kettle with his own hands, but he did confirm that the kettle was dropped from Heyran's kitchen window and that Heyran was the only one in the room at the time. Claire cross-examined him and got some information, such as how long the victim was waiting outside before he was killed, but she felt that she was making little progress. Claire managed to raise the question of what Heyran's motive could be, and they played with that for a majority of the time until van Zieks said,

"The victim and the defendant have known each other for a long time. Both were actually not of this country until five years ago, so it could be a grudge from their early years."

"Why the wait, then? Let's say hypothetically, what you're saying is true. Why does he have to wait so many years and exactly at that moment in time to kill him? He could have had many other opportunities." Claire stated.

The trial went on with questions thrown back and forth between the defense and the prosecution, completely ignoring the witness. Finally, the prosecution asked the judge to prolong the trial for one more day because they needed to do more investigating. van Zieks believed that he could win the trial easily without having to do much investigating since he was up against a woman, but it turned out that she wasn't *too* shabby. He planned to end her tomorrow once and for all.

27 November 1872 12:33

Claire was distraught. The evidence she gathered was clearly not enough because it could not point to another suspect. Right away, she returned to the crime scene and went directly to

Heyran's residence. The door was unlocked, but there was police tape all over, trying to obstruct anyone from going in. Claire easily got through and directed her eyes at the exact spot where the kettle was dropped from. The room was dark, and the only light that came through was through that kitchen window. However, in the corner was a cupboard that looked big enough for a person to fit in. Suspicious, Claire carefully crossed over to the cupboard and with gloves on, she opened the cupboard. One side was completely empty while the other side was filled with shelves and canned food. She squinted at the empty side of the cupboard and noticed something peculiar. At the bottom was a pair of small footprints that can only belong to that of a woman. Claire quickly took a picture of the cupboard as well as the footprints in there, and moved on quickly to search for more clues. She had an idea of who the real culprit could be.

27 November 1872 17:20

Holmes has finally found it all. However, the evidence he found did not exactly make him happy. He had to dig deep into numerous amounts of records before finally having all the pieces, but the information was far from delightful. He started this investigation in hopes of proving Éclair to be a fraud, but he found something utterly different. He sipped his English tea as he recounted everything that he has learned. Claire Éclair was seventeen when the traumatic event happened to her. Vincent Armelle, her lover, was charged with treason and faced public execution in France. Convinced that Armelle was framed, Éclair filed numerous complaints and did her own investigation, only to find herself at a dead end for a year and almost succeeding in committing suicide. Her maid, Sophie Bellerose, saved her just in time. After Éclair was secured and rescued at the hospital, she was sent into rehabilitation for six months before coming to England and becoming a defense attorney. Éclair has only taken cases in which the defendant is innocent and the true culprit had tried to incriminate the defendant. After recounting all that he discovered, Holmes sighed. Éclair was in a trial against *the* Barok van Zieks and the trial was prolonged for another day. It was time to see once and for all how Éclair fared in court.

28 November 1872 10:15

After presenting the evidence she had found the day before, Claire managed to get Jodie Heyran on the stand. She didn't want to believe that Heyran's own wife would kill his best friend and try to frame him, but Claire could not take any chances. When called to the stand, Jodie looked around and said,

"Oh, my... why am I hear on the stand? I-I don't know anything..."

"Relax, Jodie. We're just trying to make sure here, so we're just going to ask you some questions." Claire stated and van Zieks did the usual protocol and asked her what she was doing at the time of the incident. During Jodie's testimony, Claire heard some things that just didn't add up so she objected to those statements and questioned Jodie further, then finally managed to bring up the footprints in the cupboard.

"Jodie, just to make sure, can you please show the court your shoes?" Claire asked.

"Th-That's a violation of privacy! I cannot-" She started.

"M'am, the court wishes to see your shoes. Please remove them and show the court." van Zieks demanded, clearly getting impatient.

Jodie reluctantly gave her shoes to the court and a quick analysis was done, only to reveal that the shoes matched the footprints in the cupboard exactly. That was when she started to get a little hysterical.

"Th-That doesn't mean anything! I remember now! I placed my shoes in there for a while as I was cleaning the kitchen so it must have left an imprint then!"

Suddenly, the defendant, Heyran, spoke up.

"Jodie... I took a picture of the cupboard the day before the incident while I was cleaning to show you the spider in the corner, and the footprints weren't there then."

Jodie let out a cry of irritation before taking a deep breath and smiling as if nothing happened. She said, "Well of course. The footprints ended up there when I stood inside the cupboard to try to get the spider!"

30 minutes later...

The trial seemed to last for decades as both the defense and prosecution was trying to squeeze answers out of Jodie Heyran. Just then, Harry Heyran spoke up.

"Jodie, where is the ring?"

"What ring, dear?" Jodie responded.

"Don't play dumb, Jodie. The ring that I was going to give to Jean."

When Jodie didn't say anything, Heyran spoke up.

"I just remembered. Jean came over to retrieve something that I had no use for anymore but he wanted because it technically belonged to him as well, but Jodie took it the day he came because she didn't want me to give it away. What did you do with the ring, Jodie?"

"Dear, you're making too big of a deal. I have it right here." Jodie responded and held up her left hand, revealing a blood red diamond ring on her ring finger.

The sight of the ring made Claire's eyes widen and filled her with sudden nausea. She couldn't quite put her finger on it, but her subconscious seemed to know exactly what that ring was.

"Your Honor, I'd like a complete analysis of the ring's origin." Claire stated without taking her eyes off the ring.

"Ms. Éclair, is that even relevant to this case? The ring can't-"

"Yes. It has to. Please, your Honor. I promise you we will make progress if we get the ring analyzed." Claire pleaded, feeling more and more desperate by the moment.

The judge noticed Claire's sudden change in behavior and looked at the prosecution for answers. The prosecution's face remained stoic and he shrugged.

"It shouldn't take too long. Have it analyzed right away and see where it brings us. However, Ms. Éclair, if this analysis brings us nowhere, it will decrease the grounds you have in this case." van Zieks warned.

5 minutes later...

"Oh, my! This ring... this ring is actually a lost heirloom of the Prime Minister of France! How... How... in the world did you get this ring?!" The judge exclaimed.

"It was a gift from my best friend, Jean Morhange. I had simply wanted him to have it back." Heyran stated.

"We also did a little more background check. It seems that the victim once worked as a servant in the Palace of Versailles, but suddenly disappeared from the country due to unknown circumstances. The defendant was also in France when the victim resided there, and disappeared from the country around the same time the victim did. Could it be that..." van Zieks stated.

Claire, however, could not hear them clearly. Suddenly, she felt as if she was underwater, and everything was an echo. Things that she had buried in her heart long ago started to surface again. *The heist five years ago... the Prime Minister's stolen heirloom... the execution... and all the dead ends. I couldn't find a trace of the real culprit because... because he fled the country. So all along... the person who really should have been executed is...*

She couldn't see anymore. Her vision was blurry and she couldn't feel anything from her surroundings anymore. All she could hear was vague voices underwater. Then, she remembered. It was convenient for the culprit to get away because there was an unwelcome visitor in the palace that day. He was nineteen years old and just wanted to see his girlfriend. He wasn't wealthy, so he wasn't welcome. It was as simple as that. That was why it was so easy for any kind of blame to be pinned on him, and it costed him his life.

Claire felt herself falling, and the last thing she heard was muffled shouting from all around her.

29 November 0:00

Claire woke up to find herself staring at a white tiled ceiling, inhaling the scent of disinfectant, hearing the sound of her heart rate constantly beeping on the heart monitor, feeling the thin bedsheets beneath her, and tasting the oxygen that is forcefully fed to her. It was dark. Even though four years have passed since she was in a similar environment, the surroundings she currently faced felt familiar to her. Using the free hand that didn't have an IV tube attached to it, Claire took off the oxygen mask from her face and murmured to herself, "So I'm back here once again...."

Suddenly, someone cleared his throat beside her and she abruptly realized that she was not alone. She felt, as well as heard her heartbeat jump and she scrambled to sit up. Next to Claire was a middle aged man, smoking from a smoke pipe and quietly observing her. Claire regained her composure quickly and glared at the man.

"Who are you?" She demanded immediately.

The man laughed and said, "Oh, pardon me for my bad manners! The name's Holmes. Sherlock Holmes."

Claire's cold stare did not waver. She was waiting for him to say more, but it appeared that he wanted her to say something instead.

"So what? What is your business with me, Holmes?" She asked.

Holmes, apparently shocked by her apathy towards him, was suddenly at a loss for words. Her unrelenting stare pierced through him and he cannot help but finally realize how powerful the woman in front of him was, even when she was hurting inside. He finally understood why she won all her cases just through her unrelenting gaze.

"It's hard for me to go about this, but..." Holmes started.

He took a deep breath and started to recount everything that he was doing for the past week. He watched as Claire's expression turned to that of an angry lioness to that of a wounded lioness trying to look strong in front of her cubs. After he was finished, she exclaimed,

"What you did was a violation of my privacy! I will sue you!"

"My dear, people have tried countless times before. It doesn't work." Holmes stated, only to anger her more.

"Get out of here. I will call the police if need be." She declared.

"Ms. Éclair, I'm sorry. I did all this because I didn't think a woman could really be winning court cases with her own power, but looking into you proved me wrong. You have no idea how hard I

tried to find evidence that you were a fraud. That's why I ended up finding out the truth about you, and to tell you the truth, I am honored to be in your presence right now. Learning about you has caused me to develop a strong respect for you, even though I haven't met you personally before and I can tell you that I would never say or think that during the beginning of this investigation." Holmes admitted.

Claire was silent for a while before saying, "I don't take flattery, Holmes. What do you really want?"

"You can think what you want, but what I said was one hundred percent true. But you are correct, I did not come here just to tell you that. I came here to ask you what your course of action is now."

"...What does that have to do with you?"

"My dear, the case is not solved yet; what you discovered is technically unrelated to the final outcome of the trial. It goes against my morals to leave a case unsolved, so I want to know here and now what you plan to do next."

"You can't seriously expect me to give you an answer now, can you? "

"I understand it's unfair to ask you that Ms. Éclair, but time is something that we don't have."

"Again, would you care to tell me how this is your business?"

"Ms. Éclair, my investigation has come this far, but so far it's just what I've pieced together from records and books. Now, I want to see with my own eyes who Claire Éclair really is and bring my investigation to a close."

Claire felt the sincerity of his words and sighed. Finally, she said to him,

"I do not know whether or not I can continue with this trial. The Claire that you have finally accepted may be no more." She turned away having said that and expected him to leave. However, Sherlock Holmes was a very persistent man who refused to leave until he got what he wanted.

"Ms. Éclair, the reason why you became a defense attorney was because you wanted to save innocent people from Vincent Armelle's fate, was it not?" Holmes asked.

"That is right." Claire answered.

"Well, this case right now isn't any different, is it? You believe that your client is innocent, right?"

"After finding out the truth of his past, he was never innocent to begin with." Claire spat.

"Ms. Éclair, where did your usual rationality go? He may have been the one truly responsible for the heist five years ago, but he did not murder Jean Morhange, correct?" Holmes stated.

"Well, who knows? The trial has not been decided yet."

"My dear, I have watched the trial today. You were marvelous up until the point you found out Heyran's background, but before that, all the evidence was pointing to Jodie Heyran, the wife of the defendant. Her testimony started to reveal her true colors."

"If I acquit Harry Heyran, I will be freeing the man who gave death to my beloved. I will be freeing the man that I have been in pursuit of for years, and almost committing suicide when I found nothing." Claire confessed, not really intending to say it, but that was what has been plaguing her mind the entire time after she discovered the truth.

"It must be hard, I know. I can definitely relate to finding nothing during an investigation and going crazy. In fact, I felt that way when I investigated you. You really knew how to hide your information. But Ms. Éclair, you've come so far. It would be a complete shame to give up now. I'm not asking you to forgive Heyran, but to distinguish between the punishment that he deserves, and the punishment that is not rightfully his. You can acquit him of this crime, but charge him for his

rightful crime. The pieces of the puzzle are all out on the table. It's up to you to piece them together, Ms. Éclair."

Claire thought about Holmes' words carefully. Technically, if Heyran got charged with murder, he's getting what he deserved because Vincent died because of Heyran's crime. But if Claire let Heyran take the blame for this murder, she'd be letting another murderer run free. If she acquitted Heyran for this crime and convicted him for the right crime from five years ago, she may finally find closure. Holmes was right. All the pieces of the puzzle are out, it's just up to her to piece them together and show the world the truth.

"I'm sure you know that this case is what's going to make or break your career. If you can get through this, your life as a defense attorney is set. If you choose to continue, I can tell you that from now on, I will gladly be your detective." Holmes declared.

He outstretched his hand, waiting for her final answer.

After what seemed like a long time, Claire, with a newfound resolve, shook his hand and said, "Okay. The trial will go on."