

Lane walks straight through the crowd almost pushing innocents out of the way. Straight to the bar, where Steve still sits. Lane takes a seat next to him. Steve laughs, “so...Micah, would you like to have another chat?”. “I would like to have another chat with you, but my name is not Micah. I’m not sure if just saying yes to that would tax me, so I want to be as clear as possible.” Lane replies slowly, thinking over each word. “Someone didn’t tell you about me did they?” Steve asks casually. Lane thinks for a moment, “the only way to answer 100% truthfully is to reveal by deal to him. I can’t do that. If I don’t respond is it still a lie? I can’t know if it works or not so I’ll just have to try it and hope”. Lane changes the conversation, “the truth is I’m a nobody. I don’t own a company, I don’t have any friends in high places. What I do have is God, and a plan. Now I can execute this plan because of my deal with Baal”. Steve puts down his drink and looks at Lane with a judgmental eye. “Don’t even try to move again, or else there might be some major consequences. My deal with Baal, it’s a very dangerous one.” Lane speaks slightly quicker and more confidently than before. Steve stares at Lane, waiting to see him gain a new tax.

When nothing happens Steve replies, “continue”. Lane smiles, “I want to make a deal with you. One I know you’re going to accept. If you agree to get me the highest job position you can, I will let you pretend to be my right hand man for the rest of the night.” Steve smirks but quickly hides it, remembering the threat of moving, “right hand man?”. “It will be quite the honor to be known as the guy who worked side by side with the future CEO. Soon I will be going back onto that stage and I will say that I am starting my own fundraiser tonight, and that anyone who signs on early will get to have their name plastered everywhere, plaques, speeches, newsletters. There will be some who want to grasp onto any sort of fame they can reach. That’s when you come in. I need you to gather information for me. Simple things like name, age, mother’s maiden name, occupation which includes position, and most importantly the yearly salary. You need to see if they lie on any of these questions, and if they are, use your deal with Baal to make them tell the truth. Lastly, make sure they are saying it out loud.” Lane explains quite casually. “Why would I ever accept this deal?” Steve asks bluntly. Lane nudges him on the arm with his elbow, “because I have faith in you. So do you agree to the deal I described earlier?” Lane asks. “Yes” Steve blurts out. “Very good. Let me give the speech and then we’ll get started” Lane explains as he starts to walk away.

“That could have gone wrong at any point” Lane thinks to himself while beginning to sweat. “Winston could have easily answered with “yes” or “no” and that entire plan would have fallen apart. Also if Steve called my bluff about not moving and just left I’d be out of options. I never outright said my deal can’t make him move, but I implied it and judging by how he checked me out and believed it, seems like vague comments get around his deal. I also wanted to get him to say his mother’s maiden name at the start by small talking with him, but being forced to only tell the truth makes it too hard to plan out what to say. While I don’t regret the two deals I made with Baal, they are both not as unbeatable as I thought they would be. Maybe after this, when I gain some more deals to use...” Lane stops just before the stairs to the stage to collect himself. He pats his face and then grabs his cross chain. He takes a deep breathe and whispers, “Lord, whenever I reach the top I will do good on your name”. With newly found courage he steps onto the stage.

“Hello everyone, you heard me donate earlier to an amazing cause, and I hope all of you out there have donated as well. I didn’t want to steal Leo’s thunder earlier. I am not donating under my name. I am actually donating on behalf of my non profit. Rose Water is the name, it was founded when I asked myself how come people in the middle of the road never get help. People who are rich and wealthy have so much help given to them by parents or relatives. While the poor are always the targets of non profits. I wanted to know who was out there ready to help those blue collar men, women, and children of them. Who has their back? Recently founded, but we already making a difference. Tonight