

## Master of Time Chapter 17 - Oxford Hotel

### Chapter 17: Oxford Hotel

The homeless people watch the scene plays out, not uttering a word. Each of them probably have died a dozen times or so, but only me and Halle would know.

She is forced to witness those she considers her friend and family killed in some of the most gruesome way imaginable, over and over again to the point of near insanity.

She will not able to look at them without recalling the tormenting memory.

That is a her punishment.

I suppose it is enough.

I could theoretically break her mind if I keep going, but what would that give me.

Nothing really. I rather not do thing pointlessly.

8

There is no enjoyment in massacring these defenceless people anymore.

2

"The thing you have stolen from me?"

I demand. It isn't about the money. It is the principle.

3

Halle shakenly hands my wallet over. How she managed to take it, is still beyond me. I believe she has help. I wonder who that second suspect is. The little girl is currently too young to be identified, but I think she might be an accomplice.

Probably the guy keeps bumping into me as well.

But one thing at a time.

1

I have a look inside my wallet, checking the photo of my daughter first. Antigone is sleeping peacefully back home, in her room. I just check the video feed.

All the identity cards come next. Remaking these isn't that difficult, but it is a pain, considering Hydra and Shield has to issue a new security card to all of their members and underlings.

When the cards are all there, I pocket the wallet and eye the woman.

I recall seeing her in John Wick Chapter 3.

4

Halle was quite a good actress. She probably is, in this new timeline.

I also faintly remember her role in the X-men franchise. I think she plays one of the mutants in the first few movies.

1

Selene confirms my memory.

Halle plays the mutant Storm.

Since Terra Entertainment requires a slave actress to star in all my movies, I suppose she will do. I will grab a few more actor and actresses later.

I already have a few in mind.

"I think you still owe me \$2000 dollar. Where is it?"

I ask. The money means nothing to me.

"I... I..."

Halle mutters and leers briefly at the homeless people. She has used some of it to buy something for everyone. It isn't much, but it would fill their stomach tonight.

The rest are divided amongst the accomplices.

Halle didn't know their names, so I didn't press the matter.

"Regardless. It is not your money to spend. I will have you pay it back to me in full one way or another. Come with me."

I turn around and begin walking.

Halle has no choice but to follow. She tells her friends and family to not worry. She will not be gone long.

I call for a taxi and tell her to get inside.

"Where are we going...?"

Halle asks once I get into the taxi with her.

"Oxford Hotel."

I answer her and telling the taxi driver simultaneously.

Oxford Hotel is a five stars hotel located in Beverly Hills area.

It is also the most expensive hotel ever built, costing billions of dollar. Only the wealthiest stays there during their leisure or business visit to Los Angeles. This is because the hotel offers everything a person might need, from escorts to entertainments.

Even assassination contract is not off the table, according to some inside sources. As long as one has the money, the hotel can provide.

2

The room at the hotel is not cheap. A single standard room on the lower level still costs an upward of \$10,000 a single night. Sound a lot, but a chump change to many.

Many business men have spend millions at the hotel during their visit to Hollywood.

Henry Oxford has been very busy building his business empire while taking care of Chrono Holdings and its subsidiaries.

I didn't say that he couldn't, but I did warn him sternly that his companies should never ever go against me and the cause. If he did, I will not hesitate to destroy his company.

The drive to the hotel is very relaxing.

No one talks through the whole time.

Halley keeps on fidgeting her fingers, preparing herself restlessly while the driver keeps looking at her in the rear-view mirror. This is because of her ragged clothes and messy hair.

She is a homeless person after all. She hasn't taken a bath in a while.

I pay the taxi and tip him handsomely when we reach the front of the hotel. The people there look at the both of us strangely.

This is because no one really go to the hotel by taxi. They all have their own limousine or one will be provided to them by the hotel.

"Sir. Tourists are not allowed to take pictures here."

I look at the doorman before paying attention to Halle. The young woman just stare at the hotel, trying to see the top. It is one of the tallest building in Los Angeles, reaching over a hundred floors.

"Sir! Please leave or I will be force to remove you from the premises."

The doorman continues.

"I am not a tourist. I am here on business. Please don't lag behind, Halle."

I tell her and begin heading inside.

The doorman immediately tries to stop me by placing a firm hand on my shoulder. For his effort, he gets the best shock of his life – literally.

The receptionist is worst. She pays no attention to me since I do not look like any wealthy person she had ever seen.

She takes one look at Halle and the distain expression on her face couldn't be removed.

"I am sorry, but you are not allow here. Security!"

I place a stack of cash onto the counter, right in front of the woman.

It is all I have left on me. I could get more from the ATM in the lobby, but that machine wouldn't have the necessary funding to rent the penthouse.

I suppose I should call Henry, but I want to know what this woman is thinking.

"And why not, Miss Jasmine? We are paying customers, so why can't we be here?"

Jasmine looks at the stack before snickering. It isn't even enough for a single night in a standard room. At most, it could only be a few hours. Since that is the case, she believes that I am here for that.

While that is true, I am here for other stuffs as well.

"You may, but she can't. I am sorry, but I will have to ask her to leave."

Jasmine tells me and call for security. Shield Security personnel immediate arrives.

"Is that so? Is it because the way she dresses or is it because she is black?"

I question. Everyone nearby peaks their head and take a look at me and Halle.

"I don't have to answer that. Please evict these two from the premise. They are causing troubles."

Jasmine requests.

People from Shield Security approaches me as I turn to look at them. The moment they saw my face, they becomes incredibly pale. They obviously know who I am since all Shield members are part of my organizations.

"Right. Evict me. I won't resist. Come on, go ahead."