

Master of Time Chapter 18 - No Remorse

Chapter 18: No Remorse

The people from Shield Security is in a dilemma.

They couldn't actually evict me from the building regardless of whatever I say.

That is insubordination.

They also couldn't reveal my identity without my permission.

I decide to give them a way out since the awkwardness of the situation is getting annoying.

I also didn't have any time to waste.

Ironic, considering I have absolute control over the aspect of time itself.

"When there are two oppositions to a conflict. Just remove one and everything will be solved. Did you guys not trained for this?"

At my word, the men nod in understanding.

To be a member of Shield Security, they all have to go through basically hellish training. In return, they and their family never have to worry about money again.

The men swiftly head around the front counter and grab Jasmine instead.

They have made the right choice – the only choice, really.

"Wait? What... what are you doing!? Why are you evicting me? Don't you know who I am!?"

Blood seems to drain from her face when she was grabbed by security. She attempts to resist them as they pull her off her seat and drag her out from behind the counter.

She is then being dragged out of the hotel forcefully.

The men and women who are relaxing in the lavishly decorated lobby take note of the scene and begin to whisper amongst themselves.

The main topic is who I am.

I am obviously not an ordinary person.

"Geeze. You have no clue, do you? If I am just any one from the street, do you really think I would walk into an Oxford hotel and cause a problem? At least think before you say something stupid and insult me and my guest. I will see how you like it being homeless and discriminate against for the rest of your life."

I comment as Jasmine is dragged pass by me.

Halle is speechless, watching the scene.

She couldn't get her head around who or what I am.

Having a supernatural power is one thing, but what I say seems to be absolute law.

No one goes against me. No one dares to.

"Let me go! I said let me go! Call the manager! Someone call the manager!"

Jasmine screams. It appears that she knows the manager.

That is interesting. I am curious.

"Alright. Stop. Can someone please go and get the manager like she has very vocally requested. I really want to see whether this manager has the ability to change my mind."

The servicemen and attendants hesitate at my request, not knowing what to do. There has never been a situation like this since the inception of the hotel more than a decade ago.

In addition, everything is very strict and orderly in the hotel. This is due to the status of some of the customers regularly stay at the hotel.

Even so, customers are not above the established hierarchy.

"You jest, Mr. Maxwell."

A voice speak up from the elevator. A man in his thirties steps forward with an refine air of confidence and strength.

A stylized shield emblem is pin on his chest, telling me that he is one of the higher ranking members of Shield.

"Manager! Manager!"

Jasmine calls out, but the man ignore her completely.

Instead, he gives me a light bow and introduce himself as hotel manager as well as the head of security of the building.

[Richard Cromwell, born August 12, 1958. Head of Shield Security, Hollywood Division. Acting Manager of Oxford Hotel.]

I acknowledge the information provided by Selene and examine the man. His footsteps is very silent, showing his combat experience. He could probably take on an assault team and win.

Well, he has to be in order to be head of a Shield division.

Shield operates out of the hotel on lower floors. It is one of their branch in Hollywood.

This mean unless you are preparing to die and fight your way through an army of highly trained men, it is better to not cause any trouble in the building.

Even the Shield emblem is visibly displayed on the building front to ward off troubles.

"I would not dare to go against your wishes. That would be going against Mr. Oxford himself. You don't need to get your hands dirty when dealing with such a nuisance. Please. Allow me to take care of this for you. I will carry out the appropriate punishment personally."

The man announces. He takes a glance at Jasmine before telling the men to take her away.

Jasmine seems to have lost her voice and will, silently being dragged away.

Once Jasmine is gone, Richard pays attention to Halle.

"Ah. This must be Miss Halle Maria Berry. It is a pleasure to meet such a lady. Please. Come with me and I will take you to your room."

Halle has never been called a lady before. It isn't a compliment or anything of the sort. The man is very forwards in addressing her.

"Mr. Maxwell. Would you please?"

Richard gestures towards the elevator.

"Alright. But I am not paying for the stay on account of what happen."

I acknowledge and grab the stash of cash off the counter.

It is mine after all.

"Of course. We apologize deeply for the cause of the delay. Please stay in the hotel for as long as you like. All services are available to you with no extra charges."

That is more like it.

I enter the elevator, followed by Halle and Richard.

The elevator takes us directly to the 100th floor without ever stopping.

This is the highest floor in the hotel on the surface.

There actually is a 101st floor before the rooftop, but that floor is reserved for a special kind of meeting.

The elevator opens directly into the luxury penthouse itself. Brilliant lights wash over me and everyone in my company.

Halle gapes as she steps into the room. She has never been to a hotel, let alone one so prestige.

"Please enjoy your private time together Mr. Maxwell and Miss. Berry. If you need anything, just give the receptionist a call. She will be very happy to help you."

With that, Richard heads back downstairs in the elevator.

It takes him all the way to the basement on the 4th underground level, just below all the carparks.

His face lost its charming and cheerful expression as the elevator opens.

Richard follows the corridor to a small interrogation room, where a young woman is sitting in a chair.

Jasmine has been crying for the last ten minutes despite no one did anything to her.

There is no need to since she already knows the hidden nature of this hotel.

Under all its glamour and charm lies an unrelenting darkness.

"Please Richard. I will disappear. I will be gone. No one will heard of me. I swear. I swear. Just let me go. No one will know. No one."

Jasmine pleads.

Richard looks at her without any expression for a long agonizing minute.

"Did you know? I would be the one sitting in that chair right now if I didn't speak up. Honestly, Jasmine. You almost drag me down with you. I have turn a blind eye to all your off the table dealings because I really enjoy that sexy body of yours, but you piss off someone you shouldn't have."

Richard states and shakes his head.

"All that money you have saved up in your bank account and unable to use it. I suppose I will donate all of it to charity in your name. It is probably the only good thing you ever did. At least some children will remember you for it."

Richard continues as a man brought in surgical equipments.

"No. No. Richard. Please. I will do anything. I will do anything."

Richard examines the equipment. He pick up the syringe with a greenish liquids.

A snake biting its tail in an infinity symbol is imprinted on the syringe.

The liquid within is a very fast acting neural toxin. It is capable of destroy every brain cells in a person within mere seconds.

This is the only mercy he could give. At least she will not suffer all her life.

"Mr. Maxwell does not forget and he does not forgive."