

Master of Time 19

Chapter 19 - Pleasurable Night

Richard informs me that Jasmine has been taken care of.

I suppose it is sufficient to have her killed and her organs donated to a hospital.

The neural toxin designed by Infinite Health Corporation does not linger in the body for more than a couple of minutes after the said person has become braindead.

Is it crueller than what I have in mind for her?

That is debatable.

With my punishment, Jasmine might learn something and become a better person in the future.

Now, she is dead.

And she didn't really learn anything.

She also didn't suffer.

I guess the universe somehow balances itself out, huh.

In any case, I won't be losing any sleep over this.

I never had.

As for the assets Jasmine has acc.u.mulated over the years, they will be liquidated and donated to charity.

I didn't know about the assets beforehand, but I did expect something of the sort.

Being a receptionist to one of the most prestigious hotel in the world has its benefits.

I actually don't mind people being greedy.

But taking bribes and embezzling funds in my organization is a no go.

Richard should have known.

Shield Intelligence does the financing and auditing for Oxford Enterprise and all of its subsidiaries, such as Oxford Hotel. Anything out of the ordinary will be reported to human operators.

Since Richard is the manager of the hotel, he should have received the report from Shield.

And Shield is never wrong, at least in such matters.

I didn't need to question Richard about this. He admits that he did turn a blind eye to the whole matter when he gives me his report.

The amount embezzled isn't much. It is only a few millions of dollar. A drop in the ocean since Chrono Holdings deals with billions and trillions.

Richard did use his own money to balance the sheet to prevent alarms from being triggered.

In other word, Jasmine is actually stealing from him and not the company itself.

Furthermore, it is not Chrono Holdings that is being stolen from. It is Oxford Enterprise, so it is up to Henry to pursue the matter and chastise the man.

As for bribe given to her by the countless customers to the hotel – I don't give a shit about that.

It has nothing to do with me and my organization.

But enough about Jasmine. I have already waste too much time on her.

I would have let the whole matter go if it wasn't for the smug on her face.

That smug just pisses me off.

It is not only being disrespectful to me and those in my company, but it is also insulting.

I also didn't like the blatant racisms against Halle Berry, who is my guest.

Honestly, I don't mind racism in general.

The 1st ranking Hydra General is super racist to everyone who is not American, but he does not let his hatred for other countries affect his work.

That is how it should be.

Don't let your opinion and personal matters affect company policy!

I guess Jasmine is too busy f.u.c.k.i.n.g Richard to attend that training seminar.

Well, what they do in their own time is not my business.

My business is building an Entertainment Empire that will last a thousand years.

It is the whole point that I am here in the 1990.

Halle Berry changes into a beauty once she has a nice shower. The dirt and dust painting her face and caking her hair are no longer present after a very long time in the bathroom.

Halle tries to stay in the bathroom for as long as possible, but eventually, she has to come out.

Halle is wearing nothing but a towel when she comes out of the bathroom. It wraps around her body, covering everything from her perky c.h.e.s.t to her knees.

The worn out clothing she has been wearing for many years is now in the very expensive incinerator down in the bas.e.m.e.nt of the hotel.

Her new clothing are available in the wardrobe located in the bedroom.

"Change into something nice. I want to see some skins, huh?"

I tell Halle before returning to watching the city beyond the glass panel.

There are four glass panel in the penthouse, one on each side of the room, giving a perfect 360 degree view of the city below. It also gives the feeling that the room is not constricted by walls.

Hollywood does not sleep like New York City. Soothing light illuminates every corner of the city when night falls. The sight is quite beautiful from high above, but there is someone far more beautiful in my company.

Once Halle Berry comes out of the bedroom, wearing a satin nightgown, barely covering her c.h.e.s.t and her smooth t.h.i.g.hs, the light in the room begins to dim.

Faint melody is also started playing, giving a sense of romanticism.

"Come and sit with me, my dear Halle Berry. I want to talk to you about a few important stuffs before we get down to pleasurable business, hmm...."

I request and pat the spot on the couch next to me.

Halle hesitantly sits down. Her hands between her legs, covering herself.

It is somewhat cute.

With a snap, the floor in front of the couch opens up, letting out a glass table with some refreshment on top.

Beneath the table is fill with glasses and chilled champagnes.

"So, Miss Halle Berry. I believe I have never introduce myself."

I begin as I pour the strongest alcohol available into two large glasses.

I hand Halle one and then lean back against the couch, looking completely relaxed.

I suppose that she has never enjoy champagne before.

Those cheap stuffs on the street couldn't compare. Drinking them makes you go blind, honestly.

"My name is Maximilien Maxwell. Most people call me Mr. Maxwell. My friends just call me Max. You can call me Max. I am in the business of making stars. I own a company downtown in Hollywood. You might or might not have heard of it. Terra Entertainment."

I take a sip of my drink.

The alcohol fills my parch throat and enters my stomach. It then gets absorbed into my body before being eliminated by the nanites roaming in my bloodstream.

I honestly couldn't get drunk, but I did enjoy the taste of alcohol.

I wait for Halle to drink from her own glass before continue to speak.

She downs the whole glass instead of taking a sip like me before coughing.

I chuckle and refill her glass.

Halle obviously didn't want to drink anymore and just want to get everything over with. The sooner the better in her mind.

But I will have none of that. I tap her glass with my own afterward and enjoy the taste of alcohol on my tongue.

Halle, on the other hand, coughs some more.

I refill her glass until she literally couldn't drink anymore.

It takes about 7 glass for her to get drunk. It is quite impressive to be honest.

Despite her dark skin tone, her face is flush completely with red.

"Can we... hic... can we f.u.c.k already? You want... want this, don't you? I think... I'm going... to barf. I... ugh."

Halle questions, trying to hold onto her stomach content. The fear is stronger than her instinct at the moment. Throwing up in front of me is very disrespectful.

She knows that despite her head is swimming in alcohol.

"Hah. I knew it that I will like you. How about working for me? I can make you a movie star. One of the best. You will never have to worry about anything ever again."

Of course, Halle couldn't answer.

She just throws up instead.