

## **Master of Time 31**

### Chapter 31 Loose Ends

Rebecca drives off once she gets her confirmation. It takes quite a lot of persuasion on her part to be allowed to report the exclusive news personally.

One the highway, she hits a roadblock – literally.

The roadwork crew tells each car to take a detour to the right.

The detour leads to a long-winded road, adding at least 10 minutes to her travel time. Since she is now boxed in by the car behind her, she has no choice but to follow that road.

When it is finally her turn, the construction workers tell her to wait.

They spend the next 10 minutes or so to chat and laugh amongst themselves. This delay has caused a lot of cursing by the driver in the cars behind her.

Rebecca is also getting very upset. She needs to get to the Television Station as soon as possible. She honks her car once her patience has gotten thin.

One of the workers looks towards her before approaching her car in a rather casual manner. He knocks on the window, requesting to speak to her.

"What is it? Can I go yet?"

Rebecca asks after lowering the window slightly – just enough to speak through it unhindered.

She didn't like the ways the construction worker is looking at her. Despite her attractiveness, it wasn't the look of perversion. It is a look of a predator, staring down at an unescapable prey.

His gaze makes her incredible uncomfortable.

"Alright. Miss Abarbanel. You can go now. Please drive safety. We wouldn't want you have an accident, would we?"

The worker then shouts at his co-workers to allow her to go through.

Once they did, Rebecca speeds off to get away as quickly as possible. She looks back through the rear-view mirror, finding all the construction workers looking towards her direction.

It was then that she realizes the man had just said her name.

Her heart races as checks the nametag pins to her ample chest.

She exhales deeply, believing the man must have gotten her name off the tag. She immediately throws the tag to the backseat before looking ahead at the road.

Rebecca follows the lonely road, taking note that there is no car in front or behind her.

In fact, it is eerily silence – dreadfully silence.

She steps onto the pedal, speeding up in order to get pass this section of the road. As soon as she sees something red and blue blinking ahead, she immediately steps onto the brake.

Her car rapidly drops its speed to under the legal limit, but it was already too late.

"Shit!"

Rebecca curses when the highway patrol cop orders her to park her car along the side the road with a pointed hand gesture.

The cop and his partner then continue talking to another driver, who appears to also be speeding like her. She couldn't see who the man is because one of the cops has obscured the view.

"I didn't expect my kid could hit the ball that far. He got a freaking homerun all by himself. True, it was a really a good game. But since I lost the bet, I had to take him to the circus along with his friends. Lost all my pay that day to a bunch of kids."

The cop laughs. He is talking about his son and the baseball game last weekend.

His partner also shares something about his family, especially about his estranged wife who has taken his daughter with her. He wants to use Shield Surveillance Network to find his wife and daughter, but it would fall under personal use.

He is asking for my permission, but I suggest he put in an official request with Shield itself. If it doesn't hinder any thing important, it should be fine.

I listen to each of their stories, learning all the people who are working under me have a life of their own outside of work.

Honestly, everyone does, but their life is insignificant in the grand scheme of things – just like a certain girl.

After reading through her history, I know that she is trying very hard to succeed in life – just like most people in America. Sadly, she is unlucky enough to come across something she should not have.

Speaking of which, Rebecca is trying to get one of the cop's attention. She has been waiting in her car for the last 15 minutes.

"Let's get this over with. I have to return home to my daughter, and so do you two."

I tell the men. They nod in understanding and head towards the woman. They are not impersonating highway patrols. They are highway patrols.

"I'm so sorry, officers, but I am in a hurry, so can you please give me a ticket and let me be on my way?"

Rebecca pleads once the Hydra sleeper agents investigate the car the window. They needed to make sure the evidence is still in her possession, visually.

"Do not worry Miss Abarbanel. You will be on your way soon enough. Can you please step out of the car for a minute please?"

Rebecca blinks. She cocks her head over and see her name tags lying facedown in the backseat. There is no way they could have known her name – unless... they are not who they claim to be.

She immediately steps on the pedal, causing the engine to roar loudly.

However, her car remains in the same spot, unmoving.

"It looks like she is trying to run. I guess I lost the bet. Damn. I am completely broke this week."

One of the men comments before knocking on the window by the driver's seat.

"Do you not know that is a felony? Can you please step out of the car, Miss Abarbanel? We will not ask you again. Oh. Please bring that folder with you when you do."

It takes a while for the woman to step out of her car, right after she turn on a handheld voice recorder and hide it on her person.

She did try to call 911 on her phone, but there was no service.

Once Rebecca is standing outside her car, she notices that there is a silver disk locking itself onto each of the wheel of her car.

Not being a scientist or an engineer herself, Rebecca obviously couldn't explain what those metallic disks do exactly. Even so, she understands they prevent her escape with her car.

"You work for Henry Oxford, aren't you? It's a crime to impersonate police officers."

Rebecca speaks up when the folder was forcefully taken from her hand.

"They are police officers, Miss Abarbanel. And you are wrong about one important thing. They do not work for Henry Oxford. They work for me. In fact, even Henry also works for me."

I answer and look through the folder when it is handed to me. The folder contains just a mission report, but some stuffs about Shield and Hydra is mentioned within the report.

James is thorough in his report, stating his assessment in a very lengthy essay.

It is a tragedy that he is no longer with us.

Oh well, I suppose.

"You! You're Maximilien Maxwell!"

Rebecca gasps. She finally recognizes my face.

"Oh, you know my name? I know yours too, Rebecca Abarbanel, born October 11, 1967 to Martha and Issac Abarbanel."

I proceed to read the summarization of her entire history while looking through the pages inside the folder. Once I finish checking the folder, I close it and look directly at her.

Rebecca is speechless. Even all the kinky stuffs that she did way back in high school with her boyfriend was known to me.

"So, tell me, Miss Rebecca Abarbanel. I am very, very curious. After you have told the American people about what you think of my relationship to Henry Oxford is, what do you plan to do next? Will you try to unmask the multi-billion dollars corporation called Shield or to reveal the secret organization known as Hydra, which – if you haven't guessed it already – has been killing thousands of noisy people like you for the last 4 decades."

Rebecca flinches. Terror fills her eyes as her mind fully comprehends the sheer scope of her situation.

Her life is in great danger.

She immediately tries to run, but the two men grab her and press her onto the ground.

"Wait. Wait. Please don't kill me. Please don't kill me! I don't know anything, I swear. I swear. I really don't know anything. You must believe me! It's all Emily. Emily! It's her. She. She is the one who knows everything!"

Rebecca cries. She is just an ordinary woman, so there is no way she could break free.

"You didn't really think this through, did you? Do you honestly believe that you can just keep on doing what you are doing after you piss off some of the most powerful men in America?"

I exhale deeply.

"This is what is wrong with everyone now and in the future. Always thinking of short-term gains rather than what should we gain instead. No wonder we end up killing each other to the point of extinction."

The folder burst into flames within my hand. There is no need to send the report to Shield since I have recorded it completely just a second ago. I drop the burning pile onto the asphalt.

Rebecca stares in shock as the folder reduces to ash on the ground in front of her.

"You will join Emily Walter soon enough. You can continue your little competition in the afterlife. Oh, you can keep that little audio recorder of yours. It hasn't really record anything the whole time if you want to know."

One of the men takes out a syringe and injects into her neck.

"No. No. Please stop. Please stop. I beg of you! I beg of you!"

Rebecca calls out tearfully, but her pleas fall completely on deaf ears.

Once the serum takes hold of her body and destroys her nerve cells, the men pull her off the ground and drag her to her car. They put her back into the driver's seat and even put on her seatbelt.

They return to their patrol cars afterwards and head off, leaving me and Rebecca behind.

I open the door to the passenger's side and get into the seat.

"It will be over soon, Miss Abarbanel. Completely painless, I promise. It is like entering a dream that you will never wake up from."

I grab her hands and place them onto the steering wheel.

Her muscles are completely stiffened thanks to the destruction of her nerve cells, allowing me to mold her body and limbs into whatever position I like.

"Please. Please. I... I will do anything you want. Just please don't kill me."

Rebecca pleads weakly. It does take enormous strength and willpower to speak with your entire body paralyzed. She will lose her ability to speak soon.

"Really? Well, in that case, can you please die for me? I will accompany you to the end, if it makes you feel any better."

I responses as I move her legs into correct position.

Her right foot presses down the accelerator, forcing the car to roar loudly.

"No, no, no, please... someone help me... someone... someone..."

Rebecca utters when I lean back against my seat and snap my finger. The silver discs eject themselves from the wheel, allowing the car to shoot forwards instantly.

"I'm on the highway to hell, on the highway to hell. Highway to hell. I'm on a highway to hell."

I sing and steady the steering wheel with one hand, making sure the car races down the lonely road in a straight line.

There is no car for many miles.

I have made sure of that.

"It has been fun knowing you Miss Rebecca, but loose ends must be taken care of. If it means anything to you, I am truly sorry that it must be this way."

I tell the frightful woman as a sharp bend is approaching at an incredible speed.

I am truly sadistic, wishing to see the dreadful expression of those that knows they are about to die.

With a smile on my face, I vanish from my seat as the car crashes through the safety rail and plunges into the deep below. Only terrified scream accompanies the roaring engine of a doom vehicle.

A huge fireball erupts afterwards, leaving a burning wreckage behind.