

Master of Time 32

Chapter 32 Frozen World

There are many more loose ends beside Rebecca Abarbanel. Anyone who has come into contact with the mission report will be assessed and determined for security risk.

Not all of them requires immediate termination, but a large number of people do.

Even the person that Rebecca had talked to over the phone is considered for termination.

Loose ends must always be taken care of, regardless.

Leaving just one to roam around will cause unwarranted future incidents, directly or indirectly.

This is cruel, but necessary.

[Anthony Adams, born June 28, 1955 – Terminated, Vehicular Incident on 7 February 1990 at standard local time 8:20]

[Camille Drew, born March 11, 1966 – Terminated, Vehicular Incident on 7 February 1990 at standard local time 8:31]

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[Elliot Wilson, born December 7, 1968 – Terminated, Anaphylaxis on 8 February 1990 at standard local time 19:55]

...

[Nick Brandstetter, born April 3, 1953 – Terminated, Homicide on 9 February 1990 at standard local time 21:04]

[Tom Jester Brown, born August 9, 1961 – Terminated, Suicide on 9 February 1990 at standard local time 07:15]

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More than a couple dozen of people are terminated over the course of next few weeks, using different kind of methods.

Hydra does spice things up to make it more interesting, but most are killed through car accidents. It is the easiest and cheapest.

It can also be used to kill a lot of people together.

As for the people who have worked at the television station with Emily and Rebecca and came in direct contact with the mission report, they are invited to an all-expense paid business trip to Mexico.

This is to prevent multiple suspicious deaths.

Their bus never made it to its destination.

Their charred bodies are identified a week later by families and friends.

This is one of the biggest mass executions since the inception of Hydra four decades earlier, aside from being involved in actual wars of course.

It does make me wonder who is really at fault in the end.

If I must think about it, I believe the fault lies with James.

His mission report has implicated so many people.

James should have been prepared for the eventuality of his death. Using his example, Shield personnel is no longer allowed to bring any kind of report or classified information home.

This would have never been a problem in Hydra. All Hydra personnel basically lives on base with their families. Even their kids are Hydra agents, and they would be trained as such.

Once all the loose ends are tied, I can return my attention back to Terra Entertainments. I have many ideas I need to check and confirm. A quick jump into the future will give me all I need to know.

However, I didn't expect some loose ends to be interminable.

Interminable – is that the right word?

I mean those loose ends cannot be terminated due to special status or privilege. At least not without an expressed permission from me and only me.

Who you might asked?

Well –

"Please, Miss Oxford would like a moment of your time."

The butler gestures me into a limousine. This is the first time I am on the receiving end of the generous invitation.

It is rather interesting.

"Take care of the baby stroller while I have a chat with your mistress. It was a gift to me from a friend, so it is priceless."

I tell the man before embracing Antigone.

Jimmy has brought Antigone that stroller, so what I had just said is true.

My daughter has no idea what is going on but decides to go along with it without a fuzz. She did have a wonderful breakfast just a few minutes ago.

When I enter the limousine with my baby daughter in my arms, I am greeted with a splitting image of Marilyn Monroe. I swear I had thought she was her mother for a second.

"You must be Marian Monroe Oxford. What can I do for you?"

I address the woman, who is sitting opposite of me in the rather spacious limousine. She has this aura of superiority about her. She was raised to be the heiress of a multi-billion dollars empire after all.

If it wasn't for the brilliant scheme of her oldest brother, Harry Oxford, she would be the current CEO of Chrono Holdings.

Marian scans me up and down, trying to determine my worth.

From the way I usually conducted myself and to the way how I dressed, I am probably worth as much as a penny on the street in her eyes – basically nothing.

"What is your relationship to my father?"

Marian gets to the point immediately. She didn't understand why her father would associate himself with someone like me.

More than that, her father also funded the massive company called Terra Entertainment and gave me complete ownership.

This information is not common knowledge, but Marian is very resourceful. She must be in order to wrestle controls from her brothers and sisters.

Being children to an Oxford empire is not easy.

"Henry? I think you should ask your father that. You will be pleasantly surprised to learn the truth."

I answer while rocking Antigone. The baby giggles joyfully.

It is probably time to introduce Henry's children to the hidden world.

I think Henry already told his first-born son, Harry Oxford since the man is currently the CEO of Chrono Holdings.

If Harry didn't know about me or the massive organizations backing Chrono Holdings, it would be very disastrous for him to run the corporation in place of his father.

"Henry? You call my father Henry?"

Marian questions and pays attention to Antigone. She narrows her eyes at my daughter. My daughter stares back unflinchingly.

"Yes. He is someone close to me. You could say that I know him all of my life."

I answer and cover Antigone's eyes to play peekaboo.

I also don't want my daughter staring at one of the most vicious businesswomen to ever exist. She might learn something that I don't want her to learn.

"I see. Would you like something to drink?"

Marian offers.

The compartment housed inside the side door opens, revealing all manners of beverage.

I would have picked one if I didn't know she is trying to get my saliva to analysis. Marian really believes that the allegations about me being a love child of her father.

"Sorry, but I don't think I will, Miss Oxford. If you want to know who I am, you should go and ask your father directly. If that is all, I will take my leave. I have a multi-million dollars company to run. It might not be much right now, but I think it will be as great if not greater than Oxford Enterprise in the future."

Marian laughs.

"A bastard child like you? I suppose anyone can dream, even that black trash from the street."

I narrow my eyes at her.

Marian is referring to Halle Berry. Since she is blood and flesh of one of my closest confident, I suppose I will give her some leniency. If it was anyone else, they would have break them in half for even thinking about insulting me and my associates.

I think I understand why racism is still strong in America. It is probably related to Henry. His business empire and connection inevitably produce the same-like mindedness.

It didn't help that all the major corporations in America is owned and controlled by the white majority.

"Thank you for your time, Miss Oxford. I hope the next time is more pleasant."

I answer and left the limousine with my daughter.

I swear that the more I talk to the woman, the more I want to put her on a skewer. She is like Ambrosia, magnified by about a hundred times.

The butler returns the stroller, so I could tuck my daughter back in. I check for the musical shaker toy in the stroller before shaking it in front of Antigone.

Antigone coos and takes the shaker into her tiny hands. She plays with the toy while I continue towards my company.

Marian watches me from the limousine until I am no longer in view. She left after that since she does have a company to run. She will talk to her father about my true nature when she has time.

"So, Henry, my friend. I have a little chat with your eldest daughter, Marian. She is such a nice person. She is so nice that I want to apply a restraining order against her effective immediately. Can you please do that for me and my daughter?"

I tell Henry once I am in my office. He apologizes sincerely for that. He didn't expect his eldest daughter to do something of the sort.

"I know you are a busy man, but please keep your family in check. I do not want you to bury some of your children because you are too busy to be there and educate them properly. Ah, also, what is this I hear about you fathering some bastards?"

I question as his profile appears in front of my eyes. His family tree is expanded, showing me the insane number of branches. He has been a very, very naughty boy.

"There are times that I am unable to stop myself, Mr. Maxwell. You will understand when you are my age."

Henry explains. He feels so old.

Although Henry is about 62 this year, he feels more like 90 years old due to the amount of time he has spent building a business empire. He has more money than he could spend in a hundred of lifetime or so, but he refuses to retire.

I feel somewhat sorry for the man, who give his entire life for my cause. I call Infinite Health afterwards and tell them to speed up their schedule.

The rest of the day and week, I make sure all my projects in in order.

When Monday comes around, I plan to attend some the auditions, especially the audition for Sleepless in Seattle. The main actor and actress have not been determined yet unlike the other two movies.

Monday comes quickly when you are a very busy person. There are only so many hours in a day.

I drop by the restaurant with my daughter to have breakfast before heading to my company like usual.

It has become pretty much my daily routine.

Antigone plays her shaker toy as I push the stroller across the street, singing a lovely song for her.

My mind blank out for a couple of seconds as sharp pains pierces through my entire body. My vision swims as I look to my side and try to move my arm and leg.

My legs are not following my command. They are completely broken.

[Operator is in Critical Condition. Please remain completely still for Repair]

People rush towards me, shouting and screaming.

I roll to my side, trying to ignore the intense pain all over my body. The nanites try to stop the massive internal bleeding to the best of their ability.

Bloods clogs up in my throat, forcing me to cough them out.

[Operator is in Critical Condition. Please remain completely still for Repair]

"Oh my God! He got hit by a car. Someone calls 911!"

"What about the baby. Is the baby okay!?"

"How could the driver speeds away like that!"

I groan and focus my vision.

The stroller is on its side.

A shaker toy lays silently away from an unmoving tiny hand.

Everyone who stands around the trolley gasps in horror.

[Operator is in Critical Condition. Please remain completely still for Repair]

Many people hug each other for comfort as I struggle towards the stroller.

I need to know.

[Operator is in Critical Condition. Please remain completely still for Repair]

I push the crushed stroller away with all my strength to see my daughter or what is left of her.

The blood image burns into my memory.

[Operator is in Critical Condition. Please remain completely still for Repair]

"Antigone!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

I hammer the ground as unquenchable fury explodes within me.

My power surge forth, erupt outwards like a tidal wave.

And the world comes to a complete standstill.

The entire universe has frozen.

Time has stop.