

Master of Time 34

Chapter 34 Dinner Served

Marian Monroe Oxford is very annoyed.

Nothing has been going her way since her elder brother, Harry Oxford takes control of Chrono Holdings and all its subsidiaries, especially Chrono Reserves.

The funding she has requested from Chrono Reserves in order to keep her company afloat was denied shortly after.

This must have been Harry's doing.

Once more, her brother has stood in her way.

If it wasn't for him, revealing to her father about all the falsified quarterly reports she has painstakingly crafted for appearance, she would have been sitting in his chair as the CEO to one of the most powerful corporations on the planet – Chrono Holdings.

With the near unlimited funding at her disposal, everything would fall perfectly into place. All of failed projects, bad investments and misgivings will be buried completely.

Now, after losing millions of dollar investing in what appears to be obsolete display technology due to the unveiling of an LCD screen by Intel, Crisis System and Qualcomm, she has to find a way to gather some funding, quickly.

It is harder said than done. Most of her revenue streams have dried up. She will have to sell her shares in Oxford Enterprise if this keeps up.

There is no other way.

If her technology and communication company goes under, she will be finished.

There will be no more room for her to stand in the business world or in her family. Her younger sisters and brothers have all outshined her, proving to her father that they are more capable than she is. This has allowed them to gain important corporate positions that should have been hers.

"Damn them! Damn them all. Everyone of them, trying to take what is rightfully mine."

Marian curses angrily, revealing her true viciousness under that absolute stunning appearance she has inherited from her mother.

Thanks to her beautiful looks and a powerful background, many suitors have asked for her hands, but she has refused them all.

They worth absolutely nothing in her eyes. Their family businesses and companies are puny compared to the empire her father has built within his lifetime.

Her empire one day!

Marrying those spoon-fed morons will not help her battle against her siblings in anyway.

Her father likes to pit her and her siblings against each other to see which one is capable of inheriting his fortune and running his business after he is gone.

So far, Marian has fared the worst. Actually worse than the worst.

Her father no longer believe anything she says after being lied to so many times.

But regardless of whatever happened, she is still the heiress to Oxford Enterprise! Her mother will not allowed her to receive nothing once her father dies.

She is her mother's favourite after all.

Despite being the heiress apparent, she has to scavenge for scrap to get by now days, without any real chance to redeem herself.

Even that new bastard child and his daughter has been given chance to shine in Hollywood.

Terra Entertainment is bleeding money, yet her father didn't bother to bat a single eye when she had brought it up. He didn't seem to care that the entertainment company is burning millions of dollar a day, trying to do god knows what.

In fact, her father tells her in no small amount of words to not brother with anything related to Terra Entertainment or he will legally disown her.

Her mind blanks out afterwards, not remembering what her father had said after.

All Marian could think then is how her father, Henry Oxford loves his bastard child and his grandchild more than her, his true flesh and blood.

"Let's see if this will put him into an early grave."

Marian tells herself with a smile as the limousine continues towards her estate.

If there is one weakness that her father has, it is his unconditional love for all of his children, including those bastards he has fathered over the years behind her mother's back.

Her mother may have forgiven her father for his transgression again and again because she loves him dearly, but Marian does not.

If it wasn't for her father legitimizing all his bastards out of some misguided responsibilities, she would not be in her current predicament.

Many of those bastards have died under very unusual circumstance, but they are like cockroaches. No matter how many she gets rid off, more will appears, stripping away whatever remains of her fortune and inheritance.

"Harry... big brother, please don't blame this little sister of yours. If it wasn't for you, father wouldn't never have turn his back against me."

Marian whispers to herself softly.

There is a hint of sentiment in her eyes.

She is still undecided to act on her desire to kill her brother. As he was born from the same mother as her, he is the only brother she truly accepts.

The others are all usurpers.

They will meet their ends eventually.

Marian picks up the phone and dials a number. This person has always gotten the job done. The man should have complete the task she assigned him this morning.

As the phone begins to ring, an incoming truck caught in the corner of her eyes.

She immediately looks out the one-way window just a second before everything inside the limousine goes airborne, including her.

The heavy tanker crashes into the side of her limousine at an incredible speed and sends the armour vehicle disguised as a limousine tumbling across the road and crashing into a store.

Marian is disorientated with bumps and bruises, but otherwise unharmed.

She didn't know how she manages to survive a T-bone collision with a truck, but it looks like her father cares for her more than she realizes.

The limousine is built like a tank.

Its reinforced carbon-steel chassis can withstands an incredible amount of pressure before buckling.

The crash didn't even dent the compartment she is in. She is relatively safe.

Her driver isn't so lucky, however.

He is dead, lying on the road after being thrown out of the vehicle.

The phone finally connects and a voice speaks through it clearly.

"Hello, Miss Oxford. I'm so sorry that Austin or was it Brandon can't come to the phone right now on the account that his face has melted off his skull. Anyway, I thought I should return the favour for what happen this morning. Please don't think any worst of me because I unable to do same for you."

Anger could barely be contained in the voice.

"That means you are comparable to a piece of shit in my eyes. No, probably less than that. Didn't your father teaches you anything about fair play? Hmm? Don't worry, this is just an appetizer. I have much more in mind for someone like you. Now, please enjoy the barbeque. I know I will."

With that, the unmanned tanker vehicle turns around and speed towards the limousine.

It crashes into the turn-over limousine, slamming it and sandwiching it to the wall as Marian screams in utter terror.

She is thrown around in the compartment as the steel frames buckle due to the intense impact.

Before Marian could re-orientate herself, the truck explodes, turning the store into an raging inferno fuelled by a full tank of high octane gases.

The temperature increases sharply.

"Help me! Someone help me!"

Marian tries to call for help, but no one could save her due to the intense flames. They couldn't even hear her due to the secondary explosions.

Her phone is out of service despite being right smack in the middle of town.

Seeing there is no other choice, Marian wraps her hands in whatever wet cloths she can find in order to try and open the door before the heat becomes too unbearable.

However, due to the impact, the doors are welded shut due to the bending of the metal frames.

She hammers the window next with whatever she could find in the compartment, finding the window is highly resistance to damage.

In fact, anything short of a sniper round won't be able to penetrate the tinted window.

Marian screams for help as sweats waterfall down her face and body.

She strips off all her clothes to create a spot to stand.

Anything metal inside the compartment is starting to glow brightly due to the heat, dangerous to come into contact with.

It is like an extreme sauna.

Smokes are unable to enter the sealed compartment, but the heat certainly could. It has reaches an unbearable point. Anymore would be deadly.

"Help! Help me! Please help! Please... help! Please... help!"

As Marian tries desperately in vain to be saved, her skin singes, causing painful boils and blisters.

Her trademark golden blonde hairs bursts into flames, torching her head. She rolls around to put them out, only further cooking herself on the heated walls.

Marian screams in excruciating pain as she being roasted alive inside the compartment. The armoured frame and bullet-resistant windows not only protected her but they also serve to prevent her escape, instrumental to her death.

It is poetic.

By the time the fire departments put out the inferno and break into the compartment, Marian is well cooked.

If only this is end for her.