

Master of Time 35

Chapter 35 The Audition

It should have been a very pleasant Monday morning, returning back to work after a rather uneventful weekend.

I planned to bring my daughter to see the casting audition for *Sleepless in Seattle*, right after a healthy breakfast at our favourite restaurant.

Obviously, I didn't expect to be ran over by a speeding car and then have to hunt down and punish all those who are responsible.

Do I really look like I have the spare time to go out of my ways and torture people to death?

Don't answer that!

Honestly, if everyone just leave me the fuck alone, I will leave them be.

But after what happened in the morning, if I did nothing, it will not stop.

And it will looks really bad on me for not retaliating or rectifying the problem.

Unfortunately, killing someone as high profile as Marian Oxford does its fair share of problems.

I wasn't even subtle about it either.

Crashing a tanker truck into her limousine and then proceeding to roasting her alive – that isn't subtle.

It also isn't what I have in mind for her punishment.

Running me over is one thing. Having my daughter killed is another.

I couldn't let that go. A thousand deaths wouldn't have been enough.

Roasting the bitch alive is just an appetizer. I have even told her so before I have a made-shift human barbeque. What I have in mind is far more appropriate for someone like her.

I need her to be dead for now. People causes a lot less problem for me when they are no longer alive.

Death is a merciful release, giving me some peace of mind.

My anger has not fully subsided. I could feel it boiling up in me, amplifying my power to unimaginable level. I feel like I could accidently destroy the world in my current state.

Freezing the Earth in orbit around the sun for about a minute should do the job. Hell, just stopping the rotation of the planet core would do it. Without anything to protect the human race from solar winds and radiations, we are as good as dead.

Perhaps I should call this feeling an intoxication.

I need to calm down before I could do anything further. Seeing my daughter's unmoving corpse in my arms really unhinge me. I wish to never see something like that again.

Strange that I have no problem of watching horrifying things being done to those that have no relation to me. I even partake in the action if I am in the mood.

I suppose when I care about someone, I am unable to stop myself from feeling something for them – like empathy. I guess I am human after all.

It is one of the reasons I prefer to see everyone as an asset rather than a person. Less complication in the future when I have to put them down for whatever reason.

I didn't bother to return the calls and messages from Henry.

The man has been trying to contact me in any way he could ever since I have his oldest daughter killed in a very public manner.

I suppose I should owe him an apology for that.

And Henry also owes me an apology in return. His works have been getting very sloppy lately. I don't want to have to pick up after the people who are working for me.

It is perhaps time to put him down – I mean let him retire.

I don't kill people who are no longer useful to me.

If I did that, nobody will work for me anymore. It also doesn't instill loyalty when they know that they are going to be executed the moment they become useless.

His access to Shield and Hydra needs to be revoked.

Although Henry can still be my friend, he will not have the authorization to order those organizations to do whatever he needs, within reason of course.

How do you think Jimmy and his buddy Johnson gotten rid of their rival crime lords with such deadly efficiency? It takes an army to stop a Hydra Death Squad.

I let out a sigh and pick up the phone once I take my seat in the audition.

A lot of people are here in the audition for one reason or another, but none of them seems to bother me for longer than necessary, mostly curious about Antigone.

They likely do not know who I really am. If they do, they wouldn't dare to bother me after noticing my grim expression.

"Henry. If this is about your daughter, Marian Oxford, I did what I needed to do. I have warn you about this. Be grateful that I have left her body relatively intact, so you can have a proper funeral. If you are still ignorance about what she did, have a look at the video I uploaded to the network. It is what would have happened if I have not taken a precaution."

"I am aware, Mr. Maxwell. I owe you a deep and sincere apology. I am unable to bring myself to punish my daughter. No matter what she did, she is still my daughter. As a father, you must understand. I will not ask you for forgiveness. All I ask is for a chance to talk to her one last time."

Henry requests.

I could feel the heavy weariness in his voice. I suppose I could accept this request of his before I actually send his daughter to hell.

She also needs to understand what a terrible error she has made in her misunderstandings. Ignorance is bliss, but being ignorance does not excuse her actions.

The bitch plans to kill a fucking baby for god's fucking sake.

Even I am not that evil.

And it isn't the first time she have done such a thing.

Henry should have known this if he truly cares for all of his children, bastards or not. A single question to Shield will reveal everything he needs to know.

Hell, Shield should have informed him the moment one of his kids die in questionable circumstance. It is more likely that he chooses to ignore the blatant truth.

"You will get your chance when I calm down, Henry. This is not an order, but I suggest you retire from your position. If your first born son is up to it, transfer the ring to him and initiate him into the fold. I thank you for all of your hard work over the years, but I think it is time for you to be with your wife."

I response and hang up the phone. I let out a sigh and pat my daughter on the head, gently.

Antigone is not in her stroller. She is sitting on my laps, bouncing up and down.

My daughter is very excited as she constantly points at the stage, where a few women are waiting for the audition.

They are the first batch of people to go first.

I recognize a few of them, such as Naomi Watts, Sandra Bullocks, Sharon Stone, Meg Ryan, Rita Wilson and so on.

Seeing that it is all females on the stage, I guess they are looking for the heroine first.

Or they have already decided who the main hero is going to be.

There are dozens of people sitting in the front row, just before the stage.

Those people are the director, coordinators, team leaders and managers for the movie. They have the power to cast the actors and actresses.

Immediately behind them are the production and filming crew, who do have some say in the whole process thanks to my suggestion.

This isn't like a standard audition by any mean.

Usually an audition is done in a close room with a few people – where a great chance of casting couch happening.

I will not have that in my production.

If they want to fuck, do it in their own time, not using the chance to be in the movie as leverage.

I have warn the people working for me about this kind of practice.

Having a lot of people to put in their vote also prevent something like that from happening. Of course, to make it fair, the vote from production and filming crew doesn't have as much persuading power as the higher ups.

As I don't need to put in my opinion and vote since I am not an expert in this field, I sit in the back with other actors and actresses, who are waiting for their turn.

It takes a full ten minutes before the show starts.

By then, almost all the seats around me are filled.

I suppose the marketing team did a really good job to informing everyone about the audition.

Sandra Bullocks goes first, reciting her line and expressing her emotion.

She is incredible, as expected of someone I will contract personally.

Even Antigone cheers for Sandra in her own way. At least I have thought so since the girl doesn't have good hands coordination yet.

"The words just roll off her tongue. I can totally feel it."

"Yeah. She is really good."

"Wow, she's good. Too bad, she doesn't have the look."

"What you mean? She is perfect for the role from what I could tell."

"I heard this whole audition is just a sham. The actor and actress has already been chosen. We are just wasting our time here."

"What do you mean? I haven't heard anything about this."

"Shush. I have a friend in management. He has told me that the director or producer already taken a liking to Sharon Stone, so he will vote for her. His vote is the one that matters. As for the actor, I don't know, but I think it is Tom Hanks."

"No shit. Damn. My agents tell me to come here and try my luck."

"Me too. Well, I guess it is just practice then. The more exposure the more chance we get, right?"

"Hey pipe down back there!"

The discussion amongst the actors, actresses and agents interest me.

To think someone actually tries to go behind my back even though I have expressed my intolerance for such practice.

"I'm sorry, Miss Sandra Bullock, is it? We are looking for some with more mature features. Please take a seat while I discuss this with my colleagues."

The director speaks up, causing some dissatisfaction amongst the people in the second row. They love her acting. And they believe she has just the right looks.

It seems that there are some truths to what I had just heard.

I will investigate after the audition is over since I don't want to ruin the mood just yet.

He will be made an example of if it is true.

I will not tolerate anyone who disregards my warning.

Antigone didn't like verdict either. She throws her toy onto the floor to express her dissatisfaction.

The toy rolls under the seat to the front.

"Ah, sorry. Can you pick that up for me? My daughter has dropped it."

A young woman in her early twenties pick it up and hand it over to me.

She smiles at Antigone before returning to the front again. She is reciting her line even though she has done it so many times.

"Interesting. To think so many actresses on my list are here."

I mutter as I hand the toy to Antigone.

Once I did that, I lean forwards and whisper softly, just enough for the woman to hear.

"Miss Aniston. If you like, I can give you a starring role in one of my other productions. I just need you to do something for me."

I lean back afterwards and give the woman a charming smile as she cocks her head around.

She looks at me for a second before returning her attention to the front. It seems like she didn't believe what I had just said – probably on account of my appearance.

"Please don't bother me."