Mark Jefferson-like character

He’s an entrepreneur, a maverick who keeps to himself despite all the glamor and fame that the world seems to appropriate towards him. He’s on the later end of his forties but no one could honestly guess that from looking at him. He keeps a casual yet intricate external look to him, always in dress pants, black shoes and formal shirts with a jacket over himself. He never appears to be stressed, in bad state and from what the magazines report, a charmer with the young ladies who can’t stop fawning over him, or so the media portrays him to be.

He's the owner of multiple franchise businesses that at first were nothing but brick and mortar stores that were struggling and rundown. It was early in his age that he decided for himself to make a name for himself by working on his parents music store that focused on launching new artists and helping them along their careers in hope of success, yet this venture of them was a failure, a disaster that led to breakage of his family and left him torn between his passion and his blood. He chose his passion and forgot all about his family by leaving overseas to learn and grow alongside different cultures with the hopes of seeing what is it that works, what are the commonalities between all successful businesses across the world. Was it the service, the quality of the product, the employees or perhaps all those factors combined into one single thing that showcased what the owner strived to offer?

He never really discovered this as years after voyaging in his search he returned to America, to his home where his parents were now dead. He was devastated by the shocking news of their death, more so as it had become apparent that his mother, who died years after his father never bothered to inform Jefferson. He wasn’t wanted anymore, he was ungrateful for all the hard work and love that they gave him and how did he repay them? By abandoning them when they needed him the most. In an event almost comical if not for the grief that he was engulfed in, he discovered a scratch ticket on his room. When he was small his mother often bought him these tickets and would take a picture of him as he scratched it off. He didn’t win prizes most of the time, but when he did the smile on his face was always captured and these were plastered on the fridge.

Now as an adult it seems that his mother still longed for him as the ticket alongside a camera were placed together over his bed. He took the camera and set it to record himself as he scratched the ticket. To his surprise, he had won a prize. A prize of one hundred million dollars.

But his expression wasn’t one of joy but of anger, of misery and hatred towards the god that decided to punish him further for his sins.

In grief and with sadness he still managed to redeem the ticket and began to make what his parents had always dreamed of. He created a label where he would take undiscovered artists and give them a chance, he began a foundation for artists who never made it big, for those who were too old to keep following their passion. He also donated thousands of dollars towards schools to increase, improve or keep their artistic programs for this was a passion that he le not for himself anymore, that had died the moment his parents died, but for his father and mother who continue to live in the souls of every artist that has a burning desire to make music, to make art for the pleasure of creating.

This was Jefferson when he was young.

Jefferson is the CEO and founder of a non-profit organization that asks for donations from the public and uses celebrities and other companies to gain support from society. He has foregone all other ambitions, all other ventures that he held so dear to his heart, and if not for himself to honor his parents whose death caused him great grief even years after. He no longer cares for the arts, the creativity that it is able to make or the messages, words and ideologies that could be represented with.

Jefferson-like character is now devoid of all the passions he once had, the reason being that he came to the realization that nothing in life matters. Art doesn’t matter, love isn’t forever and life itself is but an insignificant speck in the grand scale of the planet, the solar system, galaxies and the universe. He no longer concerns himself with baseless emotions for one day they will be gone alongside the people and things that create them.

The musical endeavors that he created to honor his parents sold-off for a million dollars margin profit, his early charity organizations disbanded as his priorities had begun to drift away with life losing its meaning. For years he lived a life where only emptiness and solitude circled around him, many time the thought to end it came to his mind but he couldn’t muster the courage to accept that reality that his time on earth was nothing, when for him it was everything that mattered and that will only matter and yet it didn’t, or so he kept telling himself.

He was a young, rich, handsome man who after repeated nights at nightclubs had more than a handful of girls latching onto his, at the time sullen, moody aura where the night often led to a wall with the two of them pressed together in his/her apartment. He noticed that a pattern that he began to test out with them where he ordered them around, told them to do things and slowly these sexual acts began to take form of an addiction to S&M where he enjoyed the opportunity to force women to do whatever it is he wished. Seeing the people, not necessarily women, do his bidding, his wants, needs and desires that he didn’t know he wanted.

But soon this became boring, it was dull for his senses that soon became accustomed to them, another aspect of his life that once was full of excitement, of the elixir of the human spirit was now nothing more but another activity that was part of his daily routine.

After much thinking over what life meant for him and realizing that it was actually nothing but a way to kill time until he couldn’t anymore he had another thought, a reminder, premonition or maybe a message from a god if there existed one that everyone has a purpose in life, or rather something that they enjoyed doing more than anything. At that moment, he could only come up with one thing after thinking over everything that he had experienced in life up until that point.

He liked to dominate people.

He liked knowing that he had power over others, to be able to tell someone else no matter how low or high their position was, or do something that they didn’t want to, and still do it either because he was paying them, forcing or threatening them in any sort of way. Jefferson enjoyed having people at the palm of his hands.

With time and money on his side he made it his life’s passion to gain control over other people, much more powerful individuals, groups of people, families and corporations than himself. He did this through private investigators, planting evidence, affairs that would destroy families and ruin relationships. He gathered enough evidence to fully trap these people and force them to cooperate for his own benefit. He knew this wasn’t a viable tactic as once his requests were done said actions of his would have major repercussions, that is why he never allowed them to happen. Affairs were made public and relationships as he had envisioned became so muddy and broken that his part was often overlooked or so far away from their immediate attention that Jefferson knew as long as he steered clear of their path everything would be fine. But again, this way of living would sooner rather than later come back to haunt him if not kill him.

And so, he began a new enterprise that he could use as a façade for his actions and one that could help increase his financial status since his spending hadn’t stopped since he won the lottery. Granted, he wasn’t a big spender nor did he need to spend on frivolous things as many millionaires did, he didn’t want to be one of those stories where lottery winners become homeless or end up in worse states than how they were before winning the lottery.

He created a foundation to help countries and groups of people who had been victims of natural disasters or other forms of crisis. He had experience with this as he had created one beforehand when life was rosy and sunny, but this would be on a much bigger scale and he would need more people to join his side if he wanted to remain anonymous or as much as he could. He wanted representatives, other members to take the blame for his actions if the day ever came and he wanted to own them. He wanted to incriminate them and force them to do his bidding otherwise he would steamroll their reputations and/or their lives by any means necessary because as he knew, money is what made the world go around and money he had plenty.

With time he slowly but surely expanded his organization. At first, he knew that he needed to earn people’s trust so he did help people, he sent loads of resources and supplies to regions that had been devastated by tsunamis, tornadoes, fires, shootings and even to war zones where innocent people kept getting killed. He personally attended each and everyone one of these to gain the trust he so desperately needed, and this he did and earned.

TV outlets reported his enormous help, how big his heart must be for helping when no one else would and how despite the hardships he himself has endured in life he wants to help others for that same reason, to alleviate some of that pain in any way that he can.

After months and years of cultivating this image of saint among the community worldwide celebrities began to approach him, news reports, book deals and magazine spots etc. wanted to be involved with his herculean efforts for the well-being of humanity. And as planned, he agreed to all of them. Then corporations wanted to get in on the massive goodwill that he was generating and he began to take contributions and sponsorships. Once one came through all the others came nonstop until the single leading organization needed board members to help through all the tasks required, the decisions that needed to be thought, analyzed and acted upon.

At first many parties were interested, but he saw that many of these candidates were actually attempting to fix the world, to follow the cause he so dishonestly repeated at every chance. He did not want this, he wanted others like him who just wanted to take advantage of the benefits he was generating, of the goodwill of the people and who had no light in their hearts. He wanted people that he could control, that had something to hide and easily blackmailed. The bigger the individual the bigger the fall is. He wanted big figures, staples of industries but they have to be young because young people were stupid, as he once was young and stupid. He wanted weak minded individuals who would bring no fight to their arguments and idiotic beings who didn’t think things through.

With time he gathered six other members and he felt good, great actually as he now had in his control six people who could lose everything if he wanted. He would fall of course, but he didn’t mind that, even prison was better than a boring life he’d thought.

Everything was perfect, that is until he became aware of Girl A and Girl B’s plans to reveal the underhanded methods that his organization was involved in and the illegal actions of all seven corporate members who acted as beings without flaws when Jefferson himself chose them for being deviants, stupid, rich spoiled brats who had done terrible things and still didn’t care for the consequences, smart people who thought couldn’t be fooled.

So, he made the suggestion to Nathan that killing them would be the best choice. Nathan brought this up at a meeting and at first everyone was hesitant, but Victoria and Rachel being as smart as they were fully understood and were aware that this news was given by Jefferson and the implication that it had on everyone.

Nathan and Warren were all for killing the two girls investigating them. Some didn’t give a reason why but they all said yes nonetheless. Those who were quiet didn’t want to but feared the repercussions that could come for them while others went along with it through peer pressure alone.

The plan was to send two personal assistants of Jefferson to leak information to them and then to agree to on-person conversations. It was then that the two would be killed.

But then a third party became aware of this and approached the party of two, she decided to join them and without saying a word the two killers agreed with a single nod to dispose of her on their way to kill Girl A and Girl B.