

## Master of Time 106

### Chapter 106 Probable Future

Sandra Bullock is found in the living room.

She stands by a large window, taking in the peaceful view of the front yard. Flowers and roses of many colors dot the garden and surround the cozy house.

I approach her quietly from behind and then wrap my arms around her body gently, giving her a loving embrace. She is one of my selected actresses after all, and more than that, she is currently my wife.

Therefore, I should act like a husband, especially when we appear to be newly wed due to our current age.

I didn't introduce Sandra as my wife to the real estate agency.

In actual fact, I merely mention to the agency that I will be paying them a visit with a partner. A partner could mean a lot of things, and it isn't really my fault that Lexi just jumps to conclusion when Sandra and I first met in her in her office.

Honestly, I didn't recall Lexi asking for our names when she first introduced herself to us as our agent.

Lexi went straight to business before we could clarify some finer details. That was kind of rude, but I suppose she didn't think much of us at the time.

We are merely her meal ticket like pretty much everyone else in the world. This is because to normal people, her ability could be considered godlike. And I am sure that if she continues to use her ability, someone else aside me will take interest.

It won't end pretty for her in such a case. I am actually the lenience one since I did put her back in one piece after I am done.

Even after all that had happened, Lexi still didn't think much of Sandra. She knows that Sandra is not her biological mother even if I had addressed Sandra as my wife repeatedly.

In her mind, her biological mother must be someone special like me.

Lexi desperately wants to be special, and because of that, my rejection is very devastating.

Although I do admit that Lexi is special because she is the next step in human evolution like Allison is, but she is not important enough for me to warrant any more thought.

I have already acquired what I needed. A bit more researches and I will know how to disable her ability permanently. Can't have her running around and mind controlling everyone anymore.

Furthermore, I think Lexi is better off without her ability. It will teach her some valuable lessons in life. And if for nothing else, she will be able to live into her 80s instead of dying young.

Since Sandra is very pleased with being addressed as Mrs. Maxwell, I didn't correct the misconception. I just go along with it because there are great benefits to be had.

I have learned that when a woman is happy, she will make me happy.

Then we both can be happy, usually in bed together.

"What are you thinking, honey?"

I ask softly while scanning the yard beyond the glass window. There are no ghosts or anything of the sort, haunting this place. It is just natural beauty.

And as far as I am aware, this house is as normal as any other house in the suburb. It is fairly close to Hollywood as well as the company, so it is a perfect home for Sandra... and maybe me.

I will definitely drop by regularly if Sandra allows it.

"The future, Max. I wonder where will I be in a year, a decade time? Who will I be with?"

Sandra answers and cocks her head around. She smiles lightly before nestling her head on my shoulder blades. Knowing that she will forever be alone and die alone really unhinge her. She desperately wants someone to love her and for her to love in return.

"The future is always changing, Sandra, but I promise I will still be here, as your support, in a year from now, in a decade from now, in a century from now. You will never have to be alone unless you wish it to be so."

I response and tighten my embrace, but not so tight that I am hurting her. I know my own strength. It is inhuman, capable of shattering reinforced concrete. Of course, I have it under restrain most of the tie since I don't want to break thing and people unintentionally.

"As my support... is that all, Mr. Maxwell?"

Sandra questions and shakes her head a little. Her hair brushes against my neck and face, allowing me to take in the pleasant smell of the shampoo she uses.

The shampoo is provided by the Oxford Hotel, just like anything she needed.

"Yes, and perhaps more if you desire it so, but please understand who I am, Miss Bullock. I am not just a man. I am much, much more than that. Therefore, I cannot settle down and be just a man, a family man like you have desired so much."

I response. My embrace loosens until my arms are no longer around her. Sandra turns around as I give her a smile and take a few steps backwards, creating a gap between us.

"But regardless, I can give you a future, a happy future to the best of my ability. But sadly, that future does not belong only to you. You will have to share it with many others, as they will share it with you in return."

My hand lifts upwards, and my palms spreads out in front of her.

"It is your choice, Miss Bullock. Here I stand, a certain future with me by your side or an uncertain one with just you and another, perhaps happier, but I do not know for sure at the moment."

Sandra narrows her eyes and then shakes her head.

"It has never been my choice, Max. It never is, not since I first met you at that audition. Although it is not directly your fault for what had happened, it is still your fault, isn't it? And I will make sure you pay for it for the rest of my life."

Sandra takes my hands and closes the distance before continuing speaking.

"Don't you mean to say: for the rest of your life?"

I question. I didn't tell her about my mastery over time in any details, but it is fairly easy to figure out after witnessing what I can do. Undoing time and resurrecting the dead imply my immortality.

"I don't think anyone can outlive you, Maximilien Maxwell. And I don't think you will let me or anyone choose no matter what. It is simply who you are, deep down inside. Everything and everyone must be within your control, and if they are not, you will seek to control them at any cost. Isn't that right?"

Sandra rests upon my chest once more, hearing my heartbeat.

Is she psychoanalyzing me?

I do not seek to control everyone. Just everyone important to the grand plan. Otherwise, it would take too much time, not to mention the pointlessness of it all.

"But as long as you make time for me, I am happy. It is all I can really hope for, isn't it? That is the only real choice I have. The only choice that I have. If that is the only choice, I will choose it willingly rather than be manipulated into it. But promise me that I will always have a place in your heart."

Sandra requests as she closes her eyes. She does understand her current position, and she did have a lot of time to think about everything that had happened.

I smile and wrap my arms around her again. I do like people who are smart and can see more than just the surface.

"I promise, Sandra Bullock. You will always have a place in my heart regardless of whatever happen. I will be by your side, now and until the end of time."

Sandra didn't response. She remains resting on my chest, listening to my rhythmic heartbeat. It is quite peaceful to her. I am at ease as well.

"Tell me more about the future? My future, Max. The future that I choose."

Sandra requests when we both are finally relaxing on a couch.

"How about I show you it, Sandra?"

I answer with a question of my own. Before she could response a temporal bubble manifests in front of us.

While I mainly use the bubble to peer into the past and steal thing from the past, it can be used to see the future, but as the future is constantly changing, it is very difficult to pinpoint relevant things unless I am there in person. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

Sandra stares unblinkingly at the temporal bubble, seeing several children running around in the same living room as she is currently in. She is there too – an older version of her. More mature and far more refined. Her hair is much longer, darkened.

I dub that Sandra, Future-Sandra to differentiate from the Sandra of now.

"Mum! Mum! Dad just tell us that he will take us to Venus to see Elise again! Can we go, mum? Please, can we go?"

Her young daughter calls out. The girl's eyes glimmer with hopes.

"Yeah, can we? I want to see the elves again. Their magic is awesome! Also, I want to go hunting with them again!"

The boy adds. The youngest of the three children didn't speak up and let her two older siblings do all the work for her. Her eyes, however, show that she too wants to go the Venus.

Future-Sandra smiles at her children and tells them that they will all go to Venus, together. The three children are super excited. They also ask if they can take other step brothers and sisters as well.

Although Sandra is unsure of what her children are talking about, she is tearfully moved as she watch the scene plays out in the bubble. The future is not set in stone, but it is the most probable future. She has children, her own children, and she can guess who their father.

"Heh... well, here is the thing, Sandra. Once you know the future, the future has already been changed, so it isn't going to be like that, honestly."

I point out and dissipate the temporal bubble. It is not actually a good thing to keep looking into the future, wishing for it to happen instead of actually working towards it. I make sure Sandra understands this.

Honestly, I didn't know about the Venus part, although I did have a thought of dumping the dark elves there, once I have finished terraforming the planet. But this only happens if there is no suitable planet in Azula universe.

"Are you saying that we won't have any children, Mr. Maxwell?"

Sandra questions. Her eyes glare at me. If staring could kill, I think I might be dead.

"No. I didn't mean that part. We definitely will. A dozen or so."

I response hastily. What the hell did I just say to someone who desperately wants to have children and start a family? Eh!? Shit. Time to reverse time?

"A dozen, huh?"

Sandra walks her finger up my legs all the way to junior. Her gaze remains unbroken from me, as I feel I just dig myself a hole.

"From what I just saw, it is about 5 or 6 years in the future. A dozen in that amount of time is impossible for anyone but you, Max. But, I suppose, we should get started working towards that."

Her hand cups my manhood and gives it a tight squeeze as I sink into the couch. She is now hovering over me like a succubus out for semen.

"Please be gentle."

I gulp.

It could be worst, I suppose.