

Master of Time 118

Chapter 118 Midnight Deligh

Is there a reason for me to tell Allison that I am her progenitor?

No, not really, but I will have to tell her the truth eventually if I want our relationship to last. And it is better for me to come out with the truth rather than for her to find it out herself, which she will.

Oh. I do not doubt that she will. I don't need to look into the future or visit it to know this.

Secrets cannot stay buried forever.

That is the fact of life.

Even if Allison doesn't have Hyper Awareness like a certain woman, who really shouldn't stick her nose into things that is way beyond her comprehension, Allison is still a very observant person herself. And adding onto her Perfect Recall ability, she will definitely find out that there is more to our relationship than meet the eyes.

Even so, is there really a reason for me to tell Allison right now? Why not have some skin-ship before coming out with the kinship?

At least then, one of us will be happy.

That is the point. Only one of us will be happy, whilst the other feels like she has been taken advantage of. It is not how you build a long-lasting relationship.

And I do not form relationship with others, so I can throw them under the bus whenever it suits me. I rather not form the relationship in the first place if that is what I have in mind for them in the future.

It does take a lot of time and effort to build a strong bond and mutual trust with others. It is this very reason that I do treasure my relationship with Henry Oxford regardless of whatever happens between us.

Henry is what I would call a good friend.

In contrast, Henry is the same in this regard, thus he doesn't hold a grudge against me for teaching his eldest daughter some humiliations. Well, youngest daughter now, I suppose.

He also doesn't need to remind me about how much he has sacrificed for the cause.

No, he never has to. And neither anyone else working for me either. I already know. Even though I do see everyone as a means to an end, I do not need to treat them that way. And I certainly do not need to use fear or intimidation to get what I want from those I form meaningful relationships with.

Sure, fear and intimidation are a very good motivator, but trust and belief are a better motivator.

Everyone who I have formed mutual relationships or agreements with one way or another do trust and believe in me and the cause. It is this trust and belief that will drive them to do whatever necessary regardless of whether it is right or wrong.

Of course, I will resort to fear and intimidation when it is convenient. It is also easier to get strangers to do what I need them to do, honestly.

"Are you saying that I have this ability because of you, Mr. Maxwell?"

Allison takes a moment for the information to sink in before speaking up, calmly and collectively. She is sitting across from me on the sofa. It is a very soft sofa, courtesy of the firm.

The firm takes good care of all of its senior members.

In fact, the firm has offered her a floor-apartment in the upper level, but Allison refuses it. It is simply too big for someone like her.

Maybe when she has a family of her own, which could be never.

Allison just isn't into having a relationship with people who isn't as capable as her. It isn't really looking down at others like Lexi. She just wants someone she could rely on instead of being relied upon.

"Yes and no, Miss Allison."

I response. A faint smile appears on my face.

It is not really that simple, and I think Allison understands it very clearly. She just didn't say it out loud for me, and she didn't need to. She is a lawyer after all. A very good one even without her cheat.

Well, her ability is not really a cheat, considering she always has it.

"While I accept that I am directly responsible for the emergence of your ability, I did not really choose you specifically and bestows the ability upon you. It happens entirely by chance, and if you didn't get the ability, someone else probably will."

Allison narrows her eyes ever so slightly.

"And I suppose in that case, that hypothetical someone else will be sitting here instead of me."

I nod. That is logical reasoning.

And I do like people who can reason logically instead of crying and blaming everything that happens in their life on others.

"Yes, Miss Allison. It is fate that has brought us together, and I suppose it is also fate that I am here in this hour, talking to you right now."

Allison is a bit confused at the remark.

It is expected.

She didn't truly understand what I am feeling at the moment.

To be honest, I am somewhat depressed and annoyed. With all the power at my disposal, I am unable to save humanity from extinction.

If their demise is their fault, I wouldn't be so bothered, but it wasn't.

It wasn't! By God, it wasn't!

Someone has placed a curse upon them, bringing forth their extinction. It could as easily be this reality instead of that alternate reality. And what can I do if that is the case?

I haven't felt this helpless since when my power first manifested and launched me into the future. And I do not wish to feel this helpless ever again.

"I do not quite understand what you had just said, Mr. Maxwell. But regardless, I do not believe that this is entirely your responsibility. You did not force my mother to take the supplements when she is carrying me. She did so on her own. And you did not truly know whether the ability will manifest in me or not."

Allison states and closes her eyes. She takes a deep breath.

And when she opens those eyes again, I could see there is sadness lingering within.

"But I am glad that I have this ability because it allows me to meet you, Mr. Maxwell. I only regret that our relationship will remain strictly professional from now on. It is as you say..."

Allison takes in another breath. It is to calm herself. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

I did not say anything in response. I merely just sit there, leaning against the sofa and listening to the girl, who is probably on the verge of tears.

It is very difficult for Allison to accept the truth between our relationship, and no matter how logical her mind is, her emotion is a different matter. The heart wants what it wants.

"It is as you say. I am by all definitions your descendant. And as your descendant, I cannot... I cannot..."

Allison pauses again and closes her eyes. It takes a very long time for her to open them again. She has to steel her bleeding heart.

"I am sorry, Mr. Maxwell. I don't feel very well at the moment, so please excuse me."

Allison gets off the sofa, but I take her hand and pull her back onto the sofa and against me. Her body stiffens as she burrows her head into my chest, not wishing to see my face.

"Please, Mr. Maxwell. Just let me be. Just please let me be."

Allison pleads. Her voice is cracking.

"I think you should let it out, Allison. To be honest, I am also glad to have meet someone like you. It is my pleasure to get to know you. You are as beautiful on the outside as well as the inside. And I don't understand why we cannot allow what our hearts desire?"

I question and look down at her. She takes a long time to look up at me, matching my gaze and allowing me to see the liquids wetting her eyelashes.

"Because it is wrong, Max. It is wrong."

Allison responses. Her hands grip against my body.

"Is it really, Allison? What you feel for me is wrong? Who tells you that? Society? The Law? You have buried your head in those books for so long, you starting to believe it yourself. Please remember that

the law exists because we allow it to exist. If it is wrong, then it must be changed. And if it restricts our future, it must be abolished."

That is the only way humanity can prosper. Law should govern but never restrict.

I cup her face. My thumb runs across her eye, clearing some of the tears away.

"And if you think it is immoral, you should read the Bible again. Such relationship is not forbidden. And we are all the products of such a relationship. But whether it is truly wrongful and immoral or not, it is up to us to find it out ourselves, Allison."

I smile and lower my head, giving her a light kiss. It is merely an invitation.

It didn't feel wrong to me. And when Allison forces me to kiss her again, deeper and more passionate, it didn't feel wrong to her either.

Our tongue dances and exchanges fluids for minutes on end.

And once our lips are part, she slaps me several times without holding back.

That is surprising.

Allison then grips my collar with both hands while straddling me.

"I hate you, Max. Do you know that I really hate you? Why did you come over so late just to tell me all these things? I was a lot happier being ignorance."

Allison tells me, but before I could answer, she seals her lips around mine again. Our tongues resume their erotic tango for several more minutes while our bodies grind against each other, especially our hips.

We are in heat. In sinful heat.

And our hands are also all over one another, gripping and groping to their delight.

Her blouse manages to find itself on the floor before our lips part once more.

Before Allison could slap me again, I lean forwards and drop her against the sofa. She let out a yelp as I press my lower body against her tightly.

"This is wrong, Max, so wrong."

Allison whispers as I loom over her.

Even though she has said that, her hands strip me of my shirt and then try to remove my pants. I help out by simply making my pant disappear along with the rest of my clothing.

While I did that, my fingers run down her body and tear her panties away, forcing out a gasp from her throat.

"And yet, it feels so right, isn't it, Allison?"

I whisper into her ears as I sink into her slowly, inch by inch.

Allison moans as my cock fills her wet and hot inside completely. Her legs wrap themselves around my buckling waist as her hands did the same around my shoulder and back.

And I begin pounding her into the sofa.