

## **Master of Time 20**

Chapter 20 - Halle Berry

Halle soon passes out.

And when she did, I took her to bed and tugged her in like a gentlemen.

Halle has never slept in such a soft and comfy bed before, not since she was just a little girl in a lovely home.

The butterfly effect has change all of that.

While her father constantly abuses her mother both emotionally and physically in the original timeline, he has never cross the line and kills the woman out of rage, causing Halle to become an orphan.

Apparently, in this new timeline, something has push him over the edge.

Whatever that is, I didn't feel like I need to spend any time and energy investigating.

Honestly, why should I?

Her life is just one of many lives that have been changed due to my presence. It is not my responsibility to go and check up on each of those lives. I will not be able to get anything done if that is the case.

Henry for example. He would have not become one of the most wealthiest if not the wealthiest man in America without me guiding him.

I don't even recall anyone named Henry Oxford in the original timeline where I was born.

Selene confirms this as she has access to everyone who is remotely famous in history.

This means that Henry should have lived his entire life without making anything of himself.

That or he died before he could.

Another example would be Marilyn Monroe.

She should be dead, committed suicide through overdosed. Yet, she is still alive and kicking in 1990. She is happily married to Henry and enjoying her old age in absolute comfort at their luxurious island home with her children and grandchildren. She never has to worry about anything again.

I could name dozens if not hundreds more people whose life has changed for the better. Most of them are working under me or in the handful of organizations I have running.

Although I am aware of the dire consequences of my actions, I still believe what I am doing will be for the better.

Will the future remembers all the horrors I have committed and will commit or the morally questioning things I have done in the name of advancement? Probably – or not.

Did you not know that history is written by the victor?

Therefore, history will be whatever I say it is once the world falls completely under my control. No one will recall what a chaotic century this will be in a few hundred years time.

If they do somehow, a little trip to the re-education centre will let them see new light.

I am not seeking for world peace.

World peace is not possible with countries and nations vying for its own interest instead of interest of humanity as a whole.

I have seen that for myself. The amount of lives that will be lost is staggering. What I have done so far couldn't even compare. Heck, it is not even worth mentioning.

What I am seeking for is humanity supremacy!

For now and all times!

Of course that didn't mean I couldn't enjoy my time and dwell in p.l.e.a.s.u.r.e while carrying out my self-appointed mission.

Although Halle still owes me about 2 grand, I didn't feel like I need to do anything further.

It was a really pleasurable a night, at least for me.

My appetite has actually been sated, more than a dozen of times.

When do you asked?

Well, I do have absolute control over the flow of time.

Things that I don't want people to remember, they will definitely not remember.

The thing I do, well... Halle already knows.

The moment I order Halle to take a shower and make herself more presentable, I have already decided to join her.

I could still recall the warm water from the shower head running down my b.a.r.e back as my c.o.c.k drills her mouth and throat forcefully.

Halle was forced onto the floor of the bathroom, kneeling and looking up at me while I proceed to use her hot mouth and throat to get off.

She has this overwhelming hatred in her lovely dark eyes, but she is unable to utter anything, protest or otherwise while her mouth is being occupied. It just turns me harder and harder.

I c.u.m buckets into her, filling mouth, throat and stomach as well as giving face a nice glossy makeup in the end.

She looks very nice with my seeds. I had even record it for later reviewing.

Everything I see is automatically recorded for reviewing, but this special moment is filed away instead of being dumped into temporary folder.

After the deepthroat, I proceed to f.u.c.k her tight c.u.n.t with her back against the bathroom's wall. With legs wrap themselves around my waist and her a.s.s kneaded in my hands, my hard c.o.c.k split her apart from below.

Halle didn't enjoy the brutal pounding at first, but soon e.r.o.t.i.c m.o.a.n.s and grunts escape her lips as her arms wrapped around my neck for support.

Her c.u.n.t swallows my c.o.c.k completely when I emptied my balls into her very fertile w.o.m.b.

My c.u.m spurts out of her well-abused and gapping p.u.s.s.y when I unceremoniously drop her a.s.s onto the floor and jack the rest out onto her face and hair. She didn't have the strength to notice other than panting heavily.

After a few c.o.c.kslap across the cheeks, she gives me a nice cleanup with her tongue.

I was somewhat satisfied by then, but a little time reversal allows me to do it all over again.

My body remembers the feeling, but my balls appears to never been emptied before.

I nail her a.s.s over the bathroom sink by the fourth time around.

Halle screams loudly in the the bathroom mirror while I pull her head back by using her hair as a rein.

Letting she sees herself while breaking her a.s.s is just too arousing. I spear her a.s.s again and again. Her ebony b.u.t.t cheeks are reddened madly due to my reckless slapping. I eventually fill her a.s.s to the brim with sticky batters before forcing her to clean me with her mouth once more.

A.s.s to mouth style!

I take Halle over the couch and spray my seeds over her perky c.h.e.s.t and beautiful facial features when she first come out of the bathroom with nothing but a bathtowel. My balls are boiling, seeing her like that.

I pound her and f.u.c.k her all over the bed, making the clean white sheet completely stained with musky smell of s.e.x.

Last but not least, I let Halle views the beautiful Hollywood city around the Oxford Hotel while enjoying her c.u.n.t and a.s.s again and again.

Steamy c.u.m runs down her spread legs as both of her hands kissed the glass panel. Halle couldn't do anything but take all I can dish out over and over again.

Each time Halle has believed it would be the last. It will never be the last. She is mine, now and forever until the end of time.

I smile deviously, watching her sleep, not remember how many times I have f.u.c.k.e.d her silly. She wakes up around 3am, finding me sitting on the couch, watching the city once more.

It appears that way. I am actually on the computer, setting up all the tasks I have to accomplish before the end of next week. I am on a very tight schedule.

That isn't the only thing I did while she was asleep. I has gone home to check on Antigone. She wakes up in the middle of night and requires to be put back to sleep. It takes a while, but it brought a sense of accomplishment that I have never felt before.

"Ah, you're awake, Miss Halle Berry. Did you sleep well?"

I ask and turn off the computer. All the interface in front of my eyes vanish. It is very disorientating to have an interface in front of everything I see all the time.

"Yes. Thank you. Why didn't..."

I smile charmingly and pour a warm liquids into a glass cup. It is not alcohol. I have gotten her drunk to try out drunken s.e.x.

It wasn't that good.

"I didn't think you are up to it. Besides, it wouldn't be enjoyable if you are not fully awake yourself. Anyway, have a sit and some tea, it will clear your mind."

I response and gesture a hand dismissively. I have enough materials recorded to enjoy for a little while, so there is no need. I also could blackmail her with it.

There is just so many ways make her feel utter hopelessness.

I am so vile.

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell."

Halle takes the cup into both hands. She sits down next to me and looks at the city. She admits that it is quite beautiful. She has never seen the city in such a way before. This is because she has always live down below, on the street.

"Please. Call me Max. Have you give any thought to my offer?"

Halle did. She wonders what is the catch since she does not trust me.

I don't mind her distrust as long as she doesn't screw with me. I mean f.u.c.k with me. I mean... tsk, you already know what I mean.

Like everyone working for me, I just want Halle to do her job to the best of her capability, stars in many of my movies and makes me millions or billions. Money isn't the goal. Exposure is.

Without hearing her confirmation, I flick her two cards.

One is her bank account. The other is the access card to Terra Production.

"You can stay here as long as you like, but I would like you to stay somewhere more modest. Show up to the company on Monday. Someone will take care of you."