

## **Master of Time 38**

### Chapter 38 Calm Before The Storm

Of course I was being sarcastic.

As if I would allow them to continue what they are doing, right in one of my fucking auditoriums.

This is a workplace, not a goddamn whorehouse.

"Mr. Maxwell."

The balding man utters shakily once he recognizes who I am.

It did take a while since I don't really have any distinct facial features even after the beautification side effect of my body augmentation from the future.

It didn't help since I am also white and part of the majority in America.

In contrast, I didn't really remember immediately who exactly this fat man is despite the strange sense of familiarity.

I might have met him or even talk to him in person in one of the countless seminars I have held in the company. I like to keep myself busy, one way or another.

Being busy stops me from finding things usually people to entertain myself.

Anyway, there are simply too many people working in Terra Production.

Remembering thousands of people is very possible thanks to my enhanced memory, but why do I have to waste precious brain cells on rather pointless stuffs?

Furthermore, I didn't really need to.

Shield Surveillance Security has me covered in this area.

His profile window appears right before my eyes.

His entire history is for me to review at my leisure.

"Howard Weinstein, is it? Nice to meet you. And this must be the lovely Miss Sharon Stone. I saw your audition from the back. It is marvellous. If it wasn't for Miss Sandra Bullock, I believe you would have gotten the part with just your acting ability and talent alone."

I give her a smile, emphasising on the last line.

Honestly, Sharon didn't need to lower herself since she does have the acting skills and talents to be a star or even a superstar.

However, someone will always be better than her, even if just a little bit.

Every bit is important in Hollywood.

You either get casted as the heroine or you don't.

It is that simple.

Sharon Stone has already straightened her hair and herself, looking like she had just entered the room from the audition less than half an hour ago.

She even has this expression of innocent – this slut.

"Why... why are you here? How are you here?"

Howard questions. He is still shocked and surprised to see me. He did make sure the door was locked after he entered the room with Sharon in tow.

It is to conduct their private business.

I am so sorry that I have to crash their little party – not really.

I gesture my right hand dismissively at the man's question. I obviously didn't need door to go where I needed to go.

Good thing I have tugged Antigone in another room far down the hall. She is sleeping peacefully.

I wouldn't want to accidentally wake my baby girl up for what I have in mind for these two – one more severe than the other.

It will probably scar Antigone for life. My daughter has a rough morning already, getting squish and all of that by a fucking car.

Damn it, I just remember the horrifying image again.

Marian Oxford will pay dearly for that no matter what Henry will say. The man will beg for his daughter. It is the natural thing for a father who loves his daughter.

However, I do not forget and I do not forgive!

This is who I am.

"Ah, don't worry about unimportant stuffs. What matters is that I am here right now, Mr. Weinstein."

I beam at the balding man and wonder if I should kill him horribly for this transgression right after his equally horrifying punishment.

Killing people has become so natural now. I hope I don't execute people for the slightest provocation in the future.

That would make me a monster – well more of a monster than I already am.

However, I might have reached my quotas of brutally murdering people before dinner for the day.

Three people a day, over a thousand a year seems like a good goal.

"Oh. Don't stop on account of me. Please continue, Mr. Weinstein. But do tell me, how are you going to get Miss Stone the part in the movie? Also, I am curious to how long this has been going on?"

It didn't feel like the first time this guy has done such a thing, using his position as director or producer to pressure aspiring young actresses into getting in bed with him.

Selene confirms my suspicion within seconds.

Mr. Weinstein – why did that family name sound so familiar the more I have said it? – has been using this office as a fucking-den for the last couple of weeks.

Goddamn it!

I was in this very room just a last week, talking to Halle Berry about her recent improvements. I guess I will have this room torched and refurbished.

"It is all a misunderstanding, Mr. Maxwell. I was just having a private conversation with Sharon about her audition. I thought she has done very well, but just a bit below what we are looking for. I trying to reject her while maintaining a good relationship for the future."

Howard replies, causing Sharon to glare deadly at him.

The first name basis really gives him away.

"Why didn't you say so, Mr. Weinstein? I thought she was sucking you off for your vote. My mistake – I really jump to conclusion here. Since that is the case, why didn't you invite more people to join in on this business discussion? More people more fun, isn't it? Sharing is caring from what I have heard."

I snaps my fingers.

"You know what, let's get the whole filming crew in here so we can an fucking orgy with Miss Sharon Stone. I believe she needs all the votes she can get. How many dicks can she swallows."

I pick up my phone, readying to dial when a loud slap echoes in the room.

Since the office is completely sound-proof, no one will heard that. It is one of the reasons why they use this room to fuck around.

"How dare you!"

Sharon Stone shouts furiously at the man before turning to me.

Is that tears in her eyes?

"Please don't listen to him, Maximilien. He forces himself on me, saying that if I don't be nice to him, he will see to it that I will never find work here or in Hollywood again. I have no choice."

Sharon tells me, pleadingly.

She really is a good actress.

She is on my list of actresses to acquire after all.

However, after what has happened, I might have to rethink about that.

There is an image I need all my actresses to have, not necessary the same image.

The more unique each actress have, the better.

For example, Halle Berry is a black homeless girl from the slum who ascends to become a star.

It is a fairy tale comes true, telling the entire world that star can truly come from anywhere, even from places you have never expected.

As for Jennifer Aniston, her image would be a young woman who achieves her dream through her own hard work and determination. She does not rely on her family connection to become a star – although the actual story might be different from the truth.

It did not matter since reality is what the majority believe.

Rumours can becomes real if enough people believe in it.

That is why I will dominate the entertainment industry.

When I have a monopoly of the media, the truth will be what I tell people it is.

It is hard to discredit me when all famous celebrities and stars from all walk of life vouch for whatever nonsense I spout.

"Force himself upon you? Now that is \*\*\*\*, isn't Mr. Weinstein? If Miss Stone decide to sue us for this, it will cost the company millions. But I can't take only her word for it. Let's see if that is the truth."

I comment before opening the draw to my right side.

My comment puzzle the both of them, especially Sharon.

She already has the idea of suing if this went south.

There is no camera in the room, so it really is her words against his if this went to court. Since she is a woman, the court will decide in her favour.

What kind of garbage justice is that?

The stereotypical one, apparently.

I will bring down the whole corrupted system just before the emergence of a new world order.

It will be fun roasting all those judges, who swore to God to uphold the law and only the law.

The remote to the massive wall-mounted LCD screen is sitting inside the drawer along with a handgun – why is there a handgun here? Don't tell me he uses it to threaten people?

This fucking guy.

I have the high-tech liquid display installed the moment one went on sale regardless of the cost.

I will have the best available on the market for my company.

It also gives the impression of the immerse backing that Terra Entertainment has.

Sharon went pale when the security feeds plays on the television screen.

It shows her pushing Howard against the couch once the door is locked before proceeding to doing her business.

"Looks like it is reverse-rape, which is still \*\*\*\*, just the role are switched around, Miss Stone. I wonder how the jury will feel when they have a look at this video tape. Do you still think you can still play the victim in all of this? Oh, wait, there's more."

The video switches, showing the time before this one. The one that they are actually fucking like dogs in heat.

"Oh fuck, harder, harder! I love your cock!"

Sharon screams on the television as she being pounded from behind.

She actually urges Howards to fuck her instead of trying to fight his advances – if it was \*\*\*\*.

Obviously, there is an agreement between the two long before the audition even announced.

I picks up the handgun and points the weapon at Sharon. I don't like using guns since my time power is far more deadlier. But it is a tool, and a tool is meant to be used.

Furthermore, it excites me when seeing the two-face bitch begging for her life.

"I don't like being lied to, Miss Stone, especially right in front of my face. Now, where do you want it? In the chest or in the face? I suggest the chest since I assume you want everyone to remember how beautiful you will look at your funeral."

"No. Wait! Max. Mr. Maxwell. I got it wrong. I'm in the wrong. I am. It is my fault – all my fault. I won't say a word about this, not to anyone. I will leave. Please let me leave."



Sharon begs and tries to reach the door to flee.

I shot the floor, causing her to fall onto her ass in sheer terror. The red carpet between her legs is then being drenched by what I assume a cocktail of bodily fluids.

It is not just urine.

"Where do you think you're going? Please don't do that again because I am not a really good shot. It is the first time I handle a weapon, you know."

That isn't exactly true.

While this really is the first time I handle a handgun, my aim are perfect thanks to the computer-aided aiming system.

Selene shows me exactly where the bullet will go in real time should I fire the weapon. She also shows me the ricochet path as well.

I points the weapon at Howard, forcing the man to raise his hands in fright.

"I swear that I saw you during one of the seminars. You know, the seminars about not fucking on the job or I will have your balls. Do you think I was joking when I said that?"

Deafening screams attacks my ears following a gunshot.

His balls are literally severed from a perfectly place bullet.