

Master of Time 41

Chapter 41 Jennifer Aniston

All the signs are there, Jennifer only has to look a little closer.

Antigone continues to play with the thick contract on the table while shaking her toy. She is not paying any attention to the young woman standing across the desk from me. She seems to know something, glittering in that brilliant violet eyes of hers.

It is only when my daughter crawls back into my arms for a much needed embrace that Jennifer speaks up.

"Are you sure it is alright in front of your daughter, Mr. Maxwell?"

Jennifer asks hesitantly.

She didn't want to strip down completely and audition for me naked. No one in their right mind would regardless what kind of offer is given.

However, Jennifer didn't really have a choice in the matter. It is either did what I have asked or storm out of the room furiously to make a scene.

Storming out of the room will close many doors and opportunities in the future, especially during this staring period of her career.

My blacklist is still in effect, making it very difficult for her to get an audition. The blacklist is just one of many lighter options available to me, allowing me to screw anyone over.

Before Jennifer about to go through with it, she is concern about a certain child in the room. It is rather strange that I ask something like that of her when my daughter is here with me.

It is more than strange, actually.

Jennifer finally figures it out. At least she is using something called a brain inside that head of her. The first time around, she must have forgotten to.

I match her eyes before giving her a smile. Many people would have just go ahead and did what I ask without thinking too much on it.

If she did, I would have kick her out of the room immediately.

I obviously didn't want to see her audition naked right in front of my daughter. If I did, I wouldn't have brought Antigone along for the ride.

Furthermore, no casting couch is allowed in my auditoriums. It is one of my rules, for everyone as well as for me.

I must follow my own rules to set an example. If I didn't, I would have bang Sharon Stone already. She is one of the better looking actresses in the 1990s. She is currently a mess in one of the private offices on the opposite wings. She will pick herself up eventually.

In addition, I also like to mess with Jennifer for a reason.

"No, it will not be alright, Miss Jennifer Aniston. My daughter wouldn't want to see such an audition. It will corrupt her innocent mind."

I answer her question and bounce my daughter in my arms, earning a glee and a bright smile.

"I think we have not formally introduce. My name is Maximilien Maxwell. My friends call me Max. You can call me Max. This is my 5 months old daughter, Antigone. Say hi to the nice lady, Anti."

Antigone obeys with my help. I gently hold her wrist and jerk her hand in a waving motion. She spreads out her palm to form to complete the gesture.

"Now, it is your turn, Miss Jennifer. It is not only a nice thing to do, but it is also respectful. My daughter will be your boss one day, so start getting on her good side and kissing her ass literally. It will help your career in the long run."

Jennifer mimics the greeting without my help, of course. She is somewhat embarrassed that I have to tell her to. She also introduces herself formally.

"Now that is out of the way, take a seat, Miss Aniston. You must be tired of standing. On the desk here is your contract. Have a read through it carefully and tell me what you think afterwards. I need to feed my daughter, so don't mind me for about half an hour, huh."

After I have said that, I feed Antigone. My daughter didn't like my cooking one bit, but she cannot eat Heinz all day.

Variety is the spice of life after all.

Jennifer concentrates on the contract while Antigone dodges my spoon energetically.

The girl really doesn't want to eat even though she is hungry. She is demanding a certain brand of food, but I cannot keep spoiling her.

Jennifer reads each word, each sentence and each paragraph in the contract very carefully. Like Sandra Bullock before her, she didn't like the exclusiveness of the contract. She also didn't like to spend the next 25 years of her life in the company. It will severely restrict her and her ambition.

Jennifer makes her concern known.

"I understand your concerns, Miss Aniston. Those are just general guidelines for you to follow. It is not absolute, so as long as it does affect the company, we will support you in everything you do. The wages will be adjusted each year due to inflation. It is there so you have some pocket money. Your real salary is from all the movies and television shows you stars in, and we promise you at least one a year. It will likely be more. You will find yourself very busy when working for us."

I tell her while Antigone squirms in my arms. I think she has enough for my crappy cooking. It shouldn't be that bad since I did follow the recipe to the letter. I did taste it myself, finding it pretty good.

"The contract didn't mention anything about the penalty."

Jennifer points out once she reaches the last page. Most of the contract is all technical stuffs, detailing about how she should behave and what she shouldn't do. It is not as restrictive as it first appears.

"The penalty for breaching the contract is whatever you imagine it to be, just multiplies by a thousand times, Miss Aniston. But for now, let's just say that it is \$100 million to prevent you from breaking it whenever. You don't have that much money, do you? Your personal bank balance is \$1,380.20 – still far from the require amount."

I casually drop that in, causing Jennifer to blink.

"How did you know that!?"

I shrug and clean up Antigone. Some foods are spill onto her napkin.

"You will find that I know many, many things, Miss Aniston. I know where you have been and who you have been talking to. How is your father lately? He didn't seem all that well when you talked to him last night around 8:34pm for 5 minutes and 22 seconds. The heart stroke has forced him into an early retirement. I think I can do something about his paralysis, allowing him to continue what he loves."

Jennifer becomes speechless. She has talked to her father in private. No one should know about that since she was on the road then. Even if someone did, they couldn't know the exact time and duration.

She didn't know either until she looks at her phone.

"You can help my father, Mr. Maxwell?"

"Yes. I can cure your father, returning him to perfect health. Have you heard about Infinite Health and their miracle drugs? You will find that there are many benefits working for me. The choice is yours."

Everyone have heard of Infinite Health. The privately owned pharmaceutical company that had just eradicated some of the most deadliest diseases known to date, including paralysis due to heart stroke or similar.

However, it seems that there is an incredible long waiting list for people who are seeking a treatment. Money doesn't seem to faze them on the account of their backers – Chrono Holdings.

Chrono Holdings is the same company that funds Terra Entertainment. It is all connected. She doesn't need to be a genius to know.

Jennifer immediately signs the contract without any further hesitation.

"Please help my father, Mr. Maxwell."