

## **Master of Time 44**

### Chapter 44 Time Distortion

Even if Sandra Bullock has died, Shield Surveillance Network should have been able to locate her.

The only reason that it could not is probably because Sandra herself might have left the country. In that case, Selene should tell me which country she is in instead of being unable to locate her at all.

There is something very odd about that.

I will have to get to the bottom of it.

But before I do, I need to do something about this stalled production.

I frown deeply and scan the entire filming set for Sleepless in Seattle.

Although Sandra Bullock did not show up when she supposes to, the production and filming crews did use the time to adjust their cameras and shot the scene that did not involve her.

They know that if they wasted time idling, I will have their collective asses.

Time is money. And I hate wasting money, especially millions of dollars.

Another reason for their motivation is what remains of the filming budget is divided amongst the crewmen as bonus. It gives the incentive to not waste time.

"Sharon. Please come with me for a minute."

I request once I have made up my mind. The future shows me that she never shows up, not today, not tomorrow, not even in a month's time.

Whether it is fate or otherwise, Sandra Bullock has proven to be a liability at the moment. To have the entire production waits on her – I shouldn't allow something like that to happen.

No actor or actress should be allowed to have that kind of power.

I might also be a bit biased since Sandra did turn down my contract.

Sharon hesitates at my request, but follows me once she realizes I am heading towards the director.

If it was to somewhere private, I think she might have breakdown a little. She has assumed that I would not harm her publicly and in front of so many people.

That assumption is incorrect. I make a mental note to prove it to her one day.

"Mrs. Ephron. I believe a change in casting is required."

I tell the new director.

Her name is Nora Ephron. She is the original director to Sleepless in Seattle.

The only reason that Nora was passed over as director the first time around is because I wanted one of my employees as the director.

Why outsource when I could nurture in house talents. It is just better to support the people who are already working for me fulltime.

Directing a movie will provide my employee with valuable experience as well as leadership skill.

But after what happened with Howard Weinstein, I decide I will make an exception this time around.

To be honest, I do not lack aspiring or experienced director since Terra Entertainment is very generous with their salary packages and bonuses. I am planning to gather some talented one such as Christopher Nolan.

I believe Mr. Nolan is in England right about now.

"Who do you suggest Mr. Maxwell?"

Nora questions. She knows who I am. She also knows what had happened to her predecessor. It shows in the way she looks at Sharon.

Everyone seems to be of the same opinion regarding Sharon Stone.

I could use it to build an image for her – the misunderstood heroine.

"This is Miss Sharon Stone. Her acting skill is on par with Miss Sandra Bullock. If it wasn't for the latter, I believe the part is rightfully belongs to her regardless of other... unsavoriness. Since Miss Sandra has not shown up since morning, I am voiding her contract and assign Miss Stone as the main heroine."

I gesture at Sharon, who widens her eyes.

"Mr. Maxwell..."

Both Sharon and Nora begin, but I gesture my hands to stop them.

"I have already made up my mind, so all you have to do is carry out my request."

I pay attention to Nora only.

"There is no need to write up a new contract for Miss Stone. She is a fulltime actress of our company, one of many. We still have several hours of daylight left, so I suggest the crew begins filming or do you have any other questions?"

"No further question, Mr. Maxwell."

Nora replies and eyes Sharon. She wonders how Sharon manages to charm me into giving her the role over Sandra.

However, Nora is a professional woman so she will not let her misguided prejudice to affect her work.

Once I have given my order, Nora passes it along the chain of commands.

The crewmen sprung into action within minutes, helping Sharon into the dressing room. They will have a complete makeover for her, preparing her for the new role as the heroine of the story.

"Here is your new dialogues. Remember it quickly. You have more riding on this than I do, so don't go and disappoint yourself."

I place a new script into her hands while her hair is being redone. There is an image that she needs to convey to the audience, so a makeover is required.

Sharon grips the script tightly and nods. This is what she has been preparing for. She has even gone so far as to make sure that she will get the role.

Unfortunately or fortunately, she ran into me and became my prisoner.

It take about half an hour to get Sharon readied for the scene. Her skill in acting, facial expression and body language did not lose out to Sandra, so the scene is filmed quickly.

Everyone is amazed.

Despite that, there are still some reshoots just to have several copies to choose from.

When the scene is done, the crewmen take her back into the dressing room to redo her appearance for another scene. It is quite a lot of work, especially for the main casts.

"Very good, Miss Stone. I think you can take it from here. I have a place I need to be."

With that, I bid Sharon farewell. I think she might wants to say something to me, but it can wait.

I need to do a little investigating.

"Selene, shows me the last known locations of Sandra Bullock."

[Acknowledge, Operator.]

A map of greater Los Angeles appears in front of my eyes. The highlight dots all over the map provides me with a complete detailed history of where Sandra Bullock has been.

Her footprint stops in her apartment.

However, she is not there as proven by the surveillance system that Shield installs everywhere. There is no such thing as privacy – not anymore.

I drive to her apartment since it isn't very far from the filming location for Sleepless in Seattle.

It takes about 10 minutes on the highway.

Once there, I notice an awful amount moving vans out in front. People is either moving or moving out of the building in mass. The latter is more likely.

"Hey. What's going on here? Why is everyone leaving?"

I ask one of the bystanders.

"Haven't you heard? That building is haunted. A lot of people have disappears. Vanish without a trace – it's freaky."

"Haunted?"

I learn from the bystander that dozens of people have gone missing in the building, including a couple of police officers. They enters the building and never comes back out.

Sandra Bullock disappears on Tuesday – six days now.

The security footage shows me that Sandra enters her apartment, placing down her stuffs, checking her mails and then stripping down to her underwear before heading into the bathroom.

There is a little blind spot between the living room and the bathroom, so I couldn't see what happened in between – at least from the video alone.

Sandra never made it to the bathroom. Her scream is faintly heard on the video, stretching out like a video cassette playing in slow motion.

It is as if time slows down for a second.

Many people living in the building have also gone missing, disappears into thin air. Only their screams remain, recorded by Shield.

I manage to see one of the person disappears amongst many victims. Her body contorted ghastly, stretching out before collapsing into nothing.

That is one of the scariest thing I have ever seen.

The earliest case is on Monday. It is the same day that my daughter got killed. It is also the day that my power surges due to the intense anger.

It couldn't be a coincidence, could it?

I might have to do something with this or there are really ghosts.

Shaking off the cold feeling running down my spine and giving me goose bumps, I cross the street and immediately feel a strange tingling sensation.

The feeling grows stronger as I approach the apartment. I look up and see the building contorted in a bizarre way. No one seems to notice this, but I did.

I swallow hard and enter the front door. Everything inside is twisted along with people walking up and down the staircase. They don't seem to notice, but I do.

One of the person head down the stair notice me. His face is stretched impossibly. He should be dead if it is the case.

"Hhhheyyyy.... arrrrrreee.... .yoouuuu..... mooovvinng.... innnnn?"