

Master of Time 51

Chapter 51 Blissful Nigh

Sandra Bullock opens her eyes slowly and stares at the ceiling above.

Warm electric lighting streams down her face and washes over her nakedness in response.

It is far more gentler than the indifferent winds from another world.

Even if her body has been healed completely thanks to my power, her mind has not – yet.

Sandra remembers every little details of what she has suffered in days passed.

Every slash, cut and whip pierces into her memory.

Just recalling them cause her mind to break down a little bit more.

A normal person from this time and space would have been driven insane or on the verge of insanity.

They have taken their comfort and luxury for granted.

"Who are you really, Mr. Maxwell?"

Sandra asks softly once her eyes met mine.

The unrelenting darkness within those once beautiful eyes could be seen.

"Would you believe me if I say that I am from the future?"

My lips forms a small smile.

There is no need to lie to her since she will either not remember or become a part of my harem.

I prefer the latter as it allows me to share things with her more freely.

It is also becoming difficult to keep track of what everyone knows and does not know, especially when you literally have several thousands of people working for you.

Jennifer Aniston doesn't know what I can do yet, but she will soon.

I don't really have time to terrorize her, so I will use a different mean.

She also hasn't done anything that warrant an extreme method. She is with her father right now in one of the medical centre owned by Infinite Health.

"Yes."

Sandra nods lightly and closes her eyes.

For all she has seen and experienced, it is not hard to believe.

While Sandra does not keep up to date with the current affairs and technology progresses in the world, she knows for a fact that men cannot turn invisible, people do not come back from the dead, satellite cannot be built within a hour and duplicated in seconds, and much more important, it is impossible to heal her body without extensive medical care.

Her body does not feels like it is her body anymore, as it has not gone through what she had.

The pains she feels is still there, lingering deep in her mind, tormenting her.

They are just not visibly shown on her body physically.

Her mind and body are not in sync with one another, giving her this odd feeling of ghostly detachment.

The feeling will pass, eventually.

"I can make you forget, Miss Bullock. Everything that you have been through and experienced will just be gone like it is a bad dream. But the choice is entirely up to you. I believe that pains and sufferings strengthen a person and their resolve. They become stronger and better than before. The bigger the obstacle, the greater you will be."

I break the long silence.

If it wasn't for what I had gone through, I would constantly be in doubt and second guessing all of my actions.

In truth, I did breakdown for a while and drown myself in my helplessness.

However, I did pick myself up eventually and overcome my adversity to become who I am today.

My mind is clear. My conscience does not question itself.

Sandra opens her eyes again. The darkness within diminishes slightly. She will be able to get past this seemingly insurmountable obstacle.

"Is this what you do when you don't want people to remember what you have done?"

Sandra knows that I must have something to do with what had happened to her.

How could I not when I appear just moments before she is killed in a world beyond her understanding?

She is not a naive person, dreaming about knight in shiny armour, coming to her rescue.

No, everything that have happened, happens for a reason.

Nothing in the world is truly a coincidence.

When a person miraculously appears to save you from what should be an impossible situation, it is far more than likely that the said person is the mastermind.

Or at least, that person must have something to do with your suffering.

I chuckle at her accusation.

"If you must know, Miss Bullock, there are things that people should not remember, and there are things they must remember before they are punished for their sins. I will not apologize for what had happened to you. I admit that it is somewhat my responsibility since I am the indirect cause, but do you blame others for everything that happens in your life? Or do you find a way to solve your problem and move on?"

Sandra takes a moment to think.

Deep down, she knows that I am right.

Blaming others is very easy, but it does not solve anything.

"Like I have said, Miss Bullock. The choice is up to you. You can forget everything that had happened and continue on with your life. You will never have to come face to face with what is hidden beneath the world you live in. Ignorance is a gift, so enjoy it while you can."

I continue with a smile.

Sandra closes her eyes once more, fighting against the weariness as well as getting some rest.

"What other choice do I have, Mr. Maxwell? You did not bring me here to wipe my mind. You could have done that back there alongside with everyone else. You want something from me, don't you?"

Sandra asks calmly.

Even without looking at me and revealing her expression, she has grown a little as a person.

Whether she has made up her mind about keeping her experience and overcoming it on her willpower and spirit is still undecided.

"Of course, I do, Miss Bullock. Everyone does for one thing or another. But like I have offered you so many days ago, I want you to come and work for me, as my exclusive actress. The offer is still stand, but do understand that my patience is not limitless."

I pause.

"You will find that there are great benefits and advantageous in working for me. What those are, I will tell you in due time. At least when the world change for the better and countries are the thing of the past, you will not be drowned in the metaphorical tsunami. You will be someone everyone can look up to and place their trust in. Isn't that what you are striving for? More than that, you will be a star, a celebrity and an idol – all role into one."

"And all I have to do is obey all your wishes and follow all your commands, no matter what it is?"

Sandra questions.

She recalls what she had read in the contract. While she didn't read it completely, she read enough to know it will strip her a lot of her freedom in the future.

I laugh and shake my head.

"It does come off wrong at first glance. But no, I will not make you do things that I wouldn't do myself, degrading or otherwise. I wouldn't want my beautiful actresses soiling themselves. We should leave it at that, huh. Hmm... would you like to know your future? The future that will be if you choose to follow your own dream."

Before Sandra could answer, I continue.

"Let's just say you will live alone and die alone. Your dream relatively unaccomplished. You do have a couple of children, but since you are infertile, they are not really your children. They are adopted. You have a couple of men in your life, but each one breaks your heart."

Sandra is shocked.

She stares at me as if I just kill her children.

I sort of did since Sandra couldn't have any.

"I'm infertile?"

"Yes, but you don't have to be. I can bring people back to life, so this doesn't really even take an effort on my part. This is just one of the many benefits I have told you about. Otherwise, you will have to wait until one of my many companies decides to release a cure for your condition. But it is very unlikely on the account of overpopulation in about a few decades from now. We don't want a third World War now, do we?"

I allow her time for the information to sink in.

"Please tell me more about my future, Mr. Maxwell."

Sandra requests.

"Well, it has changed now, whether for better or worse, I do not know without looking ahead. But this is what could have happen to you, Miss Bullock."

I begin to recite all the information I have stashed in my repository of knowledge.

It is about the future and life Sandra Bullock would have lived in another timeline.

My presence have changed all of that, but there is some things that have already set in stone.

Her infertility is one of those things.

Her love life is another.

Maybe the love life thing isn't a certainty, but as long as Sandra becomes a celebrity, a happy marriage and family is not a possibility.

That rhythm!

Rich people and their drama.

Knowing what fate have in plan for her brings her to tears.

It is more painful that the physical trauma that she had to endure.

Seeing that, I truly wonder what could have happened if Sandra got together with Keanu Reeves when they are filming for Speed back in the original timeline.

Keanu is a compassionate and loyal person, the same as Sandra.

They would be perfect for each other.

"That is your story, Miss Bullock. It doesn't have to be that way. You could be so much more since you deserve so much more. Did you know that I have a crush on you when I was little? Thinking about it now, it is really embarrassing. There is no way someone like me could get together with a celebrity like you. Still, a person can dream, can't he?"

I chuckle. The memory feels like a lifetime ago.

It must have been more than 300 years now.

"Well, I will leave you be, Miss Bullock. You can stay here for as long as you need. There is no need for you worry about anything else. Just get a good rest."

I get up from my spot on the edge of the bed.

Before I could step away, her hand pull against my shirt.

"I will sign the contract and do whatever you wish of me, but please... just stay with me for a little bit longer, Mr. Maxwell."

Sandra requests.

Her hand falls away from my clothing but her eyes remains in contact.

I smile and sit back down on the edge of the bed.

"I suppose I do have time to spare for you, Miss Bullock. If I don't, I will make time. Those who have placed their trust and future in me are important. I will not let anything happen to them. If you have signed the contract, I would have come a lot sooner."

"Please call me Sandra, Max."

Sandra requests. She didn't bother listening to the rest of what I have said.

But it is true, if Sandra have signed the contract when I offered it more than a week ago, the moment something happened to her, I would have known.

"Very well, Sandra. Will there be anything else, you need?"

Sandra smile faintly.

"You have not been with a lot of woman, have you?"

I arch my brow at the question.

What did she meant by that? I have been with plenty of woman. I even have a beautiful baby girl to prove it.

"Do you still have a crush on me?"

Sandra questions.

From that, I understand what she meant immediately.

I have not been romantically involved with anyone.

Everyone is more or less a tool to me to control. It is generally better that way.

I chuckle and lean forwards to give her a kiss. It is a gentle peck, but it brings the much desired pleasure to her.

The kiss grows deeper, forcing me onto the bed, pressing my body against her nakedness.

"Promise that you will never abandon me, Max. Just say what I want to hear, please."

"I promise, Sandra."

I give her my promise as well as another kiss, more passionate than before.

With our lips lock tightly, exchanging saliva, we roll on the bed, legs tangle.

My clothes turns to dust.

It is a lot faster than undressing normally, one by one.

Sandra straddles me with both hands against my chest for support.

She looks down at me, completely in control. She hasn't been for a while.

She run her nails along my features, pressing deep into my skin and navigating my bodily features.

My hands grab her ass, holding her steady as my cock runs along her nether region, letting the precum mixing with her wetness.

"Please be gentle, Max."

Sandra whispers as she lowers herself onto my steel shaft slowly, allowing it to spread her inside and drawling blood.

The pain causes her to gasp.

Alright, I might have re-virginize her body.

Oops.