

Master of Time 37

Chapter 37 Just Spectating

Is it alright to destroy her entire career over something so insignificant?

Of course not, but I am not a saint or a normal person for that matter. What part of me having absolute control over time itself screams normal?

Seriously, I will do whatever necessary to have her or any one I fancy dancing in the palm of my devilish hand.

Once I have my eye on a someone, they will not be able to escape.

Even death itself won't be able to save them from me.

"You're the producer!?"

Jennifer asks once she breaks out of her stupor. It takes about a handful of seconds, longer than I have expected.

The shock must have been too much.

"Uh huh. Isn't it obvious? I did address you by your name, so you should have noticed."

I answer coyly, making Jennifer speechless.

That is the expression I want to see.

I don't know exactly why, but I feel like I need to tease Jennifer Aniston a little bit. Perhaps it is due to the fact that I love seeing Rachel Green, the character she plays on Friends, being constantly frustrated by everything happening outside her control.

There is a certain womanly charm to that.

"No! Why... why didn't you say so?"

Jennifer demands. She couldn't believe her luck. The actual producer was sitting right behind her and even presented her with an offer, yet she had given him a cold shoulder.

She might as well slap herself in the face.

"You didn't ask and let me quote: 'please don't bother me'. I will respect your very humble request. I will not bother you anymore, Miss Aniston. Not now. Not ever. No one will either. Are you happy? You will have all the peace of mind you want. Now, if you please, I have someone I need to congratulate."

I answer and get off my seat.

With Antigone in my arms, I head towards the front, to where the star of the show currently is.

Sandra Bullock deserves my personal congratulation. Despite losing out to Halle Berry for the starring role in the movie Speed with Keanu Reeves, she is able secure onto another starring role.

The votes is still being tallied, but regardless of the actual outcome, I would prefer Sandra over Sharon because the latter is an obvious slut.

Sandra Bullock will go well with Tom Hanks.

I do have another starring role for Sharon Stone in mind, one that befitting her. But before that, a little discipline is in order for her.

Jennifer stares at my back. Her lips quivers uncontrollably. She is on the verge of tears. She has come to Los Angeles to become an actress, and to think her career hits a huge roadblock before she could have a chance to prove herself.

"I'm sorry."

Jennifer whispers, almost inaudibly.

"Hmmm...?"

I turns around. My head tilts slightly to the side, allowing Antigone to pinch my ears.

I have heard what she had said due to my keen hearing, but I thought I must have misheard it. This is because she is a strong and proud person, at least that is what I understand from her history.

If she wasn't, she wouldn't have come here alone to Hollywood and try to find her road to stardom.

It must have been very stressful these past few days for her, with the constant rejections and all of that.

It does takes about hundreds of audition to land a role. You can ask any aspiring actors or actresses to see if that is true.

Most people quits trying to be a movie stars before their confidence is shot way to hell.

"Did you say something, Miss Aniston?"

I ask and remove my daughter's hand around my ear.

Antigone grabs my hairs instead, pulling against them with what little strength she could muster in her tiny fingers.

She is very restless since this morning. It is perhaps because I left her in her room for a couple of hours while I get rid of some people.

If Antigone is anything like me, she will hold a grudge. But seriously, holding a grudge against her own father?

Well I did, but that is not the point.

"I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Please give me a chance."

Jennifer speaks up. It is loud enough for everyone nearby to hear.

They stops whatever they are doing to watch the scene.

I smile inwardly.

This is true power. The power to utterly destroy another person. Money cannot really buy this.

"Alright. I accept your apology. However, remember what I have said during the audition. Come to see me in my office when you give some thoughts to my offer. The organizer will tell you where my office is."

I tell her before turning a back around and approach Sandra Bullock.

By now, everyone knew I was the producer. It did take them a while.

Did they not find it was really strange that I am the only one who brought a baby into the audition?

If it was anyone else, the security personnel and staffs would have evicted them from the premise.

"Congratulation Miss Bullock. I have seen your audition and I must say, I am very impressed. I wish to be the first to congratulation you on earning your role. You truly deserve it."

I give my congratulation sincerely.

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell. I hope I will not let you and your company down."

Sandra Bullock responds respectfully. Her agent has told her all about the eccentric nature of the man who owned Terra Entertainment and Terra Production.

"May I ask, what is this offer you are talking about?"

Sandra continues after a short pause. She is curious.

"Oh that? It is a long-term contract for actors and actresses who I believe will contribute greatly to the company. You there, bring prepare a contract for Miss Bullock."

The man in question quickly runs off. He need to head all the way to Terra Entertainment to get a copy of the contract.

It takes about 20 minutes.

I have a casual chat to Sandra Bullock during that time along with the rest of the team, learning much about her. I didn't really need to since I could view her entire history on file.

Antigone falls asleep during that time. She has expended all her energy, trying to pull my hair out and all that.

The votes also have finished tallying during that time, and it is as expected, Sandra wins out in the end – just barely. She will be casted as the main character.

Sharon Stone comes second so she will have a choice of playing any of the supporting cast. Since she is with the director right now, no one bother to go and inform her.

I will do that after I am done here.

A few more people have gotten chosen to play the rest of the supporting characters. Their contract is already prepared in advance. They just need to negotiate their salary alongside with their agent, enter their name and sign the document.

Sandra Bullock has a look through the special contract I have prepared for all my actresses. I did explain to her some finer points of the contract, but she is a very fast reader.

"I apologize Mr. Maxwell, as great as it sound, I have to refuse. I have contracts with other production companies. I will be forced to pay millions for breaking their contract in order to sign this."

Sandra tells me.

"Terra Entertainment will take care of you. Those legal fees will be taken care of as long as you agree to our terms. It is non negotiable. Although, we can adjust your annual salary over time to make it fair for your sacrifice."

Unfortunately, the answer is still no. She just doesn't want to tie down to a single company.

The Sandra Bullock of the future does have a great ambition.

I suppose I will have to smash that ambition of hers to get her into my pocket.

It isn't extra work since all companies will fall under my control to merge into one mega corporation eventually.

"Very well, if you have already made up your mind, I will not press the matter. Please sign the contract for Sleepless in Seattle. The filming will begin in a week time. I hope that your other obligations won't be a problem."

I left after I have said that with Antigone, who is sleeping over my shoulder.

Let's say I wasn't too happy with her reply.

I take the special contract with me.

If Sandra won't sign it, Jennifer definitely will. She will have no choice in the matter.

It is time to collect all these actresses. It feels a lot like I am collecting playable cards back when I was a little kid.

Well, I do see them as collectible.

Gotta catch them all!

But before that, I need to see what the director and Sharon Stone is doing. They cannot hide themselves from me.

The both of them are locked in a private room far from the audition stage.

Teleporting directly into their private room is easy. They are too busy fornicating to even notice me sitting against a chair with my legs up on the desk.

I watch the middle-aged man groans in pleasure with a blond-haired woman between his legs, taking his manhood deep into her mouth and throat.

Sharon must be very good to bring out such vocals.

I am a little jealous.

And this guy is starting to piss me off.

Starting? No. He is already pissing me off.

Couldn't he keeps his pants on after the audition actually finishes. I know that Sharon Stone is hot, but there is a place and time for everything.

"Jesus fucking Christ. Where the fuck you come from!?"

It takes a while for him to notice me. I was staring directly at him and the back of Sharon's head.

She is also into it, not noticing anything in the room at all.

"Oh don't mind me. I'm just here to watch."