

Master of Time 40

Chapter 40 Sharon Stone

Sharon lasted about 9 rounds, just shy of the double digits.

It is a far cry from what Halle Berry had to endure when she unrestrainedly sends my precious family jewels to heaven, let alone comparing to the thousand of times I did.

Feels like a lifetime ago despite it was only barely a couple of months since I had ran into Halle.

Years have actually passes for me due to one thing or another, but my appearance remains the same, frozen in time.

Freezing time is just too awesome.

There are so many applications.

Every new idea I try, more appears – the cycle never ends.

Speaking of cycle, one is about to end.

"Please... please... don't... please... Mr. Maxwell..."

Sharon cries desperately.

A metal bat grips tightly in both of her hands. The top of the weapon is bent, coating with bloods from all the times she has used it to tenderize a piece of human meat.

In front of her is a table.

Howard is on it, spread out and beaten to a bloody pulp.

It is not my handy work.

Sharon did all of that, under my enforced guidance.

She has refused to do it at first, but a little flaying here and there does get her started. It is either her or him, and she chooses him out of fear or pain or both.

It is also the only time I have tortured her physically, after giving her the frightening impression of my fake profession – the hypnotist.

People always shove others in front of the hypothetical train to save themselves. There are exceptions to the rule of course, especially a mother protecting her child.

As for her mental state, Sharon is on the verge of insanity.

Any more would push her over the edge. She will never recover from something like that. It would be a waste if she has to be submitted into a mental institution or worse. She is one of the more talented actresses in Hollywood after all.

The same could not be said for Howard. He is already gone after the 7th round – quite amazing mental fortitude if I think about it.

Howard did suffer the full brunt of the torture, starting with his manhood each and every time due to what I have said back in those seminars.

I have meant what I had said then. It is entirely his fault for completely disregarding my stern warning.

It might be better that he didn't feel anything anymore for what I am about to do.

I will definitely have Howard killed in a rather public manner.

His death will serve as an good example to everyone working under me in Terra Entertainment.

The cop will question the circumstances around his death, but there will be absolute no proof linking back to me asides from some small minor details.

"Please... I will anything... anything at all... just don't make me do... anymore of this..."

Sharon utters as she continues to smash Howard with the metal pole, earning some fainted yelps and screams from the unconscious man.

This is purely reflex. Howard is in a coma due to being in so much pain.

I stop Sharon and take the metal back off her hands. She breaks down afterwards, collapsing onto the bloodstained carpet, crying hopelessly.

Sharon cannot possibly goes through another torturous loop, and I don't really want her to. What she has been through is sufficient to teach her a lesson.

She will not dare to lie in front of my face ever again.

In an instant, I am back in my seat behind my desk, facing Mr. Weinstein and Miss Stone. They looks like they have been through hell and back and then through it again – several times. They don't seems to have any word to say.

"I suppose I should thank you for your hard work, Mr. Weinstein. Please have a rest now."

The moment I finish speaking, Howard vanishes into thin air, right ing front of Sharon.

She is attentive enough to see what had just happened.

"Please no more, please no more."

Sharon screams and cradles herself into the corner. She still believes that she is under hypnotism.

I let Sharon be and make sure Howard joins the countless of birds in the sky.

For all intend and purpose, Mr. Howard Weinstein disappears without a trace from my auditorium.

Good luck to any investigators or police detectives, trying to find out where he is.

Howard will turns up the moment his body go splat against concrete – very publicly.

"When you are ready, Miss Stone. Please read through this contract to understand your obligation. If you lie to me again, I will have you taste what Mr. Weinstein has tasted."

I speak up and toss the thick contract in front of her.

Sharon is shaking uncontrollably but manages to pick up the contract simply because I have told her to. She is terrified of me as she should be.

There is probably another ways to get her under me, but this way is as good as any other. It also saves me time.

A temporal bubble appears in front of desk, where the contract used to be. Inside the bubble, time is reversed, returning to the moment where the contract has placed there.

I reach inside and pick up the contract.

The bubble vanishes afterwards.

With the duplicated contract in my hands, I left the room and Sharon behind. The woman will sign the contract when she calms herself. She will behave however I want her to.

In time, Sharon will realize that this is one of the best things that have happened to her. Huge amount of wealth and power will flow through her in the years ahead.

I am not a monster to those who are absolutely loyal and honest with me. I will take care of them and provide them with whatever they needs.

Once I left the room, I headed to the audition ground. I needed to go and meet a certain someone by the name of Jennifer Aniston. I wonder if she has any thought to my offer.

It has been about 5 minutes since I was there. In truth, it should have been several hours. It is difficult to keep track of them when you can loop it for as long as you liked.

People are still crowding around the stage, talking and chatting amongst themselves.

Sandra Bullock is the star of the show. She is very busy meeting all kind of new people.

Her agent is also with her, talking and handing out contacts information.

It is good networking.

Quite a few greet me since they now know who I am. They shows me great respects and provides with their business card if they have any.

I accept all the cards since there is no reason to. They have made an effort to make themselves known, so I should make an effort to return the curtesy.

It did take a while to pass through the staging area.

I find that Jennifer Aniston is not there amongst the crowd. She must have given some thoughts to my offer and heads to wherever she needs to go.

I head off to pick up Antigone. My daughter is still asleep in my office, soundly. The girl wakes up the moment I enters the room. I swear she is aware sometimes.

Jennifer was outside my office, waiting for me. She greets me respectfully the moment she saw me. I suppose she has learned her lesson.

"Hello Miss Jennifer Aniston. Have you given any thought to my offer."

I ask when I am in the room with the door locks. Anything said in the room is between me, her and my daughter, who is sitting on the table, flipping through the contract curiously.

"Yes. Mr. Maxwell. What do you need me to do?"

Jennifer asks. She is referring to the thing she needs to do for me. Since there are still a lot of people outside, she is confidence that I won't ask anything sexual or similiar.

"Well, let's do your audition first. I am curious of your acting skills."

I request.

"Right here?"

Jennifer questions, looking around the room. It is expensively decorated since it is my private office. I tends to stay here when I am in this auditorium.

"Yes."

Jennifer is about to begins since she memorizes all the lines already. She has a very good memory, but that is just memory. It takes more than that to be an actress.

However, I raise a hand to stop her.

"It is not that simple, Miss Aniston. I did tell you the price have increase. You will do your audition and you will be naked while doing it. Now. Please, continue. Impress me."