

## Master of Time Chapter 12 - Single Parenting

### Chapter 12: Single Parenting

1

There is actually another reason to why I have chosen to start my entrepreneurship in the year 1990 instead of the later years, like the year 2000 for example.

1

"Wow! What a cute baby. Is she your daughter? What is her name, mister? Where is her mother?"

A little girl exclaims as she leans in to check and caress my daughter. I wouldn't allow anyone to touch my daughter, but she is an exception.

Without her, I suppose I wouldn't be here.

Her name is Stephanie.

She is about 8 years old, give or take.

By my calculation, Stephanie would be about 18 when she got knocked up by her high school boyfriend and give birth a year later.

Therefore, jumping directly to the year 2000 would force me to experience a new kind of horror known as actual rebirth!

This is because if there is another me exists in the same timeframe, regardless of whether I wanted to or not, I will merge with my other self to prevent a paradox.

I don't even know what happen to Antigone if I merge with my fetus self.

Thinking about being conscious and stuck inside a womb makes me a bit nauseous.

"Yes, she is. Her name is Antigone or Anti. Her mother is... unfortunately dead."

I have no love for Ambrosia.

The number of times I have come face to face with former princess and talk to her like a person is less than the number of fingers on one hand.

Some people would argue that being the mother of my child is enough to qualify her as my wife or at least should have a place in my heart.

They are wrong.

I care nothing for the former princess of Atlantis. If I did, I wouldn't have condemned her to a lifetime of debauchery for what she will do in her future.

Is prosecuting someone for crimes they have not committed yet moral? Probably not.

2

Do I care? Hell no.

10

Anyone who even think about screwing with me will be punished let alone have the desire to act upon it. That said, I honestly wouldn't spend my time and energy hunting down all the would-be betrayers just because of my principle.

There wouldn't be enough time in the world for that.

3

Anyway, as for Ambrosia, I compare her to the numerous birthing machine exists in the 31st century.

Nobody is their right mind would become pregnant in the future for one reason or another. If anyone wanted a child, they simply go to a fertility or medical clinic, selecting sperm or egg with all the traits they wanted and then go on with their days for about 9 months.

The fetus will be grown in a tank, overseen by a restless Cybernetic entity or a virtual intelligence until it is fully grown and brought into the world.

6

Natural births are very rare in the future.

"Oh. I'm sorry mister. My mother is also dead. She passes away when I was born. Ah. I have forgotten to tell you my name. I'm Stephanie. Stephanie Connors. What is yours?"

"Connors. Just like in the Terminator. I'm Maximilien Maxwell. You can call me Max."

2

I smile faintly at the little girl, who is playing peekaboo with her granddaughter.

6

Antigone titters rather joyously, jerking her arms and legs.

This is the first time my daughter saw her grandmother and my mother, Stephanie.

As I recall, my mother is adopted by her current family.

When my grandmother passes away, my husband gave my mother up for adoption before drowning his sorrows in alcohols. He died shortly after due to intoxication.

11

It is a tragic story, but I wouldn't put an effort to bring a happy ending for both my grandparents. Their story already concluded, bringing them back will not do anyone any good.

I chat with my mother until my step-grandmother calls her inside from the house across the street.

Stephanie says her goodbye to Antigone and waves to me as she runs to her mother. I give the woman a smile before continuing my leisure walk with my daughter towards the park.

When it is almost lunch time, so I find a bench in the shade.

2

After sitting down, I open the pouch under the trolley and search for a can of baby food – the one that Antigone seems to love. She claps her hands when I jiggle the can in front of her.

I honestly have never thought of being a father, but I didn't mind it.

1

The can warms up in my hand as I transfer heat into it.

This is one of my augmented ability. I practice it along with other abilities whenever possible. However, like the crazy doctor from 31st century has said, it takes a lot of effort to become adept.

Once the food is ready, I start to search for a can opener.

One is offered to me by a man almost in in 70s.

"Thanks Henry. You look great."

2

I accept the tool from Henry and use it to open the can.

As I did, I didn't pay any mind to the security detail from Shield Security, hiding in plain sight.

While the goons have no idea who I exactly am, they do know that I am a close friend of Henry Oxford, the head of Oxford Enterprise.

Henry is still the Chairman of Chrono Holdings, but most of the operation is being overseen by his son, Harry Oxford.

3

"So are you, Mr. Maxwell. You haven't aged a single day. You look exactly the same the first time I met you all those years ago. Has it been 40 years, already?"

"Yes. And you age every single day of those 40 years. It is too late to return your youth since you are in the mind of the public. But don't worry. You will live for a long time. It won't be long until Infinite Health starts their hostile takeover. There will be chaos in the stock market when that happens."

"I don't mind the appearance, Mr. Maxwell. It makes me wiser and more experience. People doesn't give you any consideration when you are looking too young."

Henry gives his warning subtly. He then sits down next to me as I taste the baby food.

[Analyzing. No contamination found.]

Once Selene has done that, I feed a spoon to my daughter.

"This folder contains all the items you have requested Mr. Maxwell. It also contains all the information you will need. I have registered Terra Entertainment and all its subsidiaries and holdings under your name. It is based in Los Angeles. The building is already refurbished with employees waiting for your orders."

3

Henry tells me as he places a folder onto the bench. He also informs me about everything happening in the organizations.

It appears that Atlantis has become a sensation in the world stage due to the glimpse of its technology via satellite photos. Even with improved naval warfare by the two superpowers, the United States and USSR, anyone tries to enter the water surrounding the island nation will be met with deadly forces.

1

The coastal guns have been replaced with laser batteries more than a decade ago. Dodging lightspeed shell is quite impossible, thus that is why forcefield and energy shield technology was invented in the 23rd century.

4

The next step is Plasma-based weaponry, which burns through shield like they were made of paper.

I have not released that technical information into Hydra Network yet, but the men and women of the organizations are already experimenting with such technology.

They are still years away from having a prototype though.

As for Atlantis itself, Hydra transforms the entire island into a country with towering skyscrapers and hover cars. Not flying cars, but hovering cars. They glide frictionless on magnetic roads. It is only one of many advance technologies that exists on the island.

Due to this, the world leaders have tried to invite a delegate from Atlantis to the United Nations again and again. We refuse them every time, but it is probably time to enter the world stage.

I nod as I listen to Henry while feeding my daughter. Once the girl has enough, I hand the can to Henry and sing and rock her to sleep.

Henry checks the Heinz labelling as he waits in silence for about half an hour.

"Buy out Heinz and find out who responsible for the food contamination a week ago. I want to have a long chat to the person who made my daughter crying all night."