

Master of Time 165

Chapter 165 Fate versus Destiny

At least that is the plan.

But since I cannot speed things up with my power over time because those fictional realities are really a separate reality of their own, I will have to wait until my clones get things done for me.

It shouldn't take more than a few weeks. A couple of months top.

I sure hope that it isn't going to be a few years. Because by then, whatever knowledges or technologies that my clones manage to bring back to the prime-reality wouldn't be any use to me.

It is logical to assume so, as the likelihood of regaining some if not most of my original aspectual power in a few years is exceedingly high, considering how much I have accomplished thus far.

It is safe to say that my knowledges, technologies and powers will grow exponentially from here on.

In any case, each of the clones should be more than capable of the mission as they are me in a sense, both physically and mentally.

More correct to say almost like me since I didn't really give them a full copy of my memoires, thus my personalities.

It isn't necessary. They only need to know the important stuff. Anything extra would be a distraction.

Aside from the seemingly godlike powers that each clone has, they also have the assistance from both Selene and Legion. A dumbed down version of Selene and Legion.

The dumbing down part is to make sure neither Selene or Legion is able to gain self-awareness. I don't want them to become artificial intelligence as those fictional realities already have the clones to worry about.

Honestly, if the clones are anything like me, which they are somewhat, they would not go out of their way to help the natives of those fictional realities with whatever strife or problems they are having.

It is not a fix-it-all sort of thing, as I am not a hero. I am not a villain either.

Considering me as a third party of interest, who will help those that benefits me. At least that is what the clones should be behaving, for the mission is above all else.

But who knows, only time will truly tell me.

And by that, I do not mean I will be waiting around here in this spatial dimension and wait things out.

While it is enjoyable to see what the clones are doing on the monitor in movies, anime, games, and all sort of visual media really, I do have plenty of things I need to do in the entertainment industry.

Producing a blockbuster movie or creating a hit game will give me another fictional reality to take total advantage of.

It doesn't even need to be a movie or game from the original timeline, giving me greater freedom. As long as whatever product I can produce becomes a pop culture, integrating into the mind of the public, a fictional reality would be created.

While I am unsure the real reason why it does, but I can have a guess. It probably has something to do with people collectively wishing that reality exists in some form, subconsciously or consciously.

It is interesting to explore this area.

In any case, what kind of fictional reality I can create is only limited by my imagination.

It is a bit disappointing that the Gate of Fiction artefact only works on visual medium, or I would have invaded Lord of the Ring reality and play the voice of reason to Sauron for a bit, only because it is time for the bad guys to win for once.

I guess I will settle for Emperor Palpatine for now.

The dark side is always cooler.

Despite only being able to access fictional realities of visual medium, it is still better than nothing, and I am certain that there is a way to enter fictional realities within the pages of books and manga.

I just need to give Zeus a reason to give the means to me.

Maybe it is better to grease Zephyr instead? She should have some interesting artefacts herself.

I think I should start collecting some artefacts myself as well.

Seems very handy to have them.

Maybe I should learn how to craft artefacts myself since I do have a lot of good ideas?

After some more thoughts on the matter, I have Legion monitors thing for me here before I relinquish my control over the avatar and return my attention to the outer world.

I turn off the autopilot and drive towards the apartment complex that housed all the employees being employed by the Firm.

The little social experiment I have going on there produces some very interesting result.

People are just generally happier when they have to do things and follow a set of rules and guidelines, all in order to have what they wanted.

Having everything handed to them makes them directionless, not to mention incredible slothful.

Of course, not all the employees working for the Firm is part of the social experiment.

Some people just don't know what they are truly missing. No idea what they were thinking when they turn down free foods and accommodations, not to mention safety and security.

And I didn't want to know.

I am not interested in chasing down people who thinks they can do better.

It is also a waste of time.

I rather waste time doing thing that I enjoy immensely.

"Good morning, Allison. I will be picking you up in about 15 minutes at the front of the building. Please dress nicely but modestly since we are going to a public place. I hope that you have had breakfast, but if you did not, we can go for one."

I speak up without using any external phone.

My voice is being directly transmitted into her apartment via Hydra Network. She is already a member of Hydra. An outer member, but still a member, nonetheless. It is for her good work.

"G-good morning, Mr. Maxwell. I mean Max. Ah yes, I have already eaten. I will be down soon."

Allison responses being startled. She looks around the room to see where the voice is coming from.

It is coming from everywhere within the bedroom.

"Take your time, Allison. I can wait for as long as you like."

I give my reply. I am actually already here, but I will just give her roughly 15 minutes to get ready. I do wonder if that is enough, considering it is faster to build a bridge than waiting for a woman to change.

Just kidding.

But seriously, it does take a while for a woman to change from my experience.

Allison hurries out of bed that I had left her in last night, relatively speaking of course.

It has been like months for me, but only like a few hours for her.

Therefore, I enjoy watching her frantically head into the shower to wash off all that stickiness.

It takes about 5 minutes. 5 more minutes to dry her hair and put on her makeup. Another 5 for her to put on something nice and rush out of the door of her apartment.

I couldn't help but laugh in amusement the whole time at watching her, but my amusement dies when Allison runs into the same guy who had interrupted my fun last night.

He obviously has a crush on her. Most people do, but he is an obsessive stalker type. It actually never ends well for the object of their affection.

As a loving father to Allison, shall I have him discretely killed?

It does feel a bit extreme, considering there are a lot of other bloodless options. He is also quite a hard worker since he is trying to make Allison notice him.

But unlike Allison, he doesn't have a perfect memory helping him.

"Hey Ally!"

The guy calls out, practically chasing her from all the way down the corridor.

"Ah. I'm sorry. I'm running late. So sorry."

Allison replies as she squeezes between the closing door of the elevator.

"Wait! Hold the door!"

The guy didn't make it as the elevator begins to descend to the ground floor.

Allison fixes her clothes in the elevator and putting on her shoes.

And by the time the elevator reaches the ground level, she looks perfect. She takes a breath and heads out of the elevator calmly and collectively.

Allison greets everyone who greeted her in the lobby as she heads out.

And once outside, she notices me immediately. This is because I am waiting outside the car by leaning on it.

"I'm sorry that I'm late, Max. Did you have to wait long?"

Allison apologizes on her approach.

I smile and scan her up and down with my own naked eyes.

She did dress nicely and modestly like I had asked of her. She even tries to get everything done in 15 minutes, which is kind of impossible, considering that she had slept in due to exhaustion thanks to me.

I wasn't even completely satisfied when I had left her in bed the night before. It is pretty hard for her to satisfy me on her own, but that is not any fault of her own.

"Yes, I did. But anything can be forgiven by a kiss, sweetheart."

I response and lean in to give her a kiss.

A kiss that Allison returns happily with her arms around my shoulder and waist.

There is no tongue action, however. There will be time for that later in the evening and night, as long as I don't have anything to do. If I do, can I just send a clone in to do the job?

It is the reason why I have Legion perfected the cloning technology in the first place. Rather than wait around until I learn how to summon clones, Naruto style, I will just accomplish through the use of my technology instead.

After the rather affectionate kiss, I open the door for her to let her inside the car. I note that guy stares at me from the front door of the apartment complex.

"You shouldn't skip breakfast. Most people considered it is the most important meal of the day. What do you like to have for breakfast?"

I ask Allison when I get into the car with her, not giving her a chance to explain herself. I am not really interesting in her explanation.

Allison is somewhat embarrassed at me calling her out on with her small lies. Usually, she gets up very early in the morning. This mostly has to do with her ability of perfectly recalling everything.

"Um... haven't you eaten already, Max?"

Allison asks. She assumes so since it has passed 10am in Los Angeles.

I actually had breakfast at 6am with Zeus and Zephyr due to the time difference between Los Angeles and New York.

The time difference is also the reason why I can have a private helicopter and jet flying me all the way from New York to Los Angeles every single day without most people raising an eyebrow.

It is all for keeping up appearance. I am not actually on the plane because that is a waste of time.

"Yes, but who says that I cannot have a second breakfast? How about pancakes? There is a nice place nearby that serves some of the most delicious pancakes."

I offer since Allison remains undecided.

"Yes. That would be good. It has been a while since I have pancakes."

Allison accepts.

"Work is work, Allison, but you have to have fun every now and then. Also, you don't need to be fearful of it. The examination. It isn't going to be like the first time, I promise."

I point out as I drive her to the restaurant.

"And besides, I will be with you all the way, as a friend and as family."

I add with a smile.

Allison returns my smile.

"Thank you, father."

She has already accepted me as her father even if I did not father in the common ways. This is also the first time she has called me father earnestly.

"You are welcome, dear daughter."

I reply.

My daughter and I have breakfast together after that. We also chatted for a long time, mostly involving me listening to her talking about her childhood and dream.

I already know her entire history because of Shield, but it is still good to show her what a loving as well as caring father I can be. No need for her to know the real me.

Once we have breakfast, we head straight to the hospital to have a checkup. We obviously did not go to any of the county hospitals since they do not have the facility to help Allison.

"Infinite Medical Center?"

Allison comments as the car enters the crowded parking lot.

This is a hospital completely owned and operated by Hydra via Infinity Incorporated, stylized as Infinity Inc.

It is the parent company of Infinite Health, amongst many other subsidiaries.

And while the board of directors of Infinity Inc. isn't full of teenage superheroes like its DC counterpart, it is still full of supers. All of them are Hydra members, biologically augmented.

Each of them is pretty much one-man army.

However, as men and women of medicines, their priority is to save life not take it.

Therefore, despite being privately owned by me, it is actually a public hospital, providing professional health and service for the general public.

Of course, it is not entirely selfless, for nothing I do is entirely selfless.

"Yes, sweetheart. I guess you have never been here before? It was built recently, a few years ago. And if you haven't done so already, you should set your preferred medical center as this place in case you have an emergency. Other hospitals will not be able to diagnose your condition let alone help you."

I point out and accompany her inside.

The front lobby is packed with people of all ages.

It is actually not unusual to see many people here due to the free health checkup as well as medication and vaccination. It is also a place where public children of Hydra and Shield usually go to.

Public children are those who are adopted or born to Hydra and Shield in the outside world. They are likely to live their entire life not knowing the true nature of their parents.

Why is that necessary? Well, it is for the future.

Having said that, the front lobby is currently a lot more packed today due to the huge traffic accident that had happened this morning. The other hospitals are also swarmed with the injuries.

"We are current very busy, but please take a ticket from one of the machines, thank you."

A nurse tells everyone who just enter the lobby, and the ticket machine is similar to the one that exist in the lobby of Lok Entertainment. It is to stop people from standing in line.

The same nurse also instructed everyone to take a form and fill out while they wait for the doctors. It is to help speed things up. There is no need for doctors to spend valuable time chatting to the patients about their injuries, at least for injuries that are not external.

Allison takes a ticket and a form, making me chuckle.

"You don't really need to do that, sweetheart. You are a very important person."

I tell her as I show her the hidden option on the ticket machine, which can be accessed with her Hydra ring. She also didn't need to fill any form either because those forms are to keep people occupied.

Like before, someone comes down to get us within a minute or so. No one would dare to keep me and Allison waiting.

"Ah, Mr. Maxwell. And this must be Miss Allison. Please. Please come this way with me."

The older man requests.

"Hey. Wait a minute. How come they gets to go first? My daughter and I have been here since morning, waiting."

One of the people calls out.

I look at the huge man before looking at his daughter, who is quite timid.

While I cannot see any injuries on her person, she looks like she is in pain. Besides from several bruises, one of her lungs has collapsed.

It isn't due to the physical abuse she has suffered at the hand of her father.

Selene fills me on her medical history, making me frown slightly.

Her destiny has changed greatly due to my presence. It explains why she is still with her abusive father instead of with her mother after the divorce.

"Please go ahead with him, Allison. I will be with you shortly."

I tell Allison and crouch down to the little girl before placing a hand on her head.

"Hey. What do you think you're doing!?"

Her father calls out, but I wave my hand to shut him up.

"Please shut your hole, Xavier. I might not look like it, but I am a doctor."

I tell him. My voice laces with magical energy, silencing him. He looks shock and surprised at seemingly being unable to speak.

"So, how are you feeling, Christina?"