

Master of Time 174

Chapter 174 Things Through Her Eyes POV

Daddy? Why, daddy? Why?

Why can't I come with you to wherever you are going?

Did I do something wrong?

Is that why you don't want me anymore?

I will be good. I promise. I will be a good girl, so please, please come back and take me with you.

Please don't leave me. Please, daddy! Please!

I keep calling for my daddy and looking for him, but he is not anywhere to be seen.

He is gone like he had said, but he had told me to go to mummy. She will take care of me in his place because he had said that he had been a very bad father.

Daddy has been a very bad father?

Why did he say that?

Daddy isn't a bad father.

He is scary, very scary sometimes, but he isn't a bad father like he had said. He talks very nicely to me and also buys me things when I am a good girl. Really a good girl.

I am a good girl.

Haven't I been a good girl, daddy?

I am confused, but if daddy wants me to go to mummy then I will have to go to mummy. I get punished if I don't listen to him, and his punishments really, really hurts.

Daddy punishes me for everything that I did wrong, but he said it is good for me. It is to stop me from being bad, just like when I had tried to stay with mummy and my baby sister, Rachel.

I had cried so much that day, the day when mummy and daddy have stopped living in the same house together. They had said that they don't love each other anymore and that they don't want to live with each other anymore.

I haven't seen mummy for years because daddy takes me all over the world due to his job in the army, but he doesn't anymore because he doesn't work in the army anymore.

When he did, we had gone to many places, even to Japan and Korea. Those places are really different from here in the United States, and the people there also talk funny, especially the Japanese.

Japanese people are always respectful to me and daddy, bowing constantly. But daddy had said that it is because they have lost the war to us, and now, they are our servants, so they have to be respectful.

The Korean doesn't need to because they are better people than the Japanese.

But mummy said that isn't true, and daddy is just being racist and hateful.

Mummy even said that I will be too if I stay with him.

I don't understand what racist mean, but I do understand what hateful mean. Daddy isn't hateful since he loves me. He loves me more than he loves mummy. That is what he had said.

Mummy doesn't want me to stay with daddy, but she did tell daddy that he can take me while she will take Rachel in that huge room with a man with funny curly hairs.

It doesn't look like real hair.

Since then, I have only been able to talk on the phone with mummy because daddy is always overseas due to his work, but I think it has already been months since I last talk to her.

Mummy is probably busy. She is always busy.

Everyone is always busy, never have time for me, except for daddy when he is home from work.

Daddy had said that he will always have time for me as long as I am a good girl, but sometimes, I wish he isn't home because he is always angry, making me hide in the house because he hurts me even if I am a good girl.

And now daddy doesn't have time for me anymore.

He is gone, and I don't know when he will be back. Will he be back?

I just don't know. I just... don't know.

Why didn't you take me with you, daddy? Why?

Did you decide that you don't want me anymore? Did I make you angry again?

I look up at mister Max with teary eyes.

He is a doctor, but he doesn't look like one. He doesn't really wear that whitecoat and have that tube-like tool around his neck to hear my heartbeat.

I recall that it is called a stethoscope. I have asked one of the doctors once.

A long time ago.

It is hard to pronounce that word correctly since I haven't been to school. I also keep changing schools due to the work that daddy did. I don't mind, but it makes it really hard to learn any new words.

And I want to learn new words, so I can write down what I want to say deep down.

It is hard to express myself without knowing proper words, but mister Max seems to understand me, even if I didn't say anything.

I also like mister Max because he has made the pain in my chest goes away unlike all the other doctors that daddy had taken me to recently. They always argued with daddy about those punishments that I received for being a bad instead of helping me like mister Max.

I can breathe normally now, like a couple of years ago.

It doesn't hurt anymore.

Mister Max also has made all my other pains go away too, but I don't think daddy likes that very much because daddy had put those bruises there to remind me that I have been a bad girl.

It is my punishment like daddy had said.

Mister Max frowns as he sees my tears, seemingly know what is on my mind. I think he can hear what I am thinking.

He crouches down to level his very clear eyes with mine. And his thumb runs across my face just under the eyes to clear my tears before his hand places itself on my head, caressing me gently.

His other hand holds one of my hand firmly.

"There is no need to cry, Christina. Your daddy just has things that he needs to do, so when he is done with those things, he will come back to see you again. So, until then, you have to be a good girl, okay?"

Mister Max tells me as I try to not cry anymore. His hand remains on my head.

And it feels nice. Feels very nice.

I don't know why but I like it very much when mister Max touches me. It makes me all warm and tingly inside. It isn't a bad feeling. It is a really good feeling. My heart also beats a lot faster too.

Mister Max soon removes the hand from my head and takes hold of my other hand. He is now holding both of my hands. He also smiles, brightly.

It makes me want to smile too, so I did.

"You can talk to me, Christina. I will be your friend. I can also be your daddy if you want me to, so don't cry anymore, okay? You have to be strong because you are special. A special girl. A very special girl."

Mister Max tells me, and his voice sounds so soothing. I have never been called a special girl before. I like it. I want to be a special girl, someone that everyone has time for.

I immediately stop crying and nod repeatedly, making him smile again. I like his smile. It is very calming and... and... I don't know the world. But it makes me all very happy and inside.

"Now, let us go and see your mother, okay? I am sure that she misses you. Oh. We will stop by a place before we leave the hospital. I need to talk to someone. If you want, Christina. You can stay here with all your new friends to play with them a little bit more. Do you want to?"

Mister Max asks me.

I look back at the room where I have played since this afternoon. There are a lot of children there, and most of them are so nice. I have made a few friends, and while I do want to play with them a lot more, I think it will be like all the friends that I have made overseas. I will have to leave them eventually.

My attention returns to mister Max, who nods in understanding. I didn't need to say anything because he knows exactly what I am going to say. Instead, I hold onto his hands tightly, not wanting to let it go no matter what.

I like his touch. I like him touching me.

It feels so warm and wonderful. It feels much better than getting a hug from daddy.

"Alright, Christina. Let's go then. And don't worry, you will get to see all of your friends again, one day, one day when the world looks up to you. When everyone wants to be your friend."

Mister Max stands upright as he said that. What did he mean by the world looking up to me? I didn't understand because the world doesn't have eyes, so how can it look up at me.

And everyone wants to be my friend? I would like that. And if everyone is my friends, then no one will be my enemy, right? Daddy always say that there are two people in the world, friends and enemies.

I just need to know which one they are.

Mister Max stands upright. One of his hands free my hand, but the other continues to hold me to lead me down the corridor.

The whole time, I keep looking up at him, and sometimes, he matches my gaze with a smile.

He takes me to another building. It is a much bigger building and a lot more cleaner too. Also, there is a lot less people in the corridor. Some corridors don't have anyone at all.

I think this place is the private wing of the hospital.

Daddy couldn't take me to the private wing because he needs to have a lot of money. Like a lot. I don't know how money can get you into a building, but I guess miss Max must have a lot of money since he is here.

We stop at a room with an enormous wide window. There is a lot of room with huge windows for me to see inside. Like the other rooms, this one also has people inside.

A beautiful woman. An old man. And I think a doctor.

The old man appears to be injured since he is trying to walk on a moving walkway. I think it is called a treadmill. The much younger woman is trying to help him while the doctor is jotting down something.

"Please stay here, Christina. Don't wander around or you will get lost in the building."

Mister Max tells me when he removes his hands completely from me. The warmness and that tingling sensation also go away. It didn't go away completely. It is still there, lingering.

I really want to grab hold of his hands again, but I fear he might yell at me. His expression has changed a lot. He is no longer smiling. He seems to be annoyed, just like daddy always is these days.

So, I did want he has asked. I stay outside like a good girl as he enters the room. I watch him through the glass window, seeing him walking towards the young woman and gesturing her towards him.

The doctor takes the old man out of the room and into the adjacent one, leaving only mister Max and the young woman together.

She looks frightened, and while I cannot hear what mister Max is saying, I could tell that he is lecturing her like daddy had lectured me. She must have done something wrong. She must have been a bad girl.

Is mister Max going to punish her? Is he going to tell her to remove her pants and lie across his lap, so that he can hit her bottom? Just thinking about it makes me remember daddy slaps my bottom.

It really hurts.

The woman nods repeatedly and gestures her hands in assurance, and to my surprise, mister Max did not punish her. He only lectures her before he leaves.

"Let's go, Christina."

Mister Max requests me and lends a hand towards me. I take his hand with a smile and follow him to leave the building.

"Why didn't you punish her, mister? She did something wrong, didn't she?"

I question out of curiosity.

Mister Max just chuckles and shakes his head, finding my question funny. I don't understand.

My question isn't that funny, is it?

"There is no need to punish someone like that, Christina, even if they did something very bad. To me, it is better to teach them what they did wrong instead of hurting them. Did your daddy ever tell you what you did wrong or he just punish you and sent you to your room?"

Mister Max asks.

I recall that my daddy never did. He only punished me and then leave me there crying or sent me to my room, so that he can be alone. He tells me to think about what I did though, so I think he is trying to let me figure it out myself.

Mister Max chuckles again even though I didn't answer him. I pout a little since I don't know what he is finding so funny. It would be nice if he tells me.

"You have to be older to understand, Christina. Now, you must be mightily hungry. What do you want to eat?"

Mister Max asks me, as if he is allowing me to choose. Daddy only allows me to choose what I want to eat when I am a really, really good girl. Most of the time, he brings home whatever he manages to buy on his way home, usually packaged rice with vegetables and fishes.

It is called a bento in Japan.

Daddy calls it a lunchbox, but we didn't have it only at lunch. We have it for breakfast, lunch and dinner because daddy doesn't really know how to cook. We sometimes eat out too.

"Japanese huh? How about some Sushi? Do you want some Sushi, Christina?"

Mister Max asks.

Oh. I know Sushi too. I have them when I was in Japan. They are rice with a small slice of fish or meat on top. The rice also can be wrapped around the ingredient.

But I never had any Sushi here because it is too expensive, daddy had said. Things just cost a lot more money here, but good thing that mister Max has a lot of money.

He can enter private wing of the hospital freely when so many people aren't allowed.

I nod at his question. I want some Sushi. I want to have some Japanese foods. Korean foods would be nice too, but I shouldn't ask.

"Now, Christina. You have to speak your mind instead of nodding and gesturing your hands. It is quite disrespectful, especially to someone who are older than you. So, do you want to have some Sushi with me?"

Mister Maxwell lectures me as he stops at a car. It is a really nice car. One of the nicest in the parking area. It is probably really expensive too since daddy couldn't even afford a car. We had to take a shuttle bus to the hospital.

I look up at mister Maxwell before finally speaking up.

"Can I please have some Sushi for dinner, mister?"

Max chuckles and pats me approvingly on the head, like my father uses to. That feels so long ago.

"It is a date then."