

Master of Time 178

Chapter 178 Home is Where Home is POV

The air becomes really thick and heavy just like before, making it difficult to breathe again.

A lot more difficult to breathe than before, I think.

Luckily, it didn't last long since everyone stops staring when mister Max leers at them for the first time since we had sat down at our table.

Mister Max also appears to be annoyed, and the people seem to be avoiding his gaze as if they do not want to challenge him. Some people even appear to be afraid of him, but most people aren't.

They just aren't interested anymore.

Maybe it is because we are no longer playing the card-guessing game.

"Don't worry about them, Christina. Even in a den of lions, a King is still a King. Anyway, let us eat. The foods are quite delicious, especially when you are this hungry. And don't be shy. Have as much as you want."

Mister Max is right.

The foods are really delicious, and I can eat as much as I want.

It has been a while since I get to eat so many yummy foods, and they are really yummy.

Yumiko brings more when the plates are emptied. She keeps glaring at mister Max each time that she has brought foods to the table, but I could see the fear in her eyes.

I know those eyes because I have the same eyes when daddy comes home very angry. I think that she wants to find somewhere to hide from mister Max, but she couldn't.

Weirdly, mister Max didn't seem to pay any attention to Yumiko other than thanking her for bringing the foods to the table. He also goes to the toilet almost every time that she did even though he didn't drink much.

I know because I was paying attention.

"Do you want some desserts, Christina?"

Mister Max asks me when I am full, but I don't think he is full even though he ate a lot. A lot more than me, I think. He also rarely chews his foods. He just swallows it all in one bite.

"Can I really, mister?"

I question while accepting the menu that mister Max gives me.

The desserts are at the back of the menu, and there are ice-creams available.

I would like to try some green-tea ice-creams.

"Of course, Christina, but not too much because you will not be able to sleep tonight. It is nearly 10pm, way past your bedtime."

Mister Max tells me, and I look at the clock hanging nearby.

He is right. It is almost 10pm, but strangely, I don't feel sleepy at all. I wonder why. But since it's almost bedtime, I decide not to have any desserts even though I really want to.

It isn't good to eat sweets just before bed.

Mister Max smiles at me and takes back the menu. He places it on the table along with the rest of the other menus. He asks for the bill afterwards.

But Yumiko is nowhere to be found. She is the only waitress that I have seen since the restaurant isn't very big, and it is also very late at night. Most people are asleep in their home at the moment.

"It is on the house, Mr. Maxwell."

An old man tells us. He is wearing white clothes with a white hat. I think he is a chef. Is he the one who prepared the Sushi and Japanese dishes? He is a really good chef.

Mister Max looks him before chuckling in amusement.

I don't really understand.

What does it mean it is on the house? The bill is on the house?

But this isn't a house.

It should be the bill is on the restaurant, but I don't understand that either.

Adults talk really strange sometimes, but I guess that is because I am not an adult yet. I am only 9 right now, so it will be about 9 more years until I am an adult.

"In that case, thank you for your hospitality. I suppose I will repay you another way. Perhaps what had happened in the past should stay in the past, considering that you are no longer the man I am looking for."

Mister Max answers the old man. He then stands up and helps me up too.

The old man looks at me, and I hide behind mister Max. There is something in his eyes, and it is really, really scary.

"Is she your daughter?"

The old man asks, causing me to look up at mister Max. I wonder what he will say.

"You know that she is not, but I do hope that she will be one day."

Mister Max answers with a smile. His hand pats me on the head, and I like it. I do wonder if it is actually possible for me to be his daughter? I would love it if he was my father.

"You would subject a child to –

The old man begins.

"A King is still a King even if his claws are no longer sharpened. My business is my own, so don't lecture me about things you should not be concerned about. You should be more concern about yourself and your significant others. Just watch your back, huh?"

Mister Max interrupts.

Did mister Max just threaten the old man like my daddy usually threatens people for no reason? Why did he do that though?

The old man didn't like being threaten since he looks a lot more scary than before.

Mister Max just chuckles and nudges me towards the door. I look around, seeing that almost everyone is looking in our direction. Their eyes are full of anger and fury.

I'm scared. I'm really, really scared.

But the feeling goes away when mister Max holds my hand and takes me out of the restaurant.

I look back one more time, finding that some of the people are standing next to the old man, as if they are guarding him like he is really important.

Yumiko is there as well, and she looks a lot like the old man. Maybe she is his daughter?

"Yes, she is, Christina, but it is not important, and I am sorry for bringing you here. It is not my exactly my original plan, but... anyway, please tell me, did you enjoy your dinner?"

Mister Max asks. He almost tells me something that he shouldn't.

"Yes, mister. The foods were delicious. Did you also enjoy the dinner?"

I response with a bright smile.

It was scary, but it wasn't that much different from when my daddy had taken me to eat with some of his friends. They all have this scary aura around them, just like everyone in the restaurant, especially the old man.

"Of course, Christina. It is because I get to have a meal with such a cute girl like you. Now, let me take you home to your mummy, okay? I hope that she is still awake."

I giggle at his compliment.

Mister Max takes me to the carpark across the road and helps me into the car. I get to open the door into the car myself again, and I like it as much as the first time.

The door didn't feel heavy anymore.

We drive out the carpark after that, but on the way out, I could see several people are standing outside of the restaurant and looking in our direction. They don't seem to be very pleased.

Mister Max didn't pay them any attention at all, but I could see a faint smile on his face. He seems to be really happy for some reason.

I am happy too because I get to see mummy soon. I hope that she is happy to see me. I hope that my baby sister is happy to see me as well. Rachel was just a baby when she went with mummy to live with my grandma.

"I'm sure your mother is happy to see you, Christina. She is your mother, after all, no matter what will happen in the future. Oh. I need to drop by another place to pick up a thing. It won't be long."

Mister Max tells me, and I hope that he is right.

The car comes to a stop after passing several more roads and streets.

All the buildings nearby are closed with no one around, so I am not sure why mister Max stops the car here.

"We are waiting for someone, Christina. He should be here soon."

Mister Max tells me, and I look around to see if there is anyone nearby.

I eventually notice that there is someone approaching the car. It is a man about the same age as mister Max, and he is carrying over his shoulder a really big duffle bag.

"Sorry for the tardiness, sir. Transport was a nightmare, but everything should be in here. The rest are being analyzed right now, so we will have a report for you tomorrow."

The man apologizes and opens the door to the backseat. He drops the duffle bag inside before closing the door. He then heads off after that.

Mister Max drives off as well, as I wonder what that was all about. I also wonder what is in the duffle bag sitting in the backseat, but I shouldn't be nosy. Older people don't like it when I am nosy, and it is probably just adult stuff.

Daddy has a lot of adult stuff that I am not supposed to touch.

Mister Max chuckles and pats me over the head.

"It's not adult stuff, Christina. It is your stuff. Your dad packs your things for you since we were sort of in a hurry when we left the hospital. It was a very long drive from there to here."

Mister Max tells me, causing me to blink.

I am both happy and sad at the same time. Happy because I have all my stuff thanks to daddy, but sad because daddy didn't bring it himself. I really wish that daddy has, so I can ask him why.

"Don't worry, Christina. Everything will be fine. Remember what I have told you. The only real choice is the choice that you make. Don't worry about anything else."

Mister Max tells me, hinting something.

I nod in understanding and fiddle with the deck of card that he gifted me. I will cherish it.

And when the car comes to a stop again, it is now parked by a house. I could see faint light coming out the window of the living of that house, and there are people sitting on the couch, watching television.

They are cuddling together.

It is a man and a woman. I didn't recognize the man, but the woman is mummy. I think.

Mummy looks different, a lot different from what I can remember.

"You know that your mummy and daddy doesn't love each other anymore, Christina. That is why they are living separately. But unlike your daddy, your mummy loves someone else now, and that person sitting there with her is your new daddy if you let him."

Mister Max tells me, surprising me greatly. I have a new daddy? Why? I don't want a new daddy. I just want my daddy, who no longer wants me. Why? Am I a bad daughter?

I immediately get out of the car and hurry to the door. I stop in front of it before looking up. The door looks so big, and the doorbell is so high. I couldn't reach it.

"Whatever happens, the choice is up to you, Christina."

Mister Max tells me and presses the doorbell. He presses it twice before waiting for the door to open, and when it did, the woman looks at us through the security door.

"Hello, Mrs. Loraine. I'm Maximilien Maxwell and this is –

Mister Max introduces himself, but mummy looks annoyed.

"Sorry, but whatever it is, I am not interested. It is also very late, so can you please go away. Why did you even bring your daughter out at this hour?"

Mummy speaks up before closing the doors, and I couldn't find my voice. I couldn't even speak a single word. Not a single word.

"Mummy...? Did you not recognize me?"

I soon utter as everything becomes blurry, so blurry. I don't understand. I don't really understand, but tears keep running down my face. The pain in my chest returns, and I couldn't breathe at all.

But this pain isn't like the one I had this morning. It is a lot more painful.

"Please don't cry, Christina. It has been years after all, and your mother do have a lot of things on her mind at the moment."

Mister Max tells me as he places a hand onto my shoulder. That warmness fills me, as I look up at him, seeing his smile. It is a sad smile.

"Then what should I do, mister?"

I question tearfully. I don't really have a home anymore because no one wants me.

"Go home, Christina. Come. Let us go home."