

Master of Time 194

Chapter 194 Dawn of a New Day

A new day dawns, and the third person within my household finally awakens.

On the small and comfy bed that I had left her in, Christina looks around the bedroom and takes in her new surroundings. She wonders where she currently is, as the last thing that she remembers is sitting in the car with me, being driven away from her home, at least what she had believed to be her home.

It wasn't really her home. It never was, as Christina had never lived there with her mother.

Her mother did not remember her, as it has been so many years already, actually more than four years to be exact. Her mother did not even recognize her voice due to having only heard it electronically via international phone calls in the past four years, and those phone calls were not very often either.

The last one is months ago.

And coupled with the fact that her father has abandoned her and disappeared without saying exactly why, Christina cannot help but feel completely unwanted by everyone she knows and loves. No child should ever feel that, especially when they don't really have anything special in their life.

Like Christina. Her destiny has been derailed, and it is not my intention.

Since I am solely responsible for what had happened to her leading up to this point, purposely or not, I allow Christina to wall in her own sorrow for a little while, as she is still a child herself.

There is no need to be strict with Christina, at least not yet.

But I suppose I will have to be when Christina is much older. I am expecting each and every single one of my daughters to be the best that they can be, adopted or not.

I mean the ones that I actually put a bit of time and effort into.

In all honesty, I prefer them to be older, as I don't have to deal with the rebellious phase during their teenage years that they might or might not go through.

A lot of children actually do have some kind rebellious tendency as they grow older, strangely enough.

Christina will as well when she becomes a teenager, but in her case, it is more severe.

That is because of what Christina is, an evolved human. The changes in her body and mind due to the M-strain are quite extreme, at least biologically.

It would be quite interesting to witness once Christina hits puberty.

While the M-strain doesn't really interfere with her appearance, it does accentuate and enhance some of her physical features. Those natural physical traits other hers, as she did not inherit any from me.

Not that Christina needed to inherit any.

Christina is a pretty as a child, more so if she eats more and fills out. If she is being fed correctly, I think she will grow up to be quite beautiful. More so than her counterpart in the original timeline. Charming and elegant in her own way.

Combining with her innate artistic talents, her road towards stardom is almost a certainty. More than a certainty with my help and the addition of magic.

Magic breaks the natural laws of the observable universe, at least in scientific point of view. That said, it does follow its own laws and rules from what I can understand, but despite researching for centuries, those laws and rules are not clearly defined.

It appears that magic does not operate in the context of what normally can be perceived. That is what Alex and Hans have determined. Their future self, in an alternate future.

Their theory seems plausible, considering that magic exists since the dawn of creation, and the mages on Azula manage to do barely scratch the surface of what is possible. Still, what little I know collectively is enough for me to do what I want to do with the Entertainment Industry.

It is a cheat, but nothing about me and my power isn't considered cheating.

I would have never achieved so much by being a normal person with morals and what's not. There are still things that sickens me, but generally, if the end result is what I am seeking for then I actually have no problem of getting there.

Same with Christina, who eventually joins me and Antigone in the kitchen. It did take her a while since there are many rooms before the kitchen, and she is a curious child herself. That is expected since she usually left alone by herself when she was living with her actual father.

The man is out of the picture for now. He is in the hospital, healing from his injuries. The kind of injuries that he himself had inflicted upon Christina over the course of years. I just give it back to him all in one go.

Antigone takes notice of Christina the moment she enters the kitchen. If baby can be jealous, Antigone is beyond jealous, but as she is currently within my embracing arms, she is more behave than usual.

"Good morning, Christina. Did you sleep well last night?"

I greet the nine years old as I pick up the milk bottle off the counter and shake it.

The bottle has been sitting there for several hours, so it is not really warm anymore, but that problem can easily be rectified through my powers. Several powers actually.

Obviously, I can use my ability to manipulate thermal energy to reheat the milk, but I prefer to use my temporal power. It is far more suited for the task. Not only that it makes all the bacteria being unborn as if they aren't there in the first place, it allows me to refill the bottom should Antigone has consumed any.

The same way I would refill my coffee if I needed more. Not needed to keep myself awake, but for me to continuing to enjoy the taste.

With my power, I only ever need to mix the baby formula once, but I did it a few times just to get that ratio right. After that, I just use my power to get it perfect every time.

Definitely cheating.

Even using the fabricator cannot it as perfect as I can due to multiple environmental factors. Therefore, my daughter, Antigone should have nothing to complain about.

Of course, as a baby, Antigone complains, nonetheless, just so I can give her more fatherly love. I think she fakes it most of the time, probably. Not sure, as I don't really want to read her mind.

And if Antigone is anything like Adria, being the Avatar of Time, it would be pointless to. I do hope that Antigone won't have to leave me once she grows up because that kind of hurt, emotionally.

"Um. Yes, mister."

Christina answers me as I suck on the bottle a little to make sure before feeding Antigone.

That recaptures Antigone's attention. She doesn't really pay any attention to anything else when she is being fed her favorite brand of foods.

Obviously, like every newborn baby, milks from her mother is the best for her. Although, I can actually synthesis breastmilk perfectly, it would still not be the same due to several factors.

That is why I had allowed Ambrosia, her biological mother, to take care of her for the first few months of her life.

There is no reason beyond that. Maybe to test Ambrosia as well, but I don't think she would harm her child regardless of what kind of scheming person she was. She did, however, believed I would not take her life she is has given birth to Antigone.

As if I would let something like that stops me, and besides, Antigone doesn't seem to miss her mother at all. She only needs me in her life.

Speaking more of Ambrosia, she is hoping to see me, the Supreme Commander of Hydra.

Hydra is her entire world, as she was raised within it by the good doctor for more than three decades or so. To Ambrosia, I am her God. Her only reason to exist.

There is no picture of me within Hydra for security reason. The very same reason to why my profile as well as any information regard to me are not kept on file, physically, digitally or otherwise.

As that is the case, much of the people in Hydra don't really know what I look like personally. More so in Shield since their clearance is even lower.

However, the Hydra ring that they are wearing at all time should inform or warn them whenever they are talking to me or being within my presence. It just stops them from being tortured by me for mostly stupid reasons, such as being arrogance and disrespectful.

That actually happens quite often decades ago. Not so much now.

Despite being a part of a global organization with the goal of dominating the world, most members in Hydra are quite normal and humble, speaking casually with each other and everyone instead of being utterly self-centered and arrogance due to their own importance.

Very different from many secret organizations scatter throughout the world, especially in Asia. Strange how that turns out, but it did take a lot of time and effort on my parts and the upper management to create such a working environment.

It also probably has something to do with how much shits that I have put the Hydra members through just to allow them to be a part of something greater. Something meaningful.

I always believe that real pains and sufferings make a person and define who they are, not to mention strengthening their resolve. It certainly works for me, and I am turn out quite insane. I mean well.

Meh.

Being born to Hydra or Shield members does not excuse the child from the hellish trainings. Actually, it would be more hellish as there are a lot of expectations towards the later generation. It is logically since the later generation are provided with a lot more assistances and supports than their parents.

That said, children who have failed to pass those hellish trainings aren't really discarded or killed since Hydra and Shield aren't exactly monsters. Well, at least their members are not monsters

Members of Hydra and Shield are as humans as any other person.

And no parents would kill their child regardless of how disappointed they are, so the humane thing to do is wipe their memory and allow them to live a normal life without realizing the truth to their world and heritage.

Did I use heritage? I suppose that is reasonable to think so, as the Hydra members spend most of their time on Atlantis. The island of technological wonders.

The whole world is watching, being unable to do anything else. They didn't even know how the island of Atlantis appear in the first place. It did not exist prior to the 1950s.

All will be revealed to the world in due time.

In any case, I will have to meet Ambrosia face to face since the woman has accomplished many things in the past decades. She was also the top of her graduating class, meaning she breezes through all the hellish trainings and examinations.

That is saying something, and it wouldn't be a good thing to continuing to ignore her when she strives so hard to stand out, all just so I could pay her some attentions.

Ambrosia is actually one of the few high-ranking members within Hydra who haven't been able to talk to me in person yet for one reason or another, most because I am trying to avoid it.

There are just so many people working for me, and it feels pointless for me to drop by their laboratory or workstation to just have a chat. I only did such things for people I actually like. People like Alex and Hans.

That is not to say I dislike Ambrosia. I don't dislike her anymore since her personality has changed. She is no longer the same person when I first met her on Atlantis. That person is actually dead, so despite being given a second chance to serve me and the cause, I don't really think of Ambrosia as mother to Antigone.

Interestingly, Ambrosia actually spells Antigone with four syllables instead of three like most people.

It has more to do with her ancestries than her upbringings. Her family name is Atlantean despite being raised by her adopted father, Mathew Sweet.

The Atlantean people share the same surname, mostly for effect than anything.

As for why I am mentioning all of this, Christina will have to undergo some pretty hellish training under my guidance if she ever wanted to meet my expectation. It wouldn't be hellish trainings like in Hydra, as her future is not within the shadow but in the light, where everyone can see her.

Ambrosia too from what I was informed. She represents Atlantis publicly on the world stage, and she is being trained for it. I guess I will meet her then just to play some political games with her.

Going to troll her too just because it amuses me.

"Mister. Is this where you live -?"

Christina questions after watching me feeding Antigone for a few minutes.

"Yes, Christina. It is also where you will be living too, so you should stop calling me mister. Call me like you would to your father as I have decided to adopt you. By the way, did you like your room? If not, I will have it redecorated again."

I answer her, and Antigone turns her head to pay attention to Christina once more.

Antigone might not like Christina very much, but even so, she has absolutely no sway whatsoever, not that she can speak yet. She could still make unintelligence noises, however.

And Antigone did while trying to point at Christina. Not really sure what she is trying to say, but I guess it is somewhere along the line: "Who is that, daddy? She looks too young to be my mummy."

Just kidding. No idea what Antigone is thinking, but it is probably a protest of sort.

Antigone asides, my statement makes Christina speechless. So many things are actually going through her mind at the moment, but she did answer me since I have taught her to always answer my question.

It would be disrespectful otherwise. I demand absolutely respect from all who are below me, and that is pretty much everyone.

"Yes, mister... dad, I really like my room."

Christina answers.

In return, I nod and smile at her. The word appears to roll naturally out of her tongue. Far more natural than it should, but I suppose this is what happen when my blood flows through her.

"I am glad that you do. Now, please sit down and have breakfast with your baby sister. After breakfast, I will take you to school and have you enrolled. You might be able to start school today."

I tell Christina and gesture at the empty seat by the table. I have already set up plates and utensils for her, and as she takes her seat, I put down Antigone and strap her into her baby chair.

Antigone keeps on staring at Christina the whole time, but being a baby, she comes off as cute rather than threatening. Cute enough for Christina to wave and coo.

The little girl seems to be happy of being wanted. Having a new baby sister too since she never had a chance to play with her actual baby sister, Rachel due to her parents getting a divorced and her moving to Japan with her father.

"I think she likes you, Tina. Her name is Antigone, but you can call her Anti if you want to. I am going to call you Tina from now on. It is simpler for me to say, and besides, you like being called that, don't you?"

I introduce Antigone to Christina. I recall that the older Christina has a persona or alter ego called Xtina in the original timeline. That will not be happening here in the prime timeline.

"Yes, dad. My friends in Japan sometime calls me Tina."

Christina responses to my question. She then pays attention to Antigone as I make some breakfast for her. I am quite a good cook even if Antigone didn't seem to think so.

"So, Anti. You are my baby sister?"

Christina begins, trying to warm up to the Antigone, who ignores her out of some weird jealousy thing going on. Antigone even tries to throw thing at Christina, but her hands aren't fully developed yet. She resorts to crying, but I drop some cans onto the floor.

The sounds silence Antigone. Maybe it was due to me beaming at her disapprovingly. If she keeps that up, I will pay more attention to Christina instead, and she appears to understand.

"Anti. Don't be mean. Tina only wants to be your friend. As your older sister, she will protect you and play with you, so there is no need to cry. Why don't you sing her one of your songs, Tina? She probably likes it."

I tell them both before returning my attention to the stove. I think that I will just make some pancakes or omelets for Christina.

As an angelic voice fills the kitchen, making Antigone blink and behave, I tilt my head to the side and look out the window. It is due to the man loitering outside. He notices me and approaches the fences that separate our households.

"Max! Thank god you haven't left. Can my kids stay with you for a minute? I have to go and find my wife."