

Master of Time 195

Chapter 195 Breakfast at My Place

Since it is still early in the morning, my adopted-grandfather, John Connors, hasn't left for work yet.

It would be around an hour or so before he normally would, at least from his usual schedule.

And on the way to the factory, he would usually drop off his children at their elementary school despite the school being in the opposite direction of his workplace.

His children are Stephanie, Joshua and Misha. Aged 12, 7 and 5 respectively.

Unlike Stephanie, who is adopted, Joshua and Misha are his biological children. Unfortunately.

I mean to say luckily. I did check to make sure they are his children by blood since his whore of a wife, Edith Connors, is a fucking slut of massive proportion. She fucks his former coworkers behind his back, in their family home, not to mention their children are still in the house.

Yes. I am very serious. Stephanie can attest to this.

And did I just say his coworkers?

I mean to say backstabbers and assholes. They will definitely get what is coming to them one day soon, if not directly through me then through one of my many associates or underlings. I wonder how they will like it when their trophy wife is getting nailed behind their back?

In front of them too, as punishment.

Speaking of punishment, Edith Connors is in for one, and it is not because she is a fucking whore. That kind of behavior doesn't really warrant my attention since I do have better things to do and other kind of people to kill.

But the fact that Edith dares to sell my mother to a whorehouse in another timeline does. Due to lack of food available, the whorehouse doubled up as a human meat factory too.

That alternate version of my mother might have forgiven Edith, mostly due to her sacred status within the Origin religion, but I obviously did not.

And since Edith is such a whore, I will make sure she spends the rest of her life as one.

It wouldn't take much effort on my part with the resource at my disposal, but I first need my adopted-grandfather to finally realize what kind of person his wife is. His father is right about his wife from the start.

Despite never meeting my adopted-great-grandfather in person, that feat alone earns him my respect.

Edith really believes that marrying John would be her ticket to the luxury life. Too bad, my great-grand daddy isn't easily fooled by her acting.

That sounds a bit weird, calling my adopted-great-grandfather that. Meh.

I really like people who can gauge other people accurately. It makes them humble as well as arrogance when they needed to be. Too bad none of his children are worth mentioning.

Aside from my adopted-grandfather, of course.

John Connors proves himself to be a good man when the world collapses around him. He even willing to go to hell in place of his children, and if that doesn't earn him respect in my eyes then I don't think anything will.

My family tree is a mess, but not as messy as the family tree with all of my children, regardless of how they are born. Amen.

Joke asides, Edith Connors runs off in the middle of the night without saying a single word to anyone, not even to her own children. Joshua and Misha.

In my opinion, Edith should take at least one of her kids with her, considering they are her actual kids, but I guess that she didn't really love them enough to do so.

Edith never wanted to have any children in the first place. She only goes along with it as a mean to an end, locking down my adopted-grandfather to their relationship and marriage.

Despite that obvious fact, my adopted-grandfather loves her very much. Very blindly too. To the point that he is willing to forgive her for all those extramarital affairs that she has, at least in another reality.

"Yes, of course, John. But are you sure a minute is enough to find your wife? May I ask what happen?"

I question, jokingly.

Even so, my expression remains completely calm and serious.

I already know what had happened through the countless security camera Shield has installed all over the place in his house, and if Edith didn't run off today, it would happen tomorrow or maybe the day after that.

The point is, it will happen eventually. She is a timebomb waiting to explode.

Did Edith run off in the original timeline? I actually don't know for certain, but it is more than certainly.

Edith just needs the financial means to be able to run off with one of her fuckbuddies, but then again, what can I really expect from a whoring gold-digger?

She has always been one, all the way back in high school.

And if Edith remains in the family, being a mother to her children, I think Misha will turn out the same as her. In contrast, Joshua, he will probably be flipping burgers for the rest of his life.

Not really a bad thing for someone like Joshua, at least for the teenage Joshua that I had seen.

I think I should say that John is just a terrible father, just like my dad. Works way too much. Not enough time to pay attention to what happening with me at home and my asshole stepmother.

Ahem.

Fortunately, Edith cares very little about my mother to corrupt her, and I am thankful for the mercy.

I am actually powerless to change the course of history in the original timeline, as it already happened, so the fact that my mother, the original one in the original timeline, turned out to be such a loving and caring person despite her kind of crappy childhood and upbringing leaves a very strong impression in my mind.

Maybe that is the origin of my mother-complex.

Yes. I am aware of it.

But it is more accurate for it to be called Oedipus-complex as I did fuck her. Couldn't really help myself, as in my mind, she is so beautiful. Irreplaceable.

Ahem.

I shouldn't think of that anymore. It is not a very healthy thought, to be honest.

"Thank you, Max, and I cannot tell you what happened since I don't really know myself. I thought it was all a bad dream at first, but it wasn't. By God, it wasn't. Edith got up last night and tell me that she had trouble sleeping, and that she needed some time to herself. I thought that she meant she wanted, you know, go for a walk to clear her mind. I didn't think she just left like that."

John tells me. Tears could be seen in his eyes.

That isn't exactly what happened last night since the security feeds doesn't lie. At least not my security feeds. No one tampers with them. No one dares too.

Edith didn't say anything when she left the bed, so John must have imagined all of it. He is somewhat of a heavy sleeper.

I am obviously not going to tell John otherwise since there is actually no point. He will believe what he wants to believe, and it will help him open his eyes to the truth.

"The car is gone too, Max. I just hope that she doesn't do something stupid."

He utters, as I raise my brow, mostly for effect.

"Calm down, John. Why would your wife do something stupid? You don't think she will drive off a cliff or something, do you?"

I question and ponder where I should drive her off a cliff. Too bad, I already did that to someone else, so retreading the same path again kind of borings. Need new cruel and unusual way to kill people. I'll just put that on my list of things to do.

Despite already know what my adopted-grandfather is fearfully implying, I still want to hear he says it himself out loud.

It is making conversation, as we are friends of sort. Weird, huh, but not that weirder than many of the strange thing I have seen and done.

"No. Of course not. It's... it's nothing. Anyway, I have to go find her, so please look after my children."

John mutters. Part of him wants to tell me. The emotional part, but the sensible part tells him not to, as everyone has problem with their marriage, so there is really no point of pulling someone unrelated into the mix.

"Alright, John. No problem. When you are ready, you can tell me. I am always here to help. Oh, by the way, please use my car since it will be difficult to find her on foot. I will open the garage for you."

I offer and produce a set of car keys in my pocket.

My car doesn't actually need keys since it is just a robot in disguise.

Optimus Prime in disguise to be exact. Not the real Optimus Prime though. It would be awesome. Did I send a clone of myself into the transformer universe? I will have to check on that later and send one if I didn't.

The original cartoon is completed in Japan, so the Gate of Fiction should open a portal into that reality, thus allowing me to steal technologies. That is the concept.

Would have been better if it was Michael Baytified Transformers, but I will get around to that later.

"No, I cannot, Max."

My adopted-grandfather refuses. He is always like that, never wanting to bother anyone, yet he always helps others in need, to the point that many people take advantages of him.

His wife for example.

Honestly, the more I think about her, the more I want to set her stolen car on autopilot and drive her straight into a wall. Did I do that to someone before?

[Yes, Operator. 19 April 1968 at approximately 22:39pm local time on ...]

Selene informs me that I did, making me frown slightly.

"Please, I insist. Just think of your children. They wouldn't want anything to happen to you, especially when their mother just left them like that."

I toss the keys to him, giving him no choice but to accept it. Since I only have one car sitting the double garage, I tell Legion to clone himself in the garage.

Not an exact duplicate since that would be weird.

"Go. Thank me later."

I tell him, and he nods.

John Connors runs back to the house to tell Stephanie what to do since she is the oldest before running back out and towards my garage. The garage where two quite expensive sedans rest in silence.

But my adopted-grandfather is too much of a rush to appreciate their beauty. He tries the keys on one of them and immediately finding the door opens.

It actually didn't matter which car he tries since the key will open them regardless.

And soon enough, the car speeds out of the garage, heading off down the suburban road. My adopted-grandfather did have a few locations in mind, but none of them are correct.

He will be wasting a lot of precious time, but that is what I want. His desire to find his whore of a wife will cause his frustration to grow, and it is that very frustration that will open his eyes to what kind of person his wife actually is.

When people are frustrated, they tend to say things that immediately come to their mind, and words are actually more deadlier than knives in a marriage.

I think so despite not being married before. A real marriage, not the fake-ass one that I have with my fake-ass dead wife.

Should I bring Christina to see her nonexistence adopted-mother?

I should just for effect. Also, in case someone ask as well.

Once John disappears down the road, I return to cooking breakfast for Christina. Well, for four children now.

Five children actually, but Antigone already has her breakfast. She is just enjoying the lovely song from a lovely girl, who doesn't pay any attention to me and John a moment ago.

Grownup stuff, in her innocence mind.

That is a good thing, and Antigone even tries to clap her hands with the beautiful tune.

"Alright, Tina. Here you go. Have as much as you want, and there is no need to hurry or anything like that. Just take your time and enjoy your breakfast."

I speak up once I finish making a mountain of pancakes. I did cheat a little since I don't really have the time to make enough for four kids.

"Wow. Thank you, dad. Um. Aren't you going to eat?"

Christina questions as her eyes are on the pile of pancakes on the plate in the center of the table. Even Antigone wants some, but without any teeth, she can only suck on them.

Actually, that isn't true, Antigone does have a tooth growing in her upper jaw, but strangely, she didn't make a fuss about it despite most normal children would.

I guess I should stop thinking of Antigone as one, considering she is my biological daughter. I did bang her mother myself to give birth to her.

Christina isn't a normal child either due to her evolved physiology, and neither is my mother, who had given birth to me. She cannot be considered as normal if she gives birth to an Aspect.

Also, what Adria stated still echo in my mind.

"I have already eaten, Tina, but don't worry, some of your friends will join you, at least I hope so since I want you to have a lot of friends. Please look after your sister while I am gone. Please make sure that she doesn't make a mess."

I answer Christina and pat Antigone, who puffs her cheeks so every slightly.

Antigone then turns her attention towards Christina before looking rather suspicious. Christina didn't see since she is looking at me.

I head out of the kitchen after that and out of the house to pick up Stephanie and her younger siblings from their place. She could come over, but I rather just get her myself.

Stephanie is actually old enough to go to school on her own, and she usually does, more often now as she has friends to come along with her.

The elementary school isn't that far away, and every morning, I would see quite a lot of children going there from the neighborhoods. Some of those children are also Hydra agents. Sadly, they aren't in the same grade as my mother or I would have them be her friends.

Maybe that is not a good thing. Real friends are better than false ones.

The kidnapping stunt that I had done was to give my mother some real friends, and since it has worked out as planned, my mother will not turn out the same as the one from an alternate future. That version of her didn't have much friends, thus she is desperate for someone to love her.

Too bad my sperm-donor is too much of a dick to know.

"Good morning, Mr. Maxwell."

Stephanie greets me at the front door. She is in her school uniform with a cute backpack on, readying to leave the house with her brother and sister.

"Hello, Stephanie. Did you dad tell you that I will be looking after you and your brother and sister this morning?"

I response the greeting.

"Uh huh. Dad did. He and mum have to go somewhere. I didn't see mum this morning though, so she must have left. Do you know where they go?"

Stephanie asks, and I shake my head as a response.

"No, Stephanie, but it isn't something you should worry about. Anyway, let's go over to my place and have breakfast. There is someone I want to introduce you to, and I hope that you and your friends can become good friend with her."

I tell Stephanie and then pick up Misha with one arm. The child didn't protest at all. Joshua is the same as I also pick him up with the other arm.

Despite the both of them aren't really babies, they basically weight like nothing in my arms. But I think they are much heavier than Christina. They get to eat very well after all.

"Okay, Mr. Maxwell."

Stephanie responses cheerfully and looks around the road, trying to find someone. Or more correctly to say, a group of girls. Anna, Becky, Daisy and Susan.

Christina will fill in the missing alphabet. A, B, C, D and SS? Sounds a lot like grades.

Anyway, the four former bullies will drop by at Stephanie's place soon to pick her up, so they could go to school together.

Seems like asking to be kidnapped together again, but if anyone dare to under my watching eyes, I will crush their balls.

I did check up on where the four girls are just out of curiosity.

Susan and Anna are together. Daisy is getting ready to head out.

Becky is sulking since she has lost a lot of standing within their group due to what happened when all of them were kidnapped and locked up in an underground complex.

She isn't really a bad child. No child is ever bad. It is all due to environment.

If every child is raised in a loving family home and being taught proper morals and values, would there be no criminal left in the world? Probably not, but it sounds like a good social experiment.

"If you are looking for the other girls, just leave a note in front of the house, telling them that you are over next door at my place. Remember to lock the door."

I point out and bounce Joshua and Misha in my arms while heading away and thinking I need to make a lot more pancakes. Shouldn't be too difficult. Maybe the kids will enjoy the magic show?