

Master of Time 198

Chapter 198 Many Unsettling Reasons

I wonder why it feels so unsettling, and I had never felt such a thing before.

But I think it must have something to do with the secretive sexual relationship between George Collins and his assistant, Emma Danton.

And it isn't because she could do better than him. Way better, to be honest.

Maybe it is because of that, considering Emma is quite a beauty herself due to her age and very athletic build while George is really someone who I would want to be seated next to on an airplane.

I wouldn't even want to talk to him unless I have to, and I do have to for my daughter, Christina. That is being a dedicated father, as I don't want to turn out like my sperm-donor. I really don't want to turn out to be like in regard to fatherhood.

Honestly, I could have sent someone as proxy to get Christina enrolled here, but if I did that, I wouldn't experience this unsettling feeling. It is new. It is kind of exciting.

And it bothers me more than a little because I cannot put my fingers on it. Why? Why is that?

"Thank you for your time again, Mr. Collins."

I speak up and cast one last look at the man before heading out of his office. Once I did, I immediately pull up his profile as well as the profile of his assistant to examine again.

Time slows down for me to crosscheck their history, finding several important key events.

Nothing really stands out at first, but I realize that George has only met Emma recently. Very recently, as according to Shield and her surveillance network.

I cannot rely on Legion at the moment since his surveillance network is brand-new even if it has already spread to much of the country. It is spreading overseas at the moment while mapping the ocean, thus allowing me to have eyes and ears everywhere.

The antigravity technology is highly efficient as there is no need for intake of exhaust of any kind, and with spatial compression technology, I can squeeze quite a bit of equipment in a small space, including a miniature sun to power all of that.

In other word, the cloaked spy-drones will remain operational unless someone manages to target one and destroys it. No one has managed to do that so far, as Legion would have informed me otherwise.

There are also a bunch of them hovering around the school, recording everything and everyone.

And from what those drones have recorded so far, I understand that Emma Danton has no experience as a personal assistant to anyone, so it is illogical to actually hire her as one.

But I suppose that it does make somewhat of a sense if George is thinking with his dick rather than his brain. He does have a brain, even if it is a small one. Better than most people in America.

And the strange thing is, Emma accepted his job offer despite being in the military for the last decade, training to be a perfect killing machine.

This is not to mention that her dear old dad is a freaking United States General.

Her father is the main reason that Emma hasn't bee introduced to the American Hybridization Project yet. It is merely out of love and protection for her, considering that there is still a lot of unsolved side-effects associated with becoming a Hybrid.

Nevertheless, I cannot fathom why Emma would suddenly abandon her entire life career to come and work for someone like George. It isn't even really proper work either. She is more like his sex slave.

And she is willing. Very willing. Unusual willing.

Surely, it cannot be love at first sight sort of thing, and even if it is, why would Emma settle for anything less than Mrs. Collins, considering her appearance. Given the deteriorating marriage between George and his wife, she wouldn't even have to wait that long.

Not long at all.

Oh. The current Mrs. Collins is quite a babe herself, so I am not sure how George manages that in the beginning, but she does feel like a gold-digger, considering her lavish lifestyle, burning away his money rather pointlessly.

Mrs. Collins is actually in her bikini at the moment, resting on a floater in the pool within the backyard of her place, working hard on her impressive tan. It feels like a start of a porno movie.

As I recall, she didn't even come with her husband to search for her daughter, Becky, so she is not that different than Edith. Actually, she is worst since Edith did come to look for Stephanie.

I spend way too long checking out her body via the cloaked drone, and by the time I snap out of it, my mind is no longer thinking about the relationship between George and Emma.

And I think I also give their illicit relationship too much attention. It doesn't really matter to me or the cause whether their relationship is logical or not, so it shouldn't really bother me.

"Dad."

Christina greets me outside the office. She is no longer sitting on the bench.

In contrast, Antigone is yawning in her stroller. She is very tired, as she did have quite a morning with getting to know her older sister, Christina, as well as her future elementary school. Antigone will likely attend this school when she is older, as it is a semi-private school closest to home.

Not quite private, but not completely public either.

It is a loophole in the education system, and since it does take forever to get anything done via proper channels, no one really bother pointing it out.

I wouldn't bother either since it is not really hurting anyone as far as I can tell.

Parents will definitely pay the premium if they can afford it, as they do want their children to have the best they can in school. Parents like me for example.

It also doesn't really cost an arm and a leg.

\$5,000 is not really significant as according to the standard income of a normal household within the suburb, but that is for a single child. Some family might have more than one child, such as the Connors.

John Connors is the breadwinner of the family, but even so, he still relies on his wife to look after their children. Without her, he will not be able to keep his family in order.

I suppose I will find him a good wife. Someone who is worthy of being my adopted-grandmother, and it shouldn't be someone I know either, especially from Shield or Hydra.

It will just be weird to call one of my underlings as my adopted-grandmother. Really weird.

Anyway, that is for another day since Edith has only left and John needs time to readjust. A lot of time to readjust due to having lost someone important in his life. His wife is important in his life even if she is a lying and whoring bitch.

Many people prefer to live in ignorance.

Not me though, as I rather deal with the truth than live a lie.

"I have finish talking to your principle about enrolling you here at this school, Tina, and I am successful in my mission. The rest is up to you, so let's head to your classroom, okay?"

I inform Christina with a smile. I even make a V-sign, thus making her giggles.

"Okay, dad."

Christina answers me while I check on Antigone, tugging her in.

Antigone sucks on her pacifier and slowly slips into her dream world. I also pull down the dark covering to shield the morning light from her face, all in order to give her a good sleep. As a baby, she still needs a lot of sleep.

After that, I take Christina down the corridor while pushing the stroller containing Antigone.

The school bell also rings, telling everyone that class has started. There are still some children loitering in the front yard, relaxing and chatting way unlike my daughter, who is far too excited to attend school and get to meet her new friends.

"There is no need to hurry, Tina. It is your first day to class today, so you can be late a little. It is okay."

I point out and continue to move along the corridor at a leisure pace. The staircase to the upper floors is a problem for most people with a stroller, but not really for me. Besides, there is also an elevator to use.

"By the way, Tina, school here in the United States are somewhat different than the schools in Japan or Korea. In Japan, you are not allowed to talk while the teachers are talking and teaching, but here in this new school of yours, the teachers like it if you do, as it shows them you are paying attention and actually learning."

I tell Christina as the elevator ascends a couple of level. There are only four levels in the building. The top floor is reserved for students whose parents pay a much higher tuition fee.

"Really, dad?"

Christina questions.

"Yes. Just raise your hand in class and speak whatever on your mind, but it should be related to what you are learning since anything else."

I assure her and continue to explain to her about some more major differences between the education system in the United States in comparison to Japan. Things such as faking attendance through friends or proxy, which is allowed somewhat in Japan, but not here in the United States.

Korea education system is also different from the United States, and I mean South Korea. North Korea is basically a no-man land, but there are some Hydra agents living there. It isn't really by their choice, but someone has to in order to keep an eye on the oppressive regime.

But honestly, those agents spend most of their time actually breaking people out of the country. They also request when they can go on a mass-murdering rampage in the country as well as causing wide-spread rebellion.

I am not sure why the higher ups haven't given them the go ahead yet, but it probably because there is nothing of value North Korea asides from the people. It could also be because it is not time to topple the regime yet.

Whichever the case, I don't need to step in and overwrite any mission. There is no need to do that, as the people in Hydra know what they are doing. Everything is a step towards the goal.

I also explain the school facilities to Christina once we left the elevator and continue walking towards her classroom.

Since it is somewhat of a private school, there are a lot of facilities available for the students, but most of the facilities are designed to milk as much money out of the parents as possible.

Schools are really just a business just like prisons, and I suppose George has to make money somehow, jut so his wife can burn it away.

Speaking of her again, I have a check through the spy drone again. She is still tanning, but there is now someone with her. A pool boy. Not really a boy, but a man.

The guy is enjoying the view, and Mrs. Collins also enjoys the attention. Just like her so-called husband, she is also fucking around. Feels like they are made for each other.

And I feel sorry for Becky having to grow up in such a household. It is not really her fault, as it is never the child's fault on how they turn out as a person.

In any case, I shouldn't really worry about the Collins, as it really has nothing to do with me. There are plenty of family like them scatter throughout the country and across the world.

Xi Shi can attest to it, as her biological parents had tried to kill her. Her relatives too.

"Hello, Mr. Burton, my name is Maximilien Maxwell. This is my daughter, Christina. She will be starting school from today onward. The principle might have given you a call about that."

I greet and inform the teacher. He is a middle-age man, in his forties. Almost in his fifties.

"Ah yes, the principle did say something about that just now. Please. Come in and have a seat, Tina."

The man responses happily. He is being paid a bit extra to be extra nice, but I pull up his profile to have a look just in case. It is also because I couldn't help but feel an unsettling feeling once more.

What is going on?

I immediately analyze each and every event in his history, finding several bizarre key moments. What stands out the most is that the man is a brilliant English professor, so why would he be teaching a class in this school to a bunch of kids.

It is obviously isn't because of the salary. What he is earning working here is just not comparable to a full-time teaching job at a university. A college even.

Mr. Burton definitely has enough qualification to apply for one, so it makes no sense for him to come and work here, a place that quite a drive from his home.

Christina takes a seat in the front as directed by Mr. Burton. She is sitting next to a girl, who smiles at her and greets her, exchanging names.

The girl also shares her workbook with Christina, who hasn't been given one yet. She will be given one by the end of the day by her teacher, so I don't need to clone one. It also more natural if I don't.

I also take the time to look around the classroom, analyzing each of the children because this is getting a bit bizarre.

Shield doesn't have much on the children, but she has plenty on their parents. Several of those parents are abusive. One is sexually abusive, which forces me to raise a brow.

While it isn't really my problem, but it is hard to ignore that. I just hate people who are abusive to kids, especially when my stepmother is abusive towards me.

"I will you to it then, Mr. Burton. Please take care of my daughter. She has been through quite a bit in the past years, so she might be a little shy."

I ask of the teacher and talk to him a bit more before heading out with Antigone, right after waiving a goodbye to Christina. She waves back at me with a bright smile.

Once I am in the hallway again, I pull up all the profile of the abusive parents. I exhale as I realize that it would be a problem to have them all killed in an unfortunate accident. It will be quite suspicious to be honest.

There is actually a better way than kill them. I could infest them with micromachines and make damn sure they are good parents, but that infringe on the freewill. I cannot compromise my principle to help those children.

"Selene. Have Mr. Welsh die in a car accident. Readjust his insurance policy so that his wife and child receive everything upon his untimely death."

I order. His wife and child are better without the man, considering he is sexually abusive to them both, but only one of them is aware. The wife, who is too afraid to leave the man or even tell anyone.

As for the rest of the parents, who didn't warrant a one way to hell, I will have Child Protective Services doing investigation around the neighborhood. To stop suspicions, they will be talking to every parent in every household.

Lots of people are going to jail.

Once the parents are deal with, I pull up the profiles of all the teachers in the school, examining each one of them, and realizing most of their motive for working here is illogical. Very illogical.

They don't appear to be coerced either. It is as if they are brainwashed.

"You are still here, Mr. Maxwell?"

George Collins startles me. He is walking towards me with another teacher. A woman in her late 20s, but from her profile, she is also his sex slave. Almost all the young teachers in the school are.

"Yes, unfortunately, Mr. Collins. As much as I want to leave, there are a lot of things that stops me."

I response with a faint smile. It is more and more apparent that all the adults are being mind-controlled in this school. Everyone except for the principle himself.

"Oh. What is stopping you, Mr. Maxwell?"

George questions as I feel that unsettling feeling again. It is much stronger than before, and I just come to a realization that whatever it is, it is trying to mind-control me.

It is a bit exciting since this is the first time someone trying to mind-control me. Incredible.

And I have half a mind to let him just to learn how he is doing it. It isn't technological or magical from the look of it. It must be biological then or maybe supernatural.

I hope it isn't supernatural since I can't deal with spirits at the moment. I would have to get help from Zeus if that is the case, and I don't want to deal with Zeus at the moment. Seriously.

"You apparently, Mr. Collins. No. You are not Mr. Collins since I know Mr. Collins."

I point out since I never felt such an unsettling feeling when I first met Mr. Collins. It was after I helped find my mother than the other four girls in the underground complex I had handcrafted.

George blinks.

"I don't know what you are talking about, Mr. Maxwell, but you seem to be unwell. Maybe you should see a doctor? Please take Mr. Maxwell to the infirmary."

And I find myself in the infirmary, utterly confused.