

Master of Time 22

Chapter 22 Terra Entertainmen

After spending several hours to cheer Antigone up, I took her to Hollywood.

I didn't travel there by car or train or plane. I teleported there directly with her in my arms.

I have thought about taking up resident in Hollywood to make the commute easier, but I like New York more since I was born and raised there.

Not to mention my mother is currently living there.

Despite not having my mother in my life because she had died in childbirth, I still want to get to know her. She is just a little girl right now, but that just allow me to be a part of her childhood. Sounds like I am her father than she is my mother.

Anyway, my mother can babysit and take care of Antigone.

My daughter does not have her mother in her life because I highly dislike women with two faces, but she should have her grandmother at least.

I plan to have breakfast first before heading to my company located in Hollywood Boulevard.

However, I only know of one restaurant that is remotely any good along the street.

"Esteemed customer. Please come inside. We serve breakfast, lunch and dinner, every hour of the day and every day of the week. If there is nothing to your liking on the menu, we can even have the cook prepare something outside of it."

A respectful man in his thirties greets me at the front door of the restaurant. I quickly scan him up and down and notice that he is wearing cufflinks with twin guns.

The guns form a double letter J.

"Jimmy. Johnson."

I mutter under my breath and take Antigone inside the newly reformed establishment.

My daughter is very quiet, seemingly bewildered at all the new surroundings. She grabs my ear every now and then as if she wants to show or ask me something.

"I see that you are under new management."

I comment when I take note of the numerous people looking very busy. Most of them are wearing the cufflinks with matching uniform.

An organization is only as good as to how it represented itself.

Jimmy learns this from his time in Hydra.

Unfortunately, he didn't stay with Hydra since there are just too many rules and regulations. He wants to be free, to be unbounded and unchained. I allow him to since unhappiness and discontent produces unsatisfactory result.

However, once part of Hydra will always part of Hydra.

Even in death.

"Yes sir. The previous owner can no longer have the capability of running this fine establishment, so it is up to my boss to do so. Please have a sit and we will bring you some appetizer. Completely on the house of course."

The man chuckles and gives a light bow.

Waiters and waitresses begin attending my table, placing plates, glasses and silverwares as well as the menu. The menu is like a freaking book. There is so many to choose from.

Antigone watches the attendants before trying to grab a folk. I stop her by holding her back as I request Selene to locate where the previous boss has gone.

The mini map in my vision zooms out of the Hollywood area and move towards Santa Monica. It passes the marina and continues across the ocean. It stops halfway to San Nicolas Island.

This is the last known location of the man, at least according to Shield Surveillance Network. He is very likely swimming with the fishes by having both of his feet bounds by concrete block.

Seriously Jimmy?

This is like old school stuff! I thought he has learned the subtlety of killing someone from Hydra. Doing something like this will leave a lot of bloody trails behind for the police to find.

Although I could fix it for him, I decide Jimmy needs to learn the lesson the hard way. The little gang he created with his buddy Johnson will have to be dismantled eventually. There is no point of gangsters running around in the street in the future.

"Please enjoy your meal."

My personal waitress said after bringing out my breakfast and a baby soup for Antigone. The soup is a courtesy of Heinz. She even willing to feed my daughter, but I tell her to be a tree. Only those within my family can care for my daughter.

Antigone enjoys her soup like always even gurgling cheerfully.

I also enjoy my breakfast. I tip the waitress and a few other people handsomely on my way out. I love enjoying my meal without anything going wrong, especially with my daughter.

"It is a pleasure. Please come again, Mr. Maxwell. We will always glad to serve you and your kin. This is a gift from management. Please accept it."

The greeter tells me after he brought me a baby trolley packs with all the essentials.

I place Antigone inside as she is already yawning and drooling on my shoulder. All she does is eat, poop and sleep – not necessary in the same order or one at a time.

In truth, I could age her to the point that she could take care of herself, but that mean she would lose out a chunk of her childhood. I rather not.

I take my time heading to work. There is no need to hurry. Being the boss has its rewards.

Antigone plays around with some toys in the cart before falling fast asleep.

Terra Entertainment has a huge building located further down the street. It does not have 100 floors like Oxford Hotel, but it still has many. Shield Security provides security personnel for the building, so nobody dares to cause any trouble, including the employees.

"Greeting Mr. Maxwell."

The doorman greets me when I head towards the door. He opens it for me and allows me to push the baby trolley inside.

The cute receptionist in her early twenties greets me warming and gestures me towards the elevator.

Those at the elevators also greet me respectfully and prioritize me to use the elevator.

It seems that on the account of what happened at Oxford Hotel last night, Henry makes sure everyone knows who I am and how to conduct in my presence.

This will make things run smoothly.

I really don't want to have waste time and chastise disrespectful employees.

My office is on the top floor of the building, it takes a while for the elevator to climb. I sometime wish to integrate some high-tech stuffs into everywhere I stay but doing so will cause a lot of questions.

I guess I will have suffered the pain of waiting for a while.

This is what American forced to do at least once a day – waiting in a queue.

There are several adjoining rooms in my office. They include a meeting room, a leisure room, and an amenity room. I left Antigone in the leisure room after checking her over.

Once I print out the first manuscript for Jurassic Park in the amenity room, I have a look at the phone on my desk.

Each number on the speed dial is labeled clearly.

I pressed one of the buttons to dial the Terra Literature department on the 11th floor.

Every subsidiary has an office in the building, allowing me to talk to the person in charge. They do have their own assets outside the building such as filming studio and printing workshops.

"I want to see whoever in charge of the publications. Get that person up here asap."

I request.

"Yes sir, Mr. Maxwell. He will be there shortly. Will you require anything else?"

The response before I hang up.

It takes about a couple of minutes for the man to enter my office. It takes that long apparently because of the damn elevator. I learn his name is Howard.

"Have an editor read through this manuscript. Fix any grammar or spelling mistakes before sending it to the printing. I want the whole country to have a read by the end of next week. Once you have that done, come back here since I have another book or a couples that I want you to look at."

Howard immediately heads off.

I call the director of Sound of Terra next. I am surprised it is a middle age woman since woman rarely hold any position of power in the 1990. But if she is capable, I do not care what sexual organs she has.

"I want contracts with all artists on this list, Miss Emily. I don't care what their asking price is, just get it done by next months. Also, make me a list of all the venues that is available. I want to hold an annual concert."

Emily acknowledges her understanding and heads back to her department.

Gaming Department is next and then finally Terra Production.

That is the plan.

However, the gaming department is in a dire situation.

"What the hell do you mean there are no coders or designers available in the company? What the fuck have you been doing in the past months!?"

The man flinches. He couldn't stop shaking due to my anger.

"It's the company standard, sir. It is too high. It is very difficult to find anyone matching or exceeding the requirements."

This is due the gaming market crash of 1983. Well, it happens in 1987 now thanks to the new timeline due to Chrono Holdings having absolute control over Atari.

Despite the slow death, Atari is still just a shell of its former glory. However, this produce an alarming number of shitty programmers and game developers.

This allow Nintendo to enter the scene and dominate the gaming industry.

The Super Nintendo Entertainment System (SNES) is a hot sale right now. Combining with high quality games, Nintendo is the King.

Furthermore, the first-generation 8-bits handheld console, Gameboy takes hold of the gaming market completely when it was released at the end of last year, Christmas time. Every kid wants one, but due to its pricing, not anyone can afford it.

I suppose it is time to dethrone the King. 16-bits gaming is garbage.

"Go and tell everyone in the Console Research and Development Team that they are fucking fired if they don't come to the meeting in 5 minutes. I have a PlayStation to throw at their face."

Actually, it will be PlayStation 2 – the hottest console in gaming history. At least in the 21st century.

I will just skip a few generations.

Let's see how Nintendo likes it when their technology becomes obsolete overnight.