

## Master of Time Chapter 5 - Welcome to America 1950

### Chapter 5: Welcome to America 1950

Wow. The past really sucks.

1

That is my first impression, as I sit here in a dirty and crowded bar, watching retro-ass cars passing by the window while driving up a lot of dusts and smokes.

2

Seriously!?

People are fucking spitting on the street while reading worn-out newspaper, and there is that one kid taking a leak just across the road from me.

5

Honestly, having lived in the wonderful clean future for so long, the sudden change in scenery is really disconcerting.

Technically, I can return to the future again, but it wouldn't be the same future that I have come from.

No. It would be the future of this timeline, a completely different future due to my presence. For some reasons, the moment I step into the past, a completely new timeline will be created simply due to my existence.

6

Actually, not because of some reasons. It is pretty logical if I think a bit about it.

This new timeline I am currently living in runs in parallel to the one that I have come from, so no killing your grandfather paradox sort of thing.

That would have never worked.

Since everything I do will cause a ripple effect, changing the future, I should minimize the effect of my presence as much as possible.

But not so much that I couldn't get anything done at all.

The historical information that I have collected from the future would be a waste if everything changes due to my actions or inactions.

Why inactions?

Well. Even sitting here by myself is actually changing the future, but that cannot be helped.

"What will it be?"

The cute waitress asks me. I mean as cute as this time period goes for, which isn't that cute in contrast to the future that I have come from. Meh. Good enough for now.

7

Without any menu to spend my time on, I look around and order whatever everyone is drinking.

She brings me a coke afterwards and expects payment immediately.

I guess that it is the norm in 1950, or maybe I am someone new in town.

Whatever.

But unfortunately, I didn't prepare any currency for this time period. It wasn't because I have forgotten to. It was because it is quite impossible to find any paper bills from this time period in the 31st century.

I did, however, bring back a lot of golds in the form of coins. Those coins are stashed in several pouches in my briefcase.

Gold should be worth something in any time period, right?

It is basically hard currency.

"Sorry, but I don't have any money on me right now. Do you know where a gold shop is?"

The waitress didn't know what a gold shop is, but she did tell me that if I want to trade golds, I should just go to the bank instead. She also points me to the right direction.

"Alright. I will be right back. Save my drink."

She didn't. Why would she save my drink?

Oh well. I will get a new one later.

The bank she had directed me is just around the corner.

It is crowded with people.

I join the crowd and stand in line, waiting patiently until my turn. I did wonder if I need to have some sort of identity just like in the future, but if I do, I will just figure out something on the spot.

Time is at my command after all.

2

Anyway, the line takes a while, and this is one of those times that I wish I could speed things up.

Sadly, it isn't possible to put myself on autopilot and fast forwards. Maybe it is possible, but I just don't know it yet.

2

In any case, I will have to wait this one out normally.

And when it is my turn, I approach the window.

The teller behind the glass window is a cute girl. She is as cute as the waitress, just for comparison.

It seems that sex sells very well during this time period, not that I mind really.

However, I am not as horny as the time when I was a teenager.

1

"Hi there. I want to exchange this. I have like 9 more the same."

I drop a pouch of gold coins in front of her without hesitation.

Is there a need to hesitate? It isn't like anyone can actually do anything about me.

The teller looks inside before gasping.

"Excuse me. Please wait here for a moment."

The teller goes off and calls someone higher. When she comes back with a man, she invites me to join that person in private.

I shrug and follow the man into a private room without hesitation. This is a bank, so I don't really need to fear about getting robbed. Although, if they try, they will be in a world of hurt.

"My name is Henry Oxford. What can I do for you, sir...?"

The man speaks up when we are alone. There some kind of shady feelings about this. It is like this guy have been dealing with unknown people frequently.

Good enough, I guess. I have start somewhere.

"Maximilien Maxwell. You can call me Max."

10

That isn't my name or the name that I have used in the future. I have figured that since nobody knows me in this time period, I might as well create a new identity for myself. Proper papers and documents might be a problem, but nothing money cannot solve.

Besides, I want a cool name. Both of my first name and last name has the world "max" in it. Basically, do everything to the max! Aye?

14

One I finish introducing myself, I tell him exactly what I want. I want to open an account with his bank and deposit all my gold coins into the account. Whatever the paper works needed, I hope that he can do them for me.

As for how much money, the price of gold per ounce in 1950 is about \$40.25, meaning that each coin is worth that much. And since there are at least 30 gold coins in each pouch, my total wealth is at least \$12,000.

Yeah. That is a far cry from the trillions and trillions of dollars I once have in the future. That amount is just a number on the computer screen anyway. This is real gold.

2

And it is enough for me to get started.

After Henry helps me exchange the gold coins for some good old American dollars, I give him \$100 to buy him as my persona assistant to the bank.

2

That amount is a lot of money for Henry, considering the minimum wages is around \$1 an hour, more or less. But his works speak for itself.

2

I didn't need to be bombarded with a bunch of useless questions. I just need to sign a few papers and I am done.

"Thank you for opening an account with us today, Mr. Maxwell. If you need anything, anything at all, don't be afraid to ask. We do hope to see you again soon."

Henry is very happy, and I am very happy.

I withdraw at least \$1,000 dollars from my account to use as capital, as I needed to raise some fundings quickly for what I have in mind.

By the way, the glass of coke costs 6 cents.

2

I did come back to the bar to have a drink and pay the waitress a dollar. Just a single dollar.

1

It 6 cents for the drink itself and rest is tip, about 1,600% tip. That is a lot of tip.

2

Interestingly, the waitress asks for my name and whether I am free in the evening. The interesting part is how easy it is to pick up girls here.

I suppose I could spare some time for her since I might be around for a few days or so.

No promises though.

"Alright. I will drop by when I am free. See you, Lorelei."

7

I tell her before finding my way to the race tracks. Horse racing is one of the most favorite pastimes in 1950, so there are shit tons of people there, betting on horses.

2

With my power, it is incredible easy to multiple my capital.

1

And I didn't bother to wait around for the best odd. I just bet on whichever horse will definitely win in the race, repeatedly.

By the fourth winning streak, the teller is sweating profusely. That is because I have just multiplied my capital of \$1,000 to almost 250 times, pretty much causing a scene.

3

It is not possible to be that lucky, especially when I am incredible confident on which horse will win in the next round.

Crowding men and women wonder when my luck will finally run outs. Some even bet the same as me in the last round, earning a hefty sum for themselves.

"I think you have enough for the day, mister."

A huge man tells me when I try to place my bet for the fifth time, putting almost \$250,000 on a 5 to 1 odd. If I win, I would have \$1.5 million. That is an insane amount in 1950.

1

Sadly, I think I have overstayed my welcome. It will be very troublesome if I ignore his warning. Horse bettering is usually run by the mobs or someone with connection to the mobs after all.

The atmosphere becomes incredibly heavy when the massive man places a hand on my shoulder. With some exertion, he causes me to wince.

Yeah. I totally feel that since my augmentation isn't kicking in that much yet. The good doctor forgets to mention that I didn't become superhuman instantly. It actually happens slowly over time.

2

And since only a couple month have passed, I am still pretty much human.

Well. Stronger than most human my age, but still human.

"Alright. I guess I have enough. Thanks for the friendly reminder."

I response and head out of the race track with a briefcase full of cash, all amidst the envies of everyone.

It is probably enough cash for now.

And as I head to the bank to deposit the cash, I notice several people following me closely behind. So, I have made a few enemies.

They didn't bother to hide their trailing at all, meaning they are typical goons. Shall I just kill them all and then take out their boss? That would create a huge ripple effect.

How annoying.

And when there is nobody nearby, one of the goons speaks up.

"Leave the briefcase if you know what is good for you!"

I turn around and look at the four guys before packing the briefcase down on the ground. I stretch my shoulder a little with a smile my face.

Honestly, I wouldn't kill them in front of so many people, but at this vacant place, I can go nut. Screw the ripple effects.

"Really? How does that work even if I don't know what is good for me?"

Two of the goons immediately grab my arms, one on each side, and the third goon is about to give me a nice beating. Right.

But before he could, the two holding my arms scream in terror. That is for touching me, who can pretty much kill anyone or anything with a touch.

He recoils back in here. His eyes couldn't believe what they are seeing.

The two big men that were holding my arms have their flesh literally melt right off their faces, revealing their skulls. Their hairs grow rapidly, turning grey before falling out of their skulls. Their bones violently crack and crumple into dust.

3

All that remains of them are ashes and their clothes.

1

"What!? My God!"

I put the shocked man in front of me in a chokehold before looking at the last person.

That person attempts to run away in fear, but he didn't get very far. He manages to get away for about a couple of steps before falling forwards, shattering like fragile ice against the uneven ground. Those pieces then break down even further, turning to dust and scattering in the wind.

The man in my chokehold sees all of this clearly. He continues to scream in absolute terror.

"Shut up or you will join your friends in hell."



1

The man immediately shut up. His pant becomes damp. He just literally pisses himself. Great.

Just fucking great.

"Let's have a talk, shall we?"