

Master of Time 82

Chapter 82 The Usual Weekend

The world unfreezes when I returned to my office. It didn't matter where I am in the other universe, I will always return to my office because it is the place where I had left from just a moment ago.

Well, relatively speaking. I have only been gone from the prime universe for about couple of seconds.

Unfortunately, I couldn't bring anyone for the ride through the magical gateway. But I can bring stuffs back as evidence by all the new toys I have.

I do wonder if I could bring a corpse back from Azula universe and then revive the said corpse with my power on this side, the prime universe. Doing so will bypass the whole no one else besides myself can pass through the portal.

Selene makes a mental reminder for me. It is good to experiment. I am starting to sound like a scientist – it is not really a bad thing, honestly.

Aside from the potions, everything else is stashed inside the storage rings. From Eliana's explanation, these rings utilize spatial magic to create a pocket dimension to store items for safekeeping. How big the pocket dimension depends on the rank and how adept the mages at the enchantment.

Now, I don't need to tell you how many applications you can do with spatial magic. And those fucking mages use it to mainly craft storage rings. Honestly, they do lack imagination. I guess I will show them when the time comes.

Without any magical power, I am unable to access the item inside the storage rings. I can always have Eliana or Elune access them for me. Eliana more likely because Elune doesn't know anything – yet.

Plus, I do have a little business transaction with Eliana Shadowsong. Saving her people won't be that difficult to be honest. I just need a few things from Hydra to get started. A schematic to a terraformer for one.

If it is anything like this universe, there should be plenty of habitable worlds in the Azula universe. And finding one won't take long. Hell, I could just dump her people on the moon once it is terraformed. It isn't like there is a Goddess sitting up there – I checked.

Just a regular old space rock, drifting in the endless space. It is green in color because of all the glowing manastones up there. I am unsure what the greenstones are exactly, so I mine a few to bring home as present for Mystic. As for the red moon, it is filled with bloodstones – so that is out of the question.

I am saving her people, not dooming them.

But if I am worry about the humans of Azula reaching the stars in the future, I will just bring her people here to the prime universe. Hans and his family prove it is possible. And I do – I will have several moons and planets to play around with.

Shield Headquarter should have launched those terraformers to all the planets and moons within the solar system. Terraforming does take several decades – or a second.

As for my attempt to create a magical core and gain the ability to cast magic unaided, I am somewhat pissed. That bastard is a Dragon God? When I faced him, he was in his dragon form. However, he does have a humanoid form from what Eliana had said.

I am not pissed at his dragon form. I am pissed because he didn't say a single word to me. Isn't it like common courteous to say something before you beat the shit out of someone?

No? Just me. I see...

As for the burning curse itself, I wonder if Terra knows. She didn't mention it when we have our little chat, so I am leaning towards no. Terra did say she isn't omni-sentient in her current form. I will have to take her words for that.

In any case, it doesn't solve my problem. I am not going to run to her for help because for one, I don't want to deal with her again. And for two, I don't want to deal with her again!

My power doesn't seem to remove the curse. The curse must be imprint on my soul, which seems to be unaffected by my time power. Furthermore, I am unwilling to revert my body too much since it will undo

all the enhancements and augmentations the nanomachines have done to my genomes over the centuries.

Speaking of which, the stamina potions does boost my biology and the nanomachines, allowing me to manipulate heat and electricity with ease. Matter manipulations remain unchanged since this is purely nanomachines at work. More energy doesn't make them process faster.

I raise my head when I heard a cry. Look like Antigone is awake. Time to feed a baby girl. I haven't seen my daughter for days. Almost a week, but from her perspective, it has only been a few hours.

"Daddy's here, Anti. Oh... what is that smell!?"

Sometimes I wish I could use my power to undo that, but Antigone will never grow up if I do.

I guess I have to get down and do the dirty work once in a while. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

That or hire a wet nurse. Maybe I should.

"Selene. Add that to my list of things to do, mark it as important."

[Acknowledged, Operator]

I spend the next few hours playing with my daughter and watching television. Since it is around 4am in the morning, most of stuffs being broadcast are commercials, selling junks or porn or both, which I order because Antigone wants them.

I mean the junks, not the porn. What the hell are you thinking?

Antigone jabs at the widescreen television when she sees something she wants. And she pouts when I tell her no. I think I am enabling her. I must put my foot down... but it is so damn hard.

"Alright, Anti, daddy will buy you some condoms. We can blow them up like balloons."

Maybe I just get her actual balloons. That is better.

Good parenting, me!

Antigone wants a vibrator next, but her shaker can morph into one since it is actually micromachines imitating the toy. The new elongated toy vibrates in her hand before she sucks on it.

And that is enough for that!

I decide to take Antigone out for a walk, at 5am in the morning. The sun should be rising soon. People already up and jogging in the street, exercising. Pretty sure some of them are Hydra agents.

"Good morning, Max. You're up and early?"

A man calls out. He is exercising with his wife – a very nice lady. She brought a pie when I moved into my place. I ate it since it is a good pie.

I bake her a cake in return because... well just because. There is no reason, really.

"Good morning, Dave. Yup. Couldn't sleep. And my daughter doesn't want to sleep either, so here we are. Do you always exercise this early?"

I response as I examine the couple carefully. They are Dave and Jane. They have two daughters named Emily and Ashley. Ashley is the older of the two, and she is a senior in high school.

Without resorting to cheating, it is hard to tell if they are Hydra sleeper agents. But if I have to guess, I think they are sleeper agents since both daughters are up fairly early, considering most children sleep in late on the weekends.

Shield tells me they are not.

Damn it!

I talk to Dave and Jane a little bit while Antigone plays with her shaker. I have it return back to proper toy to prevent any question being asked.

A few houses down the street, an old couple greets me and my daughter. The couple are seen often at Stephanie's house several times, talking to Mrs. Connors, so it is likely they have a good relationship.

Shield tells me that they are Hydra sleeper agents, so that is kind of shocking. Although no one really retire from Hydra unless killed in action, but no one is this damn old!

"Ahem. This is the SC talking. How old are you two, really?"

I question. SC stands for Supreme Commander.

"29, Supreme Commander."

Both of them responses. They drop their acting as soon as they make sure no one is watching.

"Well, you two have aged terribly."

I response with a chuckle.

"This is just a disguise, sir. By the way, beware of Dave and Jane. They are Soviet spies, sir. They have been snooping around your place. I think it is due to your helicopter ride back and forth between New York and Hollywood. Since you are now publicly known, they are getting aggressive."

Ah! That is why their daughters wake up so darn early, even when they don't have schools. And since Henry Oxford had revealed Chrono Holdings is backing Terra Entertainment at that court case, I can no longer stay in the shadow.

I did weight the pros and cons of the reveal, but I need powerful backing to bring important people to the table.

"Shall we get rid of them, sir?"

"Others will just replace them, so just let them be for now. If they break into my home for whatever reason, I will break their spine. Anyway, as you two were, then."

I response.

I am neglecting the Soviet Union since the country will breakdown sometimes next year. I want this to happen, as it is easier to deal with the fallouts. All the pieces should be in place by then.

I continue to play the game of guessing who are the Hydra agents are with Shield until 8am. Although I won twice, I am relatively happy with the acting skills of the sleeper agents.

Those agents don't stand out at all. Anyone on the fucking street could be a sleeper agent.

After having breakfast with Antigone, I surrender her to my mother, Stephanie. The girl is still a little bit shaken after her abduction and psychological torture, but she is still capable of taking care of my daughter – her granddaughter.

"Thank you again, Mr. Maxwell. If it isn't for your help, our daughter might not be safe and sound right now."

Mr. Connors tells me. I tell him no to worry about it. We chat a little bit before I head home and into my office. I close the door and then teleport to Hydra Headquarter.

Since the moon base is not finish building yet, Mystic division is working out of the main headquarter.

Alex and Hans are already at it since 5am in the morning. These two don't sleep much. Emilia is usually with them since she has a brother-complex, but she is currently not.

"Mr. Mercer. Mr. Richter. How would you like to use magic?"

I question.

"Does Hans want to fuck his sister?"

I arch my brow and look at Hans, who beam deadly at Alex.

"Do you?"