

Master of Time 98

Chapter 98 Lottery Machination

Antigone is glad to see me.

I have been gone for about 3 hours since I had dropped her off at the Connors around 9am, relatively speaking. It actually has been several weeks for me.

Most of that time, I was being tortured by an astral dragon.

Fun time.

But as far as the Connors and my mother are concerned, I was in my office at home, working the whole time. None of them drops by unless something has happened. Antigone behaves when she is with her grandmother.

Antigone is currently dodging Mrs. Connors' attempts to feed her.

She probably didn't like the woman's cooking.

That makes me feel a little bit better since Antigone didn't like my cooking either.

In fact, I don't think Antigone likes anyone's cooking. What is up with that?

Regardless, I did tell Mrs. Connors that Antigone loves Heinz-brand foods. I have even left several cans when I had left my daughter here with her grandmother in the morning.

But I guess Mrs. Connors thinks she knows better, huh?

Like most people in America, Mrs. Connors has this unproven notion that canned foods aren't healthy, and when was the last time I saw her uses actual fresh ingredients to cook?

Um... like never.

She uses budget frozen foods because it is cheaper. Most middle-class households do.

Scientifically speaking, canned food is usually the healthier option since they are designed to actually preserve the food's nutrients. Sure, there are some immoral companies that added salts, sugars and preservatives amongst other things to their canned foods, but Heinz-brand canned foods do not.

The only real problem is Bisphenol A (BPA) contamination, but I am not too worry about that since the packaging isn't what you called industrial standards. Heinz products are processed and manufactured by Hydra personnel along with canning and packaging.

Only the best for my daughter!

I also brought her toys from Thailand. I brought some for Stephanie as well.

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell. I love it."

Stephanie acknowledges my gifts even if she probably didn't like them very much. She is curious where I have brought them from though, so she asks, and I response truthfully.

There is no reason to hide it.

My daughter, on the other hands, throws her gifts on the ground to make a point.

Bad Anti!

"If you are going to be like that then daddy won't buy you any more toys in the future. Actually, daddy will cancel those con... balloons orders."

Antigone fumes as if she understands before demanding the toys that she had thrown on the floor. I pick it up for her and pat her on the head. She really wants her balloons.

"Good girl. Daddy loves a good girl. You're a good girl, right?"

Antigone jerks in response. She definitely understands.

"ab... abbb... bby..."

Antigone points at me when I feed her myself.

"It's daddy, Anti. Daddy. D-d-d-y."

I correct.

Antigone is around 3 months old, far too early to make any legible word. Most babies say a few simple words when they are around 12 months ago, but I think she will be able to say her first word around 6 to 9 months at this rate, possibly earlier.

"So, what do you do, Max?"

Mr. Connors asks me when I finish feeding my daughter. She behaves when she is being fed the foods she likes, so it was very quick. She is now playing with Stephanie in the living room.

"I run a company, Terra Entertainment. You might have heard something about it on the news."

I answer and enjoy a cool beer as I sit on a couch. I could never get drunk thanks to the nanomachines and my accelerated metabolisms, but I do enjoy the taste.

"Never heard of it. What does it do? Something relate to music or movie?"

Mr. Connors responds. He is trying to have a small chat with me in the living room.

It isn't surprising that he himself doesn't know about Terra Entertainment. Only the people within the entertainment businesses do, as the company has not released any movies yet.

But even when it does, I doubt someone like him will know. He doesn't really watch the news, opting to watch sports instead.

Mr. Connors is a typical man of the house. Work hard for the dollar in the morning and afternoon, and then becomes a couch potato at in the evening and night, not really caring much about anything else.

"Yes, something of the sort. What do you do, Mr. Connors?"

"Please, call me John."

John Connors requests. And unlike the real John Connors, John has no illusion of becoming the leader of the human resistance. He works full-time shift in a food factory, processing meat and dairy products, ever since he was let go from a struggling construction company.

It is hard work, but it does make ends meet. But like all Americans, he dreams to striking it big. That is why he and his wife play the lottery every day. It is probably the only mean for them to get rich quick in this economy.

"If you have ten million dollars right now, what do you do?"

I question out of curiosity. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

"What won't I do?"

John chuckles. He didn't answer the question directly, but I understand what someone like him would do with that much money. Splurging, most definitely.

"If I have ten million dollars, I would be out of here, so quick."

Mrs. Connor interjects when she drops some refreshments on the table. She left afterwards.

"Hahaha. Please don't mind her, Max. She won't leave me. She loves me way too much for that. I am the only man for her."

John jokes. He tells me a bit more about how he first met his wife. They were childhood friends of sort since they were neighbours. They got married shortly after they finished high school together.

"My dad never likes her because she is one of those popular girls while I am the geeks. He always says: son, that woman will dump you for a better man in a heartbeat. It has been 12 years, so jokes on him."

I didn't know whether to laugh or facepalmed at that.

"How sure are you of that?"

I question almost inaudibly and drink from my bottle.

Once I did, I change the subject and have a nice long chat with the man.

John Connors has grown out of his geeky nature after high school due to the harsh reality of adulthood and family man. As he and his wife are unable to conceive after years of trying, they decided to adopt Stephanie to save their struggling marriage. Children are glue of any relationship.

They were able to conceive afterwards, hence Stephanie has two younger siblings. Even so, John has never treated my mother badly. He might not pay a lot of attention to Stephanie, but when he does, he acts like a father.

Sadly, John trusts his wife way too much. And his old-time colleagues from the engineering firm drops by regularly to basically bang her. Are they really his friends if they did something of the sort?

"I have a date with someone this afternoon and this evening, so I will get going. You don't mind if I left Antigone here with you and your family? I will pick her up around dinner time."

I ask when I finish several bottles.

"A woman, huh. Well, you're still young, and Antigone does need a mother."

John responses. He is about to get up, but it seems that he is a bit tipsy. He has drank quite a bit, after all.

"Don't worry, I will let myself out. Just enjoy your day off. Maybe something unexpected will happen, huh."

I left the living room afterwards and check on my daughter. She is already yawning, so my mother and I tug her in.

"You sing funny, Mr. Maxwell."

Stephanie points out when Antigone has doze off. I narrow my eyes at my mother before casting Voice of Harmony upon myself before singing another song.

It is a bit petty, but hey, how dare my mother disses me! She should have cheered for me on no matter what! I am her son, isn't it?

Her eyes widen when the magic fills the air as well as her being. The voice is perfectly harmonized due to the magical enhancement. The lyric sucks though.

"Wow. Can you teach me how to sing?"

I chuckle and pat her on the head.

"One day, Stephanie. Alright, look after Antigone for me, okay?"

Once Stephanie confirms, I left her and the Connors to return home.

Antigone will be fine with Stephanie, as I didn't want to bring my daughter along to check some houses with Sandra Bullock. I did promise her to accompany her, and it will definitely lead to something more.

It has been a while since I last saw Sandra – well all of my actresses, in fact. I have to check up on them regularly.

"Selene. What are the winning lottery numbers tonight for New York Lotto? And what is the current jackpots?"

[8, 14, 28, 36, 40, 47, and 5 as bonus. 16.8 million dollars, Operator]

"17 million huh? That is before taxes. Have that numbers be assigned to Mrs. Connor's lottery ticket, but make sure Mr. Connors is the one has brought the tickets from the store."

[Acknowledged, Operator.]

Selene will adjust all the electronic systems.

As for the physical ticket itself, sitting on the nightstand in a bedroom, a Hydra member will modify it as soon as humanly possible.

With cloaking technology, they can go in and out of people houses like an actual ghost.

Once that is done, I teleport directly to Oxford Hotel penthouse.

Sandra Bullock is still residing there for the time being, as her apartment is being demolished and then rebuild as an entertainment complex. It should be done in a couple of month time.

"Hello, Miss Bullock. Sorry I am a bit late, but are you ready to go home shopping?"

I greet her.

Sandra Bullock is actually waiting for me since before daybreak, constantly staring at the elevator that is connected directly into the penthouse. She doesn't sleep as much anymore on the account of what had happened to her in another world. She is dealing with it slowly.

I didn't use the elevator, however. I teleport behind her to surprise her.

Like my daughter, Sandra is very happy to see me.

But unlike my daughter, Sandra jumps me and then jumps my bone.

Jebus...