

## **Master of Time 124**

### Chapter 124

2003 .

It has been two years .

Two years since that fateful day .

The day that every plant life on the planet withered up and died .

No one could explain the global phenomenon, logically . No virus or bacteria responsible could ever be found . It just happened as if the world was cursed .

As if we are cursed by God .

We are cursed by God!

Without a single plant growing anywhere in the world, the land becomes barren . The animal kingdoms become depopulated within a single month . Plants-eating animals first, then the meat-eating ones .

And within two months, paper money becomes completely worthless as the world economy collapses .

The Government is still holding onto what little power and control they can muster, but at the current rate, they too will be gone .

Everyone hoards as much foods and supplies as possible, hoping to wait out this trial – this deadly trial from God as the Church has repeatedly claimed .

Only the faithful may be given salvation . But the faithful continues to die of starvation each and every single day, no matter how many prayers and atonements were given .

This is no trial from God, for he has abandoned us .

That is the truth, isn't it?

Isn't it?

I am at a loss to what to do now . Joining the mass and praying did not solve anything .

It never did .

And more and more people are beginning to understand that now, deserting their shepherd as their faith begins to wane while the ravenous hunger takes hold .

We have taken everything for granted . And now there is no food left .

No food for me or my children .

I have sold everything that is worth anything just to survive another day, and I have done thing that I am not too proud of, all to feed myself and my children .

My wife has left me, leaving me heartbroken when she left . She has never loved me! She has told me that herself when I beg her not to leave . She has even taken my oldest daughter with her .

My adopted daughter .

I truly hope that Stephanie have something to eat these days, unlike me and her younger brother and sister .

I am at my limit . I don't think I can last another day .

"Dad . We are hungry . "

Joshua calls out on the floor . He has become so skinny after all these months . His younger sister, Misha is also the same .

My youngest daughter is too weak to even utter a single coherence word . She lays there on the couch, panting faintly .

"I know that you are, Josh . I am as well . But please try to hang on . I will try to find something for us to eat soon . Just hang on . "

I response and try to hold in my tears . Seeing my children like this simply break my heart . I have failed as father . I have failed as provider . I truly have .

Taking my shotgun, I head back out into the street along with many others, all searching for something to eat . Just something to eat . Just something . Anything .

Water is plenty as it constantly rains and floods thanks to the destruction of the ecosystem, but foods is nowhere be found .

Not even a single bird could be seen or heard . Not even a worm digging in the dirt . Anything that can be eaten have already been eaten .

Likewise, the supermarkets have been stripped absolutely clean months ago . There is nothing left on those selves .

Despite that, people are still wandering and crowding at the supermarket, looking for a deal with what little scraps of food they have . Foods have become the new currency in this new world . With food, a person can buy anything and everything .

Just seeing an expired can of bean for trade makes me drools .

But I have nothing of value to trade . My strength is failing me . I could barely stand upright .

"You look like you won't last much longer . Where do you live? Anyone is living with you?"

A tall and fairly broad person asks me from behind . He looks like he won't last much longer either, and his dark eyes show his desperation .

I don't really want to think too much about it, but many of my neighbors have disappeared .

They obviously didn't die, and their home seems to be broken into . They were taken . Their family were taken .

Oh God!

I need to leave . I need to leave here . Leave here as soon as possible .

"Hey Mr . Connors . "

Someone calls for me as I pull myself from the crowd .

I turn towards the young woman, who is dressing far too provocatively . She is a friend of my daughter, Stephanie, back when they were in high school .

However, they have a falling out after graduation over a boy, so the girl doesn't show up at my house anymore .

"Susan . "

I response as Susan approaches me . Unlike my youngest daughter, Susan still has some meats on her frame . She is faring better than most people thanks to her beautiful look .

"Where are you going, Mr . Connors? Do you have any food? I can make it worth your while . "

Susan asks me, leaning forwards, allowing her long hair to stream around her bare shoulders . And for anyone else younger than me, they probably take a good look at what she is offering under that loose tank top of hers .

But for me, however, I am too preoccupied with my own problem to even notice . Like every girl living in town, she is doing whatever she needed to in order to survive . In order to survive another day, just another day .

Perhaps, tomorrow will be better . Perhaps, tomorrow this nightmare will finally be over . One can only hope . By God, one can only hope .

I shake my head .

"I am sorry, Susan, but I don't have anything for you . No anymore . "

I tell her and continue my retreat, without ever looking back .

I have tried to help her as much as I can with what little I have stashed away, but currently, I am in no position to help anyone . And no one will help in return .

Susan will find another person . She always does .

I hope Stephanie isn't the same . Oh God . Please don't let my daughter be the same . Death would have been better .

Darkness slowly descends as I wander the streets and roads, looking for anything to eat . For anything to eat at all . There is nothing to eat . Not even a blade of grass .

The shotgun in my hands stops anyone with ill intention from getting close to me .

They rather stalk easier prey, such as the countless girls . Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click [www . webnovel . com](http://www.webnovel.com) for visiting .

Rape is rampant now days, and cannibalism is on the rise from the amount of people are missing every day . Young . Old . As long as they have some meats, it didn't matter .

This is what society has been reduced to . This is what we have been reduced to .

Everywhere I look, houses are emptied and looted and torched . There is nothing left .

Nothing left but enter the merciful night .

I return home emptyhanded like yesterday and the day before . Joshua and Misha have fainted . They are still breathing . Still breathing barely . There is nothing I can do for them except an easy release .

An easy release from this suffering .

God . Please let my children into your embrace .

Just let their sufferings stop even if I am burning in hell .

I pray and pray before spilling gasolines around the house . This is the best I can do since I am unable to give them a proper burial . Even if I have the strength, I don't want them to fill someone's stomach .

Oh God . Oh God .

Tearfully, I check my shotgun . Two shells stare back at me . Then one shell . Then there was none . Only ringing sound in my ears accompany my sorrow . My overwhelming sorry .

"Please forgive me, Joshua . Please forgive me, Misha . Please for give this father of yours . "

I call out repeatedly as I load another shell into the shotgun . Flames burn brightly all around me, and they reveal what sins I have committed .

What I have committed!

Oh God! Oh God!

Taking a life is a sin . Taking one's own life is a sin . I am going straight to hell for what I am have done, for what I have done .

I truly am, but at least I can send my children to heaven instead .

It is the only thing I can do for them .

It is the last thing I can do for them . Please forgive me . Joshua . Misha . Stephanie .

With the barrel in my mouth, I pull the trigger and enter the night .

I have thought that is the end . I truly have!

But I found myself waking up on the couch with my head and brain completely intact .

They were not splattered all over the wall and floor before a raging inferno takes me into hell .

However, they are hurting .

It feels like a massive hangover as if I have been drinking my body weight in alcohol last night .

A scream pulls me out of the couch and out into the corridor .

It was Stephanie . She is yelling at her mother .

Tears running down her face along with overwhelming anger .

She is angry . She is furious . She is full of hatred .

Hatred towards her mother . Her adopted mother .

My wife is utterly shocked . It is like she has seen a ghost .

I have the same expression as her, seeing Joshua and Misha standing up the staircase . My beloved son and daughter are as shocked as me .

"How could you! How could you!? You gave me to those monsters! Those fucking monsters! And for what? For just a can of food!? For just a can of food!?"

I am unable to comprehend what is happening .

It was all a dream, right . All a dream, right?

"Dad! Oh God Dad! I am so happy to see you! Please don't let her take me away! Please don't let her! She is a monster!"

Stephanie hugs me tight, and my wife remains speechless . Utterly speechless .

GUILTS and fears plaster on her face, and she immediately run out of the house .

As my wife did so, violence erupts throughout the streets with people crashing through their windows and rolling on the withering lawn . The lawn that once has been covered with lively green grasses not just too long .

Countless people are shouting at each other, cursing each other for all the things they have done . For all the things they have committed . No . For all the things that they will committed .

It isn't a dream . It isn't a dream . Not a dream at all .

With Stephanie in my arms, my eyes look towards the calendar hanging on the wall . My heart almost gives out .

1st of January 2000 .

It is too late . It is already too late .

The world will fall into ruin after this day, and there is nothing anyone can stop it .

My arms tighten around my daughter, realizing that I will have to kill them again . Not just two of my children, but all three of my children .

I cannot help but cry . But cry at the inevitability .

Why God!? Why!? Is this my hell? My personal hell?

But before tears could stream down my eyes like unending waterfall, the world rumbles heavily and the cloudless sky casts a massive shadow over the entire neighborhood .

People in the street have stopped what they are doing and stare at the sky in utter shock . This includes my wife, who just didn't know where to go .

What are they all looking at?

What? What?

I need to know .

Once I slowly exit the front door and stepping on the withering lawn, I look upwards with my children .

All our jaws slacken as a massive spherical spaceship blocks out the sun and much of the sky itself . Not just one ship, but dozens of titanic ships .

They are moving slowly across the sky, and they are shaking the entire world as they did .

"Wow . It's Independent Day!"