

Master of Time 125

Chapter 125 Alien Invasion POV

Joshua is the one who had said that.

And I think my son meant to say: Independence Day.

Unlike the actual holiday commemorated on the 4th of July yearly, Independence Day is a movie about an alien invasion of Earth. It was released about 4 years prior, in 1996.

The movie stars Will Smith, Jeff Goldburn, Bill Pullman, and many others.

I am somewhat familiar with the real names of the actors because the movie was prominently featured in numerous papers and magazines, such as Time Magazine. The movie was a commercial and critical success during its theatrical run from what I can recall.

Like myself, many people have seen the movie.

And knowing what happened in the movie, I truly hope that what I am seeing isn't the case.

A lot of people are going to die otherwise.

I honestly do not think that the entire world's combined military strength can defeat an alien invasion just like in the movie I have seen. It is just not possible for us to fight and win against a technologically advanced species. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click www.webnovel.com for visiting.

Our own history has repeatedly illustrated this fact very clearly.

Whenever two groups of culturally different people come to face, the technologically advanced group will always triumph over the other.

Therefore, just by pure logic, if the alien species can travel across the vast cosmos to get here to Earth and launch an invasion, they wouldn't be defeated by a single computer virus.

From my engineering projects at a construction company, I am a bit confused at how a computer virus from Earth can affect their computer systems, which should be completely alien.

It is already a nightmare to transfer simple data such as building schematics from an operating system to another, such as Windows to Mac OS and vice versa.

And these operating systems are designed by us.

I don't need to be a computer technician to know that their alien computer systems wouldn't be able to make heads or tails of the virus created by us, let alone allow our virus to infect their computers to the point that we can cripple their vessels.

While I do hope we can fight and win against an alien invasion, that is just wishful thinking.

Wishful thinking never solves anything.

I have learned that now. Starving to death really changes a person. For better or worse, I am no longer the same person I once was.

Nevertheless, I believe that God didn't give everyone another chance to live and make amend only to take it all away now.

Only God has the power to turn back time and bring everyone back to life.

It is strange that the alien shows up the moment God did.

Could this be a coincidence?

It is too much of a coincidence to be one.

So far, the alien spacecrafts are not doing anything besides hovering ominously over the city. Even so, their presence gives me this dreadful feeling.

Something big is going to happen.

I just know it.

And it is bigger than the unexplainable withering and decaying of every plants across the world.

I gulp and avert my eyes from the sky to have a look at my three children standing around the withering lawn.

Beautiful green grasses just a couple of days ago are nowhere to be found. The flowers adorning the front garden are also dead. And with them, the pollinators such as bees will also be gone. It continues up the food pyramid, killing each species one by one.

We will be last. There is no escape.

But my children are not paying attention to that.

They are all staring at the spacecrafts in awe, especially Joshua. My only son has been skipping school and went off with his buddies to the arcades and movies.

I have told him off many times already, but he refuses to listen.

Misha is becoming the same, preferring to talk on the phone with her friends rather than studying and trying to get into a good college.

Where did I go wrong in raising my children?

I suppose with the impending doom, school is the last thing on my mind.

On anyone's mind really.

I should have paid more attentions to my children instead of leaving them to my wife. My wife! Edith. Edith. She spends more time in the arms of another man than taking care of her children.

Dad was right. He is always right. I hate it when he is always right.

But I do not regret leaving and marrying Edith. If I did, that means I also regretted of having children with her.

My children.

Their survivals are the only thing important right now.

And it is more dire with the surprised arrival of the alien spacecrafts. Their intention remains unclear, but the aliens are obviously not here to just say hello.

No. If they wanted to do that, they could have stayed in orbit and outside the atmosphere.

In any case, I have to get out of here. We have to get out of here.

Get as far away from the city as possible!

"Steph. Josh. Misha. Please go back inside and pack your things. We are taking a road trip to my father, your grandfather. Please hurry."

I order and then look for my wife.

Edith is at the far end of the street. She is still staring directly at all the titanic spacecrafts hovering in the sky. They are casting looming shadows over everything on the ground.

Most people are like her, still staring speechlessly at the spacecrafts. They have completely forgotten about what will happen to the world in the upcoming days, weeks and months.

People will fight for little scrap of foods remaining just a little bit more than a year from now.

Speaking of which, I need to stock up as much as possible.

We need to stock up as much foods as possible.

"You guys! Are you listening!? Get inside the house and pack your things!"

I call out again. Louder and more emotional this time.

Joshua and Misha finally snap out of it. They hurriedly enter the house and run upstairs to the balcony in order to continue looking despite my outbursts.

In contrast, Stephanie stops me from heading off to get her mother.

"Please don't, dad. I don't want to be anywhere near her. You have no idea what she did to me. You... have no idea..."

Stephanie pleads. Her tearful eyes tell me all that I need to know. I have seen terrible things happened to countless young girls like her in the apocalypse.

I look at my wife one more time before giving my adopted daughter a hug.

"Trust me when I say that I do, Steph. I will not let her hurt you ever again."

I assure. This time, I will protect her. I will protect my precious daughter from my wife. No. She is not my wife anymore.

Edith has lost that right when she had abandoned her children and took away Stephanie from me.

"Please look after your brother and sister until I return, Steph. And make sure to pack your things. We are heading out of town as soon as possible."

I request afterwards.

"Yes. Dad."

Stephanie acknowledges before I headed towards to the garage, where my car is waiting. It feels like months since I have driven the thing. It is months!

Gasoline is just too precious to be wasted, especially when the power plants shut down.

Once Stephanie enters the house and tells her younger brother and sister off, I reverse the car out of the garage and into the driveway. I begin to head down the street afterwards.

The car stops next to my wife.

"Please get in, Edith. You and I need to have a talk."

Edith turns her attention away from the spacecrafts in the sky and towards me.

Tears soon return to her eyes as she reluctantly enters the vehicle. Edith and I have brought this family car together. I can still recall asking her opinions then.

After what happened – or maybe I should say, what will happened – it feels so strange having Edith in the car with me.

"I'm sorry, John. I'm so sorry for saying all those things. I didn't mean it. I didn't really mean it. It is just that. Just that I feel I cannot live in that place anymore. I have to get out. I have to find somewhere to else."

Edith pleads but I remain completely silence.

What she had told me when she left our homes still ring in my mind. It hurts me greatly, and I will not find it in my heart to forgive her. She has taken me for a fool for far too long.

"Then why did you take Stephanie with you?"

I question as the car speeds towards the bank. There are a lot of people there, trying to withdraw all their savings.

Just like me, everyone remembers what had happened to them. They remember what will happen in the upcoming months.

"Because I don't want to be alone. I don't want to be alone, John. And Joshua and Misha are too young to follow me."

Edith responses. She is lying through her teeth.

"You are lying, Edith."

I response.

"No. That's the truth, John. That's the truth."

I step on the brake and slam my hands on the steering wheel. I hate this woman. I hate this woman so much. I cannot believe I have lived with her for years. For years!

"You are lying even now, Edith. Stephanie does not tell me, but I can guess exactly what you did. You never once thought of Stephanie as your daughter. You always believe her to be a tool. A tool for you to use. A tool to keep me blind. I am no longer blind, Edith. By God, I am no longer blind."

I tell her exactly what I think of her.

If there was no other choice, I am remorseful glad that Edith had taken Stephanie. If... if she had taken Misha instead, the girl would not be able to recover from that.

To be raped by men and then amputated until finally allowed to die.

Anyone would be driven insane.

"You are despicable. You are a monster. Get out! Get the fuck out of my car! I don't want to see your goddamn face ever again. And either will Stephanie or any of my children. Here. This is the keys to the house. It is yours. Do whatever you want with it. I just don't want to remember all the shits you have done in the house behind my back. It wasn't just Steve, was it. How many. Fuck. I don't want to know. I don't want to have anything to do with you."

With that I speed off, leaving Edith at the bank. She calls for me, but I steel my heart. She is not fit to be a mother.

As for the bank, it is just not possible to withdraw anything with so many people rioting and crowding the place. It is pure chaos there.

In fact, rioting and looting are everywhere in the city. And probably the entire world.

Everyone is grabbing whatever they can to stash at their home and basement. The more the better. It is all to ride out the incoming storm. The storm that will surely come.

Police themselves are even looting with what they know about the future. Their family comes first.

I want to loot as well. I want to grab as much things as possible, for myself and my family.

But I couldn't do it. Not like this. Not like this.

People are bleeding on the streets due to being beaten up for trying to stop the looting and rioting.

For trying to do the right thing!

And just when thing couldn't get any worst, an ear-shattering humming sound ripples the air, forcing almost everyone to stop what they are doing and cover their ears.

The painful sound emanates from the massive spacecrafts above.

When it eventually stops, I look up towards the sky and see thousands... hundreds of thousand spheres emerge from the alien spherical vessels, descending rapidly onto the ground.

What are they!?

I am too frightening to find out as I speed away. I need to get home. I need to get home fast. I can get supplies elsewhere. As long as my children are safe, I can get supplies elsewhere.

The spheres are fast. They glide past my vehicle and head straight to the street's corner.

While most of those spheres continue onwards in search for something, several spheres come to an abrupt stop and then hover around a man, holding a crowbar.

A woman is lying on the ground in front of him, begging for her life. Her arm is broken.

"What the hell is this thing!?"

Before the man could use the crowbar to hit one of the spheres, one sphere to his side erupts into a silvery blanket and envelopes the man, swallowing him whole. He screams and fights, but it is to no avail.

Is it eating him?

They are the alien! Alien!

I step on the brake before my car could get any closer. I need to get away. Get away from them!

Once the silvery blanket returns to a hovering spherical alien like the rest of its brethren, it spat out the clothes the man had worn as well as the crowbar.

All the aliens then hover around the woman grimacingly.

"No. Please. No!"

The hurt woman pleads desperately but the aliens didn't relent. One of them splits open and swallows her as well. She screams and fought, but like the man before, it is to no avail.

Once the alien creature returns to a hovering spherical blob, it spits out her clothes along whatever it could not digest.

And then to my surprise, it grows in size and then spit out the woman, naked. She is still screaming, shaking her head and flaying her hands, including the injured arms. No. Her arms are no longer injured.

It heals her? But what about the man? What about him?

I expected the alien to spit him out too, but instead, they fly away in search for more prey. They didn't give back the man.

And after witnessing the aliens in actions a few more times, I come to understand that the aliens are actively targeting and devouring only those who causes violent or even has the intention of causing violent.

It is as if the aliens decide to step in and stop all the madness before it spirals out of control.

And they are doing a very good job in the city and throughout the world.

Rioting and looting immediately stops.

But sexual harassment just goes right through the roof.