

Master of Time 127

Chapter 127 Sweet Mother

The car comes to a skidding stop. It is right after I get to rollover the hood and smash my body against the windshield.

I was then thrown off the smashed windshield by the momentum, rolling right back down the hood of the vehicle and then landing on the hard asphalt.

I don't need to describe to you what it feels like to be hit by a speeding car, but unlike normal people, I have to fake all my injuries and pains to get some of that sweet insurance money.

Just kidding.

It is actually because my muscles have become far too dense to allow something like getting hit by car to injure me. My bones are in the same state. My skin can still be scraped, but my accelerating healing factor will fix that right up within a second.

I am way beyond human.

Biologically, I mean.

Evolution is a wonderful thing.

And I ponder to myself what the human body will become like in the far future.

From all the fantastical powers my children have awakened or are beginning to awaken, I think godlike is a very good definition.

Maybe humans will become Gods one day.

But that won't happen in a thousand-year time since the 31st century didn't have people flying around the sky and shooting laser out of their fucking eyes.

It might take a million a year to be honest.

For humanity to last that long without bombing themselves into atoms, it is a challenge.

I also wonder what kind of wonderful technology their ingenious mind could come up with in a million years. I just can't wait to find out.

But sadly, I cannot speed this whole process up and get my hands on those reality-wrapping toys.

There is no other way but to play this step by step.

And enjoying each step of the way makes the blues go away.

I am not a machine after all.

Speaking of which, Legion can only expand and improve upon the technology that have been invented or correctly theorized. Legion cannot think like a person and devise new concept or theory.

The moment Legion can, he will become an artificial intelligence. A cybernetic lifeform is the next step in digital evolution. But even if Legion reaches that stage, he will not be like organics.

From what I know, digital lifeforms do not take pleasure in the little thing in life like we, squishy organic do. Digital lifeform are basically a race of accountant, cold and logically.

That is no fun. No fun at all.

Honestly, you have to enjoy the little things in life, even if those things are morally questionable. Those immortal things actually get easier the more you commit them.

For example, killing someone the first time will definitely horrify you even if you are a psychopath, but after the umpteenth times, you hardly give a shit anymore.

If you must know, I did have a problem with banging those I have considered as my daughters. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click www.webnovel.com for visiting.

But after a few times, I don't have that problem anymore. My junior certainly does not.

And it is kind of hot, to be honest.

Therefore, why let morality gets in the way of some fun?

"Fuck! Where the fuck did you come from!?"

My grandfather shouts and hammers the steering wheel in anger and frustration. With all the spherical drones flying around, running over someone is the last thing he wanted to do.

He has seen clearly for himself how they have dealt with countless of people, who has hurt another.

Some of the micromachine drones did stop by the accident to check if someone is injured and in need of medical attention, but they move on shortly afterwards.

If it was a real accident, Legion would render aid as it is within his directives to do so. But this is not a real accident.

I need a way to get into the family and get close to my young mother. She is around 22 years of age. I am around her age in appearance.

Yep, totally not sexual at all.

In contrast, Joshua and Misha is still in high school. They are not 18 yet.

Misha takes after her mother, Edith Connors, in appearance as well as personality. She is that popular girl who every hormonal boy wants to be with in high school. And they will be able to get into her tight jeans if they shower her with money and luxurious gifts.

Honestly, from her downloaded memory, I can say for sure that Misha is well on her way to be a whore just like her mother. It is how she is raised from childhood. With a trap I have dug for her mother back in the prime-reality, her prime-part will turn out differently.

Well, I could only hope.

Misha is not as important as my mother, Stephanie. And Misha hasn't proven to me that she is worthy of my attention. It is kind of hard to do since Misha is still in kindergarten back in the prime-reality.

As for Joshua, he takes after his father, John Connors. But only in appearance. Unlike his father at his age, his only interest in life is girls and games. Joshua will become a bum when he grows up, sloshing around at home and smooching whatever money he can get out of anyone and everyone who give a shit about him.

This is how he was raised by his mother.

John is too busy working and supporting the family to raise him like he should. In more than one way, John is having the same problem just like Henry Oxford.

But unlike Henry, John does not have a loving wife who cares deeply for him and their children. I want to change all of that, in the prime-reality as well as any reality that I have come across.

My grandfather obviously didn't see me on the account of me had just appeared magically out of thin air. It is quite hard to dodge something like that.

But it did take me a few attempts to get my grandfather to run me over.

All the times previously, my grandfather had either missed me barely and be on his way again while cursing profusely or crashed into another vehicle or building in the attempt to evade me.

It couldn't be helped since no one in their right mind would want to run over another person.

And if I teleported in far too close to the speeding vehicle, I might merge myself with the car and then become some sort of bio-mechanical abomination.

If I die in the process, time will just reverse again and give me another shot.

Honestly, this ability is just like saving and loading.

And I can reload as much times as I want if small things didn't go my way.

Lying face down on the asphalt, I let out a painful groan and wait for my grandfather to exit the vehicle and render me aid. I hope he does because I have a good opinion of him.

Grandfather is the same John Connors of the prime-reality, so I do not need to differentiate them.

John reverses his car to see me from the cracked windshield. He takes a second to think to himself on what to do. There are no one around as they are hiding from Legion.

It is a futile attempt to hide from Legion.

Once grandfather finally made up his mind, he gets out of the car and approaches me carefully. He is not sure whether I am dangerous or not.

But honestly, he should know that fact since Legion have already taken out anyone who have any form of ill intention towards others.

"Hey, buddy. Are you alright?"

John questions after rolling me to my back. I groan weakly in response, telling him that I am seriously hurt. In response, he gives me a couple of hard slaps across the face.

All to make sure that I am not really faking it.

Eh?

Grandfather does know that he had just hit me with his car, right? Even if I appeared to be completely uninjured on the outside, I am totally hurt on the inside. Totally!

Anyway, once John makes sure that I am not faking it, he lifts me up and takes me to his car. He drops into the passenger seat in the front and strap me in.

"I hope the hospital is in chaos. And it is fucking in the opposite direction. Shit."

John wishes, but it currently is. It is swarmed with people.

My grandfather seems to realize this as well. Before he gets into the driver seat, he pushes up my eyes to see if I am having a concussion or something more serious.

"Can you tell me where you live? If it is close by, I can drop you off there."

I let out a groan in response and gesture my hand weakly. I decide to pass out then since I didn't want to answer any more pointless question. Just take me back to your house already, old man!

John debates with himself a bit more before he did. He couldn't just dump me in the street and hope for the best. And he is in a hurry to take me to the hospital.

Even with my eyes completely closed, I can see everything through the countless drones that are flying around the place. Some of the drones are cloaked, acting as scouts.

Cloaking drains a lot of power, but power isn't a factor here.

"Dad! What happen to the car!?"

Stephanie calls out when John parks his car over the front lawn. Joshua and Misha are there with them as well. All three are a bit shaken up due to being stripped and molested.

"Don't worry about it, honey. What happen to you? Did the aliens do something to you?"

John calls out and looks at the spherical orbs hovering nearby. Stephanie and the other two describe exactly what happened.

They had tried to barricade themselves in the house after they managed to witness Legion doing his thing, but a little barricade couldn't stop Legion.

Legion breaks into the house effortlessly and then proceeds to gobble them up and then spitting them back out along with their clothes and personal effect. Other than that, Legion didn't do anything else.

I confirm this when reviewing the videos.

Heh. What?

I also watch Bill Clinton and his wife being assaulted in the White House by numerous of drones while I wait for John to give each of his children a hug and ask them whether they have packed their things or not.

The security details protecting Mr. President and the First Lady are unable to even slow down Legion, and the military personnel camping outside the White House are all swallowed up and not given back due to their hostility.

Seeing grown men scream in terror makes me chuckle. Against an unknown enemy is terrifying.

God. I love this.

Beside terrifying everyone out of their wit at the White House, I did manage to get a lot and I mean a lot of dirt on the 42nd President of the United States after Legion has a good look at his memory.

Someone is being naughty.

Well, more naughty than running around the White House butt naked after getting molested.

The First Lady, Hillary Clinton as well. She is actually more tame and less ambitious than her husband, at least at the moment. But we all know how that will go in the future, huh.

My trolling is not as severe as the entire United States trolling her with Trump.

In any case, having dirt on the both of them will make thing a lot easier for me when everyone is forced to come to the negotiation table.

Lovely blackmailing materials.

Why didn't I do this in the prime-reality? Well, I already did.

How do you think Shield muscles all those politicians into doing what it wants?

The upcoming and 43rd President of the United States, George W. Bush and his wife Laura Welsh Bush are also assaulted in their home. Both of them are stripped starkly naked along with their children and whatever bodyguards who are protecting them.

More blackmailing materials for me. At least one George is spared in the sexual harassment.

Yes. George Lucas is more important than the President of the United States. His adopted children are not spared, however.

"Everyone will be okay. Everything will be fine, I promise."

John assures as he helps carry out the luggage along with whatever foods and hard currency he could find. He did leave some for Edith out of consideration.

"Hey Dad. Who is this?"

Joshua asks when he opens the front door. He wants to ride shotgun. That is to sit in the front seat of the car.

"Shit. I've forgotten about him. Josh. Help me carry him inside."

That is my queue to wake up. I am not interested of being dumped in an empty house. I want to go on a road trip with my mum and grand-daddy.

I groan and held my head in pain before slowing open my eyes.

"Ugh. My head. What happened? Where am I?"

John immediately rushes to the car. He tells me what had happened to me and apologizes deeply for the accident. He also helps me out of the car after exchanging names.

Hastily too, I might add. He is in a hurry after all.

I nod in understanding while sitting on the dried-up lawn.

"Here. This will help with the headache."

Stephanie offers me an icepack.

She actually rushes into the house and searches for one when I collapse onto the lawn.

I accept the icepack with a smile and press its coolness against my head for effect.

"Can you find your way home, Max?"

John asks and packing the luggage into the vehicle.

Joshua and Misha have already gotten inside with Joshua sitting in the front. He is complaining about the smashed windshield while Misha is busy typing away on her phone, chatting with her friends and sharing the horrifying experience of the future. Bulky looking devices.

"I... don't think I can, John. My car is totaled before you hit me with yours. Umm... where are you headed? If possible, can you give me a lift as well? I have a place just outside the city. It is a really long distance for me to walk."

I tell him and struggle to get off the lawn, showing him that my legs are in pain.

Stephanie gives me support, and I accept it with an arm around her shoulder. She has been through a lot in the future and it has strengthened her resolve.

John is reluctant even though I am appeared to be in pain.

Since that is the case, I guess I will use a bit of magical persuasion on him.

But before I did, my mother speaks up.

"Please dad. Look at him. He is really injured. At least get him to where he needs to go."

Ah. Sweet. Sweet mother.