

Master of Time 128

Chapter 128 Middle of Nowhere

Grandfather eventually relents.

And I get to ride shotgun in the car since he didn't want me anywhere close to his daughters.

Both of his daughters, Stephanie and Misha.

I have zero interest in Misha.

Joshua isn't too happy about the sitting arrangement in the car, but he really has no say in the matter. And as soon as I am dropped off somewhere, he will get to sit in the front again.

Hurrah!

That obviously isn't going to happen if I have anything to do about it.

Everyone is moving as according to my design. Grandfather and his family are no exception.

"Aren't you a little too young to have a place of your own, Max?"

John asks me as the car pulls away from the house. He does not intend to return here from what I can tell, but he keeps a spare key on his person anyway.

The main key to the house is with his wife, Edith, whom he had left at the bank out of rage and anger.

Good ridden to her.

Grandfather should have dumped her ass a long time ago.

And he shouldn't have forgiven her when he finally learned of her extramarital affair years before. He only learned of one, but he suspected she had more than just one affair.

He has suspected correctly.

In truth, Edith is not at the bank anymore. She is currently locked up in a stasis cell once Legion had a go at her, just like Legion had a go to everyone at the bank. But that is Legion though.

I still haven't had a go at Edith yet.

And for what she did to my mother in the future, I will skin her alive as a start.

I will also skin the men who had raped my mother alive too. They definitely remember what they have done to my mother and the numerous other girls, so I will see how they like it when they are raped to death.

Bruce can be very, very fulfilling.

"You can never be too young to have your own place, Mr. Connors."

I response as the car begins to speed away from the neighborhood.

Due to Legion, there are no more people wandering around the street or fighting amongst themselves for whatever reasons. Most of the people are at home, huddling with their family out of fear or terror, as they should be.

I mean the huddling part. The rest are for me to enjoy.

"It actually belongs to my father, Mr. Maxwell. But he isn't around anymore. He dies in a car accident when I was young."

I bullshit.

But Selene fabricating all my papers and documents, the truth is exactly what I say it is. Legion actually helps out in this regard since Shield is missing in action.

I need to have proper identification in this reality for stage one of my plan.

"I am sorry, Max."

Grandfather apologizes deeply and sincerely.

He realizes that he shouldn't have brought up old and painful memory, especially when he nearly killed me in an automobile accident.

That is what was going through his mind, I guess. It is a good guess as I do understand his character to an extent. He is someone who would do anything to ensure the safety and protection of his children.

John becomes silence for several minutes afterwards despite wanting to know about my mother. For the sake of simplicity, my supposedly mother is also dead in the same car accident just like my father.

I don't want people to dig too deeply into my family matter.

Not only it is private matter, they wouldn't really understand it fully. And they wouldn't have thought that my mother is sitting behind me in the backseat right now.

Since grandfather did not speak, I did not speak up either. There is really nothing to talk about between us.

John is in his mid-forties while I am in my early twenties. The age gap in our appearance is enormous to be honest. It is even more so than his prime-counterpart to me back in the prime-reality.

Therefore, I will act as if grandfather is from the previous generation. That means being respectful and what is not.

John is my grandfather after all, so he deserves such respect.

Of course, I am much older than he is, but let's not get technical.

Instead of trying to make conversation with my grandfather, I steal glances at my mother visible in the rearview mirror whenever possible.

My mother is quite an eye candy.

And seeing her in her adult form does bring back a lot of memories. Despite being married again, dad had never really forgotten about my mother. I could see why now.

But by keeping the memory of my late mother alive just makes my stepmother mistreats me whenever dad is not looking, which was quite a lot considering he rarely at home in the morning and afternoon.

Great job, dad.

You are such a dumbass.

And I emphasis the present.

Why didn't you get together with mum in this reality?

You let someone this hot get away? Something is wrong with you!

Stephanie matches my gaze several times from the backseat, finding the strange familiarity in my facial features.

That is to be expected.

I have inherited those features from her after all, and no amount of augmentation would change that.

As a matter of fact, the nanomachines leave my facial appearance alone as I do not want to wake up one morning and see a totally different person staring back at me in the mirror.

Not only I would be shocked, Antigone would be frightened.

While I do not understand why my mother always give birth to me, I do understand that she is a very important person in the grand scheme of things.

Strangely enough, I must be born regardless of what happened to her, so she is not as important as I am.

I don't think anyone is more important than me.

Being an Aspect is super important from what I can gather.

That is just to bloat my ego. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click www.webnovel.com for visiting.

Putting my mother on ice or killing her will only force someone else to give birth to me. If I am born to another person, I will get a new appearance, which is very weird now that I think about it.

My appearance did not matter to the grand scheme of things apparently.

Only my existence is.

That is good and also frightening to know.

I smile at my mother before speaking up softly.

"Umm... Stephanie, is it? Is there something on my face?"

I accompany that particular question by rubbing my face to demonstration.

John narrows his eyes when I did. He then takes a handful of seconds to adjust the rearview mirror so that he could see all three of his children together.

Misha is still on her phone, but she is also listening to music now with her walkman. From the faint sounds coming from her earphones, I think it is Britney Spears singing. Britney should be getting her spotlight around this time. In the prime-reality, she is still just a little kid.

Phase 2 of my global entertainment giant plan will launch her into stardom along with several children, but that phase is still a couple of years away.

I am in no hurry, really since time is on my side.

Like his little sister, Joshua is also on the phone. He isn't listening to music. He is playing games instead. Shitty snake apparently.

Neither of Joshua or Misha has remembered the full harshness of the future since John had protected them from the outside world to the best of his ability. If they did, they wouldn't be like this.

They would be more on edge, like their older sister, Stephanie.

"No. It is just that you look very familiar. Have I met you somewhere before?"

Stephanie responses.

"No. I would have remembered someone as gorgeous and generous as you, Stephanie. I suppose that this is a bit too late to say now but thank you for the icepack and your shoulder."

I response calmly. My choice of words is enough.

Stephanie smiles faintly. She has heard such a compliment many times in college, but all they wanted to do is to get into her bed. I show no interest in such thing, so it is already a plus in her book.

"You welcome, Max. My father did hit you with his car, so it is only right for me to help you."

I nod.

"Yes. Thank you again. If it was your father, he would probably just leave me there for dead. I did recall that he was thinking about driving off right after he hit me."

I point out calmly and continue to exude an aura of maturity despite what I am emphasizing with my words.

"Hey! I did not."

John denies hastily.

And that is enough for Stephanie to know what to believe.

"Only the guilty denies, Mr. Connors."

I point out with a charming smile while matching my eyes with my mother. She giggles lightly before straightening herself.

John retorts with another denial, but he is only digging a deeper hole for himself. And I response to all his denials with cold and logical fact, winning a few more giggles from my mother.

"Alright, that is enough, Max. Thank you for that. Honestly, I should have taken you to the hospital or a clinic."

My grandfather responds when he admitted his defeat. He then switches on the radio and tunes to a proper channel.

Due to the chaos, only a few channels are on air.

"Please do not engage the alien sphere. I repeat. Please do not engage the alien sphere. They will not harm you or your family if you leave them be. Do not show sign of hostility towards it or anyone in your immediate vicinity. And whatever the alien sphere does, do not retaliate. Do not retaliate!"

The radio calls out. It continues warning people about Legion and encourages people to stay in their own home for their safety.

It seems that quite a number of people get the message, judging from the amount being locked up in stasis at the moment. What was above 70% drops sharply to 30%, meaning that most people are being spit back out after Legion has his fun.

That percentage will continue to drop once the world understands the alien's intention.

Since most people are being hold up in their home for their own safety, the highway out of the city is not being congressed at all, allowing us to head to where I directed them to.

"Turn here, Mr. Connors. My place is just at the end of the path."

John nods in understanding and steers the car towards the path. Surrounding both side of the road is withering trees. Dried up leaves constantly shower the earth.

The Curse of Decay is in full effect.

And there is no way to undo the curse, at least not with my current power and understanding of magic. But that didn't mean I couldn't save the humanity of this reality.

The path is incredibly long, allowing me to talk a bit more with my mother. She is warming up to me very nicely since I know exactly what buttons to push her.

When the road finally ends, a small shack can be seen.

The car stops right in front of it.

"This is the place? It doesn't look any different than an outhouse."

John asks as I open the door and struggle to exit.

Seeing that, Stephanie immediately get out and help me out of the car.

"It is actually just the entrance to the underground bunker. My father has it built in case of a nuclear war with the Soviet. It is stocked up with enough supplies to last me for years. Anyway. Thank you for the lift, Mr. Connors. I wish you all the best."

I response and struggle towards the shack. There is no need to invite them in. They will have no choice but to come in soon.

And once I open the door to the shack, it reveals to be an elevator shaft.

"Thank you, Stephanie. I do hope we meet again."

I response.

"Me too, Max."

Stephanie replies before heading back to the car and join the disinterested Misha in the backseat. As for the front seat, Joshua is already occupying it.

My mother seems a bit sad of leaving me, but I have that effect on people.

Standing at the doorway, I turn back to the Connors and wave them goodbye.

John begins to reverse the car once he gives his goodbye.

The car heads away from the shack, following the road back to the highway.

But sadly, they didn't get very far as the engine stalls and then dies in the middle of nowhere.

As if I would let them leave.