

Master of Time 130

Chapter 130 Subterranean Home

Empathy is a very good way of forming a long-term relationship with another person. And sharing the same circumstances or hardships allow for a stronger and better connection to form.

It had worked for the younger Stephanie, so it will definitely work for the older Stephanie.

My mother of this alternate reality in the year 2000 is essentially the same person of the prime-reality of the year 1990. She is desperately looking for someone to understand her. That is the real reason to why my mother was hitched by dad in high school.

Too bad, dad has fucked that up by giving attention to another girl.

He has one fucking job! Be a good sperm-donator.

Maybe I should stop calling him dad and use that term instead.

And while I don't need to show my mother that I fully understand her character and motivation, I just need to acknowledge that I have a good idea of it.

In fact, it is better that way.

Showing that I am literally in her brain will result in a backfire.

I am not talking about my mother, but women in general. They actually become more defensive when I show them that I know way too much when it shouldn't be possible.

As that is the case, I did not speak very much while we are all heading towards the shelter in the middle of nowhere. But I do maintain undivided attention and concern for my mother as she talks. I allow her to speak her mind and listen to anything she has to say without interruption or giving advice.

Interrupting her just means that I am not actually listening or simply don't care.

And giving her advice proves that I am simplifying or neglecting her concerns.

Why am I teaching you how-to pick-up chick?

Surely, you should already know.

Well, it is an art to make someone falling in love with you. You don't actually need to shower gifts with gifts constantly. That kind of love is brought instead of given. You only need to show her that you care and actually care.

Little thing like letting the girl speak completely uninterrupted is sufficient.

Just listen closely and make sure that you are not faking it, you will reap the rewards. Of course, engage her when she is seeking for confirmation.

"Yes. I can understand, Stephanie. I am the same. But it has already happened. I cannot change what had happened to be, but I shouldn't let it stop me from living. This is a second chance. A second chance to live."

I response with a faint smile. That is enough for now.

The small shelter is coming into view. It is not actually situated far away but the darkness does obscure it from view. The trees do as well. Sadly, they are dying and withering away in mass.

It hasn't really been a single day since the Curse of Decay becomes active, but its effect is already felt throughout the world. Animals would soon follow.

I stop walking for a moment and turn around to give grandfather and the other two some attentions.

Mostly grandfather, actually.

He is the one who remains suspicious of me. Joshua and Misha are too dumb to notice, and Stephanie is starting to become infatuated with me.

I am just good at what I do, conquering girls and stealing hearts. I have to be with all the advance tools and knowledge any disposal.

Besides, love makes you blind.

That is why I will never fall in love.

But that didn't mean I couldn't fake it.

I am such a Faker.

"To be honest, I have never brought anyone here to the bunker before, certainly not in such times. As much as I love to have your company, I am more than a bit wary of people I do not know. It is natural, isn't it? We have only met today."

I pause to let that statement sink into John. I am basically trying to empathize with his train of thought and concern with the current situation.

I fully acknowledge that I am a stranger to my grandfather as much as he is one to me, so it is his right to be wary of me and second-guessing my intention, but he should not allow it to interfere with what is the logically right course of action.

Furthermore, making grandfather understand where I am coming from would also get him off my back and allow me to spend some quality time with my mother.

That did not mean sexual thing since I do not think of my mother that way even if she did not get with my sperm-donor and give birth to me in this reality.

And how strange would that be to have another version of me?

Is it really possible?

Han's parents have demonstrated that there can be multiple version of them in the same reality. They actually want to meet their prime-reality selves just out of curiosity, but Hydra is stopping them from doing so.

No one really know what will happen if they come into contact with another version of themselves. It includes me since I haven't bother to check on the account of it not being important.

I will check later just out of curiosity.

As for another version of me in another reality, it is likely impossible.

Aspects are unique, and from logical perspective based on meeting Terra alone, we are not unique to a reality but the whole multiverse.

That means there can only be one Aspect of Time in the multiverse.

I am that Aspect of Time.

However, just think for a minute how cool it would be to have two of me?

Unfortunately, in such a case, I will have to kill that version of me since he wouldn't understand what I am trying to accomplish out of some sense of misguided justice, morality or otherwise.

Most people wouldn't understand.

I have been through so much that I have changed greatly from the time I first awakened my power. It has been more than 500 years collectively now.

I am getting very old.

The past me would be a completely different person with different thoughts and dreams. And having another person with power over time is just a disaster waiting to happen.

No one should besides me. Not through technology or magic or otherwise.

Before my grandfather and my mother could response to my noted concern, I continue.

"But I shouldn't let my prejudice and what had happened to me from doing the right and helping out those that in needs, so please don't make regret my decision."

Once I have said that, I turn around and continue towards the shelter.

I don't actually need to witness the expression on my grandfather's face since I already know what he is thinking and feeling. It is not hard to guess.

Stephanie smiles at me and continue to walk alongside with me. She has a much better opinion of me, not that she hasn't had a good one before.

I show her nothing but decency of a good and upstanding person, which I currently am. I am not really the terrifying leader of a secret organization with incredible reach and the will to do whatever required to ensure the survival of human race, at least not yet.

Not until the first stage of my grand plan for this reality.

Legion is working hard towards that all across the world. The Middle East is being a pain in the ass due to the ongoing war in that region, where kids are running around with guns.

Little kids armed with gun are more annoying than men with guns, but that is like saying Legion is now dealing with a bunch of bull ants instead of a group of ants.

I speak up again when we are finally at the shelter and in front of the elevator that the shelter is hiding within.

The elevator looks like a rusty iron cage withered by time. But it will take us down to the bunker below the surface. Of course, the worn-down appearance is for aesthetic.

"It is actually safer than it looks, but it can only take two people at a time. You can activate it by placing a key into this slot. Here, let me show you."

I demonstrate by inserting the key into the slot along the wall and turn it. It causes the light above the rusty iron cage to be lit up. That mean there is power now.

And after that, I hand the only key to my grandfather, illustrating that I am placing my complete trust in him. Therefore, he should do the same.

"I will come with you, Max."

Stephanie speaks up.

I shake my head and do the reasonable thing.

"I will go down first with the luggage to make sure no one breaks anything. The elevator will return to the surface for you once I am there. It will take about half a minute one way, so it won't take long."

I enter the elevator along with the luggage and the animals I have hunted. And with a pull on the lever, the iron cage slowly descended straight down.

In the bunker, I take everything out of the elevator and then pull the level on the wall adjacent to the cage to send it back up to the surface again. I wait for the rest to join me.

The iron cage brought Stephanie and Joshua into my lair as John didn't want to leave his children last to enter. And he believes that if I decide to try anything with my mother, Joshua will be there to stop me.

Yes. Joshua.

I can break him in half without even trying.

The teenager is also there to help me carrying some of the luggage if I needed. I might as well accept the generous offer, working him for all he is worth. My mother also helps out as the elevator ascends to fetch John and Misha.

"Damn it. Why do I have to do this?"

Joshua curses as he drags the luggage into one of the rooms. His expression change when he realizes the room is quite spacious and decorated just like a normal bedroom above ground. There are posters of people plaster all over the walls.

There is also a very expensive television in the room alongside with an original PlayStation with tons of games to play. My version of the PlayStation would be way too outrageous even for the year 2000, but I recall the PlayStation 2 is releasing soon.

Too bad the apocalypse had happened.

"I didn't expect a lot of people, but you and your sister can use my bedroom for the night. Please don't break anything."

I offer Joshua. He is more than happy to accept the offer.

The bunker is actually built like an underground family home as according to my design.

Aside from all the standard rooms like living room and kitchen, there are only two bedrooms available. One master bedroom and one spare bedroom. The master bedroom is for my nonexistence parents while the spare is for me.

Misha is also shocked to see the room. And she immediately claims the only bed. Joshua didn't mind since he already booted up the PlayStation and have a go at some new tittle.

"Where is the power coming from?"

My grandfather asks while finding it incredibly absurd to have an entire house built underground. He had assumed that it would be like a bomb shelter.

I show him and Stephanie the power generator in one of the rooms, which contains tons of barrels full of fuel. It would last me for a long time, not that I needed.

A Stellar Reactor is actually powering the entire complex.

"Dad like to live in style, and he does have the money to do so. It cost him a lot of money to have this place built in secret just in case the Soviet decides to bomb us to oblivion. Somehow, someone decides to make a movie out of it."

John is confused at that last part, but Stephanie widens her eyes.

"Blast from the Past!"

Stephanie calls out.

Unlike my grandfather, my mother has seen the romantic comedy 1999 movie. I have actually stolen the idea of having an underground home from that movie.

I do steal a lot of ideas from everywhere and everyone. And it is not stealing until someone prove that I did. Good luck with that.

"Yes."

I simply response and show them the rest of the rooms. The living room looks like a modern-day living room. By modern, I mean mid-1990s standard.

There is also a television and a radio available for grandfather to know what is happening right now on the surface.

In fact, the radio is playing, telling me and everyone listening that most of the alien orbs has return to the titanic ships above the city, returning law and order back to the people.

This just means that Legion finishes molesting all the people in the United States. About 24% of entire population in the United States are in stasis. That is better than the initial estimated number of about 70% and above.

Canada is also done, but only like 11% of its population are locked up. Iceland is actually in the single digit.

That is interesting.

The multiple storage rooms are filled with foods that will last a family for more than 35 years.

That is how long the Webber family in the 1999 romantic comedy movie lasted together underground when they think a nuclear war has broken out between America and the Soviet Union. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click www.webnovel.com for visiting.

I obviously wouldn't trap the Connors down here for that long. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't be more than a few days since Legion would be done with the preparation stage by then.

Seeing so much nonperishable food available, John couldn't help but wanting to stay here for as long as possible. Of course, he snaps out of that thought quickly enough.

We return to the living room after I stop playing a real estate agent. I learn a bit from Lexi. It is a very boring job to be honest, but the money is good.

Lexi is planning to quit her job to be one of my sexy assistants. I hope she is not distracting because I have a lot of work to do to in the office at Terra Entertainment Headquarter.

"Anyway, try to find something to do while I make some dinner."

I tell my grandfather and mother before heading to the kitchen. Stephanie follows me out of the room despite her father wants her to stay.

John lets out a sigh and continues watching and listening to the news. Every channel on the television or the radio are talking about the alien invasion.

It isn't an alien invasion yet. I hope it won't be, but it will if people prove too difficult.

"You don't need to help me, Stephanie. You and your family are my guest. Just enjoy your time and I will have something ready soon. I think I am a pretty good cook myself even if someone doesn't really like my cooking that much."

I point out as I start skinning the rabbit.

I learn these skills on my own and with a lot of practice. It isn't that harder than skinning people alive.

"Please let me help you with this, Max. You have done so much for us already, and I want to repay you for everything so far. Please."

My mother responses after getting over her surprises of seeing how good I am with a knife. Most men in this era do not stay in the kitchen. It is a woman's job.

I am not like most men.

Hearing that, I think that is my cue to make her heart flusters.