

## **Master of Time 131**

### Chapter 131 Family Dinner

But there is no need to.

Her heart is already flustering from all my words and actions thus far. It is detectible from her elevated body temperature, not to mention the pheromones found within her breath and sweat.

I might give her a heart attack if I did anymore.

The pheromone detector was developed after studying Lexi and her ability. It is one of the many tools at my disposal, allowing me to conquer heart and bed beauties with little to no effort.

Even my mother is not an exception.

But with someone watching us like a balding hawk, I guess I will play this slow and hard to get. It seems like our position should be switched around, but whatever, I suppose.

It could be more interesting this way.

At least I am not acting like a beta Japanese protagonist.

I am not oblivious to the fact of a young and beautiful woman wanting to spend more time with me. I also want to spend more time with my mother too, but not in any kind of sexual way.

Honestly, why do I keep telling myself that?

If mum is game, then I should be as well.

Why let a little morality get in the way of our fun?

Morality didn't stop me from doing whatever needed to be done before.

And for a young and attractive woman, being repeatedly rejected by someone they have taken a liking to is actually quite devastating to their self-esteem. As a direct result, they tend to blame themselves for not being attractive or alluring enough.

Mum is attractive enough. More than attractive, really.

It is hard to say no.

And is there a reason to say no?

"Alright, Stephanie. Can you prepare the vegetables for me? They are in the freezer behind that metal door over there."

And I do mean the freezer instead of the fridge sitting at the corner of the room.

The connecting freezer takes up an entire room. And it is filled to the brim with foods and other frozen edibles. Someone will definitely question that, considering this is a middle of nowhere.

I might have overdone things when I designed this underground complex for the Connors. I tend to go overboard with basically everything I do, impression or otherwise.

Legion did not input any kind of suggestion when he built this complex to my specifications. He should have but he couldn't on the account of being a virtual intelligence.

This is the real difference in having people with actual working brain and opinion helping me instead of a virtual intelligence. They will tell me when I am wrong or being unnecessarily over the top. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click [www.webnovel.com](http://www.webnovel.com) for visiting.

Oh well.

Stephanie was curious about the huge metal door when she first enters the kitchen, but after opening it and entering inside, she is shocked at what she found.

Luckily, her shock didn't last long thanks to the subzero temperature within the freezer.

Stephanie takes what she needs from the freezer and prepare the vegetables while I finish skinning all the animals. I will keep the skin and fur for something else later. Maybe to make some mittens.

And considering how many animals I have killed and skinned for dinner, it will be quite a feast.

I slice up the animals carefully and as according to whatever creature it is.

Rabbits are carved up a lot differently than squirrels to bring out the best flavors and juices.

I have learned this from experience and practice alone.

People do come in different shape and size.

No, I didn't eat the people I had chopped up and subsequently roasted.

That is cannibalism.

I did feed the nicely cooked meat to a bunch of people as punishment though. Most of them tearfully say the meat tastes very much like beef, a little sweeter in taste and a little softer in texture.

The goblins confirm this when I dissect their brains and extract their memories.

Once the animals are sliced and diced, it is seasoning or marinating.

Marinating does take several hours for the meat to become tender and juicy, but with my power, it is done within a second.

Stephanie didn't notice since she is busy chopping up the vegetables. She is quite good with the knife but considering that she spends a lot of time in the kitchen helping out her adopted mother, she has to be.

Still, Stephanie is not as good or as fast as me with the blade.

And she notices this when I diced up the animals like a professional butcher. It makes her a bit depress since she has assumed that she would be better than me in the kitchen.

"Are you a chef, Max?"

Stephanie asks when she is finally done with the vegetables. Her hands and fingers are hurting due to the frozen vegetables even though she has tried to thaw them with warm water. They are flash-frozen to keep in all the nutrients after all.

Yes, flash frozen vegetables are as healthy as fresh vegetables. It has already proven by science.

And yes, the underground complex has the luxury of hot water amongst many other things.

"No. Just a lot of practice and experience over many years. May I please see your hands, Stephanie?"

I request and take her hands into mine without her confirmation. A little thermal manipulation would get them tender in no time. Heating them up to fast would be damaging, however.

But I do not mind the slow healing process. It just lets me hold her hands a little longer.

And my mother did not mind either. In fact, her fingers curl around my palm.

"It's warm. Your hands are so warm, Max."

Stephanie exclaims as she feels pleasant warmth spread all over her body from her hands.

I smile and nod calmly.

"Of course, Stephanie. I have something called Solar Hands. It just means that my hands that are a lot warmer than normal people. Great for making breads from what I am told."

Stephanie didn't understand the cultural reference since it wouldn't exist until 2002 in Japan, but she accepts my explanation, nevertheless. She likes the warmth I fill her being.

"Ahem."

Grandfather coughs from the doorway, forcing Stephanie to pull her hands back abruptly. The blushes on her face couldn't be hidden, however.

Thanks a lot grandpa. Why are you interfering my conquest of mummy?

"Can I talk to my daughter a minute, Max?"

John requests.

"Sure. She has been a great help so far, and I would love to have her back after you have your father-daughter talk."

I jest and return to cooking without paying attention to my grandfather and my mother. I already know what my grandfather wants to talk to my mother about.

It is somewhere along the line of: don't get too close to him or he will break your heart.

Kind of feels like what great grandfather had told my grandfather when he decided to marry Edith and then basically eloped with her.

Regardless, it is a good advice from a loving father who cares deeply for his daughter. It is not because of me but because of the breakup back in high school with my sperm-donor. It was quite devastating to my mother, and she refuses to date anyone afterwards.

My mother tries not to love anyone ever again, but I am inevitable.

And it is only right that she loves me, as I am her son.

"Hey... Max? Do you have anything to drink?"

Misha calls out at the doorway. A headphone hangs around her neck, emanating music.

One daughter goes, another comes. But that is strange. I would have thought that Misha runs into her father and older sister on the way to the kitchen.

They must have taken their talk to the study room, which is in the opposite direction.

"Sure, Misha. Let me get them for you. By the way, what are you listening to?"

I response and open the fridge and pick out several soft drinks. I made sure the drinks are cold enough before handling them over the Misha.

"Britney. Want to hear?"

Misha answers and pops a bottle. She takes a sip to quench her thirst.

"No. That won't be necessary. I can listen to it later in the recording room. Besides, I am a bit busy at making our dinner. It won't be long."

I response and return my attention back to the task at hand. The oven is heated up nicely, readying to roast some nice and tenderized meat.

"Wait. Wait. You have a recording room? As in a room where you can record music?"

Misha utters. The moment I acknowledge that I do and state that she can use it if she wants, she is off and out of the kitchen. She has also forgotten about the drinks on the table.

Joshua drops by later to grab them and asks where Misha is. He drops by the recording studio just to have a look before returning to his gaming session back in the bedroom. There is quite a lot of games that he wants to play but never had the money to.

"Welcome back, Stephanie. I hope you have a pleasant talk with your father."

I speak up when Stephanie returns to the kitchen. She seems upset despite the smile on her face.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

I offer while making a vegetable stew, but Stephanie responses by shaking her head. I have expected that since it is too personal, not to mention emotional.

"Smells really nice."

Stephanie changes the subject and approaches the cooktop to have a look next to me. I stir the heated soup with a ladle before letting her have a taste.

"Here, please have a taste."

I offer once I made sure the soup within the ladle is cooled enough.

"Tastes really good too."

Stephanie compliments after she had a taste.

I nod and have a taste myself just to see. It isn't as good as I can make back home in the prime-reality due to high-tech ovens and cookware, but it is still very good, considering the state-of-the-art kitchen for the current year.

"Maybe you should become a chef, Max."

Stephanie points out. I chuckle at that and shake my head.

"Maybe. What about you, Stephanie? What do you do?"

While I already know what Stephanie inspires to be, it is still good to hear it from her personally. And besides, it also shows that I am interested in her and want to learn more about her.

Dinner is ready soon enough, but only grandfather grumpily joins us at the dinner table. This is because he is unable to get Joshua and Misha to join. Those two are too busy doing their own things, thinking that this is basically their place.

"I'm so sorry about this, Max."

John apologizes as he sits with his daughter across from me. It would be strange if Stephanie is sitting next to me even if she wants to.

"No need to apologize, Mr. Connors. They are just making use of their time doing what they love since they will only stay here for the night."

I pause for effect before smiling faintly.



"Anyway, I am sure they will come out of their room when they are hungry enough. We don't need to wait for them, and the foods are better when hot. Let's dig in. No need to be polite. We are all friends here."

I offer and enjoy the nicely roasted rabbit casserole. Stephanie did the same, finding the texture and taste to be exquisite. Grandfather gives his compliment.

Joshua and Misha join the dinner half way through just like I have told everyone. They hurriedly inhale their foods before retreating back to their respective room, making grandfather apologizes again.

"It's fine, really, Mr. Connors. As long as they don't break anything, I don't mind."

Even if they break something, I probably wouldn't mind either. But in such an event, I will have to say something about it. Luckily, I didn't have to.

Stephanie helps me clean up afterwards and I had a chat with John about the sleeping arrangement as it is getting late. It did take like a couple of hours to prepare dinner and another hour for the clean up afterwards.

I don't mind if Joshua and Misha take over my bedroom, but since there is only one bed there, Joshua will probably sleep on the floor.

As for master bedroom, Stephanie will be sleeping there since John will sleep in the living room on the couch, listening to the radio. As for me, I guess I will be retiring to the study room as I have something to do.

While grandfather accepts the arrangement, Stephanie does not.

"I can't do that, Max. Please sleep in the master bedroom. I will sleep with Misha instead."

I shrug and leave it at that as it is unnecessary to persuade her otherwise. The bed in the spare room is really small, so it will be very uncomfortable for two grown people to sleep together.

Besides, Joshua will be playing game all night.

And like I have expected, Stephanie couldn't sleep that night. She checks up on her father in the living room and covers him with a warm blanket before checking up on me.

I am still awake despite it is 2am in the morning.

"Shouldn't you be sleeping?"

I speak up before she did. I look up from my book as well.

"I couldn't sleep. What are you reading?"

Stephanie responses and have a looks around the study room once more.

She was here before with her father, during when I was making dinner. He had told her not to get too involve with me since I do not appear to be someone ordinary. Someone ordinary wouldn't be able to own such an underground complex. That is a fact.

It is ironic that she is here in this same room with me, alone. Even if she wants to listen to her father, it is impossible to silence her heart. People are always driven by emotion. It is irrational, but logical.

"The Code Book by Simon Singh. It is fascinating stuff."

I answer before putting the book on cryptography down. I then offer her a seat.

"You know, I have always wanted to be a secret agent when I was little just like my father. What did you want to be when you were little, Stephanie?"