

## **Master of Time 132**

### Chapter 132 Growing Frustration

Stephanie finds herself in bed.

She jerks upwards and becomes frantically startled, not being able to remember how did she get here in the first place. She didn't even remember exactly when she had dozed off last night.

Of course Stephanie wouldn't be able to remember since I am the one who basically told her to go to sleep through a little application of magic.

Magic is useful for that sort of thing.

If I did not, Stephanie and I would be having a conversation until my grandfather manages to catch us together in the morning. I might as well call him my father-in-law then.

That will be one mess-up family tree.

Honestly, when women are in the mood to talk and share things, they wouldn't shut the hell up.

The change in scenery also adds to her overall panic, considering that she was sitting in the study room instead of sleeping in the master bedroom.

And the first thing Stephanie does after calming herself is to check whether she has been molested. I suppose what had happened to her in the future-past will haunt her for a while.

I could make the memory go away, but I won't. It is the same reason why Sandra Bullock is struggling against the nightmares every night.

In any case, it takes a good minute for her to make sure she is unmolested.

"I did not touch you when I had left you in bed, Stephanie. I am not that kind of person, and I am really disappointed in you for even thinking of me as one."

I finally speak up from the floor next to the bed.

In doing so, I nearly cause her to scream in fright.

It didn't help when the bedroom is pitch black.

There are no window or anything of sort in the room. It is built deep underground to survive a nuclear exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union after all.

Honestly, if I wanted to molest my mother in her sleep, she wouldn't find any evidences on her person or the bed. She probably wouldn't remember any of it either.

But did I though?

That is for you to find out.

Heh.

"Ah no, Max. I... I don't think you would... I'm sorry..."

Stephanie hastily replies while I pull myself upwards from the floor and get into a sitting position.

I also let out a small yawn and stretch my arms for effect. It is to demonstrate that unlike her, I did not sleep very well.

In fact, I should be dead tired.

But in truth, I am not tired. Not at all. I haven't been tired for a very long time now. And thanks to the stamina solution I have devised, I will never be tired ever again.

Magic is too overpowered! Please nerf!

Instead of sleeping peacefully like Stephanie was in the very comfortable king-size bed, I was actually in the spatial dimension, practicing my acting and techniques for the first stage of the grand plan.

It will be a glorious demonstration of absolute power.

But what kind of alien species should I impersonate when the time comes?

I will need to be one instead of being a human.

Offering humanity salvation while appearing as a human would cause too much suspicion, especially when I have basically molested the entire world. I still have like 30% of the world's population in stasis.

I could make a new alien species to impersonate, but why bother when there are so many alien species to choose from fiction.

Whatever I can come up with myself, someone else probably already did. If they haven't done so, they will do so in the future. Therefore, I don't need to waste time and brain cells on this.

Shall I go with the Borg from Star Trek?

But the Borg is too stupid to exist logically. Plus they look stupid in appearance too.

I like to look awesome while making people in awe.

Or making them crap their pants.

Whichever comes first, I suppose.

In any case, I will think of a super advance alien species to impersonate later. It should not be the one that the general public already know from the widespread of movies and games.

"Did you sleep well, Stephanie? You looks extremely exhausted last night, dozing off in the middle of our conversation. Do you remember what we were talking about?"

I ask flatly while trying to match her eyes.

Obviously, I can see in the dark just fine, but I can't say the same for her.

Stephanie nods slowly while following my voice in the darkness.

She recalls talking to me about all her hopes and dreams for the future after we finish exchanging our interests and wisdoms.

Just recalling what had happened in the study room restore the blushes to her cheeks. She didn't hide the blushing since she assumes that I wouldn't be able to see it the dark.

Let me record this cute moment for review later.

Oh wait. Everything I see is constantly being recorded by Selene.

This includes all the sexy times I had and will have. They are just my collection of porn, staring me.

In truth, Stephanie had never reveal her private thoughts and deepest dreams to anyone before. And she certainly wouldn't reveal them to someone like me, who she has only known for a single day.

Less than a day, really.

Grandfather accidently ran me over with his car around noon yesterday. And it is still early in morning right now.

But despite knowing me for less than a day, Stephanie feels that she could tell me basically anything.

Anything at all.

Stephanie has already let me into her heart.

This is usually what happen when I play my pickup cards correctly.

Not perfectly, just correctly.

If I had played my cards perfectly, I would be waking up in bed with my naked mother while immersing myself in the softness and tenderness of kinship.

Junior would love that.

Pipe down Junior!

I did listen attentively to whatever my mother wanted to say for hours on end even though all I wanted to do is blow my brain out. That suicidal thought happens after half an hour or so.

It isn't because it is so boring listening to my mother going on and on about every pointless things that had happened in her life.

Alright, it is because of that somewhat, but that is just me. I don't care much for people's life story, as I am not a hero.

Everyone has a sob story that they want to tell to other to gather sympathy. It is sad. True.

But it is not that much sadder than the countless stories I have already heard about.

Figure a way to move on instead of crying over spill milk!

The real reason listening to her was so boring is because I already know pretty much everything there is to know about my mother, including all the little things that have slip her mind.

I did download her entire memory after all.

Extracting everything that I needed from a person's downloaded memory is no longer a laborious task with all the computing power at my command via Legion.

And hearing everything I already know over and over again seems like a good waste of time.

Time that I could be spent doing something else more fun and productive.

But for the purpose of forming a strong relationship with my mother, I had to sit there and then listen to her while making sure that I am paying her undivided attention.

Women loves that. My mother certainly do.

And with everything I know about my mother, I can take an extremely accurate guess to what she will do in certain situation along with what she will be thinking.

I am also aware of the devastating heartbreak Stephanie will have to go through in the upcoming days thanks to my grand plan for this alternate reality, but she will cherish our relationship more if she has to struggle for it

People cherish things that they have paid dearly to gain.

Honestly, I can still remember the very first dollar I had work my ass off to earn. The small paper note feels so heavy within my palm.

In contrast, all the money and material things in the world mean squat to me right now.

They couldn't even compare to that first dollar I have earned with sweats and tears.

"I am sorry for falling asleep while we are talking, Max. I didn't mean to."Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click [www.webnovel.com](http://www.webnovel.com) for visiting.

Stephanie apologizes guilty. It is not her fault.

"Don't worry about it, Stephanie. I honestly don't think any worse of you for doing so since you were exhausted, unlike someone who think otherwise after she gets to sleep very soundly in a warm bed."

I response, taking a playful jab at her guiltiness.

It is fun.

And the resulting expression on her face makes me smile.

There will be a lot more chances to capture that cute expression.

"How about you make it up to me over breakfast? We have some leftovers from dinner yesterday, so let me go and heat those right up."

I get off the floor and ready to go and do what I have stated.

"Wait, Max."

Stephanie hurries out of the bed to stop me from leaving and making breakfast. I honestly have done so much for her already, so it should be her turn to do so.

Unfortunately, Stephanie couldn't see where she is going and accidentally crashes into me instead. She also lets out a cute yelp.

Of course, I stop her fall and hold her up while her hands grab onto my supportive arms and shoulders.

"Are you alright, Stephanie?"

I ask softly.

And when I am this close to her face, she could feel my breath and body heat intermingling with hers.

She slowly looks up at me and tries to make out my facial features.

"Max. Do... do you..."

My mother begins, but someone interrupt us by knocking and opening the door leading into the room.

It isn't locked. And it isn't because I have forgotten to lock it.

"Stephanie. Are you in here?"

Grandfather stands at the doorway and narrows his eyes into the room.

Due to the incredibly well-lit corridor, his eyes shouldn't be able to adjust themselves to the darkness of the bedroom just yet. But Stephanie pulls away from me and straightens herself.

Before she speaks up, I step backwards and play ninja by obscuring myself in the shadow of the room.



It would be very awkward to explain what we are doing in here alone and in the dark. I could make up some plausible explanation, but not being caught in the first place is better.

"Yes, dad. I'm in here."

Stephanie responds. She also assures her father that she is in here alone, sleeping alone. She places great emphasis on being alone.

No else is here. Certainly not me.

John is wondering where I am currently, but there are several rooms that he hasn't check yet, including the study room.

Joshua and Misha is still snoozing in the other bedroom. Considering that they both think that this is their own home, they would be for a while. That also mean the Connors won't be leaving to today, at least not this morning.

Not that I mind. In fact, I want them to stay.

I have plenty of ways to get them to stay.

When grandfather heads off to look for me, I emerge from the shadow.

"Phew. That is a close one. Well, I should be going too, Stephanie. I wouldn't want your father hunting around the bunker for me all morning. Come and have breakfast when you are ready."

I speak up and head towards the door.

My mother reaches out a hand towards me, but she stops herself. She obviously wants to ask whether I have anyone important in my life, but she didn't have the courage to know the answer.

She just watches me exit the bedroom and heads off before collapsing back onto the bed and kicking herself mentally.

"What are you doing, Steph? Why don't you just ask him already?"

My mother tells herself and then rolls around on the bed. She is frustrated. Incredibly frustrated. She would continue to be frustrated as I play hard to get while grandfather interrupting us at all the good moments.

By the third day, the Connors are packed up and ready to leave.

"You know, you can stay for as long as you want, right?"

I point out.

Joshua and Misha didn't want to leave. At least not until they satisfy their addiction.

My mother is the same, but for a different reason. Throughout the whole time staying here, Stephanie is unable to tell me how she is feeling.

"No. I think we have intrude long enough, Max. Thank you for everything."

My grandfather tells me.

I nod in understanding and power up the elevator for them to return to the surface.

However, the bunker rumbles and the entire complex shakes heavily. It feels like something incredibly massive just crashes into the earth without any restraint.

"Earthquake! Everyone on the floor! Hurry!"

I call out and duck onto the ground. Everyone did the same and cover the head as dust descends from the ceiling.

"Max..."

Stephanie calls out, wanting to tell me something since this might be the end.

Luckily, the earthquake comes and goes very quickly.

Honestly, even a fusion bomb of the 31st century shouldn't be able to make a dent in this place.

And somehow, the television switches itself on.

Alright. Not somehow. I did it wirelessly.

"Oh my god! The alien ship just fire! The alien ship just fire!"

The pretty lady reporting the news shouts in utter panic and tries to get away from the billowing dusts and smokes along with everyone else.

And just like my grandfather, I head into the living room to see what had happened.

Stage one of the plan is about to begin.

From the camera on the helicopter, a black obelisk reveals itself as the dust and smoke begin to settle. And it isn't the only one. More than a thousand of them are planted on the planet.

One of them is right outside the bunker as shown on the camera.

From its ominous appearance with red lines constantly running up its pitch black body and pulsating, the Connors aren't going anywhere soon.

Mum is more happy to stay.