

Master of Time 133

Chapter 133 Black Markers

Within a subterranean living room, all eyes and ears are glued to the television, watching and listening to the greatest global event in history of humanity.

It is being unfolded across the planet.

More than a thousand of these black obelisks are deposited onto the planet by the numerous starships hovering in the sky and in orbit.

These strange alien structures are placed at an equal distance from each other for maximum coverage and effectiveness.

The vast ocean of the planet did not impede their emplacement whatsoever.

Untold power radiates from each of the spiraling black towers, pulsating and emanating ominously.

It is mostly for effect, but any kind of electronic equipment that get too close to these alien towers will be instantly fried by powerful electromagnetic pulses.

Several helicopters have learned this painfully and fierily.

Although the structures are not designed to bomb the human race back to the stone age and keeping them there until the stars themselves burn to stellar dust, they do have the power to do so.

I only needed to say the word.

Just a single word.

However, that would be plan B if plan A gets fucked sideways.

There is also a plan C and D, but those are kind of unnecessary to be honest.

It is highly unlikely for one of my plans to fail, but there will always be that possibility.

The future is always changing, so I cannot be completely certain even with my power.

I can only be relatively sure.

For now, Legion is testing the range and effectiveness of the electromagnetic pulses. It is one of the many tests that I am conducting on the planet and against the entire human population.

This is as good as an opportunity as any others.

And it seems like a waste if I didn't take advantage of it.

I like to do more than one thing at a time. Not only it keeps me busy, it also using the resources at my disposal more effectively.

"What are those things, Max?"

Stephanie asks fearfully.

My mother seems to think that I somehow know the answer she is looking for.

While I obviously do, there is no logical reason for her to think that. She probably just wants assurance from me.

An assurance that everything will be alright.

Usually her father provides this, but I suppose I am more important in her mind right now.

"I do not know, Stephanie, but I hope that they aren't anything bad. But if it is, I will be there with you, I promise."

I answer with a warm smile.

Stephanie reciprocates with one of her own.

Grandfather notices the exchange and lets out a heavy sigh. As much as he wants to separate the both of us, it is impossible when we are like this.

In fact, the more he tries, the more he pushes his oldest daughter into my arms.

Grandfather knows that the longer he and his family stay here with me, the harder it is to leave.

But he is unable to do anything about that currently.

Dejected, grandfather returns his attention to the television, trying to understand what is happening to the world.

It was so simple before. Even with the death of all plants and animals, it was still simple. Now, he has no fucking clue what is going on.

And the fear of the unknown is more terrifying than anything.

It is the same fear that everyone in the world are feeling. They do not know what these black obelisks do, and that alone frightens them.

"Hey! Anyone is hearing that?"

The news reporter on the television questions puzzlingly. She is quite bold for standing so close to the tower like some lunatic, so the energy pulses are affecting her mind in a number of ways.

Most if not all of the energy pulses are harmless, as I do not want to drive anyone insane just yet.

I do not even know if it is possible to with a prototype, but I guess I will find out soon enough.

"Oh my god! What is that!? What is that!?"

The reporter looks around frantically as if she is seeing things while her mind is being affected by the brainwave generator. The device is housed within the black obelisk, and the hallucination effect grows stronger the closer she is.

The generated brainwaves affect everyone differently due to different physiology, so having a diverse and sizable population to test will yield more meaningful results.

Once the reporter starts panicking, the crewmen grabs her and drags her away from the tower. As she is no longer standing so close to the alien structure, the effect diminishes until it vanishes completely.

People quickly learn the danger of these towers when standing so close to them.

Some suicidal people actually touch the tower and get the best shock of their life, literally.

Legion did not consider these suicidal people are dangerous to others enough to be locked up in stasis cell within a spatial dimension. They are just a danger to themselves.

Once they get shocked by the alien tower and sent convulsing on the ground, they start mumbling a string of random numbers.

While it sounds gibberish at first, it actually an encrypted message due to being repeated at certain interval.

There are also some legible words within the rambling.

"human... earth... black... markers... decipher... host... need..."

I chuckle inwardly when the people on the television start calling these obelisks as Black Markers.

That sound about right because they are.

I basically stole the design for the helical obelisk from the Dead Space franchise.

Since the first game of the franchise won't be released until October of 2008, I can plagiarize as much as I want.

It isn't like anyone living in this reality know about it.

And with everything that is happening across the world, no one would dare to develop such a survival horror game in the future of this reality, assuming there is a future.

I hope there is, for my mother as much as it is for humanity.

Unlike the black markers within the survival horror game, my version does not reanimate dead tissues and turning nearby people into murdering psychopaths. And it certainly does not create a moon-size Cthulhu-like monstrosity in the end.

That would be crazy, not to mention way over the top.

It is already enough to scare the living shit out of people by making them hear ghostly voices and see things that are not there.

But is there a reason for making them hear and see all of that?

Actually yes. It is to study the effect of the brainwave generator have on normal and sane people.

Since I didn't want to test this device in the prime-reality as it will create widespread panic and chaos, I will test it in this reality instead.

This reality is already in a state of panic and chaos. A little more wouldn't hurt.

"Dad. Are we safe here?"

Misha is the one who has asked that. With what is happening on the television, she is frightened.

Her brother is the same, but he didn't show it.

One of the black markers is a walking distance from the bunker. People nearby are already heading to there just like they are heading to every other black marker across the globe, except for the ones that are in the middle of the oceans.

John frowns deeply and casts a glance at me.

I suppose that he wants me to assure his other daughter as well since I am so good at it. Stephanie is actually sitting next to me on the floor instead of joining her brother and sister on the couch.

"Are you hearing or seeing anything out of the ordinary, Misha?"

I question calmly.

The teenager shakes her head as a response.

"In that case, you shouldn't have anything to worry about, Misha. These black markers can only make you hear and see things if you are close enough to it. Even if we can see one in the security camera, it is still actually very far away."

That is to say if I don't increase the power and range of the devices. The effect can extend for several miles, but even so, it shouldn't be able to penetrate this deep into the earth. The ground diffuses the effect.

Misha seems to calm down after that. Joshua is as well.

John gives me a thumb up without saying anything.

I nod and return my attention to the television screen and mumble the strings of number that people are uttering once they feel the shock of their life.

"What are those strange numbers, Max?"

Stephanie asks me once the numbers are repeated many times.

"It is actually a cipher, Stephanie. I think I can crack it."

I answer. Most people all over the world have already figured this out. They come to a realization that breaking the cipher would tell them exactly what the alien wants.

Of course, breaking it isn't going to be easy.

"Let me write it down."

And once I have written down the repeating number, I head towards the study room to try and break it with what I have learned about cryptography.

Why do you think I have been reading all those books for?

I actually already know the encrypted message without breaking it, but I am interested in breaking the code that Legion has created.

It will not be easy since Legion is a virtual intelligence with near limitless computing power.

Legion already beats me at every board game even with my power to see the future. He is simply that good at logic games.

But I kick his ass in every strategy game since they require a bit more ingenuity. Something that Legion does not have, unfortunately.

Stephanie follows me to the study room, asking if there is anything that she could assist me with.

There really isn't any, but I still like to have her company, nonetheless.

Stephanie is happy to provide until she needed to go and prepare lunch for her father and two siblings.

She also makes lunches for me too, and we have them together in the study room.

My grandfather, John did check up on us once in a while, but my mother no longer needs to hide her growing affection for me. It just frustrates her to no end if she continued to.

"Max. Do you have anyone you like?"

My mother eventually pops the question.

But the way she has asked me the question sounds like she is still in high school. Honestly, deep down, she is still just a girl, looking for someone who can understand and love her for who she is.

Isn't that what ever girl in the world one, regardless of age?

"Yes, I do, Stephanie."

I response while keeping my attention on all the notes I have written thus far.

The damn cipher is not easy to break at all. I already know that, considering it is designed by Legion, but this is getting frustrating.

And if I can't break it, I doubt anyone on Earth can break it either.

As a matter of fact, what remains of the military have already set up an encampment around each of the black markers within the United States. They are working very hard decipher the message.

"Oh... is she pretty, Max?"

My mother utters dejectedly.

I look up at my mother before becoming amused. She is just like a high school girl, becoming depressed when the boy she like tells her that they already like someone else.

"Yes. She is pretty. The prettiest girl I have seen."

I confirm, making her feels even more depressed.

She wants to just leave the room at the moment and finds somewhere to feel sorry for herself. Hence, I should stop teasing her.

"Do you want to see her, Stephanie? You can see her through there."

I ask and look towards the mirror hanging on the wall.

Stephanie follows my gaze and understands immediately. And that brings a cheerful smile back to her face.

Since she couldn't help me with the cipher, she leaves me alone afterwards, but not for very long as she couldn't help it.

And every time she peeks through the door to see how I am doing, I just chuckle.

"Hey, Max. What would you like to have for dinner?"

My mother asks when it is getting late in the evening. I didn't realize how much time has passed. There are so many notes scatter all over the floor.

That means I should take a rest.

"Surprise me."

Since I have been at this for a while, I decide to rest my mind and join my mother in preparing dinner for John and the other two.

And from the news on the television and radio thus far, no one have figured out the incredible difficult code just yet. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click www.webnovel.com for visiting.

The black markers continue to pulsate ominously, as if it is mocking the people nearby.

It is, but there is nothing the people can do about it.

The micromachines structure are impervious to almost every manmade weapon. Nothing short of an actual nuke can destroy them.

But I suppose the people aren't stupid enough to nuke one of the black markers.

Guess I was wrong with a mushroom cloud rising high towards the sky above an ocean.

Several more nuclear explosions follow, vaporizing several black markers.

As powerful as the micromachines are, they simply cannot withstand a nuke.

And of course, Legion retaliates because I allow him to.