

## **Master of Time 206**

### Chapter 206 Trailing a Temporal Shadow

Not really sure why I had just asked myself that pointless question.

Could be the spur of the moment. Probably. Or maybe it could be something else entirely. I suppose I will look into that when I get out of here.

While I do not know where the Black Bible is right now, I probably do know where it was. In the house that I and my mother are currently living in.

And if it is just magical in nature or something similar, I can just duplicate it with my temporal power, but of course, if it has spiritual energies, then there might be a problem. A huge problem.

Where the hell is Zeus when I actually needed him? Oh right, he wouldn't be around for 14 more years or so. That is kind of a bummer.

I really cannot deal with spiritual stuff at the moment, especially when it affects the physical world in some form or capacity, such as getting people to trip down the stairs and break their neck.

Or making them seeing things that aren't there. Did I even know why I see those children playing with each other outside the window? The window of the house that Zeus and Zephyr are staying at.

Not really.

Anyway, ghosts are annoying at worst. Deadly at best.

"We don't really know where the Black Bible is. It was kept in the possession of our great leader. Since his mysterious disappearance a short while ago, we have been trying to look for it in the house."

Pauline answers me.

She is unable to lie to me due to my command. Despite being completely aware of what she is actually revealing to me, willingly too, I might add, Pauline is unable to do anything about it.

Actually, that isn't necessary true since I didn't strip her of her freewill. Not completely anyway. I know it is pushing my principle, but I have to do what I must.

Besides, this isn't exactly the prime reality, so I shouldn't worry about stripping people of their freewill, just so I can make them do what I need them to do.

"H-how are you doing this?"

Pauline questions me and looks around to see if anyone is watching. There is no one, at least I do not feel like there is anyone watching me or her. Even without possessing my actual body, I am fairly aware of my surroundings at all time.

It comes with great personal experience. Deadly combat experience.

When compare to Hydra hellish trainings, my trainings can be said more fatal, but thankfully, my actual body is made of sterner stuff. Not quite bulletproof yet, but it can stop a sniper bullet from penetrating my brain.

I think so. Never tried though because I am not stupid enough to shoot myself in the head with a sniper rifle. I will shoot a clone though. For science, obviously.

And if I die in my training, time will just reverse to let me try again. I cannot really fail with my power, but it also means that I have no choice but to succeed. Succeed in anything that I do.

There is no other option available, at least not to me, and it is better that way.

"That is for me to know and for you to find out, Pauline. Also, what do you mean you guys have been looking for it in the house? I haven't seen... oh, I see. You guys have been using those secret passages scattered all over the house, haven't you?"

I question.

The house that my mother and I are living in has tons of secret passages. One of those secret passages connects to the library upstairs, right behind a huge bookcase. I haven't really figure out how to open that hidden passageway yet, but its existence is pretty obvious from the trailing of dirt and dust.

And this is not to mention the countless of animal noises echoing in the walls. I just realize they aren't exactly animal noises. Not all of them, at least. People are fucking moving about inside the walls when I am not paying attention, especially when I am getting some shuteyes.

Great. Just fucking great. Do they not know that trespasser will be tortured horribly by me? I will likely shoot them afterwards too.

Guns laws are still pretty lax in the United States despite the assassination of John F. Kennedy about 8 years prior. A Hydra agent did that since the actual guy sort of got misplaced somewhere.

It is one of those butterfly effects thingy, and since major events must happen to prevent too much of a divergence, Hydra will commit all sort of atrocities themselves.

The death of John F. Kennedy is necessary to set many things in motion, so it is a necessary evil. For if he did not die, more people would have died as a consequence of his continued existence.

That is not mention some other unforeseeable effects.

For example, the Vietnam War, happened from between 1955 to 1975.

The war would have ended much earlier if John F. Kennedy did not get assassinated instead of it being escalated rather pointlessly just like the original timeline, not to mention the massive loss of life.

And why is that a bad thing? Well, having a bunch of people who should have died in the war is not a good thing for the timeline.

The ripple effects would have been completely unmanageable.

"Yes."

Pauline answers despite her expression conveying the fact that she is trying not to say anything to me, but obviously, that isn't going to work. What she wants no longer matter.

It is her own fault for getting my attention. I had totally forgotten about her until she shows herself to me. She appears to George, so she must appear to me.

"I see. Just out of curiosity, what would happen if your friends find out about you revealing their secret to me?"

At my question, Pauline looks utterly terrified. She seems like she is about to cry, telling me everything that I need to know without saying a single word. Obviously, her friends will definitely kill her for this.

Maybe I should stop calling them her friends. Cultists aren't really friends with each other. That is why it is called a cult in the first place instead of you know, actual approved religion.

Anyway, those cultists wouldn't just simply kill her. No. They will do a lot more than that.

For example, they most likely sacrifice her to whatever God they are worshipping at the moment. It is probably Lucifer or Satan. It is the same person. The devil.

Speaking of the devil, he is real, right?

I would assume so since God is probably real. He has to be with all the religious nonsense that is going around for the last two thousand years or so. I am saying it is nonsense because I am more of a scientist than a believer.

Anyone working under me can believe anything they way, just don't let it affect the result. If they cited some bullshits about religion and refused to do what they must, then I definitely have a huge problem with them.

Problems that I will rectify instantly.

Furthermore, I am an Aspect. Why would I worship someone or something lower than me? That would ruin my standing in the eyes of my siblings as well as nemesis, wouldn't it?

I assume so.

"They will slit my throat and watch me choke to death on my own blood. It is a warning to others."

Pauline answers me since she is compelled to. She has no choice in the matter, whatsoever.

Sure. I wonder why she had joined the cult in the first place, but then again, most people never really join the cult willingly. They are almost always coerced into it, whether it is by their emotions or those they are emotionally connected to.

That is how a cult grow out of control, becoming a nuisance.

"I see. Well, take note, Pauline. I will do worst to you if you spill this conversation or any conversations that we might have in the future. Our little relationship is a secret, and I prefer it to be that way. Now, go and tell whoever residing in that house with you that you are going to head home for the day. Just out of curiosity, where do you live, anyway?"

I acquire the address from Pauline and let her be on her way.

Obviously, I will drop by her place at the end of the day just to fuck her up. I mean have sex with her, not the other thing. There is no need to do that since she is basically my pawn.

Having sex with her at her home instead in that house should be fine, right?

Not really, apparently.

The cracks that are everywhere tell me that I am deviating from the original memory too much.

Since they aren't spreading at the moment, it is still fixable. I will soon.

What did George do the first time around?

I am not exactly sure since I don't really remember every little detail about his life. It is simply just too much to remember, but I am certain that he most likely bangs Pauline in the house filled with cultists.

And yet, they did not do anything to George? That is a bit strange.

Maybe people are right. Satanic Cults are basically just Sex Cults, where everyone just have a huge ass orgies-like ritual.

Actually, that does sound like fun. When was the last time that I have a huge-ass orgy?

I don't quite remember since it is like hundreds of years ago, relatively speaking, of course. I am certain that I did have plenty of orgies though.

Henry and I and a bunch of our buddies have plenty of good time back around the 1950s.

It is all for the greater good, putting our dirty money back into the economy. Into some really hot girls too, apparently. I stuff plenty of women with things other than cocks and sperms.

Good time.

Ahem. Enough about that.

It is quite strange that I do not have any information on this particular Satanic Cult when I met George, but Shield is not that great on all the minor details. Only major ones, and she determines which details are majors and which details are minor.

For most people living in America as well as the rest of the world, that level of information is sufficient, as I wouldn't want to know every pointless thing that happened in their life. I rather shoot myself since most people live a really boring mundane life.

My mother for example.

Her life is pretty boring even if she had a really hard time. That is because her life is not unique by any mean. There are thousands upon thousands of people like here in America. Millions even.

That is just how the world works. People can only be at the top if there are countless of those who are at the bottom, holding up the hierarchy.

Just another reason to why I don't give a shit about morality and what is not. There is no point to pay any attention to that, really.

In any case, Satanic Cults are wiped out by the 1990s, so either this cult disbanded or something really bad happen to them.

I am leaning towards the latter, considering the Black Bible in their possession. I mean was, as in past tense. It is no longer within their possession, from what I can gather.

The book is gone now, and the magical power it contains is probably real.

I should look a bit into this, so I head back into the house and upstairs into the library.

On the way there, I pass by my mother's room. It is not locked, so I can take a peek inside to see what she is doing. Not a creepy stalker or anything like that. I am her son after all.

My mother is sleeping peacefully on her bed. She must have had one hell of an orgasm in order to be able to sleep peacefully like that. Well. Whatever helps her relax, I suppose.

I am sure I can do better than her hands and fingers, but that is for another time.

In the library, I look around once more, trying to see if there is anyone watching me from hidden places in the walls. The house is pretty run down so there are basically holes in the walls everywhere.

Not the glory kind of holes.

Although, that might actually be a good thing. I am so fucking horny right now. I mean super horny.

I shouldn't have spied on my mother, seeing her drenching pussy right between her spread legs. How did I walk away from that, I wonder?

To be honest, it is really hard to get some proper shuteyes with a huge hardon, but then again, I don't really need to sleep, as my power can dispel any fatigue or exhaustion instantly.

I don't think I have actually aged a single day since leaving the hospital.

That is my form of immortality through my power.

My temporal power, I mean.

The Commandment doesn't affect me, so I am probably immune to my own power. That kind of make sense, considering I could abuse the fuck out of it.

The library is eerily silence, so there is no one watching me right now, but they could be holding their breath, just to be utterly quiet. I could just chill around for the next 10 to 20 minutes just to troll them for a bit, but I could just be wasting my time if they aren't actually hiding in the walls.

I don't think they are from my own intuition. I trust my intuition, but I still want some confirmation. It would be super strange to have people spying on me without my knowledge.



Not strange. More like foolish of me.

"Alright. Whoever is hearing this, you will listen, and you will obey me, carrying out whatever I request of you to the best of your abilities, and whatever I say is the truth. Now, come out of your hidey hole, so I can talk to you face to face."

I announce with the Commandment and chill for a little bit.

If they can hear my voice, they will automatically be fallen under my absolute control, becoming pretty much my puppet just like Pauline. A puppet with freewill, but still a puppet, nonetheless.

But like I have expected, nothing happens. No one is listening or spying on me, at least not right now.

Since that is the case, I will catch some in the act later. For now, I do want to know where the previous owner had left the Black Bible.

A little temporal manipulation allows me to see into the past through a temporal bubble.

It is actually more like trial and error since I would need to know the exact time and place to when and where the Black Bible was.

Since the more time I waste looking for the magical book, the further the cracks spread.

Luckily enough, I can just jump back in time to give myself more time. This is why I do not believe that this is just a memory. I can manipulate time like it is in the real world.

I found nothing in the library after looking through the past several years, as the previous owner didn't bring it up to the library. He didn't spend a lot of time in the library either. Or in his house.

The house is more like a front, really. A home on paper. His actual home is not here.

And since I cannot just trail his temporal shadow outside of the house, letting everyone see what I can do, thus causing a reset, I will have to figure out another way.

But before all of that, I need to get rid of my boner.

Despite reversing time, the boner doesn't disappear. In fact, it is harder than before, as if it isn't really affected by my temporal power.

I guess a curse by the Primordial Sin of Lust is immune to my power.

Bummer, but I suppose I should do what I have planned to do.

I immediately jump back in time until I am standing outside once more, talking to Pauline.

It is exactly the moment when I had asked her about where she is living. Pauline obviously didn't want to tell me the address, but she has no choice in the matter.

"I will see you at your house then, Pauline. Oh, make yourself presentable because we will be spending the whole night together."