

## Master of Time 208

### Chapter 208 To Think Differently

But knowing where and when the Black Bible had been previously doesn't make me instantly want to teleport away in order to claim it for myself.

As tempting that might have been, there is actually no need for me to do anything immediately, given that that everything does work itself out in the end, at least until the time that I eventually come face to face with George Collins in 1990.

More correctly to say, coming face to face with myself in the 1990 this time around. I would be George instead. That is quite freaky.

Moreover, I am probably under surveillance of the cult at the moment, as indicated by Pauline. Those hidden passageways scatter throughout the house as well.

My mother is under surveillance too, but honestly, what can a Satanic Cult really turn about watching my mother going about her daily routine? Other than the fact that she is quite a milf, of course.

Eh? If they dare to touch my mother sexually, I will murder the whole lot of them. Repeatedly. No one touches my mother but me. No one!

Ahem.

The Oedipus-complex is probably acting up again. It is much stronger due to the primordial curse. I am going to call it that from now on. I will also call the one from Ingra a dragon curse because Ingra is one of the Dragon Gods.

It is easier to say and reference as well.

And yes, I did say Dragon Gods. As in more than one. It is logical to think so, considering that there are infinite number of realities out there. There might also be infinite variations of Ingra, as Gods are not exactly unique.

I am though, as I am an Aspect. Primordial are unique too, acting as a counterbalance to the Aspects.

Anyway, the cult might have known about my ability to mind control people from all of their spying. I think that might be the reason why they are not taking any drastic action against me. Like proceeding to occupy the house and doing whatever they damn well pleased.

I like to see them try. It would give me a chance to mindfuck each and every one of them.

This power to give command sentient lifeforms is probably the real reason why George had managed to survive the Satanic Cult until meeting me in 1990. By that time, the cult probably destroys itself for one reason or another.

Most Satanic Cults are destroyed by then due to internal conflicts or external pressure from the public or the government or both.

People do become more and more aware of those cults and their Satanic Ritual Abuse (SRA) if I recall correctly, but a lot of stories originating about them are quite imaginative. I suppose that not all stories about SRA are fictional, at least based on what I know now.

I will have Hydra and the others look into the cults when I finally get out of here. It is better to actually deal with them then since I will have some insurances and backup plans to fall back upon. I would also have all of my resources at my disposal, along with all of my powers as well.

Therefore, as George Collins, it is better for me just to gain knowledges and information.

There is also a nagging problem about whether I can beat up a demon in a direct confrontation. Demon deals with souls, so it is safe to assume that it is spiritual adept. Or at least, it is more adept than me.

But from what Pauline has told me, demons are not spiritual in nature. They have a physical form, and since they do exist on the physical plane, I can instantly kill them with my temporal power.

The only exception is that they are immortal as well as lacking a beginning.

If demons have no beginning, I cannot de-age them to when they do not exist. If they are immortal, it will be a pain in the ass to kill them with time.

I really need a way to kill things that don't have an origin and don't age, especially when they also exist outside the physical and material plane. Such a pain in the ass, but necessary.

In any case, knowing that demons have physical forms allows me to deal a number of things on them.

Also, demons might not be immune to this Commandment ability of mine.

I do hope so since this ability affects every living thing. Things with a brain. It does not affect plants or things that aren't sentient but biological in nature.

It does work on animal since I have tested on dogs and cats before, but whether they can comprehend my command in ways that I intended it be is another matter altogether.

I am probably thinking about this way too much, but I want to be sure I have addressed every possible angle. Most angle that I can think of. Stuff will fall through the crack regardless, so it is good to have a plan within a plan.

"Thank you for all of that, Pauline."

I tell the naked woman once I have acquired all that I need to know from her.

And if I missed anything, I will come back to her for more information later down the road. Obviously, it would be a lot better if I can just download her entire memory into a digital database, but I lack that capability at the moment.

I will make do with what I currently have.

"Now listen and listen well, Pauline. You will lock everything that happen between us away in the back of your mind until I introduce myself to you as Maximilien Maxwell once more. You will only know me as George Collins unless I tell you otherwise."

I tell Pauline, creating a new set of memory as well as personality within her mind.

This is very possible with the Commandment power. Many things are actually possible with this power, to the point that I lost all respect for George himself. He should have spent more time learning about this power and understanding it fully.

George did not, thus unable to master it.

I intend to master it fully even if I will not get to keep it in the end. Even so, I would have 14 years with it. I can do a lot in a week let alone 14 years.

And that isn't resorting to bending time to my will.

I spend the next 10 minutes or so setting up a new subconsciousness in Pauline. It needs to be specific in order for the subconsciousness to be completely hidden away.

And by the time that I am done, the rippling effect in the airspace around dissipates quite a bit. Seeing its dissipations tells me that George had never talked to Pauline in depth.

He had only talked enough to get into her pants.

While I am more or less completely fine with people thinking about their dick around beautiful women, but at least they should also think with their brain too. If having sex with results in ruin, then no matter what, do not do it.

It is simply not worth it, and there are plenty of fishes in ocean. An infinite ocean too.

"Alright, Pauline. You have a long night, so take a good rest and when you wake up again, you will find yourself complete refresh. You will then take a shower, clean yourself and dismiss anything strange in

this room before resuming what you were doing yesterday without thinking anymore about all of this in any form."

I tell Pauline and ponder whether that is sufficient. It might not for the long term, but it is good enough for the short term.

It is not like I am not going to drop by her place every now and then to get myself off with her body. I am building a personal harem after all. How many people are in this harem of mine, anyway? I cannot remember exactly, but it is more than 20 women.

Most of them are married too. Knocking them up and cuckolding their asshole husband seems to make my day, especially when my grudges run pretty deep.

Each of them pretty much deserved it one way or another.

I watch Pauline falls into a deep sleep while being covered with my spunk. Her bed is covered with my spunk too. Like an enormous amount.

It is utterly drenched in the stuff, and I feel very dehydrated to have cum that much.

I will need to drink a lot of fluids soon. It is to help my body produce more cum. It can produce cum at an accelerated speed, allowing me to cum in rapid succession or within a very short amount of time.

It is similar through the use of my power, and the reason that I didn't use my power to restore myself to pristine state is simply because it would also restore my erection. My incredible steel erection.

That is like torturing myself.

I watch Pauline for a short moment more before exiting the room. She can be considered as a sleeper agent. One that requires activations.

Hydra is working towards producing such deep-cover sleeper agents in the 1990. Mostly involves them grabbing important people and inserting false memory and personality with the mind of those people, converting them into operatives.

It is a form of brainwashing. Something that I dislike greatly due to it breaching my principle. It also is not the same as what I did to Pauline, as I am not altering her original personality or memory.

I am merely fabricating a temporal persona that I can use for one thing or another.

And when this is all over, I will restore her to her original persona.

I might even give her back her child as well, as it wouldn't take much effort on my part.

But it does beg the question of whether a temporal clone has a soul or not.

I am leaning towards no since Zeus and Zephyr do not have a soul. It is the whole reason for what they are doing right now, opening a portal into the Twisted Nether.

While I believe that is a bad idea, but I also believe that no pain no gain. Besides, I trust that Zeus and Zephyr know what they are doing and have the power to back it up. So far, it seems to be that way.

I head into the kitchen to get something to drink, all to hydrate myself and restore my lost body fluid, and by ransacking through the fridge and cabinets, I notice there is quite a lot of anti-depression drugs stashing here and there.

Knowing how many of them there are does make me feel somewhat for Pauline. I am still a human at heart after all, and I prefer to be so.

I take a seat by the table and pour myself some milks. There are some beverages available, but I think milk is a better choice. Getting drunk in the morning would not be a good idea.

As I consume the drink, I create a temporal bubble in front of me to see Pauline and her son. He usually sits at the table every morning across from me while his mother makes him breakfast.

"I got a 10 on my test yesterday, so can I have some pancakes, mummy?"

The boy asks, and his request for pancakes has made me remember my own family. A family of three, so far. Has it been months already? Months since I have seen my daughters. Both of them.

Both Antigone and Christina should still be where I have left them. Back in 1990. 14 years from now.

I would have been gone for like half a day when I meet them again, but from my perspective, it would have been years.

"Of course, darling."

Pauline replies and proceeds to make some of the best pancakes for her son, who smiles at her.

After breakfast, Pauline helps her son get ready for school and drives him there herself. After that, she heads to work to make ends meet. She is a single mother, as her husband is... not dead. He is actually one of the cult members, but she doesn't exactly know who.

That is usually what happen when you have a huge ass orgy.

Watching the interaction, I have half a mind to bring the boy from the past into the present, all just to give Pauline something to live for. She wants to die, but somehow, she is unable to due to her fear of dying.

That fear is not her own. It was insert within her psych, thus making her fearful of death.

I can do something like that with my power, but it is not restricted to my power. There are many ways to insert the fear of death into a person, and it doesn't require having supernatural powers either.

As a matter of fact, I can do it with hypnotic suggestion. Just take a lot of time and conditioning of the brain. Really smart people can do it themselves, as hypnotists aren't exactly all quacks.

Once I finish my drink, I clean my cup and put everything back in order before exiting the house. I did not exit the front door, but rather teleporting away.

No one had seen me entering the house, and therefore, no one will see me exiting it.

There is also no need, considering I can teleport anywhere I want, as long as no one sees me doing it, as that would cause a reset. I have to be pretty careful.

It helps when I can just freeze time and teleport anywhere that I want without anyone being the wiser.

I did exactly that before heading to a branch of Chrono Reserves. It is a somewhat early to get financial aids for my transportation company, but it is not much of a divergence. I can just state exactly when I want the company to start, thus matching up with what George did.

To be honest, I want to get this out the way, so I can concentrate on more important things.

Things that I might enjoy immensely. Trolling people for example. I mean exploring more depth to this ability, which involves trolling a lot of people.

Chrono Reserves is always packed with people. Like incredibly packed, but like every corporations and subsidiaries of mine, there are no line to queue. It is incredibly annoying to stand in line all day. A big waste of time too.

Instead there always a ticket machine.

The ticket machine is not as advanced as in the 1990, in Lok Entertainment and Infinite Medical Center for example, but it serves it purpose.



I just need select the right option through the level and pick up the ticket that it spews out. Obviously, if I still have a Hydra ring, I could skip the line.

Since I do not, I guess I will have to wait in line like everyone else.

The ticket did imprint the estimate time until my turn, allowing me to leave the bank and do something else before returning. Of course, the time should be treated like an appointment time, thus if I am late to it, I forfeit my ticket.

It is not fair to hold everyone up just because someone didn't show up after getting their ticket.

Despite that, most people still didn't leave to do something else, just incase they get hold up in traffic or something of sort.

As for me, I feel like I need to take a nap.

I did spend the whole night fucking Pauline after all, and for the same reason as restoring my body to pristine condition, I cannot just make my tiredness go away.

Nevertheless, it might be better for me to get some shut eyes. I do not actually sleep while I am resting my mind and body. My mind is still pretty active, as I think about other stuff.

Not a very good idea, but I can fix brain damage once I return to normal.

"Is this seat taken?"

I ask one of the guys sitting by the waiting bench. There is an empty seat next to him. One of very few remaining since it is still early in the morning. Business hours just started after all.

"Yes. Sorry. It is taken."

The man answers as I cast a look at his proposed idea. It is opened right in front of him, as he is trying to memorize his lines. It is all to pitch his idea to the bank for some investment funding.

A computer. Like a super primitive computer, but by 1976 standard, it is cutting edge technology.

And just knowing that, I wish I am back in the 1990. At least then, computer is not a piece of shit that has like 4KB of memory while costing upwards of \$600 bucks.

I mean. Seriously. C'mon!

"You proposing a Computer Company, huh? May I suggest a logo to go with your brand?"

I point out with a smile.

The man looks at me strangely for a second, wondering why I am chatting to him. Well. It is for obvious reason. One. I would need to chat him in one day, proposing an idea to him.

"Sure, what you got in mind?"

The young man questions.

"How about an apple? It is much simpler than having Newton sitting under a tree, readying to get his head crack open by what appears to be an apple. People might think differently if it is just an apple by itself. More in line with what you want them to think."