

Master of Time 210

Chapter 210 - Even Below Rock Bottom

Steve Jobs remains skeptical, but I suppose that is within his character. Honestly, I would be skeptical too if I was in his shoes, sitting there and chatting to someone cynical like me.

I am not cynical. Just a bit preoccupied with someone else on my mind at the moment. Thus, I did not want to beat around the bushes and troll other too much.

There is also no need for me to befriend Steve Jobs as George Collins. Doing something like that would serve no real purpose whatsoever. I would befriend him if I was in my actual body, as that will probably make our future conversation a lot more pleasant and interesting.

Not that our current conversation is not already interesting.

I actually like Steve Jobs as a person, but I am certain I would not like this much as a business partner based on what I know of his history back in the original timeline. Not many people do, actually.

In any case, Steve Jobs has great confidence in his business proposal, or he would not be so calmed like this, sitting here and revising his notes at a leisure pace. The same could not be said for Steve Wozniak, however.

The man requires to use the restroom constantly.

Quite a lot of people require to use the restroom. Not to take a leak or unload anything. They are using it to smoke and calm their nerve. No smoking is allowed outside designated area.

That is actually a modern idea, not quite fit for this era, but a good idea is a good idea.

Gender equality too, as there are many women working here at Chrono Reserves, and they aren't always in the reception or lobby area. Once more, sex sells, and talking to a professional woman is a lot more easy on the eye than talking to a man.

Especially when the man has long hair, beards, mustaches and sideburns. Not all of the mentioned at once, but still. Men also wear baggy pants a lot too. In contrast, women are more fashionable.

Women also starting to show a lot of skin too. Scandalous amount to many of the older generation in this era. All thanks to my companies introducing ideas. But I guess progress is progress.

"Well. It is nice talking to you, Mr. Collins. I wish you the best of luck with your endeavor."

Steve Jobs tells me when his number finally appears on the billboard alongside with a counter number, telling him to head there as soon as possible. Steve Wozniak already on his way there, pushing through the crowd.

"Likewise, Mr. Jobs."

I response with a smile and watch Steve Jobs heads off. I check my number afterwards and look at the massive billboard overhead. It would be another hour or so before my turn.

And standing around here feels like a really good waste of time.

But then again, I don't have anything else to do. That is not exactly true. I do have plenty of things that I want to do. For example, stopping time and then go checking up on myself.

Where was I around this time in 1976? Oh right, in China.

I am currently setting up some underground complexes in mountainous area in China. Around July or August, there will be a major earthquake, destroying homes and killing a lot of people.

Quite a tragedy, but it allows me to step in and starts building under the guise of reconstruction. I am able to obtain a huge workforce in the process too. Slave workforce, but meh.

I did pay the men for their time, so it is like actual work. Also give them and their family a good shelter too, so it is not all that bad. Sure, I exploit them and use the situation to my advantage, but not more than anyone else.

Since it is March at the moment, the past-me is probably greasing some Chinese politicians. Fucking a lot too from what I can remember. Good thing that this is after Ambrosia or there is a lot of Antigone around.

But then again, Antigone will be born regardless of whether I am infertile or not. Adria was born even though I had made damn sure my sperm were basically dead. Also, all those girls that I screwed before Ambrosia did not get knocked up.

I had checked on every girl that I banged after Antigone. Some of them are in better places than they had previously thanks to my rather generous donation. Some are in worst places due to drug addiction and so on. That cannot be helped.

Anyway, I chill around the lobby until my number comes up. Talk to a bunch of people to because why not? Some of them has crazy ass proposal.

Proposals that would definitely not get approved under normal circumstances, but regardless of how crazy or insane the business proposal is, as long as it make money, it will be get approved.

I check the counter number before heading there. Since there just aren't enough seat for everyone, I have to push my way through the crowd.

And while it is called a counter, it is actually a small sound-proof cubical with glass panel windows just in case something happens inside. Not that anything would happen for obvious reason.

"Hello, Mr. Collins. How may I help you today?"

The woman asks me when I enter the cubicle. The first thing that I look is her blouse, just to see what she is hiding there. The second thing is her fingers, not to check for her wedding ring, but I also check for that after seeing the Hydra ring.

She is a Hydra agent. The first generation.

Hydra agents are mixed into the workforce mostly for security reason. While there are Shield security personnel on the premise, the bank does get robbed quite regularly.

Like once every couple of weeks or so.

And having Hydra agents will ensure the safety of all the employees as well as customers. A stray bullet can do a lot of damage in a crowded place like Chrono Reserves, so those robbers usually get whatever they demand if they somehow managed to grab some hostages.

Of course, they will not get to keep the money for long, as Henry did not get where he is without a bit of brutality now and then.

He will let the cops deal with the robbers while he destroys their family and livelihoods.

That does not stop people from trying to rob him, and by extension me, however. At least not yet, but it will eventually.

"Oh. You could help me a lot, Ms. Fleming, but what I need right now is a look at your Hydra ring. Can you please hand it over?"

I request despite knowing that will not go well. Hydra ring has biometric sensor built into them. Thus, even if she gives it to me, I would not be able to use it. I would if I was in my actual body.

The ring will recognize my biometric signature in that case, not when I am George Collins, however. It is not that advanced yet. Is it even possible to sense a soul technologically? If not, I will have to resort to magic.

But all of this is another time.

"Excuse me, Mr. Collins, but what Hydra ring are you referring to?"

The woman responds and narrows her eyes. She also casts a glance out of the glass window to check if there is anyone paying attention. There is always someone paying attention.

Shield is also watching as well. I mean the virtual intelligence Shield.

Its surveillance network is being built at the moment, but important places like Chrono Reserves and all the branches already has eyes and ears.

"That ring on your finger, Ms. Fleming. It is called a Hydra ring. Please. Can I have a look at it? I promise I will give it back to you after a few seconds or so. Or are you afraid of something?"

I request. Again, I did not resort to use my commandment ability. There is no need, as she would give the ring to me regardless simply because I request it.

"How did you know it is called a Hydra ring, Mr. Collins, but please, have a look if you like."

The woman proceeds to take the ring of her finger and hand it over to me.

As a Hydra agent, she isn't too worry about me stealing it. It is a dead paperweight to me anyway, and besides, like where would I run too with her ring? Certainly not very far.

I did not bother to have a look at the ring before placing it on the table right in front of me. Once I did that, I finally take the seat and lean back against the backrest. Casually too.

"You can have it back now, Ms. Fleming. I just need it off your hand for a bit, and it would be incredibly helpful if you did it yourself without me forcing you to. I do not like mind-controlling people who work for me."

I tell her as the air begin to shimmer. Ripples start to form, as I state something that I should not have, at least to someone like her.

She narrows her eyes before scanning me up and down, trying to see something that is not there. She will not be able to determine my identity, at least without my Hydra ring.

"Who are you, really, Mr. Collins?"

She eventually asks, realizing that there is something off about me. I am sure that she has files on me, but those files don't reveal exactly who I am.

"I cannot tell you, Ms. Fleming, but I can show you, as long as you do not speak a single word of what happen here to anyone, including those within Hydra. Please. Put on your ring."

I response and that statement alone makes her tense up.

While she is a member of Hydra, she is not a high-ranking member. High-ranking members would not take on jobs like this unless there is a reason to, but even so, she should be aware a lot of things.

She picks up the ring and put it back on her finger. She also checks it to make sure it is in fact a Hydra ring. It obviously is. There is no need for me to do a switcheroo.

Once she did, I gesture my hand across the table, causing another ring to appear. The moment that it did, her ring vibrates, informing that she is in the presence of herself.

That should not be possible as each ring is uniquely crafted and created. The only one who can create new rings and distribute them are the inner members.

Her eyes immediately widen as she practically jumps up from her seat.

The ripples in the air around us also widen, spreading rapidly, but not enough for it to cause a reset. I suppose that she did take my word to heart, as in not to speak a single word of this to anyone.

"I am so sorry, I did not know."

She hastily apologizes, realizing that I am an inner member of Hydra.

I am actually the Supreme Commander of Hydra, but it will be difficult to prove that to her as she does know much about the Supreme Commander.

"That is okay, Ms. Fleming. Please sit down so we can have a chat."

I request.

"Yes. Of course. What can I do for you Mr. Collins?"

She speaks up after taking her seat again. She was nice before, but she is a lot nicer now. While there is little to no abusive of authority within Hydra, she has to be respectful towards the inner members.

"The reason that I do not carry my ring is simply because I am undercover right now. No need for you to know more than that, and I do not want to hear what happen in this room from a third person."

I tell the woman. She nods in understanding.

"That aside, I want you to approve my proposal like you would normally. I do not want to waste time convincing you about the proposal, as it is a waste of time."

I explain my desire to start a transportation company. Just a briefly. As brief as George Collins did from his own past. He did not talk to the same person, which is pretty lucky. He actually talked to a normal person, who also fucked him afterwards because he had commanded her to do so.

That is the reason why I have checked whether I am talking to a Hydra agent or not. If I did not, I would just use my charm instead.

I could still use my charm, but it is not that effective against a Hydra agent, as they are trained in such tactics. They are trained in a lot of tactics, actually.

"I can do that for you, Mr. Collins. The fund will be available in your account by the end of the day."

She tells me.

"There is no need to hurry, Ms. Fleming. Make sure that it is approved on the merit, not simply because I have told you so. Create any documents that you need because I did not bother to produce any"

I tell the woman before frowning slightly.

"I do not want anyone raising any eyebrow about this. If someone asked me about it, I know that you did not do a good job."

I warn her, making her sweat a little. She knows full well about the discipline committee, and all those hellish training could not compare. It also makes sure she knows how important this task is as well.

"It will be done as you specified, Mr. Collins. Is there anything else that I can help you with?"

The woman asks afterwards.

That question gives me pause, and I examine the cracks in the airspace around me. They are no longer widening or spreading, but they are not healing either. What did George do to that Sarah girl? He did not erase her memory, but rather, turn her into his fuck doll.

Does that mean I have to? I do not really want to do that, but my hand is tied at the moment.

"Yes, there is Ms. Fleming. I want to talk in private with Sarah Langston after this. No need to concern yourself with what I have to say to her, just have her here as soon as possible."

I request with a smile, causing the woman to blink. She has a good idea what I want to do, and it does make her opinion of me to drop. That is why I use the Commandment power, making sure she doesn't concern herself with what happen afterwards.

George. George. George. My opinion of him is even below rock bottom.

Is that even possible?