

Master of Time Chapter 8 - Island of Time

Chapter 8: Island of Time

There is actually nothing mysterious about the Bermuda Triangle. Most of it is fabricated myth thanks to decades of writers and authors – just like the Arthurian Legends.

9

However, whether there is something supernatural or not about the Bermuda Triangle isn't the reason why I am heading there with a ship full of armed men and construction equipment.

"Mr. Maxwell. We are approaching the designated position. There is nothing here, sir."

The captain informs me and everyone after entering the mess hall. He actually came in person instead of sending someone to relay the message.

This is because of me.

Everyone fears me and respects me.

Fears more than respects for some.

"Nothing here is right now, but there was... a long, long time ago."

4

I respond and continue to enjoy my lunch.

1

The people at my table are all high-ranking members of Hydra.

I handpick each one of them, verifying their identity, loyalty and capacity.

None of them will be anyone important in history.

4

This is because I don't want to drastically alter the future events by poaching someone important. And just because these men are never mentioned in the history book, it does not mean they are not capable. It is because they weren't lucky enough to get a chance.

1

It is different now.

They are part of Hydra, the organization that will change the world for the better.

7

Their names will definitely enter the history book when everything is over.

"My Lord Maxwell. I and many others still do not understand why we are here, seemingly in the middle of nowhere. Could please enlighten us with your wisdom and knowledge?"

I roll my eyes at the comment.

Some men coughs and snickers.

"Don't be a kiss ass, Thomas. Speak normally. This isn't the 1910s. We are all friends here."

Thomas became a 1 star General after the first World War.

He lost his legs in the second one, forcing into an early retirement.

He was a bitter old man, dying on a hospital bed when I found him.

8

I gave him a new life and a new purpose with my power.

Now, he is a man in his early twenties, with too much energy to spare.

Half of the men here are like that.

They are relics of the past, abandoned by the changing world.

"You will know soon enough. Let's us enjoy lunch."

I add.

"If only there are women here. My men are incredibly restless after so many days at sea."

Another member of Hydra speaks up.

His name is Johnathan. He also serve in the Great War in 1911, but was dishonorably discharge due to some unpleasantness.

10

While a brilliant tactician, Johnathan is extremely racist. He didn't have any problem with black people like a lot of American.

5

Jonathan actually has a huge problem with the German, the Russian, the Chinese, the Japanese – well, actually anyone from country that isn't America.

8

I think a more correct term to describe him is extreme patriotism.

14

Regardless, Johnathan follows order to the letter.

He gladly butcher anything and anyone without questions as long as I give the command.

Woman and children didn't matter to him – hence that is the reason why he was discharged with his men.

4

His men are not true member of Hydra. Therefore, they are not given rings. They are more like goons, following the command of their leader. I did return their youth to show that I am more than meet the eyes. It also pointless to have old men part of my army.

Some of them did try to kill me to prove a point.

3

Those were disposed off promptly.

No one questions the Supreme Commander – me.

26

I like this kind of thinking amongst the high-ranking members of Hydra. And through them, their men will be kept in line.

"Relax Johnathan. There will be women for you and your men to enjoy soon enough. Plenty of women, beauties of the ages. Just have some restraint with the pillaging and raping. We are civilized men after all."

7

That earns a laugh from everyone.

They all know who they are – war hounds.

If they weren't, they would not be here on the ship, armed and ready. They would be back on land, working on one of my many projects like Henry and the others.

The container ship eventually slows down to a complete stop.

1

There is nothing but water in sight.

"We are approximately 121km east of Bermuda."

The captain informs me.

I gesture my hand as acknowledgement, all while watching the waves crashing against the side of the boat.

Entire Hydra watches me in silence.

"Have the men combat ready. Tell them to kill anyone who resists, but give the chance for those who surrender. We do not need to slaughter everyone. They are needed as a slave force."

1

I give the order.

The men are confused, but relay the order nonetheless.

I close my eyes and concentrate. The sea in front of me ripple as a temporal bubble being to form. The bubble expanded, encompassing a large area of the ocean. The ocean becomes frozen.

Time within the bubble has come to a complete stop.

The men tense up after seeing what could describe as a supernatural event. They all know that it is me who cause this, but they could not get their mind around how.

Time within the bubble begin to reverse. Days went by, months, then years and decades.

Several thousands years ago, an island existed here. It was swallow up by the ocean.

1

Always believed to be a myth, it is actually a fact.

With my power, I can pull it from the depth of the sea of time. It takes an enormous amount of concentration and effort, but it is very doable.

The men widen their eyes when an island shrouded in mist appears within the bubble. The time bubble pops, allowing the island to merge into the new world, right before the ship.

8

The huge ship that seemingly appears out of nowhere from their perspective causes the inhabitants to run back towards the city.

Bells begin to ring, and men armed themselves with spears, swords and bronze armors.

"People. There are people on the island! What the hell are they wearing?"

"This architecture... are they Greek?"

"Amazing. You are truly beyond human understanding, Mr. Maxwell."

"Who are these people? They looks like they are from the Bronze Age."

I smile.

"That is correct, Doctor Mathew. These people are from the Bronze Age. They are not Greek. They are called Atlantian... Atlantes... Atlantan. Ah. They are people from Atlantis. This is the island of Atlantis, the one that was swallowed up by the sea. Below the island is a very active volcano. In about 20 to 30 years, the island will be destroyed."

Doctor Mathew couldn't help but become bewildered. Much of the men are too.

"In any case, they are all long dead from our point of view, so it is completely natural for us to send them on their way. We also need the island for our own end."

1

I am such a sadistic person.

3

Honestly, there is many ways to claim the island without bloodshed, but I want to see how bronze age tactics fare against somewhat modern warfare.

1

It is actually a massacre.

There is no contest, whatsoever.

Bronze armors offer zero protection against hails of bullets, spewing out of a machine gun.

And armed their spears and swords, the defenders of Atlantis have to get close enough to my men to use their weapons.

"Magic! Great father Zeus, they are all sorcerers. What should we do, my King!?"

A man wearing many ornament calls out from the top of the high wall. He is bowing to another person, who is the King.

Behind the King are princes and princesses.

Everyone is watching the approaching army, armed with what they assumes to be magical staffs.

"Do not worry. Even with their magic, our great city wall have never been breech before. They are not even wearing any armors! How foolish! Prepare archers!"

"Father. If they are truly sorcerers, we cannot stop them. Look at their mighty ship. It is made entirely of iron. We are only beginning to experiment with the iron yet they already using it to cover the hull of their ship."

One of the princesses speaks up.

Iron is not something new to the people of Atlantis. They have some understanding of it and learn that a harder form of iron can be smelted. This is what the modern world called steel.

"Nonsense. They will fear us, like the Greek, the Persian, the..."

It is the last thing the King has said as a sniper bullet takes his life.

Terrifying screams erupts on top of the wall.

"My Lord Maxwell, don't you think it is a bit foolish to have the commander of your army standing out in the open like that?"

4

Johnathan comments after putting down his sniper rifle.

I just laugh. He is brutally efficient. I like him.

"And can anyone tell me what they are screaming about?"

Johnathan shouts.

"I believe they are speaking Latins. I think they are cursing us for using such a dishonorable mean to kill their King."

6

One of the men speaks up.

"Dishonorable? I will show them what dishonorable is!"

"Remember not to destroy too much of the city in the pillaging and... raping. I want to check if there is anything valuable to loot."

I point out.

Some of the Hydra members protest about the raping part, but I dismiss their protest.

Honestly, if they don't want to see that kind of thing happening on their watch then it is up to them to keep their men in line. I don't want to do more work than I have to.

8

The battle is over within a few hours.

Their once mighty wall was breeched by deafening explosive.

Their men surrenders soon after, shouting in Latins or Greeks.

7

The people of Atlantis expects pillaging and raping to happen immediately once the army storms into the city.

The pillaging did happen after all resistance ceased, but that is on my order.

I want everything looted before I raze the city to the ground.

The Palace at the center of the city is enormous. The royalty of Atlantis really likes to splurge and live in perfect comfort.

As I sit on the throne lazily, several soldiers enters, dragging along what I assumes to be the people in charge of the city.

They are ministers, noblemen, princes and princesses.

"Lord Maxwell."

One of the women calls out, causing me to raise my eyebrow.

How she figures out my name is kind of beyond me.

She pats herself in the chest before kowtowing in submission.

I suppose that means she is pledging her allegiance to me.

Smart girl.

I point at her.

"I call dip on her."