

Master of Time 112

Chapter 112

No .

No . No!

No! No! No!

Father! Father! I am sorry . I am so sorry .

I am so, so sorry!

I should have listened . I should have listened to you!

If I did . If I did, none of this would have happened .

None of it!

I gasp and gasp, desperately for that last breath while the endless blackness of space wrestles and rips what little air remaining right out of my lungs . My blood boils violently, steaming out of any orifices it could find . And my body contorts and contracts, crushing itself savagely into a dried husk .

The last thing I am able to see is his faint smile .

His smile! His devilish smile!

He is the devil himself! He has to be . He has to!

If there is a God, such a person should not exist on this earth!

My vision blurs . My eyes pop silently, spewing themselves into the airless void .

But the darkness didn't take me . It didn't take me away from here . No . Instead, it throws me back into the light, onto the cold and unforgiving floor of the room where I have been locked up for the last few weeks, all alone, frightened and helpless .

I gasp and cough and cry as he remains seated in front of me .

He hasn't move from that spot and neither did I .

But I did . I did!

Everything around me had changed in an instant, from the room into blackness of space without any warning!

An illusion? No . It was real . It was real!

I did die in the void of space because he simply said so .

His words become reality!?

How could that be?

How could that be!?

Someone please tell me!

"There are so many ways to kill someone, Miss Oxford . But you already know that, don't you? So, let's go through each of them, one by one, just so you know how the others have felt . How hopeless they had struggled, holding onto their life as you squeeze it out of them . "

His words send chill into my being .

My cries die in my throat, and the tears stop flowing .

"But you don't need to worry about dying alone, Miss Oxford . I promise I will be with you, every single step of the way, just to make sure you get your appetizer . How about being drowned next? I do recall it is quite pleasant, like entering a dreamless sleep . "Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting .

He adds with a smile, a calming and dreadful smile .

What kind of monster is he!? What kind of monster has my father served his entire life!? It didn't make any sense . The wealth and riches my family has accumulated over the years is because he has allowed it?

No, that can't be true . It can't be! It just can't be!

Father! Father! Tell me that it isn't the truth . Please!

But father is no longer here . He can no longer hold off the inevitable .

It is up to me now . All up to me now . But what can I do? What can I do!?

"Please... Mr . Max —

Before I could finish the sentence, the incredible depth of ocean instantly crushes my body, pulverizing all my organs as blood explodes out my mouth, nose and eyes, merging with the sea .

The water drains my tears away and washes the world away in my eyes, and the pain is so intense that my mind has no choice but to shut itself down with a crunching cry .

My consciousness slips away for just a fraction of a second before the blinding light in the ceiling wakes me up again .

And the instant it did, I cough and vomit out everything in my stomach . There are absolutely no traces of salt water, whatsoever, telling me that it wasn't real .

I must have imagined all of it . I must have!

No . No . No!

My organs scream out in pain, as I hold myself, crying in absolute despair and anguish .

Yet before me, he remains seated, cross-legged, unflinchingly at my torturous experience . He was also there, in the shrouding darkness deep beneath the surface of the sea, witnessing my death like he has told me that he would .

The sea did not crush him like it crushes me with impunity .

But did it really?

Yet here I am, still alive and desperately trying to breath while my mind is in total shock .

I did not die thousands of meters beneath the freezing sea just like I did not suffocate in the dreadful abyss of outer space .

This is all an illusion . It must be!

Yet it feels so real . So real!

My mind experiences all of it even if my body tells me otherwise .

The phantom pain cannot kill, but it is ripping my body and mind apart . I am losing myself, really losing myself!

How can it be? How can it be!?

I don't know . I don't know anymore . I don't know anything anymore . Please let this nightmare be over . Please . Please! Please!

"Please... Mr . Maxwell... please... forgive me..."

I cry and cry, but only a unwavering monster heard me . It does not forgive, and it does not forget .

Father has said so . He has said so!

This is my punishment . I must endure it . I must . A promise of being reborn when all is said and done, but only if I can endure .

I am so sorry . I am so sorry!

My hands shakily reach out to him, grabbing his attires, pulling on them, pleadingly .

Anything . Anything else, please . Just don't torture me anymore .

"Please, Mr . Maxwell . Don't torture me anymore... I will do anything else . Anything else . "

I implore once the shock to my mind and body have subsided briefly .

He remains unmoving . His eyes stare at me without any emotion or remorse . Those aren't the eyes of a normal person . Unending darkness swirls within them, telling me my torture has barely just begun .

"I think I like you the best when you are being slowly roasted alive, Miss Oxford . Hmmm... have you ever eaten human meat before? I ask because I suppose you will have no choice but to . Don't worry, it tastes somewhat like red meat . The very kind you have enjoyed so lavishly with fine wine throughout the years . "

He remarks calmly despite the dreadful suggestion . His words fill me with utter horrors and haunting imageries .

I would never eat human meat, no matter what .

That is cannibalism! It is disgusting! Disgusting!

He also reminds me of when I had died .

I did die in the burning limousine after getting hit by a tanker truck, right? I recall what happened very clearly, just before I found myself here, wherever here is .

The only visitor I get in my confinement is my father .

My father!

But sadly, father did not speak about where I am or what is going to happen to me no matter how many times I have asked .

Father speaks very little, but at least he speaks more than the people who had brought me foods and keeps me clean . It is as if they dare not to talk to me on the account of him .

Instead, those people pity me greatly, sympathizing with my situation because they know more than I do . I did not fully comprehend the reason until I finally learned of who I had tried to kill .

Maximilien Maxwell .

That name etches into my being and burns into my soul . A monster of terrifying proportion . The things I have done pale in comparison to what he has done and will do .

As powerful as father is, he is merely footnote in contrast to this man . This monster of a man!

I am terrified . Father is terrified . He had embraced me in tears, for himself and for mother . It has been so long since father has given me such an embrace .

The last time father did, I was probably 8 or 9 years old . That was more than 20 years ago .

That seems like a long time, but everything comes and goes in a blink of an eye .

What have I done with my life? Nothing . Nothing at all . Even if money can buy anything and kill anyone I have desired, I have achieved nothing in the end . Money? Power? Wealth? Prestige?

It is all meaningless . Meaningless! Meaningless before him .

Before Maximilien Maxwell .

And just like all the times he has spoken previously, the entire floor and enclosed walls and even ceiling heat up and glow red, burning my arms and legs .

Unlike him, just sitting there, completely unconcerned, I scream in pain and immediately jump up from the floor as the flames erupt all around me, threatening to set me alight .

No, not threatening to! They did set me alight! As well as everything else in the room .

The entire room has been engulfed in flames! Everywhere I see is flames!

My clothes burn along with my once beautiful golden hair . My skins blister under the extreme heat as my blood boil, cooking my organs from the inside . I couldn't breathe as my lungs become charred and filled with black smoke . My vision swim just before I collapse onto the floor . My body cracks, breaking off flakes of roasted flesh .

I let out a wailing groan as darkness creeps in from the edge of my vision . And once the darkness finally blocks out everything, light pierces through it, bringing me back to reality .

"No . No... . Noooooooo! Please . Please stop! Please stop . No more, no more . "

I plead and plead, grappling onto him, but his face remain expressionless . I just want this to stop . Please make it stop before I go insane .

Insane!

"Anything . Anything, Mr . Maxwell . I know . I know . I will make you feel good . "

I utter hastily . He is a man . Yes, he is a man . A man has needs, has needs! They all do, all of them . And I am beautiful, just like mother was . I have so many suitors that I couldn't count them all .

"Make me feel good? Please, you don't know the first thing about me, Miss Oxford . How can you make me feel good? And if you think your beauty can move me, you are gravely mistaken . Beauty is a gift, and as a gift, I can take it away . "

My eyes widen at his words .

And like he had just said, my beautiful golden blond hair shrivels, turning grey and then white . My pearly white skin become wrinkles and veiny . My vision becomes blurry with extreme age .

"No . No . No! Please God, no!"

I shout and kick the floors to get away from the monster in human form, but my muscles are so weak and my bones have become so brittle that they shatter painfully . I collapse backwards as my strength left my body . My lungs have also collapsed .

I am no longer a beautiful young woman . I am... I am... I am... what I fear the most .

My heart beats slowly, longer and longer interval each beat until it stops . A tired gasp squeezes out of my dried and husky throat as I close my eyes .

It is probably the most peaceful death I have experienced thus far .

Sadly, it did not last .

The light comes again, bringing me back into the living world to come face to face with him again . I cry and cry, yet death comes repeatedly, in all manners of form . Trucks turn me into bloody paste . Sharp blades turn me minced meat . Gravity breaks all my bones . Toxic fumes tear through my insides .

Again and again . Death comes and goes like a game .

Yet, not once did Maximilien moves from his seated spot . For someone like him, he didn't need to . He only needs to speak up and all shall be done without delay . This is his power – an absolute power that cannot be brought with money or wealth or prestige .

I am scared . No, I am terrified . More terrified than the countless deaths at his hands .

It is because Maximilien finally stands up . A bone-chilling smile returns to his face .

"It looks like the appetizer is over, Miss Oxford . Shall we get to the main course?"