

Master of Time 113

Chapter 113

The surrounding changes .

I shut my eyes and embrace myself for the torturous pain that would surely come . At least that is what I had thought because it has happened so many times previously, without fail .

Without a single fail!

"Please . Oh God, please! Just let me die already . I can't take this anymore . I just can't! Please!"

I scream, tearfully .

My body and mind tremble at the dark thought . To think that death would be a mercy in contrast to what I have to go through . What I must go through and continue to go through!

It is literal hell! And a devil in human skin is there to make sure of it! He is the devil! He has to be . I am not any threat to him, yet he continues to torture me .

Why!? Why!?

Please just kill me . Just kill me . I just want to die . To enter the darkness peacefully, never have to wake up to the dreadful light again .

Please . Please, God . I beg of you .

Let me die .

Let me just die .

I would never have such a suicidal thought before, not when I am the heiress to a multibillion dollars empire . That feels like a lifetime ago . Many lifetimes . I must have died hundreds of times, in all sort of gruesome and terrifying manners .

My body has been ripped apart repeatedly, and my mind is on the verge of breaking .

And this is all an appetizer!? How much times must he kills me before he is satisfied!? Before he finally stops bringing me back just to kill me again?

Before... before... before...

But the pain did not come .

My body and mind remain unmolested sadistically .

Instead, I feel a strange breeze, washing over me . It as if the air within the room has changed . The still and calmness between each death are gone, replaces with an awful and metallic smell .

What is this!? What is this!?

I cover my ears with my hands and try to stop breathing .

Yet despite that, my eyes open slowly and defiantly, and I find myself in a very different room .

It is a much bigger room .

No longer is the pearly white floor beneath my feet, the unremarkable windowless walls surround me, or the ceiling dots with countless white lights, impossibly bright . They have all been replaced with grey and dark and monotonic concrete with metal protrusions .

There are very little lights hanging overhead, right above a huge metallic ring . Surrounding the strange contraption are numerous computer devices, humming as they process countless calculations .

Those computers are unlike any computer I have seen, but having personally owned a tech company before, I know what they are . They couldn't possibly be anything else with screens and keyboards . But they look like they have come straight out of a science fiction book – impossibly advanced .

"You really have no clue what you have done, Miss Oxford . In your ignorance, you have not only killed me and my daughter but also doom the entire future of the human race . This is the result of your so-called misguided action, and it is only appropriate that you experience it for yourself . "

Maximilien speaks up without paying any attention to me . He is currently looking at the huge metallic construct, which immediately activates and radiates with power .

The air becomes incredibly electrified . Tingling sensation envelops my entire body, making the hair on my skin stand straight up . Even the hair on my head starts to defy gravity .

What is this?

What is this!?

I could see the isolated distortions in space . They are being pulled towards a point at the center of the ring, merging together . Blue light emanates outwards as a spiraling vortex beginning to form, gushing and roaring until becoming calming like water surface on a lake .

But instead of seeing my own reflection in the event horizon of the rift, a desolated world greets me from beyond . Gloomy sky fills the sky above and countless rotting corpses litter the ground . Towering sky-high buildings rust and crumble, falling apart due to the lack of maintenance for years .

What happens to the world? Is there anyone still alive?

"Welcome to hell, Miss Oxford . "

Maximilien speaks up . His hand pulls me off the floor and onto my feet . And that same hand drags me towards the portal with all the intention of throwing me through and into that dead world, filled with unending horrors .

What is this?

What is this!?

"No . No! No! Please don't! Please don't, Mr . Maxwell! I don't want to go there! Please!"

I call out and fight against him and his implausible strength . My fingers try to claw into his skin, but his skin is so hard that my nails cry out in pain in response .

Maximilien stands right before the rift .

And in his unbreakable grip is me, who is struggling desperately in vain .

He is going to toss me through! He is! I don't want to go there . I don't want to!

"Miss Oxford . You have lived your entire life in perfect comfort thanks to the wealth and power your father has accumulated . Sadly, he has not taught you the humility and decency of being a person . That is his mistake . I will do in his stead since I am actually your godfather, just not in a religious sense . This will be a lesson for you, and when you learn, you will be given a second chance to serve me . "

Maximilien speaks up and throws me through the rift, causing it to ripple at my passing . My eyes widen in shock and fear as I fall several meters onto the ground from above as the rift is not on the ground level .

He is my godfather!?

I hastily pull myself off the ground just before his voice speaks behind me .

"But do not worry, Miss Oxford . I will always keep my promise . Please don't act on any of your suicidal thought now . I suppose that you will out of desperation and hopelessness, and you will find that you won't be able to die . "

I snap around and frantically look at the surrounding, not finding him anywhere .

The rift also vanishes just after Maximilien did himself, trapping me in this place, wherever this place is . I keep staring at the empty space before feeling something cold and sticky crawling up my arms .

My hand jerks violently in response, trying to throw off the silvery slime, but it refuses to .

Instead, the metallic creature sends out a dozen tendrils, which wrap themselves around my face and neck before forcing my mouth open .

I scream out in utter horror as the creature slimes over my arm and then crawls into my mouth without pause . I try to get it out frantically, but only manage to hurt myself .

My screams are muffled when I feel the cold and sticky blob filling my mouth and then rolling down my throat, causing me to gag . The rest of the tendrils join it in my mouth and throat .

The creature forces me to swallow .

But I never swallow!

Never! Never!

However, it leaves me no choice and pools itself in my stomach soon after .

"No! No! Get out! Get out!"

I shout and try to vomit out the slime, but it is already too late .

My stomach growls disturbingly before I feel a very sharp pain in my abdomen . Once the pain is gone, my stomach expands slowly and painfully, growing in size .

I have thought my stomach would explode when I feel like I am about 9 months pregnant . Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting .

Oh God! Please don't! Please don't!

I don't want to give birth to a monster! I don't! I don't!

And for once, God listens .

The swelling of my stomach stops just before I go into labor without anyone in sight . It finally reverses, and my stomach contracts and then returns to its normal size .

I check my stomach and abdomen repeatedly to see that is the case . It is flat and perfect again despite the profuse sweats . However, the impending horrors constantly bring tears to my eyes .

And once I manage to clear the tears from my eyes and brushed the dirt off my clothes, I take a closer look around the area and cover my nose .

The stench is overwhelming . There is absolutely no fresh air, whatsoever . It is like the plants all have died or something .

The rotting corpses scatter all over the street is horrifying . If I look closer, it appears those corpses are all incredibly malnourished, evidenced by the bony appearance . Their skin is literally hanging off their skeletal frame .

How could so many people have died of hunger!?

It is not the only that is strange thing . Dried leaves and branches showers everything and everywhere, and not a single sound of animals could be heard . The wind also stops .

It is dead silent, eerily dreadful .

A thumping sound of roaring engine frightens me . Screams and shouts accompanies that engine . They are coming from around the block, out of view .

And out of fear, I hide behind a supporting column of the nearby rundown building . The broken glasses crack under my steps .

Moments later, a huge vehicle enters the view . Barb wires cover the vehicle along with human remains and bones . I gasp and cover my mouth as the car stops close by . My heart thumps madly .

People bandaged in dark and dirty clothing, covering most of their face and features, exit the vehicle and spread out . They check the corpses nearby individually before shaking their head .

"There is no meat on them . "

They are cannibals! Oh my god! They are cannibal!

The people soon get back into the vehicle and drive onwards, passing my spot . I try to stay hidden as best I could, but when the vehicle comes to a skidding stop, I run and run .

The people shout as they all jump out of the vehicle to give chase while chanting fanatically . They are very, very fast, driven on by overwhelming hunger . They will catch up to me soon .

They will! Oh my god! Help! Someone! Help!

"Meat! Meat! Meat! Meat!"