

Master of Time 114

Chapter 114

They chant and chant like ravenous beasts, seeking to rip apart their fleeing prey – me .

"Someone! Help! Someone, please help me! Someone!"

I scream and cry desperately for help while my legs frantically take me through the numerous torched cars and looted shops as well as passing by an unending amount of withering and rotting corpse and skeletal remains .

No one could be found alive anywhere I have looked and try to search quickly . This place is really like a ghost town, having slowly crumbling away for many years now .

Deserted houses and buildings watch me in utter silent from both sides of the road while the salvage hounds quickly close the distance towards me from behind .

And once a dreadful hand reaches out and grabs hold of my long hair, I just know the chase is over . It is over . It is over!

Oh my God!

"No! Nooooooooo!"

I shriek in terror as a powerful hand pulls hard against my hair and skull . I immediately fall backwards, crashing against the broken asphalts with my back and bottom . My arms and legs are scrapped badly in the fall, yet the pain only lingers for a fraction of second .

The men instantly swarm me like hungry wolves, devouring their kill . Their hands are all over my body, gripping and ripping through my clothes and undergarments without a care .

Bloods are also drawled in the frenzy, marking my white skin .

"Stop! Stop! Please stop! I beg of you!"

I struggle desperately against their relentless assaults, kicking and screaming with what little strength I have . But I am only a fragile woman . There is no way I could stop them by myself .

But strangely enough, their hands suddenly stop . It is so abrupt . It wasn't because they wish to comply with my request . It wasn't even because they have all heard the approaching vehicle from behind . No, it was because they haven't seen a beautiful woman before .

Their eyes become bewildered at me and my nakedness .

My hands and arms barely cover my chest while what remains of my ripped clothes struggle to cover my private . Being completely surrounded by men who probably haven't felt a woman's touch for many years, made me extremely uncomfortable . This is not to mention they are also cannibals . I have seen them searching for foods amongst the corpses just moments ago .

"Please? Please, can you let me go? I didn't see anything, I swear . I swear! If you want, I can make you feel good . I can . I can . Just promise me that you will let me go afterwards . "

I implore, quite foolishly . But what else can I do in this situation? My body is the only bargaining chip I have . I really don't know where I am or who these people are, but the state of the city and probably the entire world, something very terrible must have happened .

Despite having to suffer through uncountable number of torturous deaths and being brought back to life repeatedly, I still fearful of the dark . And being able to stay alive for this long, I do want to continue to live, even if it is a bit longer .

Their vehicle comes to a stop just a few meters away from me and the men . It lets out the driver . That person dresses more excessive than the men who have me surrounded . His face is covered with a dark scarf, but it still unable to hide all of his hideous facial scars .

Someone has mutilated him!

And whether he has suffered more than me at the hands of others, I do not know . But at least, when I was mutilated by Maximilien, the scars do not remain on my body . It is so I could be mutilated again and again .

"Please . Please let me go . I can give you anything you want . Just let me go, please . "

I implore to their leader . I am sure that this man is their leader from his appearance alone .

He looks at me before kneeling on one knee, so our eyes level could match . There is this hatred burning deep within those eyes . But those eyes do not have the same unrelenting darkness I have seen within Maximilien's eyes .

Yes, this man's eyes are scary to me . But Maximilien's eyes are more dreadful terrifying, fully capable of piercing a person's being and soul . I swear that Maximilien could actually kill a person with just a look alone, without bothering to say a single word .

But when this man is this close to me, I could see that he is huge person, much bigger than Mr . Maxwell and standing as tall, likely taller .

"Where did you come from, missy? I haven't seen anyone as clean as you since, well, since this world went to hell a decade back . You look very familiar though . I just can't put my fingers on it . "

The man questions, and before I could answer him, he grabs a fistful of my hair . He then pulls my head backwards to have a closer look at me . His breaths are nauseating, forcing me to hold my breath .

His eyes widen ever so slightly before he gets up, taking me with him . He drags me towards the vehicle and looks at something just moment before he throws me onto the hood of the car, forcing me onto my stomach . He then kicks my legs apart from behind, spreading them .

My eyes widen as I realize what he is doing .

He is going to rape me! He is going to rape me here and now!

His men surround us and the vehicle, watching the scene playing out and wooing their leader on . Some of them have removed the cloth or scarf covering their hideous faces, and it makes me feels like I am in a horror movie . Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting .

"No . Stop . Not like this . Please . "

I try to pull myself off the car in protest, but a powerful hand presses my face flatly against the car and a sharp knife pierces through my palm, pinning my hand down and forcing a scream out of my throat .

There is no negotiation . I am helpless . Completely helpless!

His hips immediately slam against me from behind as he drives himself into my pussy . I cry out in pain just before my eyes capture a picture of a beautiful woman in white being glued to the windshield .

A small text inscribed at the bottom of the picture: Marilyn Monroe (1926 to 1962) .

"Mum...?"

I utter puzzlingly as the huge man grab onto my neck with both hands, choking me and proceeding to have his way with me and my body without reservation . He must have imagined that I am my mother as he reaches his climax and spills his filthy seeds inside me .

But why did the picture say my mother died in 1962?

No . Mum is still alive . She is still alive when I last saw her . She has to be! She has to be!

Father has told me that Mr . Maxwell would only punish those who are responsible . My actions are my own doing . Mother have no knowledge of it . She does not!

Oh God, she does . She does!

Please! No! No! Mum can't be dead! She just can't!

My mind screams as the huge man grunts again and again, hammering me raggedly into the car from behind . He didn't last very long, and when he has finished using my body, his underling has a turn, one after another . Several claws into my skin, cutting deep and forcing me to cry in pain .

Once they all have their turn, I collapse onto the ground and hold my bleeding hand . It hurts . It really hurts, but it doesn't compare to what I have suffered at the devil's hands . The pain actually goes away as soon as the knife is removed .

I didn't pay any attention to it anymore as my mind reels and questions exactly where I am .

Where the hell I am!? What is this place!?

Mum can't be dead! She just can't . Father would tell me . He would tell me!

This must be an alternate reality, where mum has died . She died two years after I was born . Is dad still alive? Do I exist? What year is this? What year is this!?

"What year is this...? Please tell me what year this is?"

I call out, completely unconcerned of the gangrape that I have just been through .

The man is surprised at my question . He lets out a chuckle .

"You must have lived under a rock, missy . It is 2012, about 12 years after all plants on Earth just withers and dies . Animals follows along with the majority of the planet . We call it The Happening . "

The man tells me, shocking my world . 2012? That is 22 years in the future . This can't be the future! It can't be .

"No, that can't be . That can't be . "

I get up and try to run, but the man grabs me and forces me onto the ground .

"Look here, missy . You are the biggest catch we have in years . We aren't going let you get away . We –

The man stops and grabs my palm . He forces it open and then rubs the blood away . There is no wound whatsoever .

"What are you, missy? No one heals that fast . And there is not a single scratch on your body . "

The man utters and pulls out a knife . Without hesitation, he stabs my leg several times and then watch as the wound closes right before his eyes .

I am also surprised – shocked actually .

The pain is there, but it is a fleeting pain . It only last as long as the knife is embedded in my body .

Seeing that, I look around to see if he is around . To see if Maximilien Maxwell is around somewhere .

But he is nowhere to be found, at least to me . Is this what he had meant by that I will not be able to kill myself even if I tried? He has made me immortal!? Immortal so I can suffer forever in this world, where everyone I have known and loved are long dead!?

No! No!

"Incredible . Just incredible . This explains why you are so clean despite what happen . Tell me . How do you do that? Tell me!"

The man calls out .

I don't know . I don't know . I don't know anything .

All I can do is kick and try to run away, but the man repeatedly stabs me and even severs the tendons in my ankles . I scream out in pain, but the wounds always heal as rapidly as they have inflicted upon me .

"Incredible . Let's see how far your healing ability can go . "

The man comments as he straddles me, pinning me on the ground . A knife then drives itself into my chest brutally .

A dreadful shriek escapes my throat as the knife is dragged across my chest right down the middle and to my belly, gutting me . Blood erupts out of my throat as my guts and organs are torn out . Yet despite that, my organ regenerates and the opening in my chest and stomach closes, bringing utter shock to everyone .

The organs that the man pull out of my body are there in his hands . But I didn't need them anymore . New set of organs are now inside my body .

"What the hell are you!?"

The man roars angrily as he pulls out an axe and then smash downwards, forcing me to scream . I raise my bloody stump as blood sprays outwards .

But within seconds, blood stops flowing . Bones and muscles grow, forming my arm and hand again . I am lost for words . I am cursed . I must be! I must be! There is no other way of explaining it!

And what just happened frightens the man . He gets up and steps away from me . It takes him a moment to recollect himself . He looks around at his men before chuckling .

"Looks like we have found our meat, boys!"

Hearing that, I could only scream as I realise my fate .