

## **Master of Time 115**

Chapter 115 Absolute Insanity POV

How long?

How long has it been?

How long has it been since... since...?

Since I am able to form a single coherent thought? Days? Weeks? Months? Or maybe years?

It feels like years. Years!

It feels like years in this dark and damped and cold place, where the sun and sky could never be seen no matter what.

This is my life now, and this small jailcell is my entire world.

Countless faceless men have constantly invaded my world. They did so every day. Every single day! It is in order to use me and my body or to chop off my arms and legs or maybe to do both. Ah! Yes! They usually do both. Both! And it is not done in any particular order. No. Not any order at all.

And they don't come into my world alone, one by one, taking turn. No, not alone. Never alone. Never alone anymore. Often, more than one person joins in the fun. Join in the wonderful fun...

What fun? What fun!?

Ahahahahaha...

What is so funny? Who is laughing? Who is it? Who is it!?

I don't know. I don't really know.

Please don't ask me anymore. I have no answer. No answer at all.

Oh God! Oh God!

They have learned that if they tie up my bleeding stumps with dirty rags and ropes, my arms and legs will not be able to regenerate, turning me into a perfect cock-sleeve, capable of only anguished wailing and crying, for their pleasure.

Oh God! Oh God. That is what they wanted. That is what they always wanted! Always!

That is... what the monsters wanted! Yes. They are monsters. Monsters in human forms. All of them. It is a world gone mad. Gone mad. Gone completely mad!

Ahahahahaha...

Shut up! Shut up! All of them. All of them! Stop laughing at me. Stop laughing at me!

I am. I am. Who am I? Where am I?

Ah. That's right.

I remember. I remember now!

They only want me to wail and cry in fear and hopelessness as they ride me towards their blissful and blissful pleasure.

But I won't let them. I won't let them. No. No. No. I will not let them. Yes. Yes. My wailing and crying have stopped long ago. A very long time ago.

There is only silence now. And I feel nothing.

Nothing at all.

Nothing at all, aside the madness that whispers in the back of my mind.

Always whisperings and whispering.

Oh God! Oh God! Are you there? Are you really there?

No. He is not. He is not!

Not!

Not!

Not!

I have also stopped answering their questions. I have stopped speaking all together. No sounds escape my throat. No tears coat my dead eyes. My beauty has also faded away with them. That is the truth is it not? The rusty steel that keep me trapped in this place have witnessed everything.

Everything! Everything!

Hehehehehehehe... everything! Yes. Yes. Everything. Dark and damp and cold. All mine.

Mine!

Belonging to my world. My world! The world of darkness. Darkness!

I... I... where am I? How long has I been here? How long? A day? A week? A month? A year? No. It feels like years in this dark and cold and damped place.

The light can never reach me down here, freeing me from this nightmare, and the darkness does not take me into its merciful embrace despite it is everywhere, surrounding me, surrounding me!

Surrounding us!

Who? Who?

Who am I? I am... I am... ah, I remember... I remember now...

I am Marian... Marian... Oxford. I am the heiress to... to... to...

That means nothing there! Nothing here! Nothing in this world!

Ahahahhahahahahhahah...!

Yes. It means nothing in this world. Absolutely nothing in this world. It means nothing to the men who are struggling to live in this world. A world that is already dead. Dead. Gone.

I am dead. I am alive. I am both. There is no power, wealth or prestige here. None can be found. None can be found at all.

But they are not important! Not important! Heheheheh... not important. Yes. All an illusion. All just an illusion leading towards despair. Absolutely despair!

Someone comes. Someone comes!

We are not alone anymore. Not anymore! Isn't that nice Marian? Isn't that nice?

The door to the jailcell opens again, allowing a group of men inside. They are here to have fun again. Fun again! Oh, what wonderful fun this will be.

Aren't you having fun?

No. No. I am not. I am not.

The leading man pulls me off the floor by my golden blond hair, tearing more than a handful.

It hurts. Oh God, it hurts! But. But. But it does not force any kind of reaction for me. Not anymore.

Even if they tear all the hair from my skull, I will not react. I will not react. Nothing they can do to me will elicit a reaction.

Nothing does anymore. Nothing! And it will just grow right back like relentless weeds.

Yes. Yes. Eheheheh. It will grow back. Grow right back. Growing back beautifully like before.

My dead eyes stare straight ahead. Staring straight ahead at the faceless old man before being forced to witness his mutilated neck, chest, stomach and then hips as he lowers my head to where it needs to go.

I did not pay the blood staining his entire body and limbs as his nauseating meat forces itself between my lips and into my mouth and throat as I stare blankly ahead, not focusing on anything particular.

The pungent tastes and smells would have emptied my stomach countless of times before, but it does not anymore.

Not anymore. Not anymore.

There is also nothing to throw up. I have not eaten anything all day and every day aside from... from...

The old man soon let out a faint groan as his malnourished meat spills what little it manages to save up into my mouth and throat. I swallow on reflex, allowing the yellowish milk to settle in my stomach and sate a bit of my hunger.

My hunger. My hunger!

The hunger has always been there with me since the beginning, slowly eating into my body and turning me into a walking husk. But even a walking husk has its usefulness.

Yes. Yes. I still have my usefulness. Isn't that what you want? What you want!? Where are you!? Where are you? You are still watching, aren't you?

Aren't you!? No. You're not watching anymore. You're gone. A figment of my imagination.

Only we are here. Only me and I. Isn't that right?

Ahahahahaha!

"Oh. Oh. Oh!"

The old man grunts and jerks his hips. His arms and legs quickly lose their strength, dropping me onto the grated steel floor. My face lands on its side, spilling my saliva mixed with the yellowish liquids out of the corner of my mouth.

Another person as old as the first crawls on top of me and position himself between my legs. He then tries to push what remains of his manhood inside my body.

He fails several times, but eventually get it done, very dryly.

Pathetic! How pathetic!?

I just stare into the darkness beyond the steel bars as he gets himself off with my body.

A hand forces my head to turn to the side so my mouth could be used. The owner of that hand rewards me with what little he has in him. These are my usual visitors now.

The younger men and teenagers have come to my place less and less until none at all. They are either dead or dying somewhere.

Perhaps it is because my appearance no longer entices them like before.

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

Nothing. Hehehehehe. Nothing. Nothing at all.

Each of the men takes turn with my body. Once they are done, they help each other to try and saw off one of my limbs. It takes them an awful long time to do so.

So pathetic. I can do it faster than them. A lot faster!

Blood erupts as the skin is tore apart by the rusty steel teeth of the saw. Bones eventually grind against the steel while I remain expressionless and unblinking.

I can only sate their hunger for a moment. It can never refill their body and grant them strength. They know this after the first few days. Even so, it is still better than nothing.

Better than nothing. The saw stops as the man takes a breath. Pathetic! Pathetic. They should all die. All of them.

All of them!

Ahahahahaha!

All of them! Yes, all of them. All of them.

Hehehehehehe! Ahahahahahaha! Ahahahahahaha!

I laugh. I laugh and laugh. Laugh until my hands becomes bloody. Laugh until my body coats in blood. Smile until the jailcell is nowhere to be found.

I stare at nothing, staring at absolutely nothing.

Where am I? Where am I?

Why are my hands bloody?

Oh God! Oh God! Why are there so many corpses here!?

Why? Why!?

The bloody axe crashes against the metal floor. The clanging sounds echoed the dreadful hallway. It is filled with severed body parts. Ah there he is. There he is. He has aged so terribly.

So very, very terribly!

Ahahahahahaha. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

What happened? What happen to you? Weren't you in love with me? With me? You have stopped visiting me. Why? Why? Is it because I am not mother? Not mother!?



Why am I kissing a severed head? Oh my God! It's that man. The leader. The one who has brought me here, dragging me through the hallway with countless of jailcells adorned on each side. Those jailcells are emptied now. The occupants are all dead, withering away in the years that passed.

They are all dead

They are all dead! Dead! Dead! Dead!

Ahahahahahaha!

Dead! Dead! Dead!

Everyone is. Everyone is. Only me. Only me remains.

Only me remains. Why? Why!? Why!!?

Tell me. Tell me. Tell me.

A dry moan escapes my throat. I am thirsty. I am so thirsty. I am hungry. I am starving. Where are the men. Where are they? Aren't they going to come and feed me with their bodily fluid? Young or Old. It does not matter. Does not matter! Does not matter anymore!

But they are not coming.

They have stopped coming. All of them. All of them. The young men at first. Then the old men. All of them have stopped coming. They are dead. They are all dead.

Heheheheheh. All dead. All gone.

Only me remains. Only me remains. Forever young. Forever beautiful.

I am hungry, so, so very hungry.

Ah. My fingers taste good. Let me have a bite. Just a bite. Just a small bite. Just a very small bite.

Oh. Oh! Tastes so good. It quenches my thirst too. Quenches my thirst. Let me take another bite. Just another bite. Just a small tiny bite.

But my hunger did not go away. It never did. Not like when I suck out their fluids. Their fluids. Where can I find their fluids? Where? No one is left. No one is left.

I killed them all. No. She has killed them all. She has killed them all!

Ahahahahahahah!

She still laughing. Laughing in the back of my mind. Laughing manically!

My stomach continues to growl as I wander the darkness. Tunnels after tunnels, unendingly. They are leading to nowhere. To nowhere at all. To absolutely nowhere.

Where am I. Where am I?

I am hungry. I am hungry. So hungry. So very hungry.

Hungry! Huh!?

Someone is here. Someone is here. He smells nice. Smell very, very nice. Smell delicious. Delicious!

Meat! Meat! Meat! Meat!

I charge and tackle him. He didn't go down. He didn't go down at all.

Why won't he go down. Down! Down! And let me have a bite. Let me have just a bite. Just a bite. Just a bite to sate my stomach! To quench my hunger! My hunger!

I am so hungry! So hungry!

My teeth clamp down upon his arms, biting into his flesh.

It didn't break!? No blood. No meat! No. Nothing. Nothing. An illusion? An illusion? No, not an illusion. He is not an illusion. Not a man. No, never a man. He is here. He is here!

"Mr. Maxwell."

The only words I have spoken in centuries. In centuries! I have lived for centuries! It feels so long. So very, very long. Oh God! Is this what immortality feels like!? To be forever young. Forever young and beautiful!?

It is torture! Torture! Absolute torture!

Tears finally found themselves in my eyes as I collapse onto floor, submissively.

My spirit is completely broken. And my sanity only returns for this moment. My overwhelming hungers also subsided before him.

"Please forgive me. Please forgive me."

I plead. Pleading remorsefully, so remorsefully. It is the genuine truth. The sincere truth.

It is the only thing that have any real meaning in this dead and desolated world. No wealth. No power. No prestige. No one. Nothing but the desire to be forgiven.

And he smiles. He smiles! Not a devilish smile. A warm and gentle smile!

Not a devil. Not a devil anymore. Never a devil.

"I forgive you, Miss Oxford."