

## Master of Time 116

### Chapter 116 Monsterification

Marian Monroe Oxford has long descended into madness. It is only thanks to Legion that she currently has a moment of clarity. It is also thanks to Legion that she is basically immortal.

The micromachines inside her body has a standing order not to let her die, no matter what. And after they had forced themselves into her mouth, sliding down her throat and pooling in her stomach, they proceeded to replicate and remodel some of her vital organs.

Doing so has allowed Legion to inconspicuously pump vitality liquids directly into her body and organs, thus mending any injuries she had suffered and regenerating any limbs she had lost.

The vitality liquid that has just been mentioned is actually purified Health Potion.

A lot of impurities in the health potion are stripped out thanks to advanced technology. And how did those impurities get there in the first place? If I have to guess, the potion is probably concocted in a cauldron somewhere in an alchemist laboratory.

That sounds fantastical enough.

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And seeing that the vitality liquid has worked as I have theorized, I suppose that this is just one more way of attaining immortality and somewhat pseudo invulnerability. The magical effect will last for as long as the user has vitality liquid in spades to spare.

Nevertheless, it does beat being cloned over and over again in laboratory somewhere. It still pales in comparison to the immortality that I can grant through my power.

Of course, the immortality Marian has isn't solely due to the health potion. There are multiple factors coming into play simultaneously.

As far as I understand, the health potions only heal, mend and restore missing limbs. It does not grant a person longevity and eternal youth. Her youthful appearance is due to the micromachines floating around in her bloodstreams.

Legion is actually keeping her body from aging. Not exactly stopping the aging process completely, but vastly retarding it as much as possible. Therefore, instead of living until she is around 80 to 90 years of age, she will get to live until she is 8000, possibly more.

Immortality is not the same as invulnerability, however.

If Marian is beheaded, she would die.

That is easier said than done, considering that Legion has already armored her neck and head just to prevent such an event from happening. Her captors didn't dare to chop her head off, considering doing so could kill her.

Marian is their unlimited supply of meat as well as sinful pleasure. It is very hard finding someone to fuck during an apocalypse.

Women and children are the first to die once all the plants and animals have perished.

People who had tried to be a decent and moral human being are next on the list because that kind of mindset would be purely stupidity in an apocalypse, leaving only murderers, psychopaths, rapists or similar behind to commit whatever their hearts desire.

If I had dropped Marian off in the year 2000 or so of this reality, she might be able to survive and fend for herself. She would get over her victim mindset and probably take advantage of her immortality to become the leader of sort.

Of course, the end result would be the same. Marian would outlive everyone and be forever alone on this desolated earth.

Everyone is already dead. Mostly dying of starvation. With no plant life remaining, the herbivores are unable to survive. With the gone, so will the omnivores. Humans is obviously the last species to go into the night.

However, this is her punishment, so I don't want to make it easy for her. It also destroys all her beliefs at once. Wealth, power and prestige are meaningless when all said and done.

That is what Marian needs to understand. And I think she understands that in the end, at least in her moment of clarity. That is sufficient.

"I will give you a choice, Miss Oxford. You can forget all of this and become reborn with a new life and a new purpose. All your memory will be wiped completely clean, and you will get to grow up in loving home with a father and mother who love you very much."

This offer would defeat the original purpose of her punishment. However, I have yielded quite a lot of promising result, so it is not completely pointless. I will review everything Legion has recorded through her eyes and from her body.

"Or. You can return to your old life with everything you know now. You will serve me and the cause as your father have done so before you. As for your inheritance, I cannot promise you. That is up to your father and his discretion. I do not want to get involved with your family and its estates."

I look at Marian as her eyes shift.

Legion is unable to contain the growing madness within her mind forever, as it will damage her brain in the process, rendering my offer moot.

Marian launches herself at me once more like a feral animal, but this time, I didn't feel like letting her try to take a bite out of me. So instead, I grab her by the neck and smash her into the ground without needing to hold back.

Bloods erupt out of her mouth as her bones shatter. Her neck would have been broken too if it wasn't for Legion. However, she is only immobilized for roughly about a second before her body is completely healed, allowing her to attack me feverishly again.

It is quite remarkable seeing her body heal in person. More experimentations are needed for a viable product to be produced, but it is looking very promising. Truly immortal soldiers.

That is every single country's dream.

And if Marian has any combat skills and abilities, the madness she has brought to the last survivors of this final human conclave would have over quickly. They did manage to immortalize her several times but that only brought them a brief moment of relief.

"Maximilien Maxwell!"

Marian roars as she launches herself at me once more. A kick sends her crashing into the wall at the far end of the tunnel. The steel door manages to stop her momentum, but sticking her on there.

And before Marian could heal from her grievous wounds, I am already standing before her.

Although I could disable her healing factor, I want to see how much damage her body could withstands before the vitality liquids become ineffective. There is a theoretical limit because health potions just cannot revive the dead, but that limit cannot be reached through amputations.

"It appears that this isn't normal madness talking. You seem to know my name, but unfortunately, I do not know yours."

I question. I am sure she doesn't have a name. A little enquiry into what Legion has recorded tells me Marian simply calls her "she".

I will not call her that since I don't like playing the pronoun game.

"Maximilien Maxwell!"

"Maximilien Maxwell!"

"Maximilien Maxwell!"

Marian roars like a wounded beast. And a huge amount of blood spews out of her mouth immediately afterwards. A well-placed palm thrust to her chest did all of that. I exert just a little bit more strength and turn her innards to mush.

"When I ask, you answer. Do you understand?"

I response and claw my hand, ripping out her chest as well as her ribcage, forcing out a smile upon her face instead of screams and cries.

That is surprising. Marian is enjoying this. Enjoying the pain, immensely.

Marian collapses onto the floor as blood spills everywhere. Her body is being healed rapidly thanks to the vitality liquid flowing through her veins and powering her body. As long as there are vitality liquids, she will heal from any and all wounds, even fatal one.

Her heart is actually on the floor, having fallen out when I tear through her chest. She didn't need it, and she will have a brand new one soon enough. This is also the reason why she is so cleaned. As soon as her body regenerate, she regains her beauty once more.

"I think I will call you Nairam Oxford, as you are somewhat the opposite of Marian."

I decide and pull her off the ground to tear off her arms and legs. Even though they are not cleanly cut by a sharp blade, they also heal as quickly.

"I can't die. I can't die. Ahahahahahahaha!"

Nairam calls out and tries to bite my face off. It is somewhat hilarious and gross at the same time. And I have to rip her jaw off to remove her from my face. I pull her tongue out too since she licks me several times while trying to pierce my skin with her teeth.

"Of course, you can die, Nairam, but I don't want you to, at least not yet. And since ripping your body apart is pointless, I will have a look at that brain of yours huh?"

When I mean that, I didn't mean it literally. There is no need to open her head and take a look at her brain. It will probably not give me anything I need.

Nanomachines surge out of my palm and drill into her temple. As the countless nanomachines infest her brain, I close my eyes and then slowly open them again.

I am no longer standing in the dark corridor of the underground bunker. I am standing in a loving and yet familiar home. I have been here before, many times.

Beautiful melody fills the air as a twelve years old blond-haired girl playing her piano. And sitting next to her is a man in his thirties, guiding her.

"That is very good, sweetheart. I think you have talent for music."

Henry Oxford compliments his daughter. His daughter, however, shakes her head.

"I want to be like you, dad. I want to start my very own company just like you did. It will be huge, huge, with a lot of people I like. You can come and work in my company. I will make you the chairman. And I will be the president!"

Henry Oxford only laughs. He did acknowledge his daughter's entrepreneur dream despite she has a far greater talent at music. I recall that she stops playing the piano shortly after.

I stop paying attention to the Oxford father and daughter as I am not here for such thing. I explore the mansion, searching every room before finding another Marian. She is wearing a much different clothe than the Marian downstairs.

"Hello, Nairam."

I greet. It seems that another personality has fully realized inside Marian. And from the magical energy radiating from her, it isn't just a normal personality. This must be one of the side effects of using the vitality liquids continuously.

"Get out! Get out of my head! Get out of my head!"

Nairam shouts as the mansion begins to crumble. I look at the cracks, spreading across the wall before turning back to face her. The mansion stops crumbling, bringing her to shock. She is terrified now.

"Do you know, Miss Nairam? In a mental battle, the one with the strongest willpower almost always win. Now, tell me, where is that condescending smile of yours?"

I question as I approach her. The mindscape is completely under my control. My willpower is absolute, and against someone who only suffered a fraction of what I had gone through, she is in no position to oppose me.

The mansion soon morphs back into the dark tunnel. And her screams constantly echo the darkness.

Nairam or Marian collapse onto the floor, and to my surprise, dark aura steams out of her body. I have been surprised a lot lately. This is because I have seeing too many weird and crazy things.

For example, this aura feels familiar, and as I reach out a hand, it spirals towards me and crawls up my arms and then entering my chest. My magical core pulses and grows.

I immediately steps away as I realize what it is. It is the same sort of energy that escapes those goblins when they are killed. Except, this energy feels sinister.

I will need to study it first instead of blindly absorb into my magical core. I might create an evil me in the process.

Well... a more eviler me.

But how?

A thought enters my mind and a clear sphere appears in my palm.

I reach out again towards the now unconscious Marian and allow the aura to surge towards me.

But unlike before, the malicious aura enters the sphere instead of going to me and strengthening my magical core. And once all of it is dwelling within the sphere, the sphere is completely pitch black. And within, a small spark could be seen.

I could only smile at my newest prize – a brand new monster core.