

Master of Time 189

Chapter 189 Orders are Absolute POV

As requested, I follow Lu Bu through numerous empty corridors and into an equally empty bathhouse, located at the end of a long and narrow passageway.

There is no one inside the room besides me and Lu Bu, just like there wasn't anyone in the connecting hallways that had led me here.

Nothing really stands out in those corridors. There are no ornaments or murals of any kind. Only well-lit endless hallways of a single shade of color.

Dull grey. Metallic.

Just like in this room with a massive pool in the middle. The water is crystal clear, contrasting the grey color of the floors, ceilings and walls. It is as if the entire room is completely encased in metal, just like an underground prison of sort.

And I am its prisoner. Perhaps, its only prisoner.

Nothing has really changed after all of these years, as I have always been a prisoner, from one master to another since the very day I was born.

It was to my neglected parents at first. They only care about themselves and their social status, failing as parents. Being unable to live up to their high expectation had resulted in a lot of severe punishments and nights of starvation.

I was a mistake. A very big mistake, as my parents had told me repeatedly, especially when they locked me in a room for many days. Even weeks and months.

My parents had never wanted me, confirmed by the fact that I cannot remember a time that either of them had embraced me as their daughter. They never did. They also rarely called me by the very name they had bestowed upon me.

But that mostly because they rarely speaking to me personally. There were many days that I didn't see any of my parents. They were usually off having a party somewhere, leaving me to the servant.

It is also the real reason to why I do not have any brothers or sisters as having any more children would only tie them down and ruin their lavished and carefree lifestyles.

Even when my parents were choking on their own blood, they refused to accept me as their daughter, not even once. Only pure hatred in their bloodshot eyes as they were poisoned to death.

By the very poison that they had feed me bit by bit over the course of many years. It was to the point that I became immune to poison.

Why did my parents hate me that much? Why did they even bring me into this world?

Yet despite the childhood I had to endure, I cried for them. I cried for my parents as they gasped their last breath. The parents that I have always dreamed about, but never truly had in reality.

And when they finally passed away before my tearful eyes, I had attempted to take my own life. There was no reason for me to continue to exist, but I didn't want to go alone into the dark.

I never wanted to be alone. Ever again.

But I didn't join my parents in death. One of my cousins had saved me that day by allowing him inside the dining room. He was my fiancée as well. It was before the marriage between cousins is made illegal in the country.

My fiancée, who was much older than me, had stayed with me in the hospital until I was able to speak once more. But due to the poison that was still lingering in my system, I couldn't talk properly despite wanting nothing more than to confess and tell everyone the truth.

Since I was only a child then, no one really suspected me of poisoning my parents. I was also poisoned, so I cannot be the culprit. It was logically reasonable to assume so.

Besides, my parents had a lot of enemies, who had attempted to take my life on many occasions. Even now, they still do. There is just no end to them regardless of how many I have killed.

Strangely enough, the whole incident with my parents was brushed under the rug, and I inherited my parents' entire estate as well as their social status.

It was thanks to my fiancée, who had told me that I do not need to be fearful of my parents anymore and that he is here for me and will always be with me.

And I believed him. I was free. Free from my parents. Free to be what I wanted to be.

But it was all a lie. An illusion. I never had freedom. Never once in my life.

My fiancée and his family already had plans to kill me once I was married, thus giving him total control of my wealth and estate. That is what he was after all along.

It was hard to fathom how someone so nice and charming can be such a monster, but I supposed that I should have seen it when he raped me while assuring me that it is his right as my eventual husband.

He was my husband, and I thought that was normal. I was young and naïve then, not even of legal age to do anything. I had absolutely no power to do anything.

I was merely a prisoner. Then and now.

No one ever came to my rescue just like no one ever did when my parents were alive. Everyone that I knew looked at me as if I am a prize to be possessed. My relatives didn't even try to hide their greed and hunger in the ways they looked at me.

Even the man, who I had probably ever loved, see me as a possession. Something that he can discard at any time he chooses.

And once more, I traded one master for another and became a prisoner in my very own home, waiting day after day for the marriage that I had pleaded with him. I wanted a proper wedding despite already being married to him on paper.

If I was to die, I had preferred to die on my own term, not his. Not anyone. Death seemed to be calling for me, and I wanted to enter its embrace. To be free from everything. To be free from life.

I just wanted to end it all just like when I poisoned my parents, but I refused to die alone. Why must I die alone and let others live in luxury and comfort?

I was lonely enough already.

So, I did just like what I had done with my parents, years before, I poisoned everyone I had ever known on my wedding day, including the children. It was before setting the building alight, burning everything into ashes.

Despite having what I had wanted, I couldn't help but cry at the altar while my white dress was masked in blood even though no one else but me could see the blood, including my husband.

The horror expression he had on as I cradle lifeless body in my arms remain vividly in my memory. He had never loved me, not once, but I did love him despite how he had treated me.

I was ready to die with him, but he did not. He never did. Everything that he vowed was a complete lie.

My entire life was a lie from the moment I was born to the day I thought I would finally die and enter the blissful embrace of death.

Yet, the inferno didn't take me it had taken everyone else. It spared me even though I had never asked for it. Even death did not want me.

And for the next few months afterwards, the doctors did their very best to drain all of my money and wealth in order to keep me alive and suffering.

I could barely awake for more than a few minutes at a time. Even so, death refuses to give me mercy, as he did not want me just like my parents didn't want me. Just like my husband didn't want me.

No body truly wanted me as me. They always wanted someone else.

And only when my money had finally run out that the doctors finally let me go. Not letting death takes me, but letting the world see what a horrifying monstrosity that I had become.

I couldn't recognize the creature staring back at me in the mirror. I had become so disfigured by their pointless and unending surgeries. Surgeries that I didn't need to want. I just wanted to die.

Just to die, yet they refused to let me that bit of mercy.

I hated them. I hated them for letting me see what I truly am, a monster, and as much as I wanted to kill myself, I couldn't. I just couldn't, not when so many people living happily, laughing and joking.

They all deserved to suffer as I had and reduced to what I was.

I had nothing left. I had no home. No family. No one. I had become a nobody that no one ever wanted, and I believed that was probably the best thing that had happened in my entire life, as those faceless men had come and restored me into something much better.

Something that I should have embraced in the first place.

So many people like me died in the process, but I didn't. I endure, as death didn't want me. Never has, no matter how many times I wanted to die.

Since death didn't want me, I have grown to not wanting him anymore.

And when I was able to see myself in the mirror once more, I still couldn't recognize the monster that is looking back at me. Even so, it has a human face now, not some sort of disfigure abomination.

I was happy. Very happy. It wasn't only because I look like a person again, but it was also because I get to see my own face everywhere that I had looked. It was as if I had many sisters who I had never knew about.

And those days were probably the happiest days of my life.

But like everything, it did not last, for she appeared.

Dreadful and suffocating. Her very presence brought back an emotion that I had casted away. Fear. It was fear. She is a true monster, capable of unimagine atrocities, far more than I could never have the stomach to do.

She tears through anyone and everyone as if their lives are meaningless. My life is meaningless despite having just found some sort of meanings.

It was when I have started to fear death. Fear of losing what I finally gained ever since I was born. An actual family.

How many of my sisters had she killed at her displeasure? How many plead for mercy, only to become something out of a nightmare.

I wanted to live. To continue to live. To continue being a part of the family, a family that dwindling by each day until only I remain.

Even my family is gone, I remain prostrated, trying to climb the ladder and gain some sort of status. If I continue to live, I believe that my family they would too through me.

Through my own reflection even though I hate her face so much.

But no matter how high I have climbed and no matter how many people I have killed, I continue to be at the bottom, prostrating and struggling to live. Not for myself anymore, but for another.

For her. The life of Xi Shi.

I am her in every way, beautiful and deadly like she has wanted. I am never anyone else, not now and in the future.

Never ever.

I honestly don't even remember my birth name anymore.

The very name that my parents had bestowed upon me. It is the only thing that they had gifted me in my entire life, and despite how they had treated me, I had cherished that name until it had been taken away by my master.

My master. Who is that now? I don't know anymore.

There are just so many monsters in the world. More monstrous than me regardless of how much of a monster I have become.

"There is no other master than the Master, Xi Shi. His command is absolute and preceded everything else. If he tells you to die, you have no choice but to die. There is no other option."

Lu Bu speaks up as if he could read my mind.

It is the same as that Shinobi, who didn't even give me his name. His powers are terrifying. He manages to kill an infector, something that not even those higher up on the ladder are capable of.

He is a true monster.

And from the look of it, Lu Bu is also the same kind of monster. A monster that I hope I would be able to become one day. Maybe then, I can finally take revenge.

"Yes."

I answer and bowing my head in submission.

It is expected of me, who is at the bottom of the ladder. I am always at the bottom even if I managed to climb one. Another ladder would just greet me. Endlessly.

But this ladder seems to reach places much higher than the organization, so I will climb it despite how fearful I am.

It only takes a light nudge from those above, and I will be at the bottom again. I must not offend them, ever. Never.

"There is actually no need for any of that, Xi Shi. The Master has acknowledged you, so therefore, we are of the same rank despite the vast differences between our respective strength. Although, you may call me senior brother if you wish, considering that I was acknowledged by the Master before you."

Lu Bu tells me with a faint smile. He also pays some attentions to my naked body. The same attention that the Shinobi with telekinesis and telepathy did.

Strangely, neither of them has acted on their desire unlike so many others. Those men had all died for it due to the venom within my body, capable of dissolving anyone to nothing very quickly.

Lu Bu chuckles as if he is mocking my venomous ability.

"Yes, I am, junior sister. That level of poison isn't capable of hurting someone like me. And the reason that I did not bend you over and have my way with you, it is because of a simple rule. A rule that you must abide by unless you wish to feel the wrath from the Master. Obviously, it isn't the only rule that you must obey."

Lu Bu points out, making me curious.

I would need to know these rules in order not to break them. I do not wish to be punished for anything, especially when I could avoid it.

"In that case, please guide me, senior brother."

I request and give him a sincere bow.

"Of course, I will, junior sister. I am actually happy to learn that you are as smart as you are pretty."

Lu Bu compliments with a smile.

"As for the rule, you will learn them all after the mission, but here are a few important ones. No fucking while on the job or I will have your balls. Always be respectful and speak your mind clearly. Answers when being asked and do not bullshit or I will make you eat shit for real."

Lu Bu continues before becoming amused about something. I wasn't sure what he is thinking exactly, but I think it was because of what happened with the Shinobi.

Even now, I could still feel the pain all over my body.

"You are lucky that you only get flayed, Xi Shi. People have suffered much worse than you can imagine, and even death will not save you from the Master. Trust me on that."

Lu Bu points out and then looks at the pool. Steams begin to rise from the surface.

"Now. Please clean yourself and make yourself presentable. We have a mission to do, and we should try to look our very best."

He adds before taking a seat by the poolside. He is intending to watch me taking a bath from the look of it. It wouldn't be the first, so I shouldn't be bothered by it.

"Don't mind me. I have to keep an eye on you. Master's order."