

Master of Time 199

Chapter 199 The Coin of Erosire

My confusion dissipates quickly, and the first thing on my mind is finding out where Antigone is.

While I do not fear for her safety since Legion is with her, taking the form of her clothing and protecting her if needed be, I am still very concern for her wellbeing. Very concerned.

It is natural for me to be concerned, as she is my daughter. My biological daughter.

And if I have to choose between Antigone and any of my other daughters, I rather choose them both, as I am very capable of saving them both due to who I am. More correctly to say, what I am.

I am the Aspect of Time.

Not really sure why I had asked myself that philosophical question, as I would never allow anything to happen to any member of my family, at least the one who I have acknowledged. That doesn't mean I wouldn't let anything bad happen to them at all.

Pains and sufferings will make them grow and become a stronger person. To live is to endure tragedy and tribulation, but not so much that their mind literally breaks, forcing to start from scratch again.

There is actually a limit to how much pains and sufferings a normal person can take before their mind break, as indicated by Marian Oxford. She gives birth to Nairam Oxford as a coping mechanism.

Luckily, Antigone will never have to go through any of that. At the moment, she is sleeping peacefully in the adjacent room. She has no idea what had just happened a moment ago, at least I think so from her complete lack of reaction.

Antigone usually reacts if she knows something is wrong, especially in regard to me and my wellbeing, and that is probably why I love her so much. She cares for me, so I reciprocate. It is simple as that.

And I suppose it is better for Antigone to not know anything, as she is just a baby right now, and I think she should grow up normally, in a loving family home. Or as loving as I can provide for her. I wouldn't want another Adria to happen.

Regardless, I wonder how did I manage to pass out in the hallway and has to be brought here into the school infirmary? That part remains blank in my mind.

Even Selene herself did not have an answer for me as nothing out of the ordinary happens biologically, at least as according to the nanomachines within my body.

The nanomachines even take the time that I had passed out to continue augmenting my body, making me more of an evolved human. However, I think they are reaching the limit of their ingenuity, at least from their understanding of human physiology.

So far, they have been figuring things out on their own, taking many small steps towards transforming me into a biological perfection, but those steps are getting smaller and smaller.

So small that I believe they can no longer proceed on their own.

That means the nanomachines need more data and information on evolved human physiology in order to make some real progress with enhancing my body and mind further.

But that is kind of impossible, considering that there is nobody more biologically advanced or evolved than me in the present time. Or even in the near future.

It has to be very far into the future, assuming that humanity survives long enough for a psionic capable person to be born.

It seems unlikely without me guiding humanity every step of the way, just so they don't kill themselves and destroy the world, and if I jump into the future, it would be a future without me guiding them.

Yes. That is a problem, preventing me from kidnapping someone or likely a bunch of innocent people from the future just to experiment upon and analyze, all in order to further advance my own evolution.

Is it evil? Of course, it is, but their sacrifices will not be in vain. They will help humanity reaches its full potential.

Still, it is a very risky venture, as psionic powers are not something that can be defended against. How do you stop someone from reading your mind or snapping your neck without ever being near you?

It is just like how do someone defend themselves from my power? They cannot unless they somehow nullify it like Terra Discordia did or knock me out.

And it seems that knocking me out isn't as hard as I first initially had thought despite all the technology and power at my disposal. Fuck! This is a huge problem!

Legion did not detect anything technological or magical either, so I have to assume that it is probably spiritual or something else entirely. Actually, scratch spiritual part since I did not really sense any kind of spiritual energy.

Therefore, from everything that I know and experience, it could only be one thing, and that alone does make me extremely cautious. Did I mention extremely? Very.

I sigh inwardly while maintaining my expression. I need to confirm whether my assumption is actually the truth.

"Usually people ask what happened, but not you, Mr. Maxwell. Can you tell me why that is?"

George Collins asks me, making me frown deeply. It is because that unsettling feeling returns, probably trying to bend my will and make subservient.

And once more, Legion cannot detect anything. He probably doesn't have to as it is clear as day.

Even though I am unsure how it is possible, I am more than certain that George himself has something to do with it. I recall his exact words in the hallway, telling me that I am unwell and that I need to see a doctor.

Obviously, I am not unwell, and I certainly do not need to see a doctor. Even if I somehow need to see one, no doctor in the world can really help me with any of my medical problem, but I suppose it is not really a bad thing since the school doctor is a babe.

The doctor isn't someone I had expected to see in an elementary school. In any educational institution for that matter, as she is far too beautiful and charming to waste her life and youth here.

And without even pulling up her profile to review, I am sure that she is a model of some sort. I did pull up her profile anyway, just to understand her entire history and motivation.

Again. Just like everyone in this school, the woman is not working here on her own freewill. It appears that she is also being mind-controlled like the others, and she doesn't even know it herself. Everything seems normal to her, just it is normal to everyone else in school.

Not even I can mind-control people like that.

Wait. Am I being mind-controlled?

I do not know as whatever knocks me out is not biological, technological, magical or even spiritual.

It is actually a Power. The same kind of power that Zeus and Zephyr wield. The Power of Lightning and Ice respectively. That is with capitalized letters.

Honestly, Power-based abilities are really a class on their own. A reality-warping class as they do bend reality to the will of the user. Zeus and Zephyr manifests their element out of nothing, not to mention instantly, thus it cannot be anything but warping reality.

That alone presents a huge problem for me and the world, not to mention that I am unable to defend myself against them, especially when they are not physical-type attacks.

Attacks that I can see coming just like a lightning bolt or an ice spear.

The Power George uses does not need a medium to travel though, at least it does seem so at first, but I think his power is sound-based. This is because the unsettling sensation only appears when he speaks to me, especially when he is asking me to do something for him.

Interesting.

If that is exactly the case, then I can block it. I guess I will need to experiment to be certain, and George doesn't seem like someone who could outsmart and outthink me, but I guess having the power to tell anyone what to do or what to think does make him complacent.

Something that will be his downfall.

"That is because I already know what had happened, Mr. Collins. The last thing that I recall was talking to you in the hallway, so I suppose that I must have passed out somehow and was brought here to the infirmary."

I answer his question and hold off calling for Zeus and Zephyr.

It isn't the pride talking, as there is no shame in requesting support, especially from people who I have considered to be my teammates. I did help them fight off those spiritual beasts after all.

I didn't call for their help since I believe there is no need to bother them with something like this, given that Mr. Collins doesn't know exactly who or what I am.

He doesn't even know what I am truly capable of.

If he did, he wouldn't be talking to me so casually like this.

And is there a point in knocking me out in the first place?

Selene tells me that nothing really happens during the time I was unconscious. The hot doctor standing there didn't even take my temperature or extract my blood. Not that she will be able to find anything out of ordinary with me.

But till, I assume that she would, considering that her master, Mr. Collins took the trouble of knocking me out. It must take him quite an effort since his power is not as effective on me as it does on normal people.

Could be due to what I am.

But in any case, I will get my answer as soon as the micromachines invade his brain.

All of his secret will be mine.

Maybe I should infest everyone in the school just in case. I didn't bother to at first because it isn't that great to know exactly what everyone is thinking, and they do think about a lot of things. And I do mean a lot. Mostly random things too.

I am also guilty of this fact, but it is expected for me since there are plenty of things that I need to keep track of. Things like what stages are each of my plans is at, and what I can do to speed them up without fucking it up.

There is also another reason why I don't infest everyone with micromachines, effectively allowing me to take everyone as hostages and making them do whatever I want.

It infringes on my principle of freewill. Simple as that.

Also, someone somewhere somewhen will eventually notice those micromachines in everyone. They aren't exactly invisible under a microscope, and even if I somehow cloak them, they will also show up as something invisible.

But for George and people like him, I will make an exception. Not mind-control him like he is trying to do to me, but to learn everything I need to learn.

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Collins. Um. May I ask where my daughter is?"

I add and try to get off the bed.

"Your daughter is safe in the next room, Mr. Maxwell. Please have a rest first. You actually just have a concussion of sort. It happens when you collapse onto the floor in the hallway."

George tells me, and I narrow my eyes at him.

This is because he had state it like it is the truth, and through whatever power he is using, I am actually inclined to believe him despite being completely aware that isn't what happened.

That unsettling feeling comes again. I am sure it will happen whenever his power tries to take hold of my will and bending it to his. It will not be as easy as before since I am aware of what he is doing now.

"Really, Mr. Collins?"

I rub my head and tell Selene to block my hearing and filter out all the incoming sound electronically, as I want to test whether his power works indirectly.

"Yes, Mr. Maxwell. You hit your head pretty hard."

George tells me, and my brain throbs, indicating it didn't matter whether he is speaking to me directly or indirectly. His power will still take hold, and that is troublesome.

For the next test, I have Selene listens and relays to me instead. His power should not affect someone like Selene, as she is a machine, and even if it does, his question isn't directed at Selene, so it shouldn't affect her as she is not the recipient.

"Ah. I see, but I am perfectly fine, and besides, I do have places I need to be and people I need to kill."

I comment before blinking.

"Ah. Sorry, I mean people I need to talk to."

I correct with a sadistic smile. That slip is on purpose, just to take back a bit of control. He truly believes that he is in control of me, but when it is me. I am always in control.

"That does not seem like a mistake. What do you mean, Mr. Maxwell? Are you some kind of hitman?"

George Collins asks, and when his word is relayed through Selene, I feel no unsettling sensation.

And that is a good thing. Since it works for me, it will definitely work for other people, thus rendering his power completely useless.

I also need to make a note in Hydra Network about this, just in case someone else has the same power, allowing them to control my people, turning them against me. It will be fucking a mess if that happens, not to mention breaking my trust in them.

"You don't need to know that, Mr. Collins."

I response and gesture my hand dismissively.

"Yes, I do. And you will tell me, Mr. Maxwell. I demand it."

George Collins is very serious, and from what the micromachines manage to read, he is very confused to why his power doesn't work on me. It works on everyone, at least everyone that he has talked to.

"You don't want to know, Mr. Collins, but I will tell you as soon as you tell me how you are doing that, making me listen to you? Is it some kind of hypnotic technique?"

I point out, making him flinch. A lot of things go through his mind, and Selene filters out the important stuff for me. I learn that it is in fact due to an ability.

And it is that ability that allows him to persuade anyone. Anyone who is listening to him.

As to where he manages to acquire such an ability despite not being an evolved himself, it is not known yet as the micromachines need to dig a bit deeper into his memory.

George Collins is startled. He gets up from his seat and looks wide-eye at me.

"Why are you surprised, Mr. Collins? Surely, you don't think that you are the only one who can make others do what you want. I can do it to, but my method is a bit more painful."

I point out and direct the micromachines to dig into his brain. The moment they did, he screams utterly in pain and collapses onto the floor, holding his head.

There is no need to be lenience against someone like him. Someone who dares to mind-control others, stripping away their freewill. Well. Not all of their freewill, as the hot doctor also screams, not knowing what is happening.

"Can you please be quiet, Miss. Lewis."

I tell her and cast a sleeping spell on her. Without any resistance to magic, she immediately drops onto the floor and enters the dream world.

As for Mr. Collins himself, I wait for the micromachines to completely infested his brain before I speak up again.

"Please get up and take a seat, Mr. Collins. I need to kill you. I mean have a chat with you. Oh, I might or might not kill you afterwards, but it depends entirely on you."

I tell him, and the micromachines forces him to get up and take a seat despite the horror looks on his face. Of course, he is trying to fight against the micromachines, but that will only cause brain damage.

"H-how are you doing this!? Do you have the same ability as me? He said there are many people with this ability."

The man groans. He is allowed to speak and think freely, as it much easier for Legion to pinpoint critical information within that brain of his. The brain is very complex after all, as Mother Nature intends it to be.

"He? Please tell me who he is, Mr. Collins."

I question. I really hate the pronoun game. I mean I hate it when it is played against me. I love it when I play it against other people, making them keep on guessing.

"I don't know. He calls himself the Primordial Sins of Lust!"

I am taken back. A Primordial!? Shit. There is one in this reality!? I really don't want to run into one right now, not from what I know of them. Their powers rival that of Aspects, and unlike me, they have full access to their powers.

However, I calm myself once I realize it has been years since he had met a Primordial. Not really meet in person, but rather through an object. An object that he had found.

"Please take out that precious item that you always carry with you, Mr. Collins. The one that you found at a garage sale in a beautiful ornate chest."

I request, and the man has no choice but to take out the Coin of Erosire.

It is the last one, as two of the coins have already been used by others.