

Master of Time 201

Chapter 201 Power of Absolute Command

I have made a mistake. A terrible mistake.

And in doing so, I am trapped here in this memory. A memory that is not mine by any mean, yet I will have to live and experience it as if it is mine.

It is to the point that I feel like I am actually George Collins, the original owner of this memory.

This is his life. The life that he had lived between 1970 to 1990, and I have all of his memory as well as his experience and personality. His anger and frustration. His desire and dream. All intermingling with my own, creating a lot of confusions when I had first found myself in a hospital bed with broken arms.

Luckily, I am aware of what is happening. If not, I would have assumed that I am George Collins without a shred of doubt in my mind.

That would not be a good thing, given that I would actually cease to be Maximilien Maxwell.

I am not George Collins. I am Maximilien Maxwell. I am the Aspect of Time. One of the most beings in the entire universe. No. The entire multiverse.

And to think that I am being trapped here in this memory, unable to escape regardless of what I do or do not do. It is frustrating, so incredibly frustrating.

But honestly, I didn't expect a Primordial to have the power to pull my consciousness into this memory and keeping me trapped here despite the Primordial being just a memory in itself.

That begs a question of how can a memory do something like this?

And is it even a memory?

Perhaps it is not, as it quickly becomes aware of where it is and what is happening before immediately turning the table on me, resulting in my current inescapable predicament.

All of this happens because I just want to learn something concrete about the Primordial, and it never occur to me that a memory of it could have this much power. Power to trap me here. It feels unreal.

Maybe I should start thinking that anything is possible with the Primordial as well as the Aspects. That also means I was beyond overpowered when I had all of my powers. Damn. Just damn.

I have to regain all of that power again.

"Is there something wrong, Georgie?"

My mother asks. Well. Not my mother exactly as my mother is Stephanie Connors, not Melissa Collins, the woman who is driving me away from the hospital. The woman who I do love very much. She would go through hell and back for me, and perhaps, I would to in return.

Therefore, it is hard to think of her anything but my mother, especially when I do have all the memory of George Collins. His emotions and desires too. So much intoxicating emotions and desires.

I wonder what happen to the real George Collins. Did he just get erased by Erosire?

It didn't appear to be so, considering the Primordial Sin of Lust states that killing him would be rather meaningless. Why would that be the case? The more I think about this, the more questions I have.

Questions that I cannot really get any answers to at the moment, being trapped here like this.

Maybe I should stop thinking about it for a while.

It will clear my mind and help me find a real solution to this huge problem of mine. An incredibly huge problem of mine, and I do mean more than one thing.

Honestly, how do I get rid of this erection?

Nothing I do make it goes away, including manipulating time itself. Yes. I still have access to my power, allowing me to realize who I am.

I am the Aspect of Time.

Even so, my power doesn't help me break out of this prison. This memory that Erosire locks me in, but for what? That part still puzzles me.

"No. There is nothing wrong, mum. I was just thinking about something else."

I answer Melissa with a faint smile. I have tried almost everything to break out of this memory, which includes straight up murdering her in the most cruel and unusual way.

It obviously didn't work, but her agonizing death proves to me that she is very real, as real as any living person in the real world. So much so that I dislike murdering her very much, at least again. A few times is more than enough.

It is just to make sure that her death isn't a trigger. It isn't, or I wouldn't still be here.

Nevertheless, her death is still a trigger for something else. A reset trigger, forcing me to actually relive the memory over again, starting from the point when I had found myself in the hospital bed with both of my arms in casts.

That wasn't very fun, considering I cannot speed time up or jump to the point where I had messed up, just so I don't have to be utterly bored.

Killing Melissa is not the only reset trigger either. Killing random people also trigger the memory rest, and that includes killing that fucker who actually called himself my father.

I, as George Collins, have never ever considered him as my father. Not even my stepfather. Or anyone within my family. He is not worthy. Just like the sperm-donor.

In any case, killing him out of hatred and spite resets the memory, pissing me off so much that I murder him again and again just because. I eventually stop doing that since there is no point.

I also stop calling Hydra and activating contingency plans, as that also trigger a reset. In fact, anything that deviate from the original memory causes a reset, torturing me with boredom as I have to repeat everything from when I was in the hospital bed again.

Honestly, I hate redoing thing exactly again. Well, not exactly as I can deviate a little, as long as it didn't change the outcome.

That means despite not really wanting to go with my mother, I have to. Doing anything else would be deviating from the original memory, thus causing a reset. Fuck! That is bullshit.

And strangely enough, I have no problem of enforcing this very rule on the actual man, George Collins when I mind-probe his mind for information.

That was necessary as his mind helps me search for thing much more comprehensively. Downloading his mind into a digital repository before analyzing it doesn't give me the full picture. Only most, and it is not the same.

In any case, it is different when I am enforcing the rule on other in compare to the rule being enforced upon me. It just restricts my movement a lot despite the world within this memory feels so real.

It is so alive.

And if I didn't know any better, I would have assumed that this is an alternate reality. A reality where I am George Collins instead of Maximilien Maxwell.

Shit. That is disconcerting. Very disconcerting.

Being trapped here in this memory... this mindscape... is one of the many ways of incapacitating me. I am not invincible by any mean, and I know there are many ways of making me dead.

Not actually dead, but it might as well be because I am unable to do anything else while being trapped in here like this. Even Selene and Legion are unreachable, preventing from accessing all of my toys.

Then again, any huge deviation from the original memory causes it to reset, so even if I have access to Selena and Legion, they will not be able to help me escape out of here, just like my temporal power.

Damn it. I guess the only thing that I can rely on are my knowledge and ingenuity.

Actually, there is one more tool at my disposal. It is the same tool that was given to George Collins by the Primordial Sin of Lust. The tool that I had falsely claimed to have in the real world.

"What are you thinking about, Georgie?"

My mother questions, as she continues to drive the car towards our new home. She has actually filed a divorce and left that ass, and I am glad that she did. It only takes her a few long years.

If it was me, I gut the fucker before leaving.

"I am just thinking about the house that we are heading to, mum."

I tell her as I flip the gold coin between my fully-healed fingers. It is the Coin of Erosire. More correctly, it is a summoning medallion. The same one that was found inside the ornate box, which was destroyed by Eric Chou and his gang.

As George Collins, I loathe Eric Chou, and I loathe everyone associated with him. The hatred and anger burn to my very core.

But I am unable to do anything about it at the moment, as seeking out Eric and his buddies to torture them to death for what they did to me would be deviating from the original memory, at least not until it is time for them to die.

They will get what is coming to them. They will all get what is coming to them, as I already know what will happen. Of course, since I can deviate a little, I will certainly enjoy it when it is time.

"What about it, Georgie? It is a nice house, and I have managed to get it for pretty cheap."

My mother points out, gaining my attention. Despite the harsh years, she still retains her appearance and attractiveness. A lot more attractive than she should now due to the curse. I am just so goddamn horny.

Horny to the point that I cannot really think straight.

This is the curse that George Collins is talking about. The uncontrollable lust, and if I do not find a way to release it, it will eventually consume my mind, and I will truly cease to exist then.

Is this what it feels like being affected by the Primordial Sin of Lust?

It is torture, as no one wants to be horny all the time. All the fucking time, especially when I don't have time to fuck around. Although, I do fuck around a lot. Not just fucking.

Ahem.

"No. It is not that, mum. I am thinking what I am going to do there at the house, and I prefer not to do it, but I know I will have to, as I really have no choice in the matter whatsoever."

I answer my mother with a frown. While it is true that as long as I do not deviate from what had already happened much then it should be fine, but that doesn't mean I should enjoy it. Yet somehow, I know I will enjoy it.

Enjoy giving into my ever-growing lust.

Perhaps, I am glad that I can find some enjoyment in this, as it does keep the boredom away. Repeating myself over and over again while listening to the same crap with ever reset is driving me insane.

I try not to deviate too much, so the memory does not get reset, forcing me to start this whole fucking journey from the hospital again. It is like being stuck in a time loop.

A time loop that I cannot escape from.

Since there is no escape, I will play it until the end, as when I, as George Collins finally meets Maximilien Maxwell, that is where the memory ends. It is where I allow George Collins to be free from his burden, and it will probably free me too.

Probably. Who knows. I will see whether that is the case.

It will be a bit more than 14 years from now. Shit. That is kind of fucking long. A fucking long ass time, but it isn't like I haven't spend decades doing practically nothing. Still, that was on my own will. This is not by my own will.

I am being forced to by the Primordial Sin of Lust.

I will make you pay for this, Erosire. I will. Mark my word.

The house that my mother has brought for us to live in isn't huge, but it does have a large office in the converted walkout basement. The previous owner must have spent a lot of time there since there are piles after piles of paper and documents.

"I was meaning to clean all of this up, Georgie, but I didn't have time."

My mother tells me, making me smile weakly. She didn't have time because of me and my problems.

I have always caused so much trouble for her, and I truly wish to repay her. Repay my mother by being someone she can rely upon. That is what George had believed.

And that is what I believe at the moment.

"I will help you, mum. It is the least I can do since I am living here now."

I tell my mother with a smile. I am planning to sell the store to pay the mortgage on the house, as I do not need it anymore, considering the Commandment at my disposal.

Commandment is not a power, but an ability granted by the Primordial Sin of Lust.

It is also not a unique ability either from the look of it. George Collins is not someone who could handle a real Power. The wielder of Power must be powerful themselves. That is what I understand.

"Just the two of us, Georgie."

My mother tells me, making me instantly hard. Damn it. Calm down junior. Calm down.

In order to not give into my growing lust, I quickly head off to another section of the house and as far away from my mother as possible. It is not much of a deviation since I will be spending the next four to five days, cleaning up.

Despite that, it is hard to avoid my mother, especially when living in the same household.

This is actually torturing, as I basically have a boner all day long. A boner that even masturbating didn't get rid of. In fact, it makes me even more hornier. Goddamn it. I will make you pay for this, Erosire!

On the first day, I help my mother catalogue all the old furniture and paintings. The previous owner of the place practically sold it with everything still inside. They don't worth much, so they will just go into storage.

On the second day, I examine the library, finding a lot of dusty books here and there. I read through a few just to keep my mind off my boner. Most of the books are normal books that everyone owned on their bookshelves, but some are not.

It appears that the previous owner was part of a cult or something similar. No. More like a Satanist.

I confirm this by looking into the past with my temporal bubble technique, seeing many people coming and going from the place. They also gather together at night, chanting some kind of mantra.

This is all new information as George never figures this out. He didn't care about these things like me, as he had spent a lot of his time spying on his mother due to his uncontrollable lust. He needed a huge release, just like I do right now.

Honestly, to be able to last this long with Commandment ability at his disposal, I have to respect him, even if I don't really want to.

It is also time to test out the Commandment, as I recall that George actually did about this time.

George should have tested out the ability a lot earlier than this, but the shock and fear of being crushed spiritually by merely in the presence of a Primordial didn't really go away until now.

As for me, I am not shocked or anything of the sort. Just pissed off for being trapped here in this damn memory, where my freedom is restricted.

"Mum?"

I call my mother as I enter the kitchen. She is leaning over the sink and cleaning it, and as she did so, I try my best not to stare at her bubbly butts. It is very enticing. Very.

"Yes, Georgie?"

My mother questions after she turns around to see me.

"I need to use the car."

I tell her, and my mother raises a brow.

"Georgie. Please tell me that you aren't seeing that girl again. She is no good for you."

My mother tells me. The girl that she is referring to is Helen, my future wife. Also, the same slut who is burning away all of my money in the future.

I will marry her in a couple of years, but it is more of a lustful relationship than an actual marriage. She is also not the mother of my daughter. The mother of my daughter is actually the person standing in front of me right now.

My mother.

Yes. Becky is a product of incest. It is a secret that George Collins want to hide, and he did succeed as Shield didn't even know.

"Mum. Raise your hand. Raise it high up above your head for me."

I order her.

"Okay, Georgie."

My mother did without any protest. She is under the influence of my Commandment ability, but unlike George himself, it doesn't really make me smile.

"I need to use the car, and you will allow me to use it. Actually, from now on, when I ask for something, just say yes. It saves time. And yes, I am going to see Helen, and this time, it will be different. I swear it. You shouldn't worry about her anymore. You can also put your hand down now."

I tell my mother. She did so.

"Mum, can I use the car?"

I question again, but this time without resorting to my Commandment.

"Sure. Have fun with your girlfriend, Georgie."

My mother answers me.