

Master of Time 207

Chapter 207 To Summon a Demon

Spending the whole night together with Pauline is exactly what I did.

But if I want to be technical about it, it is more like spending the whole night inside of her. She is more or less a mean for me to get rid of my unending erection despite realizing that there is probably more to her story than meet the eyes.

It is fairly obvious from all the photos hanging around the house. Also, the unoccupied bedroom down the hallway is filled with belongings of a child.

A deceased child, most likely. Her child.

While I am somewhat curious just because, I am not curious enough to ponder about it for more than a few short moments. The private life that Pauline has lived is no concern of mine.

I probably wouldn't see Pauline again any time soon after today.

George Collins certainly did not, and I am merely following his footsteps. Not exactly the same footstep obviously, as that is kind of impossible. And even it is possible to retrace his steps exactly, I would not want to.

Doing anything exactly again is fucking boring.

Having said that, major events must happen when it should, or it would cause a divergence. In fact, it is already a divergence since George did not sleep with Pauline overnight and wake up in her bedroom with his cock buried pretty deep inside her cunt.

But this would consider a minor divergence. I have learned that a reset will not happen if I manage to stop the ripple effect. While fucking Pauline all night is something that I did on my own will, as long as she does not remember it, it would be fine.

It would probably still be fine if she remembers it but did not tell anyone about it. It really all depends on how many people are affected. Too many people will obviously be unsalvageable, thus causing an unavoidable reset.

"H-how?"

Pauline utters as she lay flatly on her stomach against the bedsheets. I, on the other hand, is redressing myself. Not necessary if I use my power to reverse my state of dress, but it is a choice.

And sometimes, it is better to do thing normally. Makes me feel humans.

Besides, relying on my power ways too much for minor things like this make me susceptible to things that I should stay clear from, such as laziness and entitlement.

I pay the woman some attention, especially her cum-coated rear. I did quite a number on her ass right after I had fun with splitting her pussy. She is still pretty tight.

Or maybe, I am just huge. Probably the huge part is more likely.

"How are you doing this?"

Pauline questions again and tries to see me.

I did not answer her since there is really no need to. It did not really matter whether she knows about my power or not as her mind would be wiped.

However, I do like wasting time on people who I would never meet again.

"You don't need to know, Pauline."

I response and button up my shirt before looking at the dressing mirror. It is quite disturbing to see an all unfamiliar face looking back at me. The face of a much younger George.

The man had really let himself go in the next decade and a half. He becomes quite a fat slob, enjoying being surrounded by beautiful women who will do his bidding without question.

Sounds like a dream, but it will likely become quite boring.

Life only have meaning if there is a goal or something similar. Just another reason why I want to head Terra Entertainment instead of letting one of my underlings do it. Plus, there are some thing that I do want to change personally, for better or worse, as according to my vision.

In any case, I wonder whether I could actually stop myself from becoming overweight and smell like a sweating potato. It would be a divergence, but not that much, really. My appearance shouldn't affect anything major, at least I do not think so.

It isn't like George Collins become a celebrity or something.

And if it does, I can always dismiss people with my Commandment ability. Speaking of which, it is time to make Pauline forgets a really fun night that we had together. More fun for me since it is considered rape.

I haven't done that in while, and most of the time, people simply throw themselves on me for one or more reasons. Give head to get ahead sort of thing.

"Alright, it is time to -

I begin while channeling my mind-control ability. It is not necessary, but it does make my request a lot stronger. Activating the Commandment is as simple as breathing. I have used it so many times already, on a number of people. Mostly people who had disrespected me one way or another.

"You can mind control people just like him..."

Pauline interrupts me, causing me to arch a brow.

There is another person with the same kind of ability as me out there?

Now that is interesting, but expected, considering there are 2 more Coins of Erosire out there.

But does that mean each bearer of the coin has the same ability? If so, am I immune to their commands just like I am to mine. If not, how will I be able to stop them without falling under their commands? There are so many questions.

Actually, it would be pretty easy to find out.

"Him? Who is he?"

I question. Knowing is half the battle. Who had said that, I wonder?

"He is a murderer... a mass murderer. He has taken the only thing that matters most to me."

Pauline answers weakly and turns over on the bed. Her front is also covered in spunk because I get to enjoy her tits as well. They were pretty nice. Still are, I think.

Her face is also covered in cum. I can cum quite a lot. It is thanks to the curse.

I actually have two curses placed on me right now. Both of them from entities far more powerful than me at the moment, at least in terms of ability.

That kind of sucks, to be honest, but it cannot be helped.

While Pauline did answer my question, she did not give me what I wanted to know. This is one of those weaknesses that I had pointed out with this ability.

As long as the commanded people did what they think I have ordered them to, then they believe that they have satisfied my command, but in actual fact, they did not.

Good thing that the Commandment is not like Geass where I can only mind control a person one time only. I can give as many commands as I want, including contradicting one. If they contradict, then the newest command take priority.

The old ones do not disappear unless I specific tell them to dismiss it.

"That is not what I want to know, Pauline. I want to know who he is. What his position. What he looks like. Tell me everything that you know about him, such as..."

I continue to specify things to make sure Pauline did give me the answer that I want. I did not specify everything as that would take forever, and it is not really necessary.

Pauline blinks and becomes silence for a moment. She probably recollects her thought in order to give me an in-depth answer. A question or request too complex is not a good thing, from those experiences in last few months.

"I do not know his actual name, but he is the inner member of the cult. He can control people with his words, making them do anything that he wants, including sexual things. I am unsure how he is able to do that, but other members state that he sold his soul to a demon, like all members of the inner circle."

Pauline tells me, making me widen my eyes slightly.

Could the demon be the Primordial Sin of Lust?

I dismiss that idea immediately since Erosire seems to despise being compared to a demon. A devil, as the Sin has stated. Devil is a subset of demons, usually refer to angels who rebel against God. Whether that is true or not, I need more confirmation.

And knowing it is not the Primordial Sin of Lust did not make me any more comfortable. Of course not, especially when I just learn there is an entity or entities out there granting people godlike powers for their souls.

Probably not Primordial Sins or anything close to them since a soul is pretty insignificant in their eyes, considering that they could create realities with their powers and all the souls within those realities.

Ergo, it is probably like what Pauline has said. It is a demon. Another confirmation that hell exists, and if hell exists, heaven must exist. The Ying to a Yang, sort of thing. Everything must be in balance.

"And he is the one that kill your son?"

I question, merely out of curiosity.

Pauline jerks off the bed and looks at me. Her eyes darken as she remembers something.

"Yes. He sacrifices by baby boy. Guttled him like an animal. And I couldn't do anything."

Pauline utters before breaking down in tears.

"I couldn't do anything to stop it. I couldn't. I can only stand there and watch the only person that had mattered in my life being taken away from me. I was scared. I was so terrified of dying but cannot die because he wouldn't let me. He wouldn't let me."

Pauline cries.

And seeing her like that, I frown deeply. It sounds like her fear of death is not of her own will. Can I do something like that with my power? Actually yes, but I prefer not to as it strips the person of their own freewill.

"Stop crying."

I command.

Pauline immediately stops despite still being extremely emotional. The command only tells her to stop crying and nothing more. It left much to be desired even if it is incredible powerful if used correctly.

"Please. Please help me. I will do anything you want. Anything you want at all. Just let me see my baby boy again. Just a word. Just a word."

Pauline pleads, making my frown deepens.

"No, Pauline. I will not be used as mean for you to commit suicide. Besides, your death does not solve anything for you, especially when your son was sacrificed to a demon."

I point out after thinking over the problem a little more. Her son could not have been more than eight years old when he was killed. More correctly, being offered to a demon in exchange for something.

That sounds a lot like a Satanic Ritual. The only difference to many rituals that are going to be reported in the years to come, this one actually works.

And to be honest, I am a bit interested, especially coming face to face with a real demon. I have come face to face with things that are much worst than demons. Zeus is included in that list, considering he is a God.

God is more powerful than demons, right? If not, a Primordial definitely is one.

Out of curiosity, why didn't Erosire just instantly vaporize me? I mean, he probably can without much effort, yet he does not. Perhaps it is pointless, considering that I would just reincarnate again.

I am assuming that he has something to do with my death in the first place. He probably does not have anything to do with my death, as least not directly. Doing so would mean open war, and nobody wants that, apparently.

"Then what should I do?"

Pauline questions.

"Just continue what you were doing, Pauline. You are trying to find the Black Bible in order to summon a demon, aren't you?"

I question as I connect the dots in my mind. It makes a lot of sense with what I know and what George had seen. Pauline is trying to exchange her soul for a power.

A power strong enough to enact revenge on her son's murderer.

Or maybe a way to exchange her soul for her son, so he could go to heaven. That is actually a little bit of wishful thinking, but plausible. Probably. With what I know, it is hard to confirm anything.

Obviously, I would love to have a demon strapped to a torture table in a nice quiet room somewhere deep underground. I am sure I can learn quite a bit from the said demon.

"Yes. But it is not possible since the Black Bible is lost with the cult leader. He has disappeared without a trace for more than a year now."

Pauline responds.

"Is that so? Have you seen the Black Bible yourself?"

I question. I did try to look for the bible in the house, but unable to locate it. I probably could locate it eventually if I check every single instance of time with the temporal bubble, but that is extremely time consuming. It is better if I know its exact location.

When and where it was seen.

"Yes."

Pauline answers simply.

"I see. Well, please tell me exactly when and where did you see it. Do not skimp on the details."

I request with a smile. It seems like I will have the book in my hands soon. A magical book that is able to summon demons? Sure, I will take a few copies.

Temporal copies, I mean.