

Master of Time 217

Chapter 217 - A Devil and An Angel

And I think I have just jinxed it. Because the first thing that I get to experience after activating the spell while sitting in a meditated position within the magic incantation circle is agonizing pain.

Incredible agonizing pain.

So much pain that I immediately snap out of the memory and sweat profusely. My hands quickly grab my chest, as my heart races rapidly within its ribcage.

I can still feel each of those deadly angelic blade pierces through my body, ripping my spirit apart.

And from what I can recall, I realize I was being executed. Despite being executed, I did not resist. I did not even bother to. There is no reason for me to, not anymore.

That is what I have felt in that very moment. It is as if there is no reason for me to remain in existence anymore. Honestly, why would I feel something like that?

I did not fully understand until I have Legion replays the memory for me to view on the big screen.

Everything is recorded, just in case I have missed something myself. Having another set of eyes looking over things is extremely useful, especially one that does not miss anything ever.

The screen flickers for a moment as the memory is being deciphered and rendered as clear as possible for me to view. It does take a lot of computing power as some things have to be extrapolated. Or worst still, simulated based on the data.

It cannot be helped as the mind sometimes fill in the blanks automatically, thus what one remembers is not always what actually happen.

That is quite a problem. One that I cannot really solved since it is due to how the brain work. To actually fix that, I would have to do some extremely complex genetic engineering.

Anyway, that is all for another time.

On the holographic screen, there I was. With six majestic jet-black wings sprouting from my back. They are tattered and torn, bleeding heavily while a dozen or so angels spear me from all side with whatever holy weapons they are wielding.

Sword. Spear. Mace.

A bit of an overkill, but they have to make sure that I actually die. I have a knack of surviving the most impossible odd. I mean in my past life.

Well. In this life too, I guess.

And that is the last memory that I have before I expired and then reincarnated into this new life. One that I have decided to call myself Maximilien Maxwell. What was I called myself when I was an angel?

Maximus. Oh. Nice coincidence. Guess something remains from that life. Have always curious to why I like the word Max so much.

"Interesting. I was an angel. Thought I would be a devil because devil sounds a lot cooler, but I suppose I must have plenty of positive karma. Does that mean I should do more evil stuff from now on in order to get negative karma? To balance thing out. Is that how it works?"

I question myself as I recall what I know of the Samara Karmic Cycle.

To become an angel in the immortal plane, there must be a net positive overall karma.

Therefore, in order to balance out the positive, I need to acquire negative karma, by committing more heinous acts. Maybe there is no need to do that since I already commit quite a lot already.

Does genocidal burning an entire civilization count? If not, how about a dozen? I am sure that causing the extinction of an entire alien species count towards my negative karma.

It should, as taking a life for whatever reason is considered a negative thing.

All of this assumes that I would want to enter the spiritual realm other than Heaven or Hell. That also assumes that I would die again on the mortal plane, thus re-entering the immortal plane.

Dying is kind of impossible since my temporal power would not let me die as a mortal. Speaking of my power, why did it not stop my death as an angel?

Even if I did not resist the execution, my power would still activate, thus rewinding time.

I know the answer to that question immediately. It is because everything in Heaven or Hell are spiritual in nature. Simply because of that, my power is unable to resurrect myself when I get killed there.

Does that also mean that I would actually die if I get killed in the Twisted Nether? It is a spiritual realm just like Heaven or Hell, thus my temporal power will not work there.

Zeus did warn me about the danger, and I am cautious enough not to go charging in there alone. How are Zephyr and Zeus are doing? They should still be where I left them. I hope so.

In any case, I was able to die and finally be reborn into the mortal world. That also means everyone in the world was either an angel or devil at one point.

Wow. Should I tell the Pope this when I finally see him?

It might make or break his religious view. Would be interesting to see.

Judging from my jet-black wings and what I manage to remember from the previous life, I was actually a fallen angel. One who get casted out of Heaven and fall into Hell. Why does that sound so familiar?

Oh right, the Bible. It seems that there are some truths in that book. Glad to know, and I wonder how many stories in the bible that are actually real history? History that had happened in another place.

Probably quite a bit in my opinion. Will check them out when I have free time. For now, I want to know more about my previous life. The life of Maximus. Or just Max.

The magic incantation circle is powered with magical energy once more. It takes a lot of magic to keep the circle empowered, but I do have unlimited magical energy, so it is no big deal.

I take a deep breath to calm myself before closing my eyes again to enter a state of deep slumber, and this time around, I will try to recall something further, way before I was executed. I did not really enjoy getting stabbed by holy weapons.

It hurts as much as getting burned by Ingra. Must be spiritual in nature. Obviously, as everything there is spiritual based. Must learn how to manipulate spiritual energy before I try to summon a demon just to test out the Black Bible.

So many things to do, so little time.

The blackness in front of my eyes soon fade away, allowing me to capture someone. A beautiful young girl with silvery hair and silvery eyes.

Her fist aims straight at my face, and I smoothly meet it with my left hand. It wraps around her rather warm fist and then pulls her hands towards me with a twist.

And as I did so, I bend it and then press it against her rather ample chest, forcing her bare back tightly against the floor. The coldness causes her to gasp, and she quickly throws another punch at me.

Just like before, I repeat the technique with my right hand, and soon enough, both of her arms become crossed over her chest with my body and weight pressing down on them.

"Why so serious?"

I question with a smile and lean downwards, allowing my nose to almost touch hers while still pinning her to the floor with my body.

"It is not cute, you know."

I add while maintaining my smile and capturing her pretty gaze with my eyes.

"Get off me!"

She demands several minutes later and kicks the floor, trying to knock me off of her, but those legs of hers soon find themselves locked in place with my knees, pressing tightly against the cold floor.

Very similar to me pressing down on her with my body.

"Please get off of me, Max."

She eventually pleads, struggling to breathe. It is not because I am heavy or anything. It is because her lungs refuse to heed her commands. She is short of breath constantly, and it cannot be helped.

"I will give you give me a kiss, Sherone"

I request and wet my lips before grinning. I am actually making fun of her. It is my thing.

"It's Shirone, and I - I don't want to. Others are watching."

Shirone stutters. Her eyes wander away from my face and then to the only spectator sitting along the wall. A young girl. About 5 or 6 years of age.

The girl is resting against the wall, hugging her stuffed animal doll and sleeping rather peacefully. She has quite a day.

"Only our little sister is watching us, Shirone. Well, soon to be ours anyway. Isn't that great?"

I comment after I follow her gaze and see her little sister. Yes. I basically propose to her, and I feel that there is no reason for her to refuse me. She holds some feeling for me after. Like a lot of feeling. I am as well.

It is mutual feelings.

Shirone squirms under me, trying to slide along the floor and get out under me, but despite her effort, I remain perfectly in position on top of her body, weighting her down firmly and surely. In actual fact, I am moving alongside with her movement, matching it perfectly to remain on top of her.

And I did all of this without even touching the floor at all.

Eventually, Shirone stops trying to free herself. She did manage to move a couple of meters in a single direction. That is quite impressive.

"Not until you tell me what you are, Max."

Shirone questions. She does not refuse my marriage proposal despite how blatant it is. She only gives her conditions. This is one of the reasons that I like her. Not the main reason, but it is a good a reason.

"You already know what I am, Shirone."

I response as I continue to capture her eyes, getting myself lost into it. I am obviously smitten by her, but I am unsure the real reason why at the moment.

"Ever since that day we met. Was it only a few months ago? Seems so long."

I recall the meeting a month ago when everything is grey and dark, at least for Shirone. She has pretty much lost everything in this cold and dark hellish place, and as such, I took her under my wings, quite literally too.

From there onwards, I have taught her how to hone her incredible potential, embracing what she has become without hesitation or fear.

Despite not being a devil myself like her, I do know everything that there is to know about her kind.

As an angel, I have fought devils countless of time. Kill plenty too. Many have come to fear me as the Angel of Death since my feathered wings were darker than the blackest night and vaster than anyone is able could see.

They could literally block out the dreadful rain and eclipse the gloomy sky itself. Of course, I have never revealed myself as such to her for obvious reason. She is a devil, and I am an angel. A fallen angel, but an angel, nonetheless.

We are basically mortal enemies. More correctly to say, immortal enemies.

"I do?"

Shirone questions.

"Of course, you do. I am your master, your friend, your lover, and anything that you want me to be."

I response with a childish grin.

"Life is super, super, and super long. It is really boring if you spent all that time thinking about this too much, don't you think so? Just let it go and go with your heart."

I tell her calmly. I did not want her to know what I truly am, as her hatred for my kind run deep. Angels have committed quite a lot of atrocities in hell. Devils as well when raiding heaven.

It is just how things are.

The strong will continue to remain in the immortal plane and reach even greater height, and the weak will be killed and forced to reincarnate back to the mortal realm.

Basically, starting from scratch again once more.

Shirone takes a moment to nod, knowing that I am right. I am always right. She trusts me explicitly as her master, and she would acknowledge whatever I have told her. If I had told her the world is upside down, she would believe it, taking it as an indisputable fact.

"Just this one time, okay?"

Shirone tells me and closes her eyes, waiting for the kiss that would surely come. Her lips even lift up, trying to reach mine, but instead of the kiss, I run my tongue across her cheek, licking her rather pretty face.

That causes her to snap her eyes open and stare at me.

"Sorry, I cannot help it because you look so tasty."

Shirone narrows her eyes, realizing that I am not really serious in kissing her. I am never serious when I should be. Always playing around, especially with her heart.

"Get off me, idiot!"

Shirone growls and with a never seen before strength, she throws me off of her body and with a kick, I go flying across the room. She immediately follows up with a brutal blow.

"Wait! Not the face. Not the face! You have to see me every day for the rest of your life, you know!"

I call out before getting punch in the face. She did not even hold back one bit, but of course, my body cannot be injured that easy, at least not with her level of strength. She could beat me up all day long, and I would not look any worst than I already am.

The blow would have sent me crashing into the wall, but that would not happen if I have anything to do with it. Instead, I bounce on the wall and crashing back into her with a much greater force.

And we both go stumbling around the room, screaming. She is screaming. I am laughing my ass off as it is fun.

"Ugh... please get off me, Max."

Shirone moans as I am using her butt as a cushion, holding up my entire body.

"Alright. Alright."

I tell her and try to get up, causing her wince when I grab hold of her buttocks and squeeze it. Basically, sexual harassment. I move on to her tail. Her devilish tail. Gripping and rubbing it, pinching its end.

"Stop it! Stop it!"

Shirone calls out before hammering the floor as I basically torture her. Devil has tails, while angel does not. Of course, I could manifest some with my energy. I did just that simply to harass her some more.

It is basically the only thing that I do now days.

There is really no one else in the household but me and her and her little sister. Without her, I would have lived alone, not really sure what to do with my life now that I have turned my back against Heaven and all of my brethren.

Shirone basically gives my life some meaning.

And more than that, she is a reincarnation of someone that I love dearly. Very dearly.

"I don't want to. Your tail is really cute, making me wants to rub and stroke it forever. But it is not fair with only me playing with your tail, so here, you can play with my tails too."

Shirone feels my astral tails caressing her cheek and brushing her silvery hair out of her face. Multiple ones.

They are more like hands than actual tail because I have crafted them that way. They start to run all over her body, fondling all the right places. They run inside her clothing too.

"No! Stop it! Master! Hah! Ahahahah! Stop it! Ahahhah!"

Shirone soon laughs uncontrollably, waking everyone nearby up.

Well. One person. Her little sister.