

Master of Time

Chapter 233: Appearance is Not Reality

Having said that, there is no need for me to confirm whether Venetia is as much as a slut as her mother, considering that my cock is kind of busy at the moment, sticking it to her mother over the desk, driving itself deep into her cunt repeatedly.

Despite all the illicit affairs and relationships that Monalisa has on the sideline, her soaking cunt is still very tight and quite pleasurable.

And that is the truth.

This obviously has something to do with her youthful appearance, all thanks to her magical powers as well as the dragon bloodline flowing through her veins. More to do with her dragon bloodline, but her magical power also helps out greatly, for Monalisa is a powerful mage of the second-circle of magic.

While being a recognized mage does not sound much to me, considering who I am and the powers at my fingertips, it does mean quite a lot to the people of Azula, especially on this continent where most powerful mages are only of the fourth or fifth circle of magic.

There are ten circles of magic, with peak tenth-circle mages wanting to reach the eleventh-circle must ascend to higher realm. That is the theory anyway.

Legion confirms that there are no Supreme Archmage or higher on this continent, at least through all the spy drones and magic detectors. Still, it is safe to assume that there are mages who have managed to evade Legion, either by remaining out of sight, through their magic, or by suppressing their magical power and aura all together.

Or more. There are plenty of ways to evade Legion, as Legion is not all powerful and all knowing.

Legion is still very powerful and greatly knowledgeable. More than most people on this world anyway.

Nevertheless, with all the data Legion has collected thus far, I can say for sure that the Azulian Mages are generally a vain and arrogance bunch, caring greatly about their own appearances and face values over the others, including their own family.

Therefore, if mages can, they would definitely use their magic to make themselves younger and more beautiful than naturally or biologically possible, becoming the envies of others.

Especially the commoners, which account for 90% of the world population.

That term is for humans who are born without any magical potential, thus they cannot use magic, and as such, it leads to a lot of discriminations and mistreatments from those who can, even if the people who can use magics are not trained in the art or recognized as mages.

Just the ability to use magic is enough for them to be arrogance against commoners. Overly arrogance, I might add.

While I can probably enforce tolerance with a lot of violence and torture, it is not a permanent solution to the problem. I actually know of a possible

permanent solution. Several solutions, actually. But there is no need for me to enact any of the solution.

Simply because there is no real reason for me to do so.

I am not a hero, and I never claimed to be one, so I will not go out of my ways to simply do things just because it is the right thing to do. Of course, I can always put someone else on the task, but then again, I do not feel like doing that either.

Same reason as I have mentioned above. There is no real reason for me to do so.

Plus, my own problems and needs are far more important than anything on this world or the next. The prime-reality is the only exception to this rule, as it is the result of my own machinations and the desire for a brighter and better future.

At least for the human race in general. Furthermore, individuality does not matter in the long run, and as such, no one truly matters in the end, not even me or the people that I know.

While that is true, I do want to be there when the human race finally takes their rightful place amongst the stars and claims the future. I hope that everyone I know and care about is there too.

Simply because it would be the best kind of ending for everything that had happened and will happen until that point. Wonder what I will do afterwards. Retire with my family, I guess.

In any case, Monalisa obviously uses magic to aid her bloodline, considering that her appearance does not match her actual age. She looks more like an older sister to her daughter, Venetia than the latter's mother.

That is simply from the appearance alone.

Magic allows for some incredible things, and mages like Monalisa takes advantage of that without any hesitation, and it is not that much different from what the rich and privileged do back on Earth.

That said, I do have something against using magic for cosmetic effect. It feels rather fake, just like all those people in the 31st century, to the point that I was genuinely smitten to a woman in her 200s or maybe 300s due to her being so goddamn pretty.

When I know better, that boyish attraction of mine becomes disgust. Disgust by the fact that she is an old lady who just looks young and beautiful. Make me think deeply about the what is real and what is not.

I would not have minded tapping her if she was not an old woman first and then being de-aged to her prime through technology, once the said technology becomes advanced enough. This is not the same as Eliana, who remains young and sexy regardless how old she is.

Eliana is super old. Like way older than anyone that I know.

Maybe this preference of mine is just a problem with perception, as I would definitely tap Eliana simply because I have never actually seen her as an old woman before. I would definitely tap that nurse who had taken care of me while I was passing myself as a baby, if only I could get over what she had looked like before she undergoes the de-aging process.

There is just so many fakeness in the 31st century of Earth.

It is simply the result of progression of technology and/or magic. That slash in there because a society can be both at the same time, thus Magitech.

There is really no reason for Azula to not become highly technological while maintaining magical. Not a single reason that I can think of. Science is not progressing simply due to how easy everything is with magic.

In any case, the fakeness through technology is probably the reason to why I have not bother designing a perfect sex doll. Even if that sex doll cannot be distinguished from a real person, it would still be fake in my mind.

Sure. I can trick myself by simply creating it in the first place before erasing my own memory and every record detailing its creation. That way, the sex doll would appear to me like a real person.

There is a problem with that, however. It will lack a soul or spirit.

No matter what I do right now, I cannot truly create life through artificial mean. Only through natural mean. That is, by impregnating someone, and then mold my child into whatever I want.

Impregnating someone is easy, as I can do it right now to Monalisa. She is already a mother, and I can definitely make her a mother again as I continuous pounding her cunt over my desk while her daughter is playing with herself under the said desk and out of view.

Not out of my view, obviously.

"You are so big, Master Maxwell!"

Monalisa gasps as I hammer her buttocks with my hips, driving my cock into her hot snatch and poking at the entrance of her womb. Her fertile womb.

Yes, I can definitely knock her up, creating a sex doll with a soul whether Monalisa like it or not. If it is up to her, she would not want to keep the baby.

Magic can be used to prevent pregnancy as well as aborting it afterwards. There are spells for selecting the sex of the child during fertilization as well. There are actually any kind of spell, as long as one can think of it.

As for why Venetia is born as a girl instead of a boy, it is because Monalisa had wished for a daughter instead of a son despite her husband wanting a son.

Monalisa had already planned on killing her husband long before Venetia is born, thus if Venetia was a boy, Monalisa would have submit to Venetia as Venetia would be heir, assuming control of the whole household and estate.

This is a feudal society after all, where boy is more prized than girl.

It does not make much sense, considering magic does not differentiate genders, but I guess this is due to all mages originate from the commoners. Ironic, isn't it?

And that implies the Azulian are slow to change socially and politically.

Well. That is pretty obvious.

"Yes, and you have a very tight cunt, Lady Monalisa. Probably one of the tightest that I have ever had the pleasure of breaking."

I reward her compliment with a lot harder pounding. My hands also reward her by mauling her breasts aggressively, pinching and tugging one of her nipples harshly.

While those words from Monalisa sound like something she had practiced for like forever, it still turns me on, nonetheless. There are things that does not change, no matter how long I have lived and how many crazy shits that I have been through.

As such, I mean what I had announced, breaking her tight cunt, so much so that she is quick to beg for mercy under my relentless assault.

Monalisa is not so used to such brutal treatment of her cunt since all of her lovers do not dare to harm her in anyway. She is still a noblewoman after all.

I am not the same, however. And I do not care if she is of nobility or not. She is just a slut to me, getting the pounding of her life.

"A-ah! Master! Please slow down! Your cock is ripping my inside apart!"

Monalisa requests, but her words fell on deaf ears. I let go of her golden blond hair that I had used as a rein, however. All to give her some shred of hope, but it is done so suddenly that Monalisa collapses against the table while I continue to pound her cunt.

Hard and deep. Relentlessly.

My free hand comes down towards her shapely ass and gives her a powerful smack against one of the butt cheeks. That smack makes her buttocks jiggle.

Jiggling more than being hammered by my hips as I drive my cock home.

Of course, Monalisa yelps as a result of the sudden pain, and I continue to spank her hard while sinking into her pussy again and again. Those bubbly posterior of hers soon becomes utterly red as she herself struggles to maintain on the table despite the hard jerking due to my pounding.

"Ah! Master! Master Maxwell! Ah! Please!"

Monalisa calls out, begging me to stop. Of course, I did not stop or even relented a little since hearing her painful moans and cries bring me ever closer to that orgasmic release.

I am pretty devious deep down, and I do think every single person is the same. Their morality and ethic and fear hold them back, preventing from the darkness within to come out. I obviously cast away my mortality, ethic and fear long ago.

That does not mean I have casted away my humanity. My principles keep me in check, or I would have committed way more heinous crimes and atrocities against everyone and everything.

Someone once said that with great power comes great responsibility, but that is simply not true. With great power comes great megalomania.

I actually wanted to go back in time to play God. I still do, and I will.

One day, as I do have endless amount of time after all.

It is also a good thing that I was born human, or I would not have cared about humanity at all. Anything that is remotely human or humanoid as well. Strange at how that turns out.

"Ah! A-ah! Please! Please... punish me harder! Master Maxwell! Ah!"

Monalisa surprises me, and a smile quickly creeps up on my face.

She actually enjoys getting dominated, and I will certainly heed her request, punishing her even harder than before. Not so hard that I instantly kill her. I am still in control of my strength.

I slap her bouncing buttocks harder than before while repeatedly jackhammering her drenching pussy faster and deeper, so deep that Monalisa could not control herself. Could not control herself at all.

The heavenly delight comes without any sign of warning.

Well. Aside from the ever growing louder scream that fills the entire room. The loudest when Monalisa finally climaxes. Her slutty daughter, Venetia also climaxes under the desk, wetting herself just like her mother has just did above the desk.

"How dare you cum before me, you slut!?"

I question before grabbing her waist with both hands and pound her pussy harder. Faster and deeper too. I can go faster, but without any restrictions or limitations on my physical ability, I would have torn apart her pussy for real.

Not only that, I would also feel the feedbacks of that insanity. I am not insane enough to do something unleashing all my biomechanical might against Monalisa, as I would kill her.

It would not be as enjoyable as her pussy clenches around my pumping cock in her climax. Tightly and lovingly.

Warm juices coat my rampaging cock. Lubricating her passageway, allowing me to traverse in and out with greater ease, rubbing along every inch of her inside as well.

The brutal fucking that I am giving Monalisa is to prolong her orgasmic sensation, so much so that her eyes cannot focus themselves, opting to roll up into her head.

Her tongue falls out of her parted mouth as she drools onto the table.

And several more thrusts, my hips hug her tightly while my cock paints her inside with my white milky and steamy cum. The boiling seeds torrent into her, sending shockwaves into her brain and taking her over the edge once more even though she did not fully come down from the previous one.

Her hot cunt squeezes my ejaculating cock harder, swallowing everything like a hot and wet mouth.

And in response, I pour myself into her, emptying my balls into her snatch and sending unending waves of cum into her open womb, filling the chamber up to the brim.

I have considered about knocking Monalisa up, just to create a daughter or son who I can directly mold into my liking, but I dismiss that idea, as there is really no point in doing that. Not only I would have to be responsible for my child, Monalisa would have something over me.

Actually, Monalisa would have nothing over me. The same as Ambrosia back in the prime-reality. It is not like she can be a mother to my child once it is born.

No need to give Monalisa the same leniency as Ambrosia.

Of course, if Monalisa still manages to become pregnant despite I am shooting basically blanks, then I guess it is meant to be. Someone would have to give birth to a child, most likely a daughter, just so that child could become the Avatar of Time one day.

At least, that is how it supposed to be.

While I am thinking more on that, I pull back and slam home, pumping out everything within my balls and sending it into Monalisa, who whimpers at each deep thrust.

She is extremely exhausted, as that double orgasms wreck her being.

I will let her have a rest, but I am not done with her. Far from it. By the end of the day, Monalisa would not longer exist. Venetia as well.

Once the ejaculation dies down, I pull out of her cunt to see my cock covered in a mixture of my seeds and her pussy juices.

When the cockhead finally leaves her warm and wet nest, the same mixture spills out and onto the carpeted floor.

And without my hard member pinning her to the edge of the desk with some hard pounding, Monalisa begins to slide backwards and falls against the floor, spilling out the rich and thick content within her overflowed pussy as well.

Gasping heavily, Monalisa tries to look up at me. Tries too anyway. Her eyes stop at my cock, swinging ponderously in front of her face. Hypnotically.

"If you want it, Lady Monalisa, feel free to, but what will you give me return for it?"

I question with a smile. The Curse of Erosire should be gripping her spirit and mind right now.

A kiss would cause the curse to infect her but fucking and cumming into her would make the curse to flood her entire system.

To be honest, I like to think the curse is more like a virus than an actual curse, just that the curse is not detectible, not technologically or magically.

"Everything, Master Maxwell. Everything. Please let me suck it. Please."

Monalisa begs, and I certainly let her sucks my hard cock. Cleaning me in the process, so I can drill that slutty daughter of hers right before her very eyes.