

Master of Time 33

Chapter 33 Endless Torture

To my knowledge, this is the first time it has happened.

Stopping time – that is.

Stopping time is one of the most common power of time manipulation, as depicted in so many medias, such as science fiction books and movies.

However, as much as I have tried in the past, I couldn't stop time.

Traveling through time is easy.

I can do it in my sleep.

Bringing something backward or forward in time just requires a lot of concentration and willpower.

It is completely doable.

Atlantis can attest to this.

The island nation has not been destroyed by an active volcano directly beneath them yet.

It will likely wouldn't be for a very, very long time – or maybe never.

This is because Hydra is drawling all the necessary thermal energy from the magma chamber to power their underwater headquarter. This keeps the volcano completely under their control.

As for manipulating time of an object or a person, it isn't too difficult.

It actually comes very natural to me as I have practice it so much times. The foods I ate are always hot and fresh. The coffee I drank are always kept at a constant enjoyable temperature.

But stopping time completely?

That is incredibly difficult – almost impossible.

At least that was what I had thought previously.

A lot of my assumptions about freezing time are also wrong, demonstrated by my inability to breathe currently.

The universe and everything within it are completely frozen, meaning that air will not be entering my lungs, fuelling my cells, and keeping me conscious.

I would have passed out if I didn't pull myself off the ground.

Moving about seems to allow me to breathe normally. This is probably due to my body is coming into contact with the air molecules, allowing them to move once more.

Ignoring Selene's constant request for me to stay still as well as the excruciating pain pulsating all over my body, I cradle Antigone into my arms before staring at the vehicle speeding far in the distance.

When the vehicle runs me over along with a handful of people, it was speeding at more than 80 miles an hour.

It hits me head on without hesitation. A sane person would have stepped on the brake.

This is not an accident.

It is an assassination.

I am obviously the target.

I would have died instantly if it wasn't for the augmentation from the far future. Even so, the damage to my body is extensive.

How I wish I have died instantly. At least then, time would automatically reverse.

No, it wasn't about the excruciating pain. I have felt much worse before.

It is to stop the bloody image of my daughter's mangle body burning itself so vividly into my memory.

I will always remember it thanks to the enhanced memory due to my augmentation, even if no one else in the world will.

This is my torture – the weight of my sin.

People should rejoice that they have lived their entire life not knowing what horrors lies in the future unlike me. I have felt the destruction of the world along with trillions of lives.

Ignorance is bliss.

It truly is.

I close my eyes, trying to quench the burning rage within me. The strong emotion is causing my power to become unstable, causing constant ripple in the time stream.

What adverse effects this has on the timeline itself, I wouldn't learn of it until much later.

When I open my eyes again, I am sitting in the restaurant with Antigone.

My daughter is playing with a spoon, trying to scoop up the grinded vegetable soup. She would never remember how she was crushed by a 2-tons vehicle. I will not allow her to.

"Will there be anything else, sir?"

The waiter asks me.

"No. There won't be anything else, thank you."

I response.

A window appears in front of my eyes, locating the vehicle immediately.

The car is parked a short distance away from the restaurant.

It has been there all morning, and it will remain there until I cross the road with my daughter.

As much as I want to go over there and flay the driver alive, he is only a hire hand. The one who tries to have me killed is someone much more sinister.

"Henry, Henry. Don't tell me that I didn't warn you. Everything has its consequences."

I mutter and caress my daughter's head. Selene has confirm my suspicion.

Antigone looks at me before flicking the warm soup with her plastic spoon onto my face while giggling adorably. She can be so naughty sometimes.

As a father, I would probably do anything for my daughter regardless the cost.

I have grown to love her like I have never love anyone before. She is my flesh and blood after all.

Since I have decide to raise her, I will protect her to the best of my ability. Anyone who tries to harm her in anyway will wish for the merciful death like they never have before.

I runs my thumb over the stain and lick my finger with a smile. I allow Antigone to fill her tummy before taking her into the restroom to wash up.

I then teleport directly back home and try to settle her down into her bed. She didn't want to stay as she holds onto my arms tightly.

"Be a good girl, Anti. Stay here. Daddy will be back in a couple of hours, okay? Then we can both go to work and watch some wonderful plays."

Antigone stares at me before lessening her grips. Once she is in the baby crib, her fingers curl around the railing while her violet eyes becomes watery.

Even so, she did not try to stop me from leaving after I tug her in.

I wonder if Antigone fully comprehend what I am saying.

Probably not since she isn't one year old yet.

I take one of her toys, a musical shaker with me.

One I have teleported back to the restaurant on Hollywood Boulevard, I exit the restroom and tell the manager in person to hold onto my things for me. I will pick them up when I am able.

The manager is more than happy to.

He did wonder where my daughter was, however. I tell him not to concern himself with such thing.

After leaving the restaurant, I head towards the vehicle. The door to the passenger seat is locked, but a well-placed punch through the window allows me inside.

"The hell are you doing!?"

The driver shouts. His profile appears for me to review.

"Stop the act, Austin or would you prefer to be called Brandon instead? I don't want to know why your mother and father calls you by a different name nor who has hired you. I do want to know if you are fully aware of who you are trying to kill?"

I question as I shake the musical shaker.

The seemingly indestructible toy that I have create for Antigone breaks up into silver sands of all sizes and shapes before swarming over the driver like a horde of flesh eating ants.

Austin or Brandon tries to get them off him, screaming in terror but the micromachines drill into his skin without remorse.

While not as advance as nanomachines, they will get the job done.

"Look at me."

I order.

The micromachine force his head to look at me as his eyes becomes bloody.

His skins begin to peel off like tiny snow flakes, revealing raw muscle fibres underneath. Each strand of fibre snaps apart forcefully, one after another.

"You will feel everything until I decide you have enough or it is too difficult to keep you alive."

I announce before leaving the vehicle.

Horrific screams soon echo the street as the micromachines break down his body bit by bit while keeping him alive and allowing him to feel everything.

He dies about 3 hours later in a hospital.

It is one of the strangest diseases anyone has ever seen.