

Master of Time 39

Chapter 39 The Hypnotis

With Howard screaming from the tops of his lungs, there is now at least one more person in the world who has experienced my pain.

Well, not exactly.

My family jewels have never been so brutally separated from my body before.

Being separated from my body is the emphasis here.

Aside from getting crushed one time by a very naughty, naughty kitten who we all know, my balls have been burned, scorched, boiled and vaporized more times than I can remember.

It happens when I was still trying to learn how to control my power in an effort to save myself.

Being killed over and over again in the one of the most painful ways possible after each failure changes a person. How could it not?

It is still amazing that I manage to keep my sanity. I guess my mind is made of tougher stuff.

Honestly, running away from a planet wide bombardment is literally impossible.

And dodging the initial nuclear blast by fusion bombs will let me experience true burning hell on earth.

There are unending anguish screams and unimaginable horrors in the immediate aftermath as people are being roasted alive by intense heat and radiation.

Even reinforced steel concrete that holds sky-high buildings for centuries melts away like ice-cream in the blazing sun.

When you experienced all of that, nothing can really faze you anymore.

You think Marian Oxford has it bad when she was being roasted alive in her own limousine?

Marian is the actually one of the lucky ones as she does not have billions of nanomachines in her body, prolonging her unimaginable suffering.

The hitman suffers more than her when I force him to experience a similar kind of torture.

In the wake of the seemingly inevitable extinction event for the human race, the people are still trying to scream and call for help even when their vocal chord has already melted off their throat along with the rest of their flesh.

Despite reduced to such a grotesque skeletal state, the people are unable to enter the blissful embrace of death thanks to the wonderful science of the future.

As long as their conscious remains, their soul will not move on and they can still be saved – well, that is the theory.

Have a guess how long the human body can linger between life and death in such a state?

It measures in hours, where one second is like an eternity of torture.

The pain does numb after a while, but no one truly wants to remain alive in such a state.

And if I somehow survive all of that horrors while keeping my mind relatively sane, I get to experience the wonderful feeling of planetary implosion, when the planet collapses into itself.

And if I miraculously survive the impossible odd with Earth turning into a field of debris, I get to enjoy being choke to death in the cold vacuum of space.

Experiencing death in an excruciating and horrifying manner is a good motivator.

Just the knowledge of my impending death alone forces me to do better, to jump further back in time even if it is only for a second more.

Unfortunately, my power does not always work like I wanted when it first manifested itself.

I accidentally jump forwards in time dozens of time, if not right into the centre of thermal nuclear blast then into the cold abyss of space.

That was not very fun, getting melted alive or frozen to death.

Aside from slowly suffocating to death, I did die somewhat instantly in the core of the fusion explosion – so I didn't have to suffer much. Much is relative.

My mind still remembers the pain even if my body does not.

To be completely honest, I did give up after failing in escaping what must appears to be my inevitable for the umpteenth time. I just let myself get killed over and over again, hoping the loops will eventually ends.

Sadly, it never does.

My power refuses to let me die, reversing time every time my mind has expired.

Luckily, my hopelessness did not last for an eternity in an unending time loop or I wouldn't be here.

And you wouldn't know about my story.

Science fiction writers have thought time travel is easy. Just think of the year and poof, they are there without cause or reason.

It is not really that simple as time has no real coordinates.

1990? What is that?

It is just a number put forth by some of the very smart people in history, so we really have something to measure time with.

Let me tell you, time is immeasurable.

I know this since I cannot feel its beginning or its end. I have also tried to see the dawn of creation or the end of time – just to prove if God exists.

Neither extremes exist in reality.

Time wasn't born, so it cannot die.

It have existed before the universe even began and it will continue to exist long after the universe has ended.

In fact, there is only the dark abyss before or after the universe.

I swear something Primordial are watching me from the boundless darkness. I couldn't see them, but I could feel them – their terrifying and relentless aura.

I had to get the hell out of there before their presences literally rip my soul apart.

That is just a figure of speech. Is a soul real? Is it really eternal?

I don't know the answer to that, but I do know time is eternal.

It is one of the true Aspects of all of existence.

What does that make me, who has absolute control over it?

I am not only its wielder. Time serves me like a servant serving a master, unquestioningly with absolute loyalty.

It bends to my will, no matter what I wanted.

For instant, everything and everyone in this sound-proof office return to what they were just moments ago, right before I have demonstrated to a certain dislikeable human trash that I truly meant what I have said.

There are dire consequences in disregarding my words.

People need to learn this, with as much pains and sufferings they can withstands. Only fear will stops them from doing something stupid.

Howard Weinstein is no longer clutching whatever remains of his cock with both hands. He is also no longer kneeling on the floor and screaming in utter terror, giving me an earful.

I dislike the sound of men screaming.

Men should be manly, strong and proud regardless of whatever happened to them. They should laugh in the face of death and challenge fate itself – at least I would.

Maybe I am sexist.

It either that or I have some weird idealizations of what a man and a woman should be and should not be.

Meh – whatever.

Anyway, Sharon Stone is no longer crouching on the ground, completely petrified at what she had just witnessed.

She thought she had just saw a Howard's balls being blasted right off his hips by a handgun. An awful amount of bloods spray all over the carpet and herself.

Luckily, it did not happen. She must have imagined all of that. She is not drench in blood.

And she definitely did not soil herself. She is still wet though.

Both of them are now standing before my desk. Their eyes widen in both shocked and surprised. What they have just experienced, although felt so real, didn't appear to be so from their perspective.

Howard could not help but checking his manhood, making sure that it is all still there and in one piece – it is for now.

I tilt my head before forming a calming smile. I place the unfired handgun onto the table before folding my hands together like a boss of an evil organizations.

Well, that isn't really far from the truth.

"You both seem very flustered, Mr. Weinstein and Miss Stone. You must have saw some kind of share hallucination."

I speaks up.

"You...? How? It feels so real."

Howard calls out.

Sharon is still trying to comprehend what I have just said.

She will get it eventually. She is a smart person if her IQ is anything to go on.

"Yes." I nod in confirmation. "What you two just saw is my doing. You see, I am a master hypnotist or illusionist, whichever you prefer. It does not matter. What does matter is that I can make a person see and feel all kind of horrible things. Oh? Don't believe me? Shall I demonstrate until you do?"

I unfold my right hand, allowing a fireball to swirl into existence within my palm.

It takes only a fraction of second.

Just like the good doctor had said before he pumps my body full of tiny machines, it does take a lot of time and effort to reach this level of adeptness.

The doctor didn't know that it would take well over a couple centuries of constant training. I spend a lot of my free time, training these abilities, trying to bring them to a useful level.

They have reach the point that they feels like magic.

It is totally worth the long and tedious effort.

They are not actual magic, but sufficient advance technology is indistinguishable to magic.

Howard and Sharon are stunned, feeling the chillness running down their spine.

They just saw me creates a miniature sun in the palm of my hand like I am some kind of wizard. It must be some kind of illusion or hallucination.

The immense heat generated in the palm of my hand is very real. It causes my skins to blister and my blood to boil – extremely painful.

Luckily, the nanomachines works extremely hard to prevent any irreversible damage. Sadly, they will not be able to prevent it for long.

Therefore, I should not hold onto the fireball longer than necessary – so I didn't.

The fireball slams into Howard after I threw it.

My aim is a bit off since Selene cannot aid me with this. It is also the first time I throws it at an actual person, so give me a break.

The fireball turns both of his legs from just below the hips into burning mess in the resulting explosion.

Sharon is send slamming against the wall by the powerful shockwave.

Howard screams as his body is set alight. He rolls around, spreading fire into the room.

However, the flames did not spread very far as I absorb the thermal energy to form another fireball in my palm – a more condense one this time.

The room literally explodes with another throw, sending burning chunks of Howard into the hallway and summoning the people in the audition room.

Before they arrive, I stand up from my seat as another ball of fire swirl into my hand.

"No... no, god no. Please... no..."

With her back against the wall, Sharon hyperventilates at my approach. Her paling face is full of dread as I toss the fireball to her. She screams and covers her face with her hands.

Sharon keeps screaming as she stands in front of the desk with Howard, who is on the ground sweating profusely. His mind could not handle his death.

"Hmm... shall we go again, Mr. Weinstein and Miss Stone? Miss Halle Berry's score is about 14. Yours is 2 right now."