

Master of Time 49

Chapter 49 Sandra Bullock

It is well past midnight, yet the atmosphere remains hot and humid.

The ambient temperature is kept constant by the intense background radiation.

It was introduced by countless nuclear detonations across the former rising superpower known as the United States of America.

This once glorious nation is called the Western Region by the world only superpower – the victor and remaining country left intact after the devastating World War 2.

Every other country on Earth is barely a shell of their former self. Once the radiation finally dissipates, their land will be cultivated and settled by the only race that truly matter – the Aryan race.

To Nazi Germany, the undesirable, especially the Jews will be exterminated or enslaved until their own children will not recall their existence.

That is the plan.

And it is in motion with no one left to stop their genocidal ambition.

The arid and smoldering landscape of North America reminds those who could remember what had happened no more than a single generation ago.

Just within a span of a few days at the end of 1945, much of their country turns into burning ruin.

Millions of people perished on that day – the day when the sky rains ashes and fire.

No warning or declaration is given.

Those that survived the destruction and the subsequent fallout struggle to live on in absolute horrors, not knowing when the bombs would fall once again, sending them into the afterlife.

Some people wish they have died in the initial strike or the dozen of strikes that follows.

This is because the real terror began a couple of years later, when Germany finally invaded.

Like Death himself reaping his wheat field of souls, nothing stands before the German war machines.

The Nazis burn and destroy everything within their path.

What little resistance the American people could muster turns out to be pointless and futile.

And when all resistance is inevitably extinguished, the only thing left is hopelessness.

It is the same hopelessness filling in her dark eyes as she is being dragged out of the barn to be washed down. Once she is sufficiently cleaned of dirt, muds and bodily fluids, she will be thrown back into the holding cell to join the other naked women.

This is her life now.

The life that Sandra once lived just a week ago feels like a beautiful dream.

It would have been such a paradise to those who are born into this desolated world.

Sandra didn't understand why or how she is here, in this hellish concentration camp run by rapists and murderers.

The last thing Sandra remembers before waking up to this nightmare is of her heading to the shower in her underwear to take a nice warm bath after a long day.

She recalls faintly that she has fallen several feet straight down, screaming on reflex.

It is as if the floor beneath her feet was no longer there. In fact, her room seems to fade away, letting her take in the view of a ruined landscape.

Sandra is knocked unconscious when she finally hits the ground, rolling into the rubbles.

Luckily or unluckily, her apartment is on the lower level of the building or she would have died like so many people who have been spirited away.

Many people, men and women, wakes up alongside with her in a holding cell. One of the gentlemen uses his coat to cover her up and stop the awkward staring.

Sandra is a beautiful woman after all. She is about to be a movie star before being kidnapped and then imprisoned in a place beyond her understanding.

The people in the cell are as confused as Sandra, believing this to be a joke of sort, especially when a Nazi officer greets them and questions where they have all come from.

The joke becomes real when several people are executed in cold blood for avoiding the answer with demands to be let go immediately or they will call the police. The unannounced gunshot to the head, send them curling back and falling on the ground, motionlessly.

Some woman screams at the sight only to be brutally beaten.

Sandra manages to hold down her voice after seeing a young woman not much older than her expired from severe trauma to the head.

Each person is then interrogated individually by armed men wearing ominous gas mask, covering their entire face.

These men drag everyone away, one by one, never returning the people they have taken to the holding cell again.

When it is finally her turn, Sandra realizes what had happened to people who went before her.

As she heads towards one of the interrogation room with armed men in tow, she saw rows and rows of people strung upside down by their legs with their throats slit.

This includes women and children.

Some are still alive, gurgling their last breath.

Their blood collectively pools into a contraption and glows very eerily.

Sandra manages to not suffer the same fate because of her Germanic descent on her mother's side.

However, the mixed blood makes her less than desirable for reeducation.

She will have to serve the motherland of Germany in another way. And to demonstrate the point, the interrogator ties her to the table and proceeds to **** her right there and then in front of all his men while laughing.

She screams and fights, but that only turns the man on.

He expresses it very physically.

Once Sandra is beaten and bruised and bleeding, his men take their turn with her abuse, laughing all the way through while she screams and begs for them to stop.

The first few days are horrible as everyone has their turn, either alone or together.

It is only when a new group of people are captured that Sandra manages to have some breathing room and recollects herself from her broken state. She recognizes some of the new people as they are her friends and neighbors in the apartment.

The lovely seventeen years old Chinese girl living in the apartment across from her becomes the next favorite girl. She dies after a few days of extreme penetrations.

One of the men accidentally fire his weapon inside her anus.

Her mangled corpse is hung along with the rest of her family of five.

Their bloods constantly pool into the ominous machine, pulsating with energy. A strange bloodstone is harvested once every morning.

Another girl, older replaces that Chinese girl, allowing Sandra to live a little longer.

Even so, every night, Sandra is dragged off into a barn by a bunch of soldiers with the intent to brutally gangrape her just like a moment ago.

Sometimes, they would **** her until morning.

This time, however, it didn't last for more than a couple of hours.

The soldiers have become rather bored of her since she has lost her defiance attitude. It will not be long until they string her up and slit her throat like so many others.

She welcomes it since it would release her from this nightmare.

Sandra drags herself to the corner of the room as both of her legs have stopped working days ago. The pain is still there, but it is no longer excruciating.

In the corner of the barn with dozens of soulless women, she tries to cry herself to sleep.

There are no tears left in her broken body with countless laceration all over it. With broken legs and a useless arm, she is more of a corpse than a living person.

Sandra has prayed every night someone to come and save her from this nightmare.

No one did regardless how much she begs to God.

The person who was nice to her have been flayed alive for being Jewish. His body are sectioned and thrown into the ditch for the bloodthirsty hounds.

She will not pray tonight. And she didn't recall when she has fallen asleep.

Being drags across the bloody ground wakes her up. She stares at the erected pole as her legs is bound tightly. She is string up until her eyes meet the interrogator's.

In his hand is a knife with strange symbols glowing along the blade.

"You will serve the motherland in one way or another, mixed blood."

The interrogator runs the edge along her once beautiful face, drawing blood. Despite being familiar to pain in this past week, she couldn't stop screaming.

For the first time in days, Sandra can cry. She would have begged, but it would not go anywhere just like countless times before.

All Sandra wishes right now is for the man in front of her to die. She glares at him, cursing him with all her remaining strength as he is about to slit her throat and let her life essence and spirit to condense into a bloodstone.

"Ahhhhhhh!"

The interrogator screams as his body ages rapidly. He drops his weapons and look at his arms before crumpling into dusts.

Sandra blinks as everyone one around her screams in terror.

Their body erupts into mist, scattering in the winds.

Several soldiers shout from on top of the watch out towers as the strange phenomenon is happening everywhere in the concentration camps, but a laser blade pierced through their armor from the back right through the front.

Their body split in half before the blade becomes invisible again. The unseen assassin leaps down the towers and proceeds to slaughter everyone that didn't turn to dust.

"Hello Miss Bullock."

A familiar voice calls out to her.

Where have she heard it from? It feels like a lifetime ago.

Sandra tries to see who, but the morning lights masks his face on his approach.

Several soldiers nearby try to fire their magic augmented machine gun at him, but their weapon rusts and crumples into metallic powder before they too explode into fine particles.

"I would have said the Calvary have arrived, but you look like you have been through hell."