

## **Master of Time 69**

### Chapter 69

I'm scared .

I'm really scared!

Everything is dark – really, really dark!

I can't see anything through the thick blindfold tied around my head, covering both of my eyes .

I have tried squinting my eyes, but no matter how many times I had tried, I still can't see anything .

The only thing squinting did is getting the thick blindfold wetted . This is because of my tears . My eyes are still watery from my crying .

I can't take off the blindfold either .

My arms are bound tightly behind my back and not letting me to . I can barely move my fingers when my wrists are tied tightly together .

My legs are also bounded by a rope around the ankle . I have tried to move, but the rope won't budge even a little .

The binding is really tight .

My wrists and ankles are starting to really hurt, so I have stopped trying to move all together .

I don't think I can break free .

And I don't want to be here, wherever here is .

I want to go home . I want to be with mummy and daddy .

I sniffle . My eyes become watery again .

Mummy! Daddy! Mr . Maxwell!

Anyone?

Please come! Please! Please!

I'm scare . I'm really scare!

I want to scream for help, but I can't .

I can't even close my mouth . The ball of wet cloth won't let any sound out, and when I try to bite down on the ball, it just hurt my jaw and teeth .

It also makes me cough because a lot of water get squeezed out of the cloth when I bite it down . The liquid runs down my throat .

The water tastes a bit sweet, like the ball of cloth has been soaked in sugar water or something . When I am getting very thirsty, I try to squeeze out as much water as I can, but it is getting harder and harder since the cloth is becoming drier .

Maybe I can spit the ball of cloth out when it is dried enough?

Those bad men have come in the room and re-soak the ball of cloth a few times already . I don't think they will let me spit it out and scream for help .

What do they want with me?

Is it for money? My parents don't have any money .

Mum and dad spend it all on things like that flat television .

The new television is really nice . I like to watch tv on it . It doesn't hurt my eyes like the old tv does .

And the images are very clear and colourful .

It is just one of the new things mummy and daddy have brought, so they don't have any money left .

Mum even takes all the money I've earned babysitting Mr . Maxwell's daughter .

She said I am too young to use it wisely, so she will put it in the bank for me for safekeeping .

Mum will give the money back to me when I am older .

I'm not too young . . .

I'm twelve! I'm turning thirteen soon .

Hic . . . hic . . . anyone? Please come and save me .

Save us!

I wasn't the only one those bad people have taken . Those mean girls have also been kidnapped . They are also tied up and bounded, and I think they are in the same room as me .

Those girls have stopped crying after I did, but I can still hear their whimpering . They are trying to call for help like me, I think .

But their mouth is also gagged .

Aside from the whimpering, I could hear something else really faintly from the closed door .

I think those bad men are at it again – talking .

They really talk a lot, and they talk about things I don't have any idea about .

They are talking outside the room very loudly at the moment .

It is like they don't care if I can hear them .

I can't remember how many of those bad men there are . I think it was five when they grabbed me and the other girls and throws us into their black van .

"So, what should we do with this lots? Cut them and dump them in the river? Have we ever done that before? I mean for others, not them . "

"I don't think we ever did . It will just create too much evidences for others to find . Also, feels kind of old school . This is not the 1960s anymore people . Get with the time . We should put them in a blender and make a bloody smoothie instead . "

Some of bad men laugh as if they have done something like that before .

I'm scare .

I don't want to be turn into a smoothie . It will be really disgusting .

No one will want to drink it!

"Nah, I think we should sell them little girls overseas for some quick bucks . Some Japanese NEET – that stands for not in employment, education or training – want a loli sex doll to be keep locked up in their sex dungeon, also known as their mother's basement . I'm sure they will pay a handsome sum . "

The bad men laugh again .

I don't understand what they are laughing about . Are they going to sell me overseas, in Japan?

And what is a loli sex doll?

I know what a doll is . I have many dolls at home, in my room .

My dad brought them for me .

Mr . Maxwell also brought me some dolls as gifts and presents for taking care of his daughter . The dolls he had brought for me are much nicer than what my dad had brought, but I still like them all .

The dolls Mr . Maxwell had brought for me are also very expensive . I have seen them on display in the stores a few times when I go with mummy .

I also know what sex is . I have learnt about it from my mum .

Mr . Maxwell laughs when I asked him about it first . He tells me I am too young to know about those kinds of things, but mummy thinks I am already old enough .

My mum tells me that when two older people – a boy and a girl – like each other very much, they will spend a lot of their time together alone in a room . And I should never tell anyone about that because it will make them hate each other .

That is sex .

Mummy likes a lot of my dad's friends . Those men usually come by the house when daddy is at work, and she spends a lot of time with them alone in a room together . I like them since they give me some candies and chocolates whenever they come by .

Mummy doesn't like Mr . Maxwell since she never invites him to a room with her .

I have asked Mr . Maxwell whether he likes my mummy, but he has said that he doesn't consider her as a friend, so he doesn't like her . That makes me sad .

However, he has said that he likes me a lot, so that cheer me up a lot . I like him a lot too, but I think I am too young have sex with him .

The only word I don't know is loli .

I will have to ask my mum or maybe Mr . Maxwell about that word later when I am free .

Are those bad men going to let me go?

It doesn't sound like they will .

Please . Please . Let me go .

My eyes become watery again .

I want to cry, but it will make the blindfold wetter .

It feels uncomfortable when it is wet .

"That is fucking stupid . And don't enable those idiots . Oh, by the way, I think we are done . The cameras are active in all the rooms and corridors, right? The boss wants to know everything happening here . "

"Yeah . We are making sure there are no blind spot . The last time someone forget to check got himself cannoned to the moon . I think he will get there in a couple of decades . What speed is he moving at?"

"No idea . And don't really care . I never like him anyway . Always showing off . Oh, I heard that they are building a lunar base up there for all the wacky science stuffs that is too dangerous on the planet . Me thinks it is a good idea . Don't want to blow up the planet, huh . "

"Hey . Stick to the script . Shouldn't talk about those stuffs!"

I can hear that clearly . He sounds annoyed .

What is this script they are talking about? Is it something to do with movies?

Mr . Maxwell constantly talk about writing his script for his movies and shows .

"I think only one of them is ear-dropping . It is that very special one . The others are still crying, begging to be let go . I had thought they would be tired and doze off by now . "

I think I shouldn't be listening on their conversation anymore .

They probably don't like me doing that .

"What do you expect? They are little kids after all . Their parents probably have called the cops already, so that is our cue to get out of here . You did leave some clues behind for them to track, right?"

"Yup . Anyway, I'm heading off first . I got a gaming session with those cheaters on level 2 . Just because their rigs is more better than mine at home, they have this annoying smug on their face . You guys are free tonight? Want to join my team?"

"This is why I don't have kids . So annoying . Not dating anyone either . It is the bachelor life for me . Oh, I will join your team . Count me in . "

Their voices getting fainter . I think they are moving away from the room .

I could hear their footsteps heading away until I could no longer hear it .

The other girls have stop whimpering as well .

There is total silence in the room now .

I try to move again, finding the rope loosen a little . My fingers can move more freely now, but my arms are still stuck together . The cloth rolled into a ball gagging my mouth has also dried out, allowing me to spit it out .

"Help –

I stop myself . If I shout, those bad men will come back . I heard spitting sounds . The other girls manage to free their mouth .

"Help! Help! Anyone is there!? We are in here! Please help!"

"Mummy! Daddy! Help me!"

"Waaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!"

Their screams and shoutings echo the room .



"Please stop yelling . They will come back . "

I call out, but none of the other girls listen to me . They continue to shout and scream for help until all of them lost their voice .

Now they are crying again .

No one came despite the noises we made in the last hour .

Those bad men are really gone, leaving us here all alone, wherever here is .

I wish they come back .

I'm really scare .

I have tried to move again, finding the binding rope around my wrist and ankle has loosen more, but it is still not enough to slip my hands and legs out .

But it is loose enough for me to roll around the room without being hurt .

I have thought of an idea, so I move little by little until I bump into one of the girls . I don't know which one .

"Becky, Anna, Susan, Daisy?"

I call all their names since I don't know which of them that I have bumped into .

"Stephanie, you dope . You bump into me . Stop moving around if you can't see anything . "

I recognize the low voice as Susan . She is the least meanie of the four . I think she only goes along with my bullying since if she doesn't, she will be bullied herself .

"I think I can get us out of here, Susan, but you have to help me . Can you move your hands?"

I whisper . Susan takes a moment before responding .

Without seeing a thing, I reposition myself and eventually found her hands touching mine . Our arms are still tied around our back, but we can free each other .

Susan mutters something, but I interrupt her .

"Can you pull against my rope . I think it is loose enough already . "

Susan did, and the rope comes off with several tugs .

It is like it was designed to .

My hands are finally free . My blindfold comes up quickly, giving me a look around the room .

It is just an empty room with only me and the other four girls . I quickly pull off the rope to my ankles, freeing my leg .

After that, I ran towards the door, finding it is not locked at all .

I open the door and look outside, finding an empty hallway .

"Step? Step! Wait, don't leave us . Help us! Please!"

I look back into the room, blinkingly .

The four mean girls who have bullied me for so long are still tied up, unable to move . Their binding is a lot different than mine .

It won't come off with just a tug like mine . Mine bindings are special .

Why is that?

It is as if this scenario intentional .