

Master of Time 79

Chapter 79 Accursed Affliction

Eliana and I take an awful long time to clean ourselves. It couldn't be helped since neither of us is able to keep our hands off the other.

Just one look at each other, and we will right back to square one, panting and heaving mess.

We are young, rich and full of sugar!

Relatively speaking, of course.

Eliana is over a thousand years old, and I am probably just shy of 400, collectively.

In elvish term, I am her junior. Although I could rectify that problem very easily, it is just a technicality to be honest.

I have banged someone much, much younger than me, so age is starting to become meaningless when you are basically immortal.

Only appearance is.

That is debatable though.

But is it wrong to fuck a loli?

I will burn that bridge when I see it.

We are rich since those potions, weapons, and artefacts worth a buttload on the market. It didn't take any effort on my part to duplicate them with my power.

I am a walking economic disaster!

Once Eliana finishes explaining about the basic of magic, she explains to me about the world economy at my request. She seems to understand this topic better than Elune, as Elune is barely a child within the elvish society and therefore, hasn't left the village her entire life.

The natives of this world tend to use hard currency, such as silver and gold coins. But like any medieval society, direct trade for goods and services is widespread and acceptable. Favors is extremely valuable, especially amongst the upper classes, nobilities, royalties and powerful mages.

"These are the currencies the human use within their territory, Master. They do change over time due to the political situation between the human Kingdoms, but their value is relatively stable."

Eliana shows me the coins when we are back in the room. She has them in her possession because the humans once traded with her village.

That was many, many moons ago – several millennia to be exact. Their perception of time is a little bit skewed.

Unlike the elves, who are content with their current situation, the humans do not.

Being the weakest of the lesser races, humanity constantly explore the world, expanding their borders, continuing to evolve, socially, economically and technologically.

In a few thousands more years, the humans of this world will surpass the elves in magical power. Once that happens, extinction or subjugation the elvish race is inevitable.

It is already inevitable for scattered villages and tribes such as the one I am currently in. Thanks to the powerful magical barrier protecting the forest, the nearby human Kingdoms hasn't directly assaulted the village yet, but with the Goddess of the Moon out of commission, the barrier is weakening.

It has been for the last five thousand years, exactly around the time the dark elves lost their connection with their Goddess. It isn't just the dark elves, but all the elves did.

Since elves has become a very valuable commodity, the humans will not simply give up in their little conquest.

I am a bit conflicted in rectifying this problem for the dark elves since I don't want to commit genocide on my own species to save them. If it is to save humanity, I have absolutely no problem with killing as many as needed.

"How much do you wish to save your people, Eliana?"

I ask despite already knowing the answer.

Everything Eliana has committed is for the ensuring the continued survival of her people. It pains her greatly to sacrifice a few to save the many. Those that she has betrayed are probably cursing her name in their hellish enslavement and torture.

The willingness to sacrifice a few for the greater good is another common I share with Eliana. However, unlike me, Eliana feels incredibly burden whenever she had to. She does not sleep soundly at night.

I am probably too desensitized to the whole killing thing, especially when I can undo whatever I have done with a snap of my finger.

To be honest, if I am in her position, I suppose I would have done the same, considering dark elves are shunned by the others of their kinds. They receive absolutely no help from their own kind.

In fact, the dark elves were banished from their homeland.

They are called dark elves because sometimes in the past, they have tangled with Hellions – demonic races from another plane of existence.

It is very interesting to know that not only alternate realities exist, but alternate dimensions and plane of existences exist as well.

Do these alternative dimensions and planes exist in the prime universe?

They probably do!

My spider sense is tingling!

I will have Hydra do some researches in this area. There are countless myths and legends throughout histories. What if they aren't merely myths and legends?

It is more than likely!

And when I thought I have figure out at least a small part of the grand scheme of things. I am truly just a big fish in a small pond.

One step at a time, I guess.

Let me eat some fishes to grow bigger. By fishes, I mean the dark elves.

Their involvement with the demonic race has forever corrupts them. This cause their banishment from the main continent by the high councils. They settle here after years at sea.

I learn of this bit about their history when I had asked about the Black Mage – the only mage in history with natural affinity to the element of time.

The demons are banished from the world by the Black Mage, but they did vow to return.

I am sure that the demons will return. The world will fall into chaos.

And with chaos, here comes Terra!

Fuck!

I don't want to have to deal with her again, at least not until I can stop her from suppressing my power.

As for the Black Mage himself – he is apparently dead. No one have heard of him or seen him for more than ten thousand years.

His mage tower, the Black Tower still stands. But no one manage to raid the tower even as its master is no longer around.

This is due to the magical aging effect surroundings the tower for many miles. Everyone ages rapidly when they get close to the tower – sound like my power to rapidly age anything.

The greater races such as Dragonkin does not dare to break into the tower out of respect for the Black Mage. Since they are immortal, the aging effect shouldn't affect them.

I guess I will be the first one to do so. I wonder what kind of secrets are hidden there. Maybe I can get some deep insights to my own power. I am sure there is so much more I can do with my power.

"Everything, Master."

Eliana utters and kowtows on the floor. She has begged the Goddess for help again and again, but her prayers remain unheard.

The Goddess cannot hear anything, anymore.

Including her husband, the other elders of the dark elves do not understand the incredible threat the humans pose, regardless of whatever she has said. The humans in their eyes are not worthy since they were not born with magic and the blessing the Goddess.

Their arrogance will be their own undoing.

Eliana is on her own. She has been for thousands of years.

"If you can save my people, Master, I will be your slave, I will be your pet. I will do whatever you want of me. I know that as your summoned, my life is your, as is my body and soul. I know that I don't have anything to give, but –

I raise my hand to stop her. I crouch down to meet her tearful eyes.

"There is no need for all of that, Eliana."

I speak as my index finger captures her tears.

"I am your Master, and I prefer not to see you cry tears of pain and sorrow. I will help your race, if and only if they swore their allegiance to me. They must abandon their Goddess. If they do, I promise you that your kind will prosper for as long as they are loyal and obedient to me."

That is my ultimatum.

Eliana nods. She will try her best to convince the others.

I know that she will fail since I have jumped to the future and see only a desolate wasteland remains of this beautiful paradise, but it is the effort that counts, I suppose. Of course, that future I saw is not an indication of what will happen since I do not exist in that future.

"Let us sign the summoning contract. I do not know how since someone else have done the contract between me and Elune."

Eliana is a bit surprised, and she made her surprise known.

She has assumed that Elune and I have signed the contract in mutual agreement, but it seems that the contract was forced upon Elune without me signing anything.

That is a breach of freewill. It is something that even the Gods and the Goddesses unable to breach. I put that knowledge into the back of my mind. It feels important – somehow.

"I do not have a contract scroll that is capable to forming a master-servant summoning between me and yourself, Master."

Eliana responses.

"Contract scrolls? Can you explain a bit about that?"

I request. Eliana did. Spells can be inscribed into scroll to be activate later. It does take more magical energy and time to inscribe the scroll, however.

Still, knowing that it is possible opens a lot of possibilities for me.

"Only mages specialize in Conjunction can create a summon contract, Master. I have assumed that you always have the ability to do so. Since I am of the 3rd circle, a Conjurer of the 4th circle is required to create a contract between us."

Eliana points out. She shows me one of the contract scrolls, but it can only be used for 1st circle mage, so it couldn't be used for her. The rank required is only for the summoned, not the summoner. This is to prevent the summoned from killing the summoner for whatever reason.

"What if you reach 4th rank after our contract? Wouldn't that mean you can break the contract since it is created by a Conjurer of the 4th level?"

"No, Master. A contract binds the body and soul. Even if I become more powerful in the future, the binding will also become stronger since it is tied to my magic and spirit. A more powerful mage than me is required to initiate the contractual binding since anyone weaker than me will be swallowed up by my power." Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

"So, without a 4th circle mage or higher, we will not be able to form a contract?"

I question. Eliana confirms.

"But what if you were weaker? Would this contract scroll work if you were a mage of the 1st circle?"

Eliana blinks at my suggestion. I don't think anyone in their right mind would willingly relinquish their power and make themselves weaker. Their countless years of hard works and sufferings would be for naught.

"Master wishes me to cripple my magic?"

Eliana question.

"Will you? It would make this whole thing a lot easier."

I response, calmly. There is no hesitation in my voice. I want to see how far she is willing to go for me.

Words are cheap. Action speaks louder.

"If that is your wish, Master."

Eliana responses before her magical power radiates from her body. It forces the magical veins appear over her body. This is her magical pathways since she does not have a magical core.

Each person is different, to prevent others from crippling them with ease. This is one of the advantages of having a pathway. A core can be destroyed very easily if one knows where it is in the body. It usually floating around constantly to prevent sneak attacks.

Another advantageous is that magical pathways grow with age, making the person stronger over time.

Her hand raises as magical energy coats her fingers. It allows her to damage her own pathways. Doing so will drop her rank, turning a mage of a 3rd circle to 1st circle.

Eliana is preparing to cripple her own level, so that we could form a contractual binding.

I am a bit touched.

This is the kind of loyalty I desire the most.

I stop her before she goes through with it. I wouldn't want her to hurt herself.

"It is unnecessary, Eliana."

I response as I activate my power. I then hold up the contract scroll.

"Let's form the contract."

"But, Master...?"

Eliana realizes that she is no longer a mage of 3rd circle. She is only of the 1st circle. This brought both fear and respect in her heart. I didn't do anything more than touch her.

Of course, I don't need to touch her to strip her of her powers, but why reveal all my cards?

"I will return your power once we form a contract."

The contract is easy. Just a drop of our bloods and recite an incantation and it is done. I feel nothing difference, and neither did Eliana.

I did expect one of us to get a power boost, but that is wishful thinking.

With another touch on her shoulder, I return her magical pathways to what it was originally before. I make sure that I did not make her stronger than she already is since I don't want to reveal that yet.

Hard works does make one humble.

"Now, it is my turn to learn magic."

I announce and check the 7th rank potion sitting on the table. Eliana is still speechless. She is glad that she has made the right choice. I have said that I could totally turn her into a pet.

I mean what I have said. My power can destroy her magic, literally.

Eliana will never become a mage again if I froze her pathways at its infancy, preventing it from growing ever again.

As for the potion, the success rate is only around 1%, but even that is the case, gaining the power to use magic naturally is everyone's dream.

I duplicate the incredibly priceless potion 100 times, so if I drink a 100 of them, I'm sure I bound to hit the jackpot at least once – unless I am super unlucky!

Ah, probability!

I pick up a potion and drank it all without hesitation.

The cooling liquids stream down my parched throat and enters my stomach. I didn't feel any different, so I assume it didn't work.

As I pick up the second one, my body convulses.

The potion shatters in my grip since my muscles forcibly clenches.

"Master!"

Eliana shouts as she realizes something is wrong. She rushes to my side and examines me.

I look at her with my completely bloodshot eyes. Bloody veins erupt throughout my body, causing me to bleed profusely. It is excruciating painful.

No, I didn't think Eliana has poisoned me. But something is very, very wrong.

Eliana casts healing spell, however, the spell immediately backfired. An astral spirit emerges from my body, taking the shape of a dragon.

Seeing the dragon, Eliana curls in terror. She knows who that is.

I do too. It is that fucking dragon!

"Dragon God, Ingra!?"