

Master of Time Chapter 9 - The Aftermath

Chapter 9: The Aftermath

"I don't think that is wise, Lord Maxwell. Procreating with these people."

Doctor Mathew advises me – he and every one who has some kind of medical knowledge.

They are deadly concern about contracting some kind of long-dead diseases or illnesses. This is one of the main reasons why nobody has tried to have sex with all the beautiful ladies of Atlantis.

4

Everyone must be having blue balls right now.

Poor them.

As for me, I am immune to all kind of diseases thanked to the 31st century.

The nanites in my body will automatically seek out and attack anything that is foreign, such as bacteria and viruses. They has replaced my immune system completely.

2

"Thank you for your concern, but I will be fine. I am more worry about her contracting something from me instead. Anyway, I am going to find myself a nice bedroom to enjoy my time with a captive princess if you know what I mean."

1

I get off the throne, readying to head out into the courtyard.

"You and your men sort out this mess. Don't let your guards down. Be careful of assassins. We are the invaders after all."

I exit the room after I give them my warning.

The young princess is forced to follow behind by a couple of men.

She looks like she is trying to understand what everyone is saying. She is getting it very slowly.

English is derived from Latin after all.

15

Doctor Mathew and his associates will take care of the rest of the prisoners.

It is either execution or interrogation and life-time imprisonment for them.

4

The first option is more likely as the latter require pointless expenditure of man power, watching over them while the men could be doing something else more productive.

It is just too dangerous to let these prisoners run free to sow discord and incite rebellion.

Full pacification is require.

1

This is not a conquest or annexation.

It is more like an extermination or enslavement, but exactly either.

4

Outside, people are standing in long queue with plenty of soldiers watching them.

Women and children are in front of the line. They are given priority.

The people of Atlantis are being screened for medical purposes. Each person is getting an inoculation to prevent future outbreak of disease or plague. A barcode is stamp on their arm afterwards.

8

These tasks are done mostly by grunts.

Actual Hydra members have run off somewhere.

They are likely taking the lead in the search and destroy with their personal guards.

While the city is under the control of Hydra and its army, it didn't mean that the population have been completely subdued.

We did kill a lot of their people when we storm the city due to one thing or another.

That kind of grudge is long lasting. It will fester into something problematic if left for too long.

"Lord Maxwell."

The soldiers salute me respectfully when I pass them by. They whistle at the beautiful princess in tow. She is one of the most beautiful women in the city.

"Boss! Up here!"

Jimmy shouts from one of the towers with a pair of binocular. I wonder what he is doing up there, but judging from every tower being occupied by scouts in the vicinity, it is to map out the island, marking out all possible escape routes.

"By the way, what happen to the Queen?"

Jimmy didn't know. There are so many underground tunnels throughout the city, so it will take a while for the army to hunt down everyone.

I nod in understanding. The Queen must have flee once the wall has been breeched. She will be found and taught a lesson soon.

4

"Carry on then. I will see you later with the rest of the men for debriefing. Also, if you see anyone you like, you should take the initiative. Once the doctors give the go head, there will be anarchy."

2

I leave it at that and head to the living quarters.

The living quarters of the royal palace has thousands of rooms. Each room is decorated lavishly with finery, gold and jewelry. I choose one with a comfy looking bed.

The bed didn't compare to the modern bedding, but it will do for now.

The princess is drag inside by the men while I take a seat. They unbind her and left afterwards. Chatting jokingly as they head out.

"Selene. Have you finish decipher their language? If so, load it into my memory."

[Acknowledge. Atlantean Language Analyzed. Uploading Commencing.]

1

I close my eyes and allow the new memory mapped itself into my brain. The language is close to Latin, but it isn't the same. It could be consider the forefather of Latin.

4

I just call it Atlanteanese.

2

When I open my eyes again, I test out the language. The words come from my mouth fluently.

"So, what is your name?"

The princess is surprised.

"You can speak my tongue, Lord Maxwell?"

"I can speak many languages. I just prefer not to. You did not answer my question, Ambrosia. The next time you do not, you will learn the harsh reality of a slave."

Ambrosia becomes dreadful. She kowtows once again.

"Tell me a bit about yourself. I like to know a bit about everyone I talk to. Be grateful that I am taking the time to talk to you, or you would have joined your

brothers and sisters in whatever awaiting them. Your mother will suffer the same fate should I don't like what I am hearing."

3

Ambrosia answers the question directly. She is the 7th daughter of the King, his most favorite daughter until his untimely death at the hand of Johnathan. This is because her mother is the current reigning Queen.

Due to the machination of the court, Ambrosia is fairly quick-witted. She has to be or she would suffer greatly at the hands of her siblings, who is always scheming and vying for powers. Her greatest rival is the fourth prince. The fourth prince would become the new King if we had not invaded and basically destroyed their country.

2

I did look into the near future to see if Ambrosia is capable or not. She is very capable. Capable enough to cause a lot of betrayals amongst my men.

Her hatred for the destruction of her country runs deep.

Yeah – the bitch must die.

Schemes of beauties is something I will not allow in Hydra.

2

However, that didn't mean I couldn't enjoy her body.

9

Her skin is very smooth and lovely. The fragrant she exhumes is very alluring. And if I didn't know what a scheming bitch she was, I would have definitely fall for her.

3

Probably not since I am somewhat of a sociopath, but I would have her in a position of power at least.

3

Ambrosia moans erotically on all fours when I take her hard from behind.

12

Her cunt is extremely tight, sheathing my cock as I pound her with reckless abandonment.

I had expect blood due to her age, but I guess she wasn't a virgin. She is not even adult yet and already experience the pleasure of men. This is the standard of the ancient world.

4

More than that, sex is a weapon – a deadly weapon.

3

My hand wraps itself around her beautiful long hairs, turning it into the reins. With the rein, I pull her head back, arching her body as I impale her slender body with my steel pool. She takes it all and even reciprocates, matching my movement.

1

"Watch your country burns, my dear Ambrosia. A new one shall rise in its place."

I whisper to her while her legs wrapped around my waist. With a handful of her soft ass on each hand, I hammer her pussy while looking out at the city beyond the window.

Explosion erupts, turning several buildings into rumbles.

Gun fires follows, executing anyone who resisted or even has any thought of rebellion. Several peoples are being drag into the courtyard, including one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen.

"It seems that your mother will join you soon, Ambrosia. Don't you like that?"

"Yes, my lord. I am yours, body, heart and soul. My mother will be as well."

Ambrosia responds, panting. She keeps on saying sweet words and compliments while she is thinking about how to seize power. Her voice is like music to my ears, and I can't wait to see the expression of utter hopelessness on her face.

2

With the tingling in my balls, I unceremoniously bottom out inside her snatch and let me seeds fill her being.

2

Ambrosia gasps. Her hands grip my shoulder tightly for support as I unload thick and rich baby batter below.

My hips buckles lightly, pumping out everything in absolute delight. Her cunt continues to milk me in an effort to empty my balls. She can try since I can cum a lot.

I held Ambrosia up in that position until cum begins to run down my balls, dripping on the carpet floor due to overflowing.

When that happens, I retreat from the window and drop back onto the bed.

Ambrosia cleans my still hardened cock with her mouth as the night becomes eerily silence.

1

Everyone in the city should be accounted for by now.

I enjoy her throat before finally heading back out into the courtyard. Most of the higher-ups are there, arguing about what to do with all the undesirable. As much as it is necessary, not everyone can be a cold blooded murderer.

Ambrosia follows me behind without any need for guards. She is wearing an almost see-through night gown, giving every men a look of bewilderment.

"Lord Maxwell."

"Master Maxwell."

"Boss."

"My Lord Maxwell."

"Mr. Maxwell."

Everyone addresses me in their own ways.

I quickly learn about the situation from Jimmy and Doctor Mathew. Most of the nobilities have been taken care of. Their bodies are disposed off since hanging on the wall as a warning like General Thomas wanted will cause unwanted outbreak of diseases.

I agree with Doctor Mathew.

Johnathan reports that he "accidently" collapses the underground tunnel after capturing the Queen, killing everyone inside. A lot of building collapses due to the ground caving in. None of his men were killed in the destruction of the tunnels or the aftermath, though.

"Very efficient Johnathan. Everyone should learn something from him. We are not in the business of wasting value times and energy. Kill anyone you deem too troublesome. But next time, give everyone a warning first. Everyone is in this together. Backstabbing each other will only detrimental to Hydra as a whole."

I compliment and chastise Johnathan. I listen to everyone, agreeing or disagreeing with their methods or suggestions.

Some rebuttals did happen, but with me knowing exactly what will happen in the future breaks any arguments.

"Another example is the beautiful princess behind me. Don't be fool by her naïve appearance. She is a scheming bitch just like her mother, the Queen. Killing them both seem like a waste, especially when the men are restless after a hard day work."

I point out before snapping my fingers.

Several men surround Ambrosia and force her onto her knees.

The look of utter fear plasters on her face.

"No. My Lord? My Lord?"

I smile and tell Ambrosia exactly what will happen to her, her mother and anyone who dare to scheme against Hydra and cause disunity. As a female, she will become part of the pleasure or comfort corps, spending the rest of her days servicing men.

18

As for male, their entire life is taken away from them – literally. Seeing her brothers turn into bony old men terrifies her to no end. Years of their life were gone in an instant.

No one defies my orders due to fear.

Doctor Mathew did suggest that we should treat the condemned females as humanely as possible.

They are human beings after all, and the purpose of Hydra is to bring humanity to greatness. Beginning with an act of cruelty is against what we are standing for.

2

"All empires are built upon the suffering and death of countless others. How do you think America gets to where it is today? Did they join hands and sing peaceful songs with the Indians? The means doesn't matter. Only the ends is. If we didn't drop those atomic bombs on Japan, do you really think that they would accept their defeat like that?"

15

Thomas speaks up before I did. A lot of members put in their opinions, arguing for or against.

"Enough. We will compromise since we don't have time for this. Prepare the equipment and ready for excavation tomorrow. Check the network to see what each of you have to do."

With that, everyone places their palm against their temple, accessing the Hydra Network.

