

Master of Time 200

Chapter 200 The Primordial Sin of Lust POV

The item that Maximilien Maxwell has requested is now resting in the palm of my outstretched hand, stretching towards him and offering it to him.

Please take it. Please. Please take it off me.

It has caused me nothing but trouble from the moment that it enters my possession, so please take it and free me from its powerful influence. Please.

Unfortunately, Mr. Maxwell did not accept the coin. He merely examines it at a distance while a deep frown plasters on his face. He knows what the coin is, and he always know the consequences of having it in his possession.

Of course, he does.

It is illustrated by the fact that he can command me through its power, and his control over it is greater than mine. How did he manage that?

He couldn't have it in his possession for very long, as he is young.

Maximilien Maxwell is so very young. About the same age as me when I first acquired that coin. That dreadful coin. That precious coin.

It is both a gift and a curse.

"The Coin of Erosire. Possessing it allows a person to request anything from anyone, but it also causes the person to feel uncontrollable lust. It is a gift and a curse. More of a curse, really, at least in my own opinion."

Maximilien comments, confirming to me that he indeed has one of the coins in his possession.

Yes. He must have. Only having it himself that he knows what it does. As such, he understands. He has to understand what I have been through, but he doesn't appear to be under the effect of the curse as I am.

How? Did he somehow overcome its curse and benefits greatly from its power? Is that it? Is that also the reason why he manages to become a member of Chrono Reserves? Even I failed to get invited into there despite using the coin.

Using its power to bend the will of others to mine.

"How? Please tell me how. Please tell me how to overcome it and control it?"

If only I can overcome the curse. Then. Maybe then I can finally have what I always wanted.

"Overcome its curse? Sadly, I do not know how, Mr. Collins. That is because I never did. Like you, I am a very lustful person. Lustful enough to have sex with my own mother, causing her to bear my child."

Maximilien answers me, making me speechless.

He knows. He really knows. How does he know? What else does he know?

"I know a lot of things, Mr. Collins, so there is nothing you can really hide from me. However, I am still interested in your story. How the coin comes into your possession in the first place. If you can actually show me, I might have a different opinion of you. Perhaps, I can even help you get rid of it."

Maximilien continues, and I blink in surprise. What did he say? If he knows how I acquire it in the first place, he would help me get rid of it? Is it possible?

"It is possible to get rid of the coin? I have tried many ways to throw it away or destroy it, but it always come back to me no matter what."

I had even tried to give the coin to another person, many people repeatedly, but just like every time I had tried to throw it or destroy it, it always returns to me without fail.

And it is not without consequences.

"Please, Mr. Collins. You haven't really tried everything even if you believe so, but that is for later. For now, I am curious to how the coin comes into your possession in the first place. I rather that you must have found the coin in one of the garage sales like I did."

Maximilien points out, and I nod repeatedly. It is exactly the same as he did, but I seriously doubt the events leading to that are the same as mine.

In fact, I doubt that Maximilien has to live through such pains and sufferings that I have.

"I see. Please show me it, Mr. Collins. On the contrary to what I have claimed before, I actually do have plenty of time right now, so don't skip on the details. I want to see everything."

He requests with a smile. It is not really a request. It is an order, and I can feel myself being compelled to tell him exactly what happened all of those years ago. Tell him everything!

"It was 13 years ago. On a Friday. No. Maybe I should start from almost 20 years ago."

I begin my story as if it has happened just yesterday. It is so clear in my mind. It has always been clear, but not as clear as it is now, and I do not really know why. Perhaps he has something to do with it.

Regardless, I could still feel the frustration and anger boiling within me. I close my eyes and remember everything. Everything that had happened, as if I was there myself.

"You misunderstood me, Mr. Collins. I don't actually need you to tell me what happened, as I can find out myself. I need you to show me what happened because the human mind is very complex, and only it can relive the memory."

Maximilien Maxwell tells me with a smile, and within an instant, my surrounding swirls.

I collapse backwards onto the chair as my consciousness slips away, and when I open my eyes again, I find myself staring at the most hated person in my life. My stepfather.

"You!"

I roar and about to charge at him, but a woman grabs onto my legs. I look down and see someone who I did not expect to see. Not until I can get rid of the coin somehow.

"He is right, Georgie. He is right. He is always right. He is my husband. He is your father. He has taken care of us and provided for us, so he deserves our respect."

My mother tells me tearfully. It is exactly the same as she did a long time ago. What is going on? Did I somehow get send to the past!? Is that even possible?

I realize that I am actually fit, muscular and tall. It is completely unlike what I have become in the year 1990. This is the year 1969. About 20 years ago.

Seriously. Did I return back in time? No. That isn't possible, so this must be a dream. A dream!

I pinch myself and curse because it hurts a lot. This is not a dream. Not a dream. What is this then?

But whatever this is, I cannot standby and watch this asshole hurts my mother again. I just cannot.

"He is no father of mine. He is a fucking asshole who hurts you, and I am not going to let him hurt you ever again. Die, you fucker!"

I call out before rushing forwards with all the intention to smashing his face in before taking my mother away from here. Away from this fucking house. As far away as possible.

But before I could hit him, I am back to standing next to my mother again, utterly confused.

"He is right, Georgie. He is right. He is always right. He is my husband. He is your father. He has taken care of us and provided for us, so he deserves our respect."

My mother tells me tearfully. It is exactly the same as a moment ago. Just like in my memory. Just like back then. I cannot change it. I cannot change the past.

But I will try. I will try. I rush at the asshole again, and the thing happen. I return to the same spot over and over again with my mother grabbing onto me, tearfully.

It is pointless. It is pointless to change the past. I can only relive it.

"Fucking kid. Didn't I just send you to college? Why the fuck you are back here for? Don't tell me that it is because of that fucking slut of yours? How many times did I tell you not to see her again? Goddamn it. I need a fucking drink. When I come back, you better not be here, or I swear I will fucking beat your sorry ass until you shit blood."

My stepfather growls at me before stomping right out of the house, not letting me a chance to explain myself, not that I would bother to. I didn't really care for me or the reason why I am home in the first place. He only ever cares about himself.

"Let's get out of here before he comes back, mum."

I tell my mother as I help her into the kitchen to treat her wounds. It is what I did the first time, but it is not exactly the same. I think I can deviate a little from what happen, and it would be fine.

The kitchen is a complete mess, as that dickhead smashes everything around the house in his drunken rage as well as beating my mother just because he could. Even more so now that I am no longer in the house.

"I cannot, Georgie. Where would we go? What would we do? How will we live?"

My mother questions like she would, and it is always the same questions when I tell her leave that guy since it is good for her. Sadly, she is fearful of being alone. Completely unprotected by any man.

Damn it.

"Anywhere from here, mum. I just need you to come with me. Come with me, and I will protect you."

I tell her, but she smiles at me and shakes her head.

"Are you skipping school again, Georgie? You know you cannot do that. You have to study. You have to have a good job in the future. Become like your father. Before. Before he died."

My mother utters tearfully. Her hands grip mine tightly. So, very tightly.

"I will, mum. I will become the richest person in the world. I promise that I will become someone you can rely on. Someone who can protect you. Someone who will never hurt you."

I response tearfully. Despite that, I know that I will fail. I cannot change the past. I cannot change the future. I cannot do anything. I am hopeless.

"I know you will, Georgie. I know you will."

My mother tells me and pats me on the head so gently. So very gently.

And I want this moment to last longer. Last much longer, but sadly, it is but a memory. A memory that I cannot change. It is my past.

Once I open my eyes again, I am no longer with my mother. I am on the ground, cradling my head with both of my arms. My body curls into a ball to protect myself.

Every punch. Every kick. Every jab. I feel it all. It is as if I am here in person, taking place of my younger self. Taking place of my helpless younger self. Utterly powerless to do anything.

"Collins. You shithead. Where the fuck did you hide the money!?"

That fucker Eric demands. He and his buddies continue to kick the shit out of me, but regardless how much they beat me up, I will never tell them where I hid the money.

I need that money. That money will help me get my mother away from here.

From this fucking place.

"Strip him."

They proceed to strip me of my clothing and hang me up naked like a punching bag. I could barely see out of my swollen eyes, capturing each of their faces. I remember them all. I remember each and every one of them.

That asshole Oliver Burton looking smug at me every time he looks up from his book. That fucker Bucky Danton. That druggie Marco. Self-serving Sammy. And of course, Eric Chou, their fucking leader.

"I am going to ask you one more time, Collins. Where the fuck is the money?"

Eric questions again as he presses his knife against my bruised skin, drawing blood.

But I did not say. I never did first time around, so there is no point to. I just take all their beating. Their punching. Their kicking. Their slashing. Everything.

I didn't remember what happen after that, but I find myself in the hospital.

My mother is the only person who visited and stayed with me for many days. She wants to stay longer, but she has to go to work because that asshole of her husband doesn't.

I want to tell her where I hide the money, the money that I earn by being a drug mule, but I could not, not when she has so much hope in me. She didn't even know that I was expelled from college because of cheating.

I didn't cheat. I swear, I didn't, but it didn't matter what I say, it is what I can prove.

And I cannot really prove that I didn't copy the thesis. That bitch copies me and submits it as her own work, and with her asshole father backing her, I have no choice but to accept my expulsion.

Damn it. Why is the world so unfair? Why is the rich always have everything? Everything!

I swear that I will become rich and powerful. Rich and powerful enough that my word is the law itself!

Fuck this world. Fuck everyone. Fuck everything.

I eventually get discharged from the hospital, and the money that is rightfully mine helps me open an antique store. It is also my home.

It is not much, but it helps me make some money, living day by day, waiting for my big chance to come.

The big chance to become rich and famous. Sadly, it never came, not until I found an ornate box sitting on the table at a garage sale. I was drawn to it due to its beautiful design. It feels out of this world.

"Caught your eyes, huh? It belongs to my great, great grandfather. A family heirloom of sort, you may say, but I never manage to open it. No one can, and there doesn't seem to be anything inside."

The old man tells me when I ask him about it. I also shake the box, finding no sounds whatsoever, but that could be because it is soundproof. Since it intrigues me, I take it home with me.

I try to open it for many days afterwards, but to no avail. It doesn't look like it is locked or bolted down with anything. It couldn't be glued shut either since I can push a knife in between, running it along the lips.

It is very strange.

Since it is beautiful crafted, I left it on display, but not for sale since it doesn't really worth that much to be honest. I had brought it for \$10 bucks.

I didn't pay attention to the box anymore until I run into Eric and his new gangs.

They demand protection money from me, as they have done so with everyone in the neighborhood, and when I refuse, they smash up my store and me as well.

Battered and bruised, they drag me against the table and spread out my hand.

"I believe that you owe 20G, Collins. Adding onto two years of interest, that comes to about 97G. So, how will you be paying for it? Left hand or right hand?"

"Fuck you!"

I shout with all my might, but it is mostly out of defiant. I know that he would break my arms regardless of whatever I choose.

"Both hands, okay? Cool."

Eric and his buddies smash both of my hands before looting my store, stealing any worth of value.

Luckily or maybe unluckily, in their looting, they smash the box onto the floor, breaking it open, letting out three golden coins. They immediately grab the coins but missed one.

Once more, luckily or unluckily, I pick up the coin with my mangled and bloodied hands, and the instant that I did, my blood seeps into the coin, causing it to glow brightly.

That is when I met him. A silhouette shrouded in utter darkness. Only a pair of crimson eyes can truly be seen, and they pierce into my very soul, terrifying me. I could feel the incredibly pressure crushing down upon me.

"What is this? A completely unremarkable soul dares to hold my medallion and summon me?"

The shadowy entity questions, as darkness spread across the room, seemingly consuming everything.

"Are you the devil? Please. Please give me the power to become rich and powerful. I will give you my soul. I will give you everything."

I call out.

"I don't want your shitty soul, and how dare you compare me to the devil? I am a Primordial Sin. Devils are insignificant speck of dust before me. Oh. I am but a memory."

His eyes glows, forcing me to recoil in fear. The ground shatters under his gaze alone.

"What did I say the first time around. It has been so long. Whatever. I should compliment you for being able to come face to face with me, but it will be your undoing."

That is different. The Primordial Sin of Lust did not say that the first time.

"Quite human. I am not talking to you. Even with the power I have granted you, you still fail to truly amount to anything after so long. I should destroy you right now, but killing you is meaningless. I will let you trap in this memory along with him."

The world begins to flicker.

"You still think you have any control here, Aeon? No. I should call you Maximilien Maxwell now."

The world then morphs, collapsing as darkness envelops me.

What is happening!?