

Master of Time 166

Chapter 166 It is called Karma

Christina Aguilera didn't answer me.

Instead, she looks towards her father, Fausto Xavier Aguilera for answers. She fears him greatly, as he is quite abusive, physically and emotionally.

There is just a lot of anger and frustration within him, but it is expected since he is a former soldier of the United States. He was dishonorably discharged half a year ago due to a huge misunderstanding.

Even so, that doesn't give him the right to hurt his daughter, whose destiny has been changed greatly due to me, and I do mean it. If it wasn't for me, the world would get to hear her lovely voice in the not so distant future.

As that is the case, I should rectify the problem and put her back onto the path towards stardom. The future will be different from the one in my past, but some things should remain the same.

In fact, Christina Aguilera is on my list of people to acquire, but due to her current age, she is not really prioritized. It will be at least a decade before she can enter the spotlight.

Or maybe not.

I could speed up phase 2 of my plans to dominate the entertainment industry. There is really no need to wait for Terra Entertainment to gain the public recognition it deserves. It isn't like I don't have the money or the connection to make things possible.

And with the clones at my disposal, I can do a lot more things simultaneously. A little shapeshifting for my clones might be necessary to prevent people from taking notice of me being in multiple places at the same time, especially when the Internet becomes widespread.

Do I feel anything when I dispose the clones and absorb their memories and experiences Naruto style?

I honestly did a little, but that before I learn they don't really have a soul. They are a tool, created for one purpose and one purpose only. Feeling sorry for them is like feeling sorry for smart bombs.

And unlike Legion, an artificial intelligence, they do live on within me in some capacity.

Besides, letting the clones continue to exist will create a lot of problems in the future, since the longer they are around, the different their mindset becomes. I rather not have them plots against me.

"You can tell me, Christina. I am a doctor. I can help you all better. The pain is in your chest, right?"

I assure the little girl and takes her hand into mine, allowing our skins to come into contact. The bridge enables the nanomachines within my body to crossover to newer pasture. They immediately head to her lungs, where the problem lies.

It is actually unnecessary to come into contact with her directly to infest her with nanomachines, but it helps in assuring her I mean no harm, at least not yet. I will have to map her genetic to help her with the problem.

For now, the nanomachines will help her breathe normally. They are already using the minerals in her body to replicate.

Christina nods slowly. She wonders why her father didn't speak up. He obviously couldn't since I have muted him with my power.

Without understanding the reason to why he is unable to speak despite yapping his mouth repeatedly like a fish on land, he is also far too shocked and frightened.

"Alright. You can make the pain go away with a simple trick. Would you like to try?"

Christina nods again.

"Take in a deep breath and keep it in your chest for as long as possible before breathing out."

I direct the girl in order for her to inflate her lungs. It is to allow the nanomachines to do their job of repairing her organs.

Christina looks at her father again, who appears to be puzzled. She then returns her eyes to me before taking a deep breath, filling her lungs with air. She then holds it all in rather cutely before exhaling out when she cannot hold it in anymore.

She blinks as she didn't feel any pain like she usually does.

"See? No pain, right?"

I pat her on the head as she repeats what I have directed her, finding that she can breathe painlessly for the first time in years.

While that is good, it is actually only a temporary solution. I will have to repair the genetic defects due to the retrovirus. She is one of cases that her ability did not manifest properly.

Instead, it is killing her.

"That is good. Now, I'm going to take you into another room where you will lie down on a bed to have a good sleep, okay? Don't worry about your father. He will do what is best for you."

I tell Christina and help her off the waiting seat, all while casting a glance at Xavier, making him tense up in fear.

"I –

The man utters, finding himself able to speak once more.

I didn't give him any more attention after that and eye Allison, who is still there. The doctor is behind her, waiting for her to follow him.

"Is she one too?"

I simply nod as a response.

"I will not be long, Allison. Please go with him. I will join you shortly, I promise."

I repeat as Allison looks at Christina, who seems to trust me now. It is easy to earn someone's trust if you fix any problems they have.

Her eyes narrow slightly before she lets out a smile and did what I have asked of her. She wonders to herself how many people I have genetically altered and continued to do so.

It is quite a lot even if the success rate is fairly low.

"You, come with me as well since I want to talk to you in private."

I tell Xavier, who immediately shakes his head and gestures his hands defensively. There is fear in his eyes. No. He is terrified.

"No. I don't think so, whoever you are. I have seen some crazy stuff, I know you are one of them."

Xavier responses and tries to actually run, leaving his daughter with me. Honestly, what the hell kind of father is that, abandoning his daughter to save his own skin?

"You misunderstand me, Xavier. It is not a request."

I tell him calmly and take Christina down the hallway without needing to look back. I didn't bother to force him to come with me since the girl seems to be more calmed without her father close by.

"How did you get those bruises around your legs, sweetie?"

I ask when we are alone in a private room. She is currently lying on a comfy bed with circular rings that are rotating around it and running along its length up and down.

Those rings are part of a scanner in this Medical Bay, allowing me to scan her body in many ways.

Asides from the deformations in her lungs due to the genetic defects, there are numerous bruises and lacerations on her body. They are obviously not from falling down the stairs or playing sports like she has blatantly lie to me.

Her entire history is for me to view.

And just like what happened in the original timeline, Christina was raised in a turbulent home, where she tries to use music to cope. After the divorce, her father was given custody of her while her younger sister, Rachel was given to her mother.

That should not have happened. In the original timeline, both her and her younger sister were in the custody of her mother. While her mother isn't that great of a parent, at least the woman would never lay a hand on her children.

The huge divergence is due to me correcting the divorce law a little. I just didn't like its discrimination towards men. It is still very discriminatory, but one step at a time.

Doing things like that have severe consequences, making me feel a bit guilty. Perhaps it is because she is also my daughter. I do have soft spot for my family.

While traveling all over the country and abroad with her father due to his job, Christina did get to see a lot of places and make many friends. However, due to the collapse of her lungs, her world collapses, thus forcing her to deal with the harsh reality.

"You can tell me, sweetie. Your father is not here, and he doesn't have to know."

I pretty much interrogate her, but subtly.

Christina nods and rubs her arm.

Tears slowly pool in her eyes, making me frown a little.

But let's turn that frown upside down.

"Do you want to see a magic trick? Close your eyes and take a nap, when you wake up again, all those bruises will disappear."

I tell her. She blinks and then closes her eyes, placing her complete trust in me.

With my power, I slowly reverse time on her body, finding an instant that that her body is without any bruises. It was more than a year ago.

I decide to have the nanomachines fix it instead because making her younger by a year will make her shorter by an inch or two.

People will definitely notice that, especially her school and friends.

She is in her growing phase after all.

"Wow."

Christina calls out as her body is no longer has bruises or lacerations. Both of her lungs have also been corrected by the machine with a drop of vitality solution, allowing her to breath.

But to fix her genes, it would take a bit more time. The nanomachines will work on it while she sleeps, as long as her father didn't inflict anymore physical trauma on her body.

"Since you have been such a good patient, here, have a lollipop."

I give her an actual lollipop because anything else would be crazy.

And since I am done healing her with the power of science (and magic), I take her into another room, one with a lot of kids, playing with each other.

Laughter is the best medicine. Some idiot tells me before I shove a medical bay down their throat. But still, there is no need for a gloomy and depressing atmosphere.

"Stay here and play until I talk to your father, okay?"

I tell Christina and left her there. She finds friends pretty quickly since she is an optimistic person. She also shares some of her own songs with them.

On my way towards where I need to be, I pass another room to have a look at Jennifer and her father, John Aniston, whose body was completely paralyzed due to the heart stroke he had suffered.

Getting a heart attack is quite common in America with all the junk foods everyone consumed. Those Trans Fats just go straight to their heart.

Should I make sure everyone in America eat healthy and exercise regularly? Do I look like their mother?

Everyone is responsible for their own health, and I only rectify problems that I have caused personally because it bothers me more than a little to ignore them.

Anyway, the both of them are in the rehab center.

Jennifer didn't notice me watching since her attention is focused on her father, as he struggles to walk on his own without help. He shouldn't be able to walk yet according to the original plan, but my actress is too concern about her father to pay attention to work.

I will have to talk to her about that. While I do have infinite patience, my plan for her does not. Either she gets her act together or I will replace her.

And I don't want to replace her since I have her father as a hostage. Yeah. He is my hostage.

I head off after watching for a minute or so.

But instead of heading upstairs to where Allison is, I head to the basement where Xavier is. He didn't get very far before he was grabbed by Shield Security outside. Is it strange to have a prison built under the hospital?

Not really, considering the doctors are doing human experiments whenever they are not saving people upstairs. I rather they do that instead of thinking about implanting some crazy shits in their patients.

They are Hydra agents after all.

For science!

They give zero thoughts to the sanctity of life even if the great Doctor Mathew, head of Hydra Genetics still do.

Xavier is not strapped to the chair or anything in the holding cell without any windows and seemingly any doors. He isn't concern about how he manages to wake up in here since it feels somewhat normal, considering it happens quite frequently with his track record.

Instead, he is more concern about all the claws marks all over the walls, floor and ceiling, cutting deep into the concrete and steel.

"You shouldn't worry about that, Mr. Aguilera. They are there due to some of the specimens we had in here."

I speak up after a moment. Time is being compressed right now, so I have plenty of time to have a bit of chat with the man.

"I don't know anything, I swear."

Xavier tells me, making me smile faintly.

"I actually don't care about the experiments that the good old US of A is doing behind everyone's back, Mr. Aguilera. I am here to talk about your daughter and how frighten she is under your care."

I point out. The Hybridization Project by the United States Military isn't a surprise to me since I already know about it for a while now. I just didn't make much of it since I have footages of real werewolves ripping men apart.

Men who could make their little hybrids piss their pants. So yes, they are a very long way of reaching the same level of biological manipulation like Hydra.

"What? That? She gets that from playing soccer. It has nothing to do with me."

Xavier responses.

"Is that so. What about several cracked ribs in the left side of her lungs? The are position in places that no one can see unless they check carefully."

"That's..."

I continue listing out the injuries that Christina has suffered as indicated by the Medical Bay.

Even if those injuries have healed over time, they do still show up on deep scan. People accumulated a lot of injuries inside their body without their knowledges over the years. That is why living forever is not possible even if you don't age.

The body can only take so much.

"I work hard and long for my –

Xavier gets cut off with a punch in his chest, breaking several ribs.

"I don't need to hear the same excuse as my father, Xavier, and I will make sure you understand each and every single pain that you cause your daughter. No, she is not your daughter anymore. You do not have that right anymore."

And in this space, no one can hear him scream.