

Master of Time 167

Chapter 167 The Hybridization Project

It takes about half an hour to go through the list of injuries that Christina had suffered over the years. Over four years to be exact.

While I could replicate those injuries onto Xavier within seconds, I want him to fully comprehend each and every injury. I also make sure that he is conscious the whole time for obvious reasons.

There is no point of this if he is in a coma.

Once Xavier is a bleeding mess on the floor with broken arms and legs amongst other things, a door is formed on the wall behind me, allowing a couple of masked men to enter the room.

They are wearing medical attires with Infinite Health emblem. A snake eating its own tail in an infinite loop.

They are actually surgeons in the hospital upstairs during their shifts, but down here in this enormous complex, they are butchers and murderers of unimaginable proportion.

It is a very fine line, but I don't really see any of them complaining about their job.

As crazy as it may sound, all the men and women working here actually love to carve things up and to stitch things together in the wrong order. People included.

It is all for science. Well. Mostly for science.

Morality has no say in what they do, and I don't mind them joining hands with their inner demons, as long as they produce results or advance Hydra technologically in some ways.

"Bring him upstairs and fix him up. Make sure his injuries heal slow enough for him to never forget."

I tell the men and head out of the room.

A long and well-lit corridor greets me. There are hundreds of cells on both sides of the walkway.

Most of them are occupied, but not always with people and animal.

Beastly screams and monstrous roars echo from within those cells constantly.

It keeps pretty much all the sane prisoners and creatures on edge.

While I could teleport directly to where I need to go, I want to have a little tour first.

It actually is my first time here, but I do know everything that is going on down here and in every secret facility throughout the country and the world.

Anyone with unrestricted access to Hydra Network will have the same knowledge.

But with so many things happening in every division of Hydra, keeping track of everything is impossible unless it is me.

And that is because I have Selene and Legion. Shield too when necessary.

As I head down the corridor, I find it quite remarkable to see how quickly things are progressing, but I suppose with so many specimens come and go at the hospitals and clinics above, it shouldn't be that surprising.

The cloning technology do speed things up considerably, as it allows for a near endless supplies of test subjects, coming from all races and ancestries.

I actually have half a mind to upload all the data that I had acquired from an alternate reality.

Doing so would provide all the genetic diversity needed for biological research, but I guess it isn't really necessary, considering Infinity Inc. is one of the most trusted medical corporation in the world, evil or not.

I think it is more evil than the Umbrella Corporation.

Infinity Inc. isn't that evil, all things considered. It spends as much as it earns in return, putting all that money back into the economy, helping the people and the public.

There is no need to hoard wealth, as money is pretty much meaningless in the long run, but I wonder what my net worth if everything is added together.

It would be interesting to know, but even I don't know how many things I actually owned realistically.

I enter another walkway, finding one of the men walking alongside with a bin filled with corpses. There is no need to push the bin like a caveman when there are drones.

"Please pardon me, Supreme Commander. I am just taking this to recycling."

The man greets me and moves to the side in order for me to pass through. As I did, I look into the bin, finding what is inside quite disturbing. But that is only because I care about her.

"Help... me..."

The clone croaks, reaching her bloodied hand out to me for help since I am wearing casual clothing. In contrast, the clones are not wearing any. There is no point of dressing them up nicely unless the men are into that sort of things.

Seeing the dying clone with tearful face, I do wonder what the real Sandra Bullock would think of this.

If Sandra knows that she is being cloned thousand of times a day just to be experimented upon in ways that she cannot imagine, she wouldn't be able to sleep at night.

And it isn't always for experimentation.

The men as well as the women do like to have fun sometimes, as they work hard, they play hard. There is not much to do down here, and most if not all of them don't really have a home to go to.

No family person could handle this kind of work.

And even if they could, they won't be sane anymore.

Honestly, this isn't that much different from entering a virtual reality and go nut. Just like in the future, clones do not have any right. They are property of their creators.

I give the clone a smile before continuing my way.

And if it had bother me, it isn't rational to tell the men to stop using celebrities as test subjects or fuck toys. Whatever makes them work harder is good.

I enter the common room to get some coffees and look around.

It is like a normal common room filled with people chatting to each other. Some are snoozing here and there due to staying up all night just to get that report done.

Everyone bitches about writing report, so not much different.

They rather chop people and stick people together than to write report.

"Nice to see you here, Supreme Commander. I think this is the first time you have been down here?"

One of the older men greets me. His name is Janus. He appears to be in his 30s, but he could as easily be in his 50s or 60s or maybe older.

I nod in response and take a sip from my coffee.

"Do you still remember the Hybridization Project?"

I ask. I have all the technical information in my head, but what on file isn't necessary the same as from experiences.

"Hybridization Project? Isn't that like almost 30 years ago, Supreme Commander. Why do – ah, please forgive me. Yes, what would you like to know?"

Janus asks.

"The failure of the project, and how did it leak."

I response. I already know the progress of the project and the reason why it is abandoned despite the great success.

"Failure is a subjective word, Supreme Commander. I believe it is a great success. Those that undergo hybridization exhibits superior physical ability like we have hoped even if they give in into their instinct eventually."

Janus answers.

"Give in? More like they go fucking crazy and slaughter everyone around them. I was there when the main facility went nuclear. The scar here is to show."

Another person calls out and shows the deep scar across his neck. If it is a normal person, he would have been dead, considering that he had gotten himself beheaded.

More people join in the conversation, recalling the craziness of the 60s and 70s. They had even bet on the end of the world when tensions are exceedingly high between the United States and Soviet Union.

I skips those years because I was young then, so there are quite a lot of things that could be prevented if I was there. Things such as the leakage of the Hybridization Project.

And since I am too lazy to redo everything I have done so far, especially for every problem that comes my way, I will just figure out a proper resolution now.

To be honest, if I have to live the same day over and over again, I might become as insane as most of the guys and girls here.

"It is difficult to pinpoint the exact source of the leakage, Supreme Commander. More so now after all this time. There isn't much left after the base self-destruct. But if I have to guess, I think it is the Soviet, as they are a major threat at the time. The United States manages to get in on it."

Janus tells me.

It is expected as the security back then isn't as advance as it is now. Furthermore, a lot of outsourcing is necessary, especially in base construction. Now days, everything is handled by Shield and the people of Shield.

Even so, there is still some leaks. Those people are dealt with accordingly.

"Not only the US. China. India. England. Korea. It is practically all over the world. We should have put a handle on thing when had the chance. Now each country that worth anything has a project. But even after so many years, they are still couldn't get it right."

Another person calls out.

"We didn't get it right either before the project is scraped in favor of Psionic Potential. We have quite a breakthrough in that recently. Maybe we can get a real psychic soon, huh?"

Psionic Potential Project (PPP) replaces Hybridization Project (HP) because the first proves to be a lot more useful than the latter, as the latter is more or less biological augmentation.

Human is a jack of all trade while animal is more specialized. A human can never outrun a cheetah, at least not without some serious technological augmentation.

However, a problem with human-animal hybrid is that the person is likely to give into their animalistic instinct and go berserk. It is even more of a problem with human-insect.

Combining the intelligence of a person with the power from the animal kingdom seems logical at first, but it actually prevents the emergence of evolved. Basically, advanced human with psionic potential.

That is why the Hybridization Project is scrapped.

Hydra Genetics is to evolve human into a superior species, not make them weaker in the long run. As our brain is the most powerful tool at our disposal, it is reasonable to advance it instead of our physical attributes.

Besides, psionic power is far more stronger than physical prowess.

A human-cheetah hybrid can be very fast, but it really means nothing to a person who has precognition or telekinesis.

It is quite interesting to listen in on the chatters. Some do want to restart the project just to prove that a fully hybrid can be controlled. Some just want some feline test subjects.

The furry is strong in this group.

But in the end, it is agreed that the Hybridization Project is a waste of time and resource. There is also another reason why it is also pointless to restart the project.

If these guys keep up with the news from the off-reality team, they would know.

Why try to create a werewolf when you can go and capture a live one?

And the actual werewolf is far more deadlier than human-wolf hybrid.

The men did get themselves killed by werewolves, and that is with their technological augmentation and power armor.

I eventually decide I have heard enough.

Whatever the United States and other countries across the globe are trying to produce in secret is still far from what Hydra has perfected decades earlier.

"Supreme Commander!"

Someone calls out to me when I am heading out of the room.

I turn around to pay her some attentions.

"I don't know if it is anything, but the traffic accident this morning didn't seem natural. And I just cross check with Shield a minute ago, a member of the Shield died in the accident. It isn't the only accident that is not normal either."

The woman tells me.

I narrow my eyes slightly before nodding and head out of the room. The traffic accident she is referring to is the highway pileup. A lot of people died in the accident, but it isn't my responsible.

People die every second of every day.

People are born every second of every day too.

"Selene. Connect with Legion and Shield. Analyze the footages of the highway pileup this morning."

I request.

Selene acknowledges and immediately connects with Legion and Shield. With three virtual intelligence working together, I would get my answer very soon.

By the time I am in the room where Allison is currently, Selene informs me that Legion has finishes his analysis with all the footages that Shield has provided.

Allison is happy to see me as she has been waiting for a while, but I have a frown on my face.

"I'm sorry that I am late, Allison. I hope you didn't have to wait long."

I apologize as I approach her.

"Yes, but anything can be forgiven with a kiss, Max."

Allison responses, mimicking me from this morning.

I chuckle and remove my attention from the report that Selene gives me to lock lips with Allison.

I will have to deal with the report later.

80% probability of assassination.

Someone is killing agents of Shield, and collateral damages is not their concern.