

Master of Time 168

Chapter 168 Unforeseeable Consequences

Our rather playful affection did not go unnoticed, but the men and women in the room pay very little attention to me and Allison.

They are more preoccupied with their work at the moment, reviewing and absorbing as much medical data, reports and analysis as possible. It is needed to help Allison with her cellular degeneration.

The information is all new to them since it is considered classified knowledge even within Hydra. This means memory wiping is required for everyone when the checkup for Allison is done.

That also means that there are no nurses or assistants in the room with us. Those people do not have clearance to learn about evolved human.

It does seem unnecessary to hire outside help for those jobs when drones and droids, collective known as automatons, can do a much better job without requiring rest. They also never complain or become stress. There is no need to pay automatons either.

But then again, this is still the 90s, so no high-tech stuff publicly yet. It is all for appearance.

Since that is the case, Infinity Inc. has to hire outside helps for those mundane tasks at the hospital. It would be strange if the hospital doesn't have any nurses or assistants on duty otherwise.

This is not to mention cleaners, washers, cooks, and so on. There are quite a lot of things necessary to running a hospital, especially when people have so many needs.

Obviously, all these mundane tasks are not done by humans in the underground complexes. It would be stupid to use manual human labors in place of automatons.

As for why the information pertaining to evolved human is classified even to the inner circle of Hydra, I simply don't want anyone to learn about Allison or Lexi, for they both have psionic potential.

Psionic powers are extremely dangerous, so until I figure out a way to theoretically defend against the people who can mindfuck anyone with impunity, it will remain classified information.

Need to know temporary only.

And having psionic potential is not the same as being capable of it, at least not without some ingenious genetic manipulations on my part. But doing that is also quite dangerous, considering that by changing one set or a sequence of gene has many undesired side effects.

Mutation is a huge problem when one tries to play God.

It is actually better to let mother nature takes its course, at least for now. Natural selection is really an incredible thing for human evolution, especially in harsh conditions.

Life itself is quite resilient, capable of adapting to inhospitable environments. And that is why insects are truly the dominant life-form on the planet. Technically, viruses and bacteria are, as they are pretty much everywhere.

To be honest, Allison and Lexi are more like carrier of the evolved genes, which is called M-Strain. That stands for Mutation-Strain.

I was outvoted on the name since I want to call them the X-Genes just like from Marvel. People aren't a huge fan like me, but I guess M-Strain sounds good enough.

I will just think of it as Maxwell-Strain because I am pretty much the first mutant. Heh. Take that, shitty Apocalypse. With all that power and you fail to take over the world. Geeze.

Honestly, I could take over the world right now, but it would be a totalitarian and oppressive regime, not unlike the Galactic Empire.

No need to retread the same path.

Anyway, Allison and Lexi are carrier of the M-Strain, so that they can pass that gene into their children, thus producing the next generation of evolved humans.

And for greater chance of passing the M-Gene and allowing it to mutate further, they should only have children with those who are confirmed to have psionic potential or better yet, psionic capable.

Me, for example.

But I am not psionic capable yet. I will be eventually. Then maybe I can read mind without needing to resort to micromachines or nanomachines.

Legion has estimated that it would take at least a dozen generations for actual psionic power to appear in any real capacity. More so for a fully developed psionic capable individual to appear.

I do have plenty of ways to speed things up, morality asides. There is no need to preserve the sanctity of life in the name of science.

In any case, there is a slight problem with a lot of my methods, but it is not really important right now.

Allison should be the focused of my attention. I didn't bring Sandra Bullock along because that would divide my attention.

"Max."

Allison whispers once our lips are parted. Her eyes tell me that she wants more, a lot more. She always wants more, especially when being so close to me.

Obviously, she didn't really understand this strong attraction fully, but I do have a theory. It is a good theory in my opinion.

I suppose her strong sexual attraction to me is due to her advanced physiology.

While it is not really my intention, the M-Strain causes natural sexual selection to be a lot more active and dominant in both Allison and Lexi.

And maybe, it is perhaps more dormant in all evolved humans?

This hypothesis needs to be tested, but it is logical to assume so.

Naturally, humans will always seek out the most suitable mate to ensure their genetics get pass on. It is still true in the modern world when emotions are not in play.

Romanticism is a different beast all together, and it is hard to qualify chemical impulses as science. In any case, it is not important.

What is important is that evolved humans, carrying the M-Strain within their genetic makeups, seem to show a very strong desire to sire a more powerful offspring.

It is the reason why Allison and Lexi desire me so much despite I am their progenitor. It seems that as long as the opposite sex is capable, it didn't matter what kind of biological connection already exist.

In fact, before meeting me, Allison and Lexi barely have any sexual drive.

They aren't all that interested in sex even as procreation. That is quite strange, considering they both are quite beautiful and attractive. Many men would love to get into their pants.

But perhaps it is because their biology rejects normal human, as mating with them would not advance their species.

Did I use species to described evolved humans?

Yes, I did. They are actually a breed of their own, but I do not want to call them homo-superior. Doing so would means that normal humans are inferior.

Not necessarily true. People are capable of a lot more than meet the eyes. I should know because I've seen so many crazy shits over the years, relatively speaking of course.

I smile at Allison and shake my head.

"There is a time and a place for everything, my dear daughter. Now. Please lie down and have a good dream. While you do, we will have a look at that big brain of yours. There is no need to examine your body since it is already perfect in every way."

I tell her, making her giggle.

And I do mean what I have just said. There is no need to examine her body since her ability belongs to her mind and only her mind.

The body did not matter in relation to psionic power.

Strangely enough, the body seems not to matter a lot lately, at least beyond the scope of the physical plane of existence. It is actually called the Mortal Plane officially, as according to Zeus. I will probably should use that term from now on.

Allision nods happily before lying onto the bed. She takes a deep breath and exhales as those circular rings begin to spin and move. She leers at me every now and then to see if I am still there, standing by the bedside.

I am, as I have promised.

"I will be here while you sleep, sleeping beauty. I will definitely wake you up with a kiss. Maybe after, we go for some ice-cream?"

I joke, making her giggle like a little girl at the dentist.

Allision is really a little girl in comparison to me, technically speaking. I am about 500 years her senior, and the differences in our ages will only get bigger.

Damn, I feel so old. So very, very old. Still a lot younger than Eliana though. I wonder how she is doing on her end, considering it should have been at least months for her.

I hope the lovely dark elf misses me.

Allison finally closes her eyes and tries to sleep. It comes surprising easy to her thanks to the rotating contraptions that are sliding along the bed.

It is actually due to those contraptions since one of their functions is to induce sleep in the patient. It is more like rest, but it is the same, nonetheless. Some people do sleep easier than others, however.

Once Allison is dreaming, I head to one of the consoles to have a look at her brain's activity.

Everything is being recorded by the Medical Bay, and it will take about half an hour to finish recording the activity. She is actually dream right now as according to the electroencephalogram (EGG) scan. But to know what she is dreaming about, sadly, my technology is not there yet.

It will be one day.

In any case, the recording process is automated, so aside from monitoring the whole process, making sure everything is in order, there isn't much to do but wait.

I could leave the room and come back when it is done. Or I could just jump ahead into the future. Both options sound like a good idea, but I did promise that I will be here.

While Allison wouldn't know, I don't want to go down that road of technicality.

My promise is priceless.

After 5 minutes of watching the monitor, the doctors become bored. They begin to talk to each other, mostly on what they have been working on currently.

Everyone has their own project, and as long as it is viable, they will be given a greenlight. With unlimited funds and resources, most if not all projects are given a greenlight.

As for me, I have Shield list all the deceased members on record.

There are quite a lot of people who died since being agents of Shield doesn't mean they discard their normal life. They aren't like agents of Hydra. Therefore, these agents come to work like everyone and go home at the end of the day like everyone else.

Some of them didn't make it home due to traffic accidents, so I guess when their time is up, their time is up.

Death can be a bitch, but I wouldn't revive them with my power since doing so would open doors that I do not want to open. I am not responsible for their lives and well beings. They are.

However, if the agents are being assassinated by an unknown party, it is my responsibility. Protecting my assets is always my responsibility, not to mention the principle of it.

I just can't have some idiots going around and killing my men without paying the consequences.

And to my surprise, quite a lot of agents have died over the years, mostly in car accidents on their way home or to work, but there is also other form of accidents, such as boating, skiing, mountain climbing, and so on. Quite a lot die in extreme sports. These guys do live life to the extreme.

One of them actually died from an allergy to shrimp. Weird.

But it does feel oddly familiar.

Is Hydra killing Shield members!?

Please tell me they can't be that stupid even if I try to make Hydra and Shield enemies just like in the comics, but it is mostly for laughs on my part.

And it would be funny for like a minute or so.

At my request, Legion begins analyzing all the footages available through Shield, making sure they are all accidents naturally. I don't think they all are since it feels too strange.

It did take a while since there are so many footages to go through.

By a while, I mean a few minutes.

My frown deepens when I find that over 42 members of Shield are assassinated. Why did that number sound familiar? I search my memory immediately.

"James Houston."

I mutter as the profile of the man moves to the top of the pile within the visual display in front of my eyes.

James Houston is the person who has caused the who media incident a while back, forcing me to drive a cute girl over a cliff to resolve the problem.

Oh. I did have a bunch of people assassinated afterwards just to tie up the loose end. The news didn't report their death since people die every day.

In retrospect, I could have locked Rebecca up in my sex dungeon somewhere outside the United State or maybe even outside the solar system.

Just kidding. I don't have a sex dungeon. Not yet.

Time to build one in a spatial dimension.

Legion notes that there is an 87% probability that James Houston was assassinated.

And how did Legion figure that when I couldn't tell myself?

This is not to mention Shield herself. She is also a virtual intelligence, but granted, she is not designed as a criminal investigator.

A footage of the accident appears in my vision, showing the car containing James Houston getting into an accident with another vehicle.

I have seen it before, but there isn't anything out of ordinary, at least on the surface.

Legion overlays his finding onto my vision.

I notice there is a number displayed next to the car. It measures the speed of the car. While the speed isn't anything out of ordinary, the fact that James didn't step on the brake like a normal person would just open my eyes.

That bit escapes me since the brake still works after the collision, but the fact he couldn't use it during the accident means it was not working. It fails at critical moment?

In fact, most accidents are due to safety mechanisms failing at critical moment.

Legion did not detect any use of advanced technology, so it couldn't be Hydra unless Alex and Hans are fucking around with magic.

I doubt it though.

Therefore, that leaves magical or spiritual means, but sadly, Shield is currently incapable of detecting magical energy.

I suppose it is time for the surveillance network to undergo a major upgrade. Detecting magical energy will probably reveal a lot more about the world. I will also add brainwave detector, which allow Shield to detect psionic energy as well.

As for spiritual energy, it might be impossible due to requiring an actual soul, but I will think of a way to do so.

In any case, this is troubling. Unlike Hydra, whose members are monitored constantly, agent of Shield are not, so they can be targeted quite easily. But still, someone capable of assassinating them without leaving any evidence behind tells me this isn't going to be a simple matter.

"Supreme Commander. Maybe we can make this part bigger? This part wider?"

One of the men speaks up, making me arch my brow. What is he talking about, exactly? It takes me a second to realize he is talking about cosmetic augmentation for Allison.

This kind of augmentation is available for Shield, Hydra and quite a lot of wealthy people.

It comes off as advance surgery for the wealthy people since they don't need to know the doctors are modifying their genes to make them beautiful.

"Idiot. Didn't Supreme Commander say she is perfect as she is?"

One of the women speaks up. She glares at the man, who once work as a cosmetic surgeon, meaning that he knows a thing or two about beauties.

"Um. No need to call names. Let's me see what the good doctor has in mind."

I response after a cough.