

## **Master of Time 169**

### Chapter 169 To Wake a Sleeping Beauty

Allison slowly opens her eyes to see me and only me.

There is no one else in the room besides the two of us. All the other people have already left in order to attend to other matters as well as patients, right after they had finished what they needed to do.

The memory of what they have done in this room has also been swiped from their mind. It is to keep everything a secret. They do not need to remember all of this, only I do.

I am the only person who know exactly what had happened in this very room, and I prefer it to be that way, at least for now.

No. Actually, maybe forever.

Honestly, it is not morally questionable by any mean, and like the good surgeon had said much to the dismay of other doctors, it is all for the greater good.

The doctor argues that women love to be a sex symbol in the mind of others, and I do agree with that point of view somewhat, considering the ways society looks at people currently and a few decades in the future.

But I think everyone would love to be a public symbol, sexually or otherwise, whether they are women or men. No one would like to step out of the spotlight willingly once they have a taste of it.

Being in the spotlight is quite addicting from my own observation.

I was in the spotlight a few times, and it is intoxicating. It also strokes my ego. My megalomaniac ego.

"How is your dream, dear daughter?"

I greet Allison with a charming smile from her bedside. She blinks slowly at me before parting her lips to speak softly. She looks exhausted, but it is expected. Her body did just undergo a form of surgery.

"Very tired, father."

Allision tells me before closing her eyes once more to rest both her mind and body. Both needs to be adjusted to the new modifications and augmentations. Her mind far more than her body, as it remains highly active for the last couple of hours.

Her mind has to be to allow me to analyze the problem and find a viable solution.

I have found several solutions with the helps of the other doctors, but the quickest and easiest way to fix her up is through direct application of Genetic Modification.

Modifying the code of life is usually the solution to any genetic problems that are found in the patients at the hospital. God makes us perfect, and it is up to us to ascend beyond perfection.

That isn't the motto of Hydra Genetics, but it might as well be. There is actually no official motto aside the slogan: There is no God.

Sounds logical enough for what they are doing in total secret. There is nothing sacred about life in the mind of these doctors and scientists, as they believe life is what they can make of it.

I like the way they think.

And to prevent any public outcries or pointless criticisms, genetic manipulation isn't resorted to unless there is absolutely no other way to save the person. This excludes the use of magic because that is not within the realm of science.

These are men of science, not crazy men of science like Alex, although they are pretty crazy, all things considered. They are pretty nice to talk to once you get passed the murdering and butchering part.

In any case, there are a lot of unintended side effect of modifying someone genetically, so compulsory checkups are needed. The checkups also serve to keep the person in line, especially when they do hold some sort of position in the United States Government and Military.

It cannot be considered as blackmails since without Infinity Inc. helping in them in the first place, they wouldn't be as healthy and proactive as they are now.

In fact, most of them should have died due to genetic diseases, accidents, or just sheer stupidity. Their wealth may keep them alive through the best medical care money can buy, but it is really up to me in the end, now that Henry is in retirement.

It is also one of the reasons why Henry is so feared in his business circle. Money cannot buy longevity unless Henry allows it. More correctly, I allow it. How long these old moneys get to live really depends on their obedience towards me even if they do not know me personally.

They only know the big boss behind Henry. I don't want to reveal myself to these people yet, since the fear of the unknown is more terrifying. It is quite frightening to know there is someone out there that can crush your family and everything you own with just a single word.

No one would want to displease such a person.

In any case, if they remain in line respectfully, they and their family will get to live long enough to see the future that I will created. They might even get to keep their wealth and status in the new world.

If not. Well. Pests must be removed.

I do consider them as pests most of the time, for sucking out the lifeblood of the public. Infinity Inc. is just taking their probably dirty money and giving it back to the public. Not probably. More than likely.

And that is how you make the economy goes around.

I allow Allison to sleep once more.

This time, it is a dreamless sleep.

The first dreamless sleep that she had in months Her mind is always highly active, and it is not because of her evolved physiology. It has a lot more to do with her Perfect Recall ability.

That ability is a double-edge sword, considering the human mind is not really a machine. It might be a lot more complex than a calculator, but it is not as resilient as one when put to the test.

It is a good thing that Lexi doesn't have this problem. She has other biological problems. But for now, the girl can sleep quite a lot. She actually slept late into the afternoon because she doesn't have work today unlike me.

And tomorrow, Lexi will show up at Terra Entertainment to apply for a job. Having my daughter as my private secretary probably has its benefits, but I think I will mess around with her for a few days, mostly for fun.

I am happy for Lexi to get to sleep in today.

Unlike her, I never find enough hours in the day to simply do whatever I want, and that is quite ironic considering that I am the Aspect of Time.

Sure, I could make more time through with my power, but it would mess up a lot of thing if I did. There is already an enormous time difference between the prime-reality and other realities thanks to me via stopping time.

In any case, sitting here and watching over a beauty sleeping isn't so bad, even if it is a waste of time.

It isn't that much different from watching Antigone sleep in my opinion.

And considering that this room is part of the research faculty of the hospital, I will have all the privacy that I needed without needing to lock the door. Of course, locking the door would be a good idea, but only if I decide to break my own rule of no fornication in the workplace.

No one will dare to bother me and Allison. No one under my command that is.

Like all research laboratories scattered throughout the world, security is very tight, but every now and then, someone does manage to sneak into here to take photos and steal things.

It is actually quite easy to sneak into here, but it is impossibly hard to get out with Shield watching like a hawk. This is not to mention the whole research facility is built like a maze.

As a matter of fact, most people would love to have rats sneaking in here just to see them panic.

And speaking of rats, there are two right now.

"Shit, Krystal. Someone is already in here!"

The guy calls me out as he notices me. His partner in crime takes a glance at me.

"I don't think he is a doctor here. He is probably one of those snobby rich guys."

Krystal responses. Her attention is on Allison now while pondering herself what kind of slut she is. And if Allison isn't, she is probably one of those snobby privileged girls.

I take offense to that, but I can understand her point of view. There are many privileged people in this part of the United States. California is considered as one of the richest states in America.

And since I am not wearing a doctor uniform, I do look a lot like a rich family member, visiting a patient here in this highly secured and private area.

I am also sitting by the bedside, so it adds to the assumption.

It is unnecessary for me to correct them in their assumption as they will not remember any of this in like an hour or so.

Erasing recent memory is quite easy for Hydra Genetics. They do have a lot of experience with it.

"I am rich, but I am not snobby, miss. Are you running from someone?"

I question with a smile.

"Yes. They are coming."

The guy responds before shutting the door close. He is referring to the security guards.

"Alright, where did they go?"

One of the guards outside questions as he heads down the corridor with his partner. Everyone must be paired up just in case one gets knocked out.

It is quite hard to knock them out due to their training, but not impossible.

From the security feeds, his partner is holding a pocket scanner. The scanner should reveal the layout of the whole maze-like facility as well as where everyone is.

Everyone except me that is.

I am always invisible to biometric sensors and scanners. Most forms of sensors and scanners in fact.

This is because my genetic is beyond top secret. It is so much so that anyone who has any sort of file on me will be in for a severe punishment, assuming that I didn't kill them outright.

Any database or server can be breached, if not now then it will be in the future.

Therefore, my file is not being kept on any server.

This kind of privacy isn't limited to me. High ranking members of Hydra and Shield enjoy the same kind of privacy. Only I know who they all are and where they live.

"They are in here."

The other guard responds, causing the two trespassers frantically search for a place to hide. They find spots under the desk, making me chuckle.

"Please don't tell them that we are in here, rich guy."

Krystal pleads. Her entire history appears in front of my eyes for me to review, including all the bizarre stuff she is doing in high school. She is still a teenager, and yet she is bold enough to break into here.

It is in order to find someone. Her older brother.

I view the history of the guy with her too, who is her boyfriend. His name is Howard. He just goes with her because it seems like the right thing to do.

"Alright, I promise that I won't tell them that you are in here."

I reply with a smile and turn my attention towards the door.

The two men actually knock on the door before opening it and entering the room. This is because I am in here. They don't need to check the sensor to know that, and I do not appear on there anyway.

Allison does. She is marked as a VIP.

"Pardon us for disturbing you, Mr. Maxwell. We are looking for a couple of rats that have a date with a Memory Bank."

The guard speaks up rather respectfully. He is a high-ranking member of Shield Security, who provides security for this establishment. For a high-ranking member to play as guards mean he lost a bet. Maybe he is doing it a favor. It is his day off after all.

His partner is the same.

The Memory Bank is another section of the facility, housed in the Neurological Department, dedicating to brainwashing people.

Killing intruders and trespassers is unnecessary if we could brainwash them. For spies, especially from other countries, we turn them into trojan horse after interrogations.

Of course, I prefer making sure intruders, trespassers and spies know the terror of their ways.

That isn't a typo.

"Mr. Maxwell. What a privilege guy."

Krystal mouths, mocking me.

And here I had thought we could be friends. Not really. I would I want to be friends with her?

I nod to the men without saying a word.

And they proceed towards the table and grab hold of Krystal and Howard. Howard tries to fight back, but he gets knocked out before he could do anything.

"Alright, miss, let's go. You should consider yourself lucky since most people who disturb Mr. Maxwell doesn't get off this easily."

The guard who grabs Krystal tells her.



"Mr. Maxwell, huh? You're fucking bastard!"

Krystal calls out, accusing me of something while being dragged away.

I didn't break my promise, did I? I didn't tell the men that they are hiding under the table in any amount of words. In fact, I didn't even say a single word.

"This one has a potty mouth, maybe gag her first, huh?"

I point out and Krystal gets gagged. She glares at me as she is being carried out of the door along with her unconscious boyfriend.

"Sorry again for the interruption, Mr. Maxwell. Perhaps locking the door is a good idea?"

The men apologize once more after they head out of the room.

They also lock the door for me without my say so. I didn't mind one way or another, but I am curious to why Krystal is looking for her big brother in the first place.

Her brother is actually at home, safe and sound at the moment.

At least from what Shield is telling me through the Surveillance Network.

Since I have time while Allison sleeps, I take a look into where her brother, Wayne, has been recently.

He did break into the hospital for a scoop a week ago, but due to his quite aggressive nature and takes no shit from authority, he was shot to death by one of the doctors.

Actually, he was mauled to death for trying to punch a doctor.

Since he got killed in a fit of rage, he was cloned and then had his memory altered before dumping in a motel somewhere by Shield Security.

It should be the end of that story, but the cloning is too perfect, giving him perfect health. Any injuries he had suffered throughout the year are no longer there. This includes scars as well as tattoos.

Krystal also notices a change in her brother's behavior, especially in regard to the hospital.

Wayne did not want to come back here to snoop around despite constantly telling her previously that there is something off about this place to the point of conspiracy.

This is due to the memory wipe, as the person he offended make sure he is subconsciously fearing it, thus therefore, did not want to talk about it anymore.

I wonder if this will be the end of the story. Krystal and Howard will get their memory wiped and their behavior adjusted by Neurology and Psychology Department.

Speaking of Psychology Department at the hospital, the psychologists there have been doing a lot of good work recently, especially for people with severe mental trauma.

In any case, if I run into Krystal again, I will sure to mess around with her again.

I smile at that while watching Allison sleep for the next hour before getting up from my chair and lean over her form.

My lips spread around her soft lips, waking her up with a kiss like I had told her I would.

That kiss involves tongue and everything since she is already awake. She has been since those idiots interrupted her sleep.