

Master of Time 50

Chapter 50 The Rescue

"Max... Mr. Maxwell."

Sandra Bullock passes out shortly after uttering my name.

From the small expression on her face, she is more than glad to see me.

I can't blame her after everything she has to go through in these past few days.

It is literally hell from all the wounds and lacerations on her naked body, not to mention the numerous corpses being string up and have their bloods drained into a contraption.

I wonder what is the point of that.

It didn't feel like an unusual form of torture, but who knows.

People would die too quickly when their throat is slit and their blood is drained, especially when they are hung upside down.

I will have some men checks out the reason later as well as the contraction. There is something very, very ominous about its construction.

Although it is not my intention to put Sandra Bullock through such a physical and mental trauma, I am not unrelated in the matter, so I should take some responsibilities.

How annoying.

I have Sandra unbound and resting on a portable bed. I will take her back to our reality soon enough.

A little bit of time reversal on her body should fixes her right up.

I left her mind alone, however.

This is because I have some things to talk to her about before I remove the awful memories from her mind.

Sandra Bullock will not remember her time and experience here in this alternate reality, where Nazi Germany have practically dominated the world.

It is probably for the better, but I will allow her to have a choice.

Hydra Assault Squad from S.W.O.R.D division executes everyone who is armed or looks like a Nazi or generally German.

The last one is obviously a joke.

They are highly trained killers.

With their stealth technology, the Nazi soldiers are diced up before they know what hits them.

Just like the namesake of their division, those Hydra agents really loves to get close and personal with their lightsaber.

It is actually called a laser blade, but who is really keep tracks huh?

Once Hydra assault team make sure that all the hostiles are dead, they deactivate their cloaking device and join me along with a group of scientists and engineers.

Like them, everyone is wearing environmental combat power armour.

It shields them from the hazardous atmosphere and deadly radiation. It also protects them from bullet and the likes.

Magical bullets can still punch holes through the power armour, however.

The research team is still figuring out ways to stop that from happening, but they are all newbie at this magical stuffs. They only learn of it like half a day ago.

Their scientific mind refuses to accept the law-breaking nature of magic.

Therefore a new division with open minded people is required.

Mystic is recently founded. It has exactly one member – Alex Mercer.

He likes to explore new territory, and learning about magic seems to be exotic enough.

Also, don't ask about the name. It is all a coincidence.

Giving the current progress on magic, the best way to not get killed is to not get hit.

That is where the stealth come in. It does drain a lot of power and causes overheating, however. When too much heat is built up, the user will be visible on infrared scanner.

A total of 36 people stand around me.

These are the people who follow me through temporal rift.

More than enough for what I have in mind.

The temporal rift will have enough energy to allow them to return home before collapsing, preventing us from accessing this alternate reality again – at least until I figure out how to travel from one timeline to another.

No idea about that yet.

My power isn't exactly science.

"Alright. Let's get to it then. Set up the fabricator here and start producing some spy satellites. I want eyes in orbits, looking directly at Hitler as he takes a shit. After that, I want automated batteries and turrets around the perimeter, turning this place into a fortress. Have them shoot down anything that is remotely German."

The men got to work immediately.

The fabricator in question is a glorified 3D printer.

As long as blueprints exist within its memory bank, the fabricator can print out all the necessary parts and then assemble those parts into a working product.

This is how manufacturing works in the future. It is still being used right up to the 31st century when new manufacturing procedures are available.

Nanotechnology does replace the process since everything can be build in open space instead of being constricted to a staging ground.

However, Hydra technology isn't there yet.

I don't think I should release nanotechnology just yet.

Just a single mistake and the world will have a technological virus. Not to mention the emergence of an artificial intelligence.

Skynet will have to wait its turn.

Nazi Germany has gotten here first.

The only downside to the fabricator is the elemental-fuels it requires to fabricate.

Nanotechnology can rip apart anything within its range to use as raw materials, but fabricator needs special tank filled with natural elements like hydrogen, oxygen, iron and so on.

The fabricator will assemble these elements into necessary molecules before latticing them together to form the necessary parts and components.

It is a very complicated process, but anything can be built – fabricated – in a fabricator, even a human body.

Organs are fabricated rather than grown in a tank. Fabricate is just faster.

A fabricator can be used to fabricate clones as well, but there is a dedicated machine for that. Cloning machine has already been released into Hydra Network. There will be a working prototype within this year or the next.

That is when Atlantis enters the world stage.

Hydra didn't need to bring more than one of each elemental-fuel tank through the temporal rift thanks to my duplication power.

I have no clue what happened when I steal stuffs from the past, bringing them into the present.

As far as I know, it doesn't affect the present in anyway, so I assume that stealing from the past either create an alternate timeline or stuffs just magically created to compensate for the paradox.

The latter is more likely since creating timeline means I am basically creating new universes.

That is God territory.

Anyway, Hydra takes about an hour to have the first spy satellite built. It is promptly launched into the orbit around the planet.

After it did, it begins to navigate over to Germany and starts scanning and probing. It needs to map all the new geography due to constant nuclear bombardments as well as troops movement.

Armed with dual laser batteries, the satellite is able to take out any Nazi satellites or space stations in orbit. There might be people on those satellites or stations, but this is war.

There are casualties in war.

By the time the first satellite gathers any useful information on Germany and its military installations, a dozen more satellites are encircling the planet.

Orbital superiority is only a matter of time.

As for the prisoners in the concentration camp, their mind is somewhat gone.

Although I can restore their mind and their life, they are insignificant in the grand scheme of things.

If my plan works as intended, a completely new timeline will replace this current desolated one. Their counterpart in that timeline will not remember what they have been through.

That said, I did locate those that went missing from our prime timeline. Their bodies are found all over thanks to Nazi interrogators. Some are in ditches. Some are hanged. Some have been partially eaten by bloody hounds.

Those dogs are slaughter when Hydra stomps the base.

"Thank you, Mr. Maxwell."

Shield Security personnel thanks me when I brought them back to life. I was unable to bring them back by creating a bubble into the past like I did with Atlantis.

Something to do with their soul being no longer a part of the prime universe.

In truth, things that I don't understand about my power, I will just blame it on the soul for now. From everything I have been through, I do believe a soul does exist.

It might not be whatever the Church is telling me though.

"Do you wish to retain what you have experienced? It will makes you stronger if you do as hardships and experiences strengthen a person. If you want to keep it, please follow him and return to our time and space. You have been gone for about 2 days. Your family is worried sick about you."

I tell the Shield personnel. Some choose to have their memory erased since the horrors will probably keep them at night. Others decide to deal with it in their own way.

As for the handful of people that got thrown into this alternate reality for being at a wrong place at a wrong time, they have no choice in the matter.

I must erase their mind when they are returned home to the prime universe.

Their countless questions and bewilderment are not answered.

They are forced to move along towards the temporal rift by armoured men with big guns.

With Sandra Bullock in my arms bridal style, I teleport directly to the temporal rift and step through it after everyone else did.

Its temporal energies drop sharply before stabilizing once more.

Once Hammond confirms that everything is okay, I teleport to the penthouse in Oxford Hotel.

I let Sandra down onto the bed before speaking up.

"Did you enjoy the trip, Miss Bullock? I know that you are awake the whole time."