

Master of Time 64

Chapter 64 Perfect Recall

Allison wakes up in her bed, screaming in terror.

It takes more than a few seconds for her to finally calm down and have a good look at her surrounding, finding herself safely in her apartment.

It is night time and the lights are off, so everything is shrouded in darkness.

Moonlight streams through the windows and curtains, bathing Allison partially.

The last thing she can recalled was being dragged and strapped to a metal chair by scientists. With her arms and legs as well as her neck and head being locked in place, those people were about to cut her head and skull open to have a look at her brain – while she is still conscious!

She touches her head with both hands, assuring herself that her brain is still nested inside her unsplit skull.

Her hands are now coated in cold sweats that caked her hair and body.

Allison didn't recall what happened afterwards since she immediately found herself in her bed, so she believes it is just a dream.

Even as a dream, it feels so real, so very, very real.

She swears that she could feel the deadly heat from those lasers as they are being powered up to cut through her hair and skin and bone.

"It is just a dream, just a dream. Calm down Ally, you are not being dissected like some sort of lab rat by the Government. That would be insane! Insane!"

Allison tells herself with her palm against her forehead.

It is one of her fears. If anyone figure out what she can really do, they will undoubtedly kidnap her and experiment on her. That is why Allison never tells anyone about her perfect memory, not even her parents or relatives.

And once her heart regains its normal beating rhythm, she grudgingly drags herself out of her bed and makes her way towards the kitchen.

She needs coffee – a lot of coffee – to clear her mind and calms her nerves.

Luckily, someone has made a pot already.

It is still warm.

"Good morning, Miss Allison. Or maybe it is good night since it is still dark outside."

I speak up from the couch since she didn't seem to notice me on her way to the kitchen.

She is too preoccupied with something else, probably wondering who made the coffee.

I did because I was thirsty. I didn't really need caffeine to keep myself awake.

If I want to stay awake, a little command to Selene will tell all the nanomachines in my bloodstream to keep my brain working overtime without any side effects.

Of course, I do sleep since sleeping does help in other ways.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Allison responds with a deafening scream while falling backwards against the kitchen counter. She is acting as if she has seen a ghost – or maybe a demon.

I am not that scary, am I?

"Can you please shut up?"

Allison immediately did, but her body remains trembling.

Her pale lips quivers in fear.

Her eyes never left me as I get off the couch and stretch my arms.

I had a good nap after bringing her home and tugging her into bed. I might have even given her a kiss on the forehead and sing her a lullaby, thinking she was my daughter.

Well, that isn't far from the truth – in a sense.

Is it creepy to watch a beautiful woman sleeping in her room?

Definitely.

That is why I doze off on her couch, instead.

It is totally not creepy at all.

Joke asides, I pour myself a cup of coffee before handling her one as well.

"Here, you go. You wanted one, didn't you? Drink up, you will feel better soon."

Allison still stares at me, seemingly lost her voice.

She is too paralyzed with fear to even accept the cup, and it wasn't until I narrow my eyes in annoyance that she grabs the cup and downs the whole thing before coughing.

"It wasn't a dream...!"

Allison utters and tries to calm her raging heart. It is thumping madly.

"Unfortunately, it isn't a dream, Miss Allison. It is all real, and we learn a great deal from studying your brain. It is quite remarkable. And I promise you that you won't remember of it before, didn't I?"

I pause. I had thought about letting her have a choice, but the pain might be too much. She is not as strong as Sandra in willpower, unfortunately.

"Would you like to hear all about it? It is quiet fascinating. Well, at least to me."

I response and take a sip from my cup before sitting back down on the couch. I look back at her and points at the spot next to me on the couch.

Allison swallows hard and slowly gets off the ground. I watches her take step by step across the kitchen and sits where I told her to.

She is quiet obedience now that she fully understands it is impossible to run away from me.

"Are... are you... are... you... going..."

"Please stop stuttering, Miss Allison. It's very hard to understand what you are saying. If you are asking about whether I'm going to experiment on you again then the answer is no. We have learned all that we need to from your biology. We have also mapped out your brain for simulation. If we want to do more experiment, we could always clone you and then study the clones instead."

I answer truthfully with a smile.

That seems to calm her down a little.

"What... what did you learn?"

Allison asks hesitantly. She is also curious about her ability. She has heard about plenty of people with eidetic and photographic memory, but they are not as perfect as hers.

The moment she takes a glance at anything, she can recall it perfectly even without meaning to.

"What you have already figure out yourself, Miss Allison. You have a perfect memory. We call it Perfect Recall. The moment you see or hear something, you can recall it perfectly. Your brain is more akin to a computer hard drive, capable of storing and recalling information without any losses. Unfortunately, there is a reason why a normal brain tends to forget useless things."

I answer before exhaling deeply.

The woman didn't seem to understand what I am implying, so I guess I will have to spell it out for her.

"It means that you are dying or will be soon, Miss Allison. By our very good estimation, you won't live pass 30 years old because your mind will start to deteriorate rapidly sometimes in the next couple of years. This is because your brain will run out of space, and instead of deleting all the useless stuffs, it will try to hold onto everything at the expense of your own wellbeing."

Her eyes widen.

She refuses to believe it. She only has less than a decade to live!?

"I'm... going to die?"

Her eyes become watery.

She has only begin living just now with a stable job and great income, and now she has learned she is going to die.

The shock is immense.

"It doesn't need to be. We know what the problem is, and we can fix it easily. If you do something for me, I will make sure that you will live over 100 years in perfect health and comfort. You don't even need to give up that ability of yours. In fact, I wouldn't want you to."

I point out and place my cup on the mini table by the side of the couch.

Her ability – Perfect Recall – could be said as the next step in human evolution.

The 31st century has proved that the human body can be so much more.

That is why augmentation exists in the first place.

It isn't so much about introducing nanomachines to the human body and strengthen its immune system, it is about rewriting the human genome and unlocking the hidden potential within.

Rapid Regeneration. Perfect Memory. Super Strength. Super Speed – just to name a few.

These are all theoretically possible, but the human body never meant to exhibit these kinds of abilities due to the immense stress.

For example, superstrength or superspeed may sounds fun and all, but the metabolism must keep up with the increased energy requirement by the muscles.

Usually it doesn't, causing the person to starve to death regardless of how much they eat. Their stomach simply unable to extract energy fast enough to keep their body alive.

A real-life example is Allison. Her mind won't be able to keep storing information endlessly. It will shut down due to overload, and when it does, she will be braindead.

Those that demonstrated some signs of evolved human abilities usually don't get to live long into old age and have children, passing on the necessary genes.

Allison looks at me and blinks.

"Something for you, Mr. Maxwell?"

Allison utters weakly. Her mind seems to know what I want. There could only be one thing.

A man and a woman alone in a room – what else could it be?

"Yes, something for me, Miss Allison. Do you know what it is?"

I question as I lean closer to her. The couch is quite small, allowing me to be right in her face.

Allison immediately backs away until her back is against the armrest of the couch.

"No... I don't, Mr. Maxwell."

Allison mumbles and looks away from me. There is a red tint upon her cheeks.

Is she blushing? Yes, she is!

I suppose I am a good catch, after all. Being young, handsome and extremely wealthy. I am also a good father if anyone has noticed me with Antigone.

"Since you don't, I will tell you outright, Miss Alison. I want you to give me a baby. Can you do that for me?"

Allison takes a moment to give me a light nod, shyly. She closes her eyes and waits for a kiss.

"Alright then."

I get off the couch abruptly.

"We will find out which of your co-workers is a perfect match for you, genetically. It is to ensure your ability get pass onto the next generation. Over time, your descendants will live a long and healthy life without our help, as evolution is a wonderful thing."

This is the beauty of natural selection.

Allison is speechless. She seems to be pissed about something.

I wonder what it could be.