

## **Master of Time 86**

Chapter 86 Supreme Commander

My Hydra ring has been upgraded.

Now it is also a storage ring thanks to the spatial compression that Alex and Hans had spent most of their life researching and analyzing for me.

I can't say enough how grateful I am.

Thanks to their dedication and efforts, I now have a solution to many of my problems.

Legion and its countless avatars, collectively known as the micromachines, are stashed inside the near-infinite space within my ring. I have always wanted to have Legion within reaching distance just in case something goes terribly wrong.

I didn't think the solution to this problem is that simple – well, relatively, anyway.

Spatial compression is beyond the 31st century technological progress, so that mean some of my techs have exceeded their level of achievements.

Awesome!

Honestly, my power over time can make even the convoluted shits straightforward and simple.

It is the ultimate cheat.

Ah. Not a cheat.

I will still abuse the fuck out of it because why not?

With the technology to compress space, there is no longer any need for huge underground complexes hidden under mountain ranges.

This magitech is just too damn overpowering. But I like overpowering!

Strangely enough, Alex Mercer didn't blow up the entire world during his research.

I was reasonable sure that Alex would, but I am glad that he didn't. It would make an incredible mess of thing for me to clean up. Hans will keep him sane, as a friend and a voice of reason.

Hans and Emilia did get together in the far future and have children with magic, so there is that.

Mages tend to give birth to children with innate magical abilities. I guess Hydra will have to play some matchmakings in the future to ensure powerful mages will be born within the organizations.

That is on the list of things to do. My list just gets longer and longer.

Sometimes I wish there are like several hundreds of me, so things can get done simultaneously.

My next step is to weaponize spatial compression because if I don't do it, someone else will eventually, just like all biological weapons Hydra have in its massive arsenal.

The Geneva Protocol means shit, but I do try not to use these – definitely considered as crimes against the sanctity of life – methods when others more human methods available.

Just image how much destruction when massive amount of air is released from a singularity? It will be far more devastating than even thermal fusion nuclear weapons.

That is one of the many reasons why spatial compression is too dangerous to simply just let everyone in Hydra knows.

The technology to manipulate space should be kept a secret until I believe Hydra is ready for this kind of toys.

They are already messing around with time at the moment – Well, Hammond and his team is. I wonder how far he has progressed with temporal energy containers.

I don't need those containers yet, but I will soon.

In addition to messing with temporal rifts, Hydra have their hands full with the 25th and 26th century technology and technical information I had uploaded into their network.

Plasma weapons should be available very soon. Combining with magic, plasma weaponries should be able to punch holes into magical shields effortlessly.

This is necessary to equalize the playing field.

I like to see how a Dragon God truly feels when it gets blown up with magically enhanced anti-matter warhead. Anti-matter is still a long way to go for Hydra though. Just a gram of the damn thing is enough to wipe out the base and probably the planet.

Even so, I have to research into such a dangerous substance eventually, preferably in a galaxy far, far away.

I don't want my loyal men and women getting slaughtered in those alternate realities because I am too busy with something else and neglecting my duty and responsibility as their Supreme Commander.

Luckily, Hydra has not run into worlds that overwhelms its technological prowess yet.

But I am certain they will eventually. Actually, I want them to since it will give them more life or death experiences.

Fighting against an overwhelming enemy will make my organization stronger as a whole.

I need them to be more than they are now since I know the real scale of power.

Hydra won't be able to support me if they just get wiped out instantly against powers like a Dragon God. At least survives long enough to stick it up to those fuckers who think they are invincible, huh.

Even I don't think I am invincible, and I am a fucking Aspect!

I did get killed... sigh. Let's not talk about that anymore.

Anyway, I will leave all these subterranean structures and complexes as they are since removing them will undoubtedly collapse the mountains above and probably kill a lot of people in China.

Don't want to do that – yet.

Since Hydra is expanding its operation all over the world to lock down the temporal rifts, I will recycle this base as Hydra Headquarter in China and probably Asia.

Should I have one in India? Maybe.

I have made sure any reference to Legion is removed from the base before I hand it over. Can't have Hydra knows about Legion and my private robotic army.

Legion is supposed to be one my hidden aces. As such, Legion has access to 31st century technology from the start.

I am a bit worry about Legion becoming sentient though.

Hopefully, I won't have to put it down when the time comes.

Legion should be logical enough to know I can undo its existence effortlessly. Besides, it is as much as my child as Antigone.

I program Legion myself. I am its father, in a sense.

Maybe I should refer Legion as a person instead of an object. It is a step towards acceptance. Artificial intelligence will be a thing in the future, and I hope to skip the whole war against the machines.

The virtual intelligence in my head, Selene is not my child, unfortunately. She was designed completely by that eccentric doctor.

I will rewrite her one day to my liking.

Honestly, Selene cannot compare to Legion even if she is more advance in term of logical thinking, as Legion has literally unlimited processing power at his disposal.

Legion – for all intent and purpose – is a Von Neumann machine. A self-replication entity!

Just like in those countless fictions, Legion will spread into the universe, replicating at an exponential rate. I will be ready for those intergalactic bastards, letting them know fears when they decide to come knocking even if humanity is not.

But I do hope that humanity will spread amongst the star by then. Vast amount of infrastructure must be in place for the process to be smooth and acceptable.

Speaking of infrastructure, I should fulfill my end of the bargain.

I do have time right now.

Only like a minute has passed in the outside world thanks to my temporal compression.

I am getting very good at compressing time, making the world move faster or slower within a temporal bubble. There are several other new skills I am working on, since I am always thinking of new ways to use my power.

"El...une Whisperwind."

I almost call Eliana instead, but she doesn't want anyone to know she is a servant of mine. I suppose I will settle for Elune.

I am unsure of how Eliana Shadowsong manages to convince the other elders with her new youthful appearance. Eliana did publicly refuse my generous offer when I had presented it to her and the elders. But it is not really that important.

A magical portal manifested in front of me.

Elune emerges and then gives me a bow as usual. She is curious to how I manage to return to my world without her.

I just shrug at the question and tell her not to worry her little head about unimportant thing. I will give her an answer in due time.

"I need to return to your world, but somewhere private, preferably outside of the village. I have things I want to do on my own. You don't need to worry about what they are."

I request.

"As you wish, Master."

Elune responses. She is then dismissed, so she could reverse summon me.

I wait for a magical portal to form before I pass through.

Like I have requested, we are not in the village like before. We are at the edge of the elvish forest. And I could see the bright light beyond those tree lines. It is late afternoon on Azula.

"Thank you, Elune. You can attend to your responsibilities now. Don't worry about me since I can take care of myself. If I am in need your help, I will call for you. Also, please take these potions. They should be useful, right?"

I take some potions out of my storage ring. With unlimited storage space, I will start hoarding things from now on. Furthermore, Legion probably could use the raw materials to replicate.

"You can use magic now, Master?"

Elune blinks as she accepts the 1st grade health, mana and stamina potions. They are always useful to Hunters and Rangers.

"Thanks to you, Elune. You did take me around the village and visit those libraries. I have learnt a lot, reading through all those books."

I response and look at the sky. I could see the twin moons faintly above the forest. The eternal night dissipates when I am further and further away from the center of the village.

Elune becomes confused at my remark. She did take me around the village and visit all those libraries, but she didn't see me read any books.

It is just one of my peculiars, so Elune shouldn't think too much on it.

Once Elune returns to the village, I teleport directly to the moon, the red one.

The lack of atmosphere didn't affect me anymore nor the cosmic radiations. I figure a way to breathe as I will probably in space a lot. As for cosmic radiations, I will have to tank it.

It isn't like I could get cancer.

Maybe I get superpowers if my body gets bombarded enough? Hmm...?

"Legion. It is time to come out and play. Execute Planetary Annihilation plan."

Trillions upon trillions micromachines emerges from a massive spatial rift in front of me. The machines swarm the entire moon like locusts, mining all those bloodstones and drilling into the moon's crust all the way to the core to harvest the rich metal deposits within.

Fusion power plants are erected in massive numbers across the surface of the moon. It is to provide sufficient power to all the micromachines since I don't want to keep the spatial rifts open forever.

It will still take a decade to fortify the entire moon, turning into a death star of sort, so I speed up time right after I teleported into the orbit around the moon.

A time bubble surrounds the entire moon and time accelerates within.

Once the time bubble burst, I could not help but gapes a little at the metal planet I have created.

Red lights cover its entire surface, simulating the original crimson color for the inhabitants on Azula. I wouldn't want the people ponders about something other than their insignificant lives.

"Excellent, Legion. Now, launch hyperspace probes. I want eyes and ears on every moon, every planet, ever stars, every blackholes, throughout the galaxy."

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"Affirmative, Supreme Commander."

Legion responses before hundreds of thousands of missiles launch from the surface of the moon. It is quite beautiful, I must say.



I feel truly like a Supreme Commander!

Once the missiles escape the gravity well of the moon, they split open, releasing unmanned starships into orbits. Those starships immediately orientate and activate their hyperdrive generator. They blast off into space at speed exceeding that of light.

As micromachines, each starship is capable of self-replication, creating more of themselves to spread to other celestial bodies. I should have the entire galaxy map out within a thousand years.

Once the last starship enters hyperspace, I give my next order.

"Launch spy satellites across the planet, Legion. I want to see and record everything."

Legion did as I request. The satellites are fabricated by the numerous fabricators on the moon before being launched into orbit. Those satellites immediately take position around the planet, broadcasting signals.

Selene picks them up immediately.

[Operator. Hydra communication is detected.]

I arch my brow at that. A world map appears in front of me, showing me where Hydra communication signal is coming from. It seems that one of the temporal rifts is connected to Azula.

Well, that makes thing easier. Since this world is filled with magical knowledge, not to mention all the fantastical race, I suppose Hydra should established a permanent base here.

I teleport to the recon team from orbit.

The temporal rift should be close by. It is connected to Thailand, I believe. I will borrow their temporal rift for a second. It is to return home.

"What the bloody fuck!?"

One of them nearly shoot me when I appear in their camp out of thin air.

Everyone is aiming their weapon at me on reflex. I am sure several cloaked snipers are doing the same, hiding from their vantage points. Most of the men lowers their weapon once they take a look at me.

"Supreme Commander?"