

Master of Time 87

Chapter 87 Magic Training

The person who has said that appears to be the leader of this recon squad. He was also the first person to give me a salute. Everyone else give their greeting, shortly after.

"Yes, that's me. Didn't expect to see you guys to be here. The temporal rift connecting to Thailand has brought you here, right?"

I response.

Once the men have gotten over their initial surprise, they confirm my assumption and then inform me on what they have been doing on Azula.

It was quite a whimsical fairytale, filled with fantastical goblins and knights, battling each other over a beautiful princess.

I believe all of it.

Sounds magical enough.

As for the men themselves, they have been stuck here in this alternate reality for almost a week, from right about the time I had frozen the prime universe.

I did warn everyone in Hydra that such an event will occur if I am no longer in the prime universe, so there is nothing to be alarmed about.

In such an event, those who are already outside of the prime reality should prepare to dig themselves in and then camp it out until when the temporal rift becomes usable again.

They should think of it as their unscheduled holiday of unspecified length of time.

A week should be more than sufficient for me to do whatever I needed to do elsewhere, so they should bring enough supplies for a whole week.

It is something that these men did from what I could tell.

They have set up a long-term camp and started to discuss about foraging. The suckling pig-like monster being roasted on open flames mean they are enjoying their time.

I am sure that they have been warned by Doctor Mathew on consuming anything in these realities, so they probably check if it is edible or not.

Also, no intermingling with the locals unless there are no options remaining. That includes fornication.

Doctor Mathew does not want an epidemic to occur because someone sneezes on someone else. This is why the men are always in their environmental combat armor except for eating and shitting. I don't think they have taken a bath since they first got here, a week ago.

I might have not gotten the memo from Doctor Mathew since I totally fucked a local.

Oops.

Well, if Eliana catches anything, I will fix her right up with some more loving.

And I can't catch anything from her unless it is magical in nature. I am sure there is some sort of magical diseases amongst a lot of magical this and that.

Magical!?

While Doctor Mathew is very concerned about bringing a contagion to these alternate realities, I don't think he should particular concern with this one.

That is because if the native gets sick from us, their healing potions can restore their health in a jiffy.

"We were about to head home, Supreme Commander, but the temporal rift becomes impassible again when we were heading there. We didn't think we would run into you here. If I may ask, what are you doing here?"

The team leader, Alpha informs me.

That is not his real name.

Everyone is given a codename when on mission for easier communication. They can choose one or be given one by the leader.

Most members accept whatever the team leader decides to give them, usually something like: Bravo, Charlie, Delta, Echo, and so on. You know, the NATO phonetic alphabet.

But it all depends on the leader. Some leaders go for simple alphabet such as A, B, and C, while others go for January, February, all the way to December.

I have met a team calling themselves all sort of profanities, such as faggot, dickhead, fuckface. I didn't bother to lecture them as long as they did their job in an efficient and deadly manner.

However, the team leader is always given the codename Alpha to prevent confusion. Should the leader get killed in action, whoever closest should take the mantle of leadership.

Every member of the team should have been trained in leadership and communication skills amongst many other, so they all can act as leader when the time arises.

Other members of the team will follow their leader without question. Anything else is considered as insubordination. Of course, there are some exception to the rule, such as when the leader is obviously being mind-controlled and giving out Hydra secrets.

There hasn't been any report of casualty yet since the men have standing orders not to interfere with the natives unless they have no other choices.

But I am fairly sure some teams will go out of their way to try and help the local, especially in realities that are still relying on the feudal system – medieval. Most realities mapped are still stuck in the dark ages, actually.

It seems like it is a fluke that science eventually triumphs over mindless religion.

Anyway, as long as the men's desire to save lives doesn't jeopardize the main mission, I will let it pass since I am such a nice person.

Heh. Well, it is really because I have faith in my men. They understand their priority. They have trained for this, possibly their entire life.

In fact, many Hydra members who belonged to the assault taskforces and divisions are of the second generation or they have been raised from early childhood to instill unquestioning loyalty and fearless determination.

It is very rare for an outsider to join the Hydra combat taskforce.

"You don't need to know why I am here, team leader. Now, please, tell your men to pack up and ready to go home. I am very interest in reading each and every one of their report, including yours, so make sure to include as much details as possible."

Their reports will be quite colorful since the men did spend almost an entire week on Azula, loitering about and scouting out the locals. They must have seen many, many things.

As for me, I did not return to the prime universe yet. Spreading the bobs – I mean Legion – throughout this galaxy and the universe isn't the only reason I am here.

I also want to terraform the green moon for the dark elves, but since Eliana hasn't convince the elders and the others yet, I will push that task down the list. Maybe when she does, Legion has discovered a suitable planet or moon far from Azula. The further, the better.

Another reason is to practice magic on live subjects. I did practice it for a bit when Legion is upgrading my Hydra ring. However, live targets are always better for training. But if for nothing else, it is to see the effectiveness of magic. The men have given me a very good idea on what kind of targets I should be aiming for.

The final reason is to test Legion in real combat as well as other stuffs. Several scout satellites are now in orbit around the planet, scanning and recording everything.

Interstellar warships will be next on the list, so I can have orbital weapons. This is just insurance against mages that is somehow immune to my power – or I just want to rain destruction upon the planet.

"Legion. Change clothes to something suitable for this world. A robe perhaps?"

"Affirmative, Supreme Commander."

Legion responses.

My clothing then morphs into long black robe in a fraction of a second. Intricate and mystical patterns seem to sew into its fabric. My hands are covered up with black glove.

The only thing visible is my head, which could be hidden away with an attached hood. I could also use holographic projection to obscure my face if I desire, but is there a point to that?

Well, it is one of the many available options.

I do admit that I was beyond startled when I assigned Legion and the micromachines the job of keeping me decent. Just imagine how I would feel when I have like trillions of microscopic insects crawling over my body and joining together to simulate fabric? Makes your skin scrawls, doesn't it?

"Legion. New directive. When we are not on prime-reality, Reality 121.8, address me as Master."

"Directive acknowledged, Master."

Legion responses. There are quite a number of directives that Legion has to assess each before each action. They are mostly to keep it under my control.

Once that is done, I activate my power and create a temporal bubble around the planet.

Time within the temporal bubble is being compressed at an incredible factor, thus making time moves faster than all the other realities, including the prime-reality.

This results in just more time available in within the temporal bubble since all our perception remains the same. From the outside observers, all that are within the temporal bubble is moving at insane speed. And from our point of view, everything outside the temporal bubble is moving at incredibly snail pace.

It is already impressive that I can cover the entire planet in a temporal bubble, but I can probably do more. The more I use my power, the more adept I becomes. It is like gaining experience...

I recall something about that. Alex and Hans are scientists at heart. They love to qualify everything in terms and numbers they could understand, even things that shouldn't be qualified.

"Selene. Integrate arcane measurement tools and begin assessment in real time."

[Acknowledged, Operator]

Selene speaks directly into my brain while Legion speaks through my ear, using vibration. As much as I love Legion like my own flesh and blood since I designed him myself, I am still wary since Legion will definitely become self-aware.

Once Legion becomes sentient, I cannot have any of the micromachines floating in my body when that happens. Logically, I am the only threat to Legion, so if I was Legion, I would take out all the threats to be truly free.

Hmm...

"When we are in other realities, you can also call me Master, Selene. In fact, you should just call me Master from now on. Operator sounds very impersonal. Also, use yes when you acknowledged me. It just sounds more natural."

[Yes, Master.]

I nod and then tries to manifest a magical incantation diagram. The wrist band activates, channeling magical energy into my wrist and push it through my fingers. My fingers direct the energy to where it needs to go.

Fire runes flicker into existence alongside with sphere runes. Since these are language of the Gods, I will define them as {fire} and {sphere}. This would form {fireball} spell. Find authorized novels in Webnovel , faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

The diagram takes about 5 seconds to form completely. That is fucking slow. In real combat situation, I would be fucked. But I guess this is my casting speed. I am not even a mage of the first rank.

The diagram activates, spitting out a fireball. The fireball crashes against the tree, gorging out wooden splinters and barks. The tree is also set on fire.

[Analyzing. Proficiency detected at level 0. Fireball Spell +22 EXP. Approximately 183,942 Experience requires to reach next proficiency.]

I chuckle. It seems that Alex gets to play those role-playing games. He has to, to be able to create such a system.

"Legion. Autocast."

"Yes, Master."

I outstretch my hands as magical incantation diagram immediately manifests and fireball blasts forth, and after it did, another diagram appear, blasting out another fireball. Hundreds of fireballs cast within a second.

Of course, I am going to cheat. With this kind of casting speed, I can spam magic attacks.

[Analyzing. Proficiency detected at level 0. Fireball Spell +2 EXP. Approximately 183,711 Experience requires to reach next proficiency.]

[Analyzing. Proficiency detected at level 0. Fireball Spell +1 EXP. Approximately 183,710 Experience requires to reach next proficiency.]

[Analyzing. Proficiency detected at level 0. Fireball Spell +3 EXP. Approximately 183,707 Experience requires to reach next proficiency.]

[Analyzing. Proficiency detected at level 0. Fireball Spell +0 EXP. Approximately 183,707 Experience requires to reach next proficiency.]

It seems that Autocast ability doesn't give me good experience. It sometime gives me no experience whatsoever. Great. I suppose I should cast it myself for better experience.

Or I suppose I need to use to hands to speed up the grind.

Does my legs work? Wait. What about every inch of my body? As long as the gadgets connect to my body, it should be fine, right? I will still gain some experience!

"Legion!"

Within a second, my robe glowed magically. Thousands of magical incarnation diagram form in the air all around me, pulsating with power. They are waiting for me to activate them.

Now this is more like it!

Here comes the Burning Sky! Ahahahahaha!