

## **Master of Time 135**

Chapter 135 We are Origin

And I will keep my promise.

It is one of my core principles.

Anything that I have vowed to do, I will do it, no matter the cost, to me or anyone else.

Not everything that I have done and shared with my mother in the past few days is a lie. Therefore, it is distressing to see her tearful face as the elevator ascends and separates the both of us.

The growing distance between us despite being so close is quite poetic.

But what must be done must be done.

I shouldn't think too much about it, as I will have to let this version of my mother go.

If not today, then one day in the near future.

It is so that she could live a happier life. She will not find real happiness with me due to who and what I am.

And I am not talking about being an Aspect.

The real me would terrify my mother. The real me would terrify anyone really.

Although I can debate with myself about what is actually real and what is actually fake, I prefer not to the illusion for my mother to live in even if she prefers to live in blissful ignorance than knowing about the truth of who I am.

Of the monster that lies within me.

Living in blissful ignorance is also the very same reason as to why I didn't resort to sticking every human on the planet into a virtual reality and call it a day.

I could do it. I have the technology and the mean to do so.

Honestly, mimicking the Matrix would be so much easier than what I have in mind, but I wouldn't call that actual living.

It is more like playing a game. To escape the harshness of reality for a little while.

Actual living is to suffer through painful trials and triumphs over seemingly impossible adversities. And only through these a person will know who they are and what they truly believe in.

Not only that, they will cherish what they have and built. As those things are acquired through sweats and tears. It is far more meaningful than something that is simply granted.

That said, if there is no other option available, I will offer exactly that to the humanity of this reality. I am not below using means that I do not agree with. Whatever solve the problem is good for me.

I call that plan D, meaning I am going to digitalizing the entire human race and stick them into a super computer.

There is a nagging problem with plan D, however.

It is the very reason to why the plan is not denoted as plan A instead. It has something to do with the soul.

A soul can be digitized, right? I have no fucking clue.

Where is Terra when I need her? I have so much questions I want answers to.

Oh well. I guess I will leave it at that for now.

Talking about the soul is getting way too spiritual for me. I will make a note to drop by the Vatican and consult with the Pop in the future. I am not Catholic or religious, for obvious reason.

Why the fuck would an Aspect like me worship a God for? That is just plain dumb.

But that doesn't mean I do not respect religion in general. For all the shit that happens throughout history in the name of God, it is through religion that people are trying to be an upstanding and moral person.

Without fear of being burn in hell for all eternity, chaos and anarchy will be committed everywhere.

In any case, torturing the Pope for his molestation of little boys – I mean talking to the Pope personally will open my eyes more to the spiritual world.

Almost let the devil inside me out. Phew.

Anyway, the humans of this reality have to choose that option of living in a virtual reality personally. I will not make that choice for them.

It is because no matter how real the virtual world can be simulated, if there is a slither of doubt in the mind of the inhabitants, the illusion will inevitably shatter. And they will wake up from the dream.

Or more correctly to say, the nightmare.

This has actually been proven in the 31st century. The human mind simply rejects what it thinks is not real no matter how logical or reasonable the falseness seems. It is also the same reason why prisoners are not locked up in a virtual prison.

They are locked up in a stasis cell instead, not being allowed to think or do anything. There would also be no gap in their memory when they wake up, thus a lifetime sentence is a shock enough. Everyone that they have known and loved are gone is a punishment.

As for Stephanie, I believe that she would choose to live in the dream if given the choice. It is just who she is. She is not part of the minority. Most people in the world would choose the dream, considering how painful real life can be.

My mother is in pain.

It pains me too. To toy with her maiden heart like this. She has never been in love before, at least not this version of her.

The sperm-donor is too much of a dick to make her worship it.

What the hell did I just say?

Anyway, I still want to see.

I want to see the length of those who honestly and truthfully love me will go.

And whether I should reciprocate them or not.

Saying that they love me means nothing. Words are cheap. Actions speaks louder than words.

I wouldn't call what I have with all the women so far love. I think it is more or less responsibilities and mutual understandings. Spending a lot of time with someone and doing thing for that someone does not equate to love.

But that is my opinion.

And I get too emotional about this. At least there is something call a heart beating inside of me. That just make me more human, I guess.

But regardless of what happen next, I do have the option of bringing my mother back with me to the prime-reality. It is actually not a good idea, considering my mother already exists there, but it is not a terrible idea either.

I think I might do that. Who really knows. I have so many options available. And any of them is as good as the other.

The elevator seems to take forever to reach the surface, and it isn't because its speed is slow. It moves at the same speed as it always has.

I let out a heavy sigh and clear my mind of any further distraction. I need to be mentally strong for this next part of the plan A.

A is for being an Asshole. Or it could mean utter Annihilation?

Once I step out of the elevator, it immediately descends back into the bunker to fetch someone crying below.

My mother will chase after me and try to stop what I must do. And she will fail as the result.

This is the Shakespearian play that I have devised.

"Max! Max! Please. Please don't go! Oh God. Please! Please!"

I could hear my mother calling for me, screaming and screaming from below the elevator shaft. I didn't pay it any mind and walk towards the black marker, towering in the distance.

All manners of people are found on my journey to the dark tower. Mostly gunslingers, but not the one gunslinger.

Have a guess which reference that is.

Most of the people are screaming and shouting at basically nothing. They are actually being affected by the brainwaves emanating from the black marker.

Not everyone is being affected, however.

In fact, most of the people aren't being affected anymore. Their minds have built up enough resistance to the effect thanks to the prolonged exposure.

While I could ramp up the frequency, it is pointless. The experiment is already a resounding success.

And without understanding the reason to why they are no longer hearing or seeing the hallucination, they are heading towards the black markers.

This means most of the armed men and military personnel since they spend the most time around the black markers. They discard their vehicles due to the electromagnetic pulses and continue on foot.

It is quite an experience, walking alongside with everyone, converging into the black markers like ants towards an anthill.

"Max! Max!"

I cock my head and scan the mass of people behind me. My mother is somewhere in the masses, trying to reach me, but the ghostly voices and hallucinations are slowing her down.

She has never been exposed to it before thanks to the safety of the bunker.

But even though she is extremely frightened, she continues on wards. Her father John is somewhere in the crowd, looking for his daughter. He rushes after her when he notices that we are both gone. As for Joshua and Misha, they are still safely in the bunker.

"Max. Please. Please."

Stephanie utters as she tries to ignore the tormenting hallucinations. The closer she gets to the black marker, the stronger it is. Most people would have given up already, but not her.

No, not my mother.

She continues no matter what.

Since the hallucination are just harmless illusions that have brought on by the distressed brain, I smile and turn back to the front and continue my way.

Alright. It is not entire harmless.

It takes a while to push through the dense crowd and stand before the black marker. People here are mostly prostrating, worshiping the black markers. The rest are just staring in frustration, not knowing what to do.

Although I have designed the black marker myself, it was done on holographic screen. I honestly have never seen one up this close, and its enormous size is quite awe-inspiring, especially with all those red glowing lines running up all the way to the top.

No one people are prostrating. Something like this could only be created by a God. Or a super advance alien species.

Legion remains unresponsive to whatever attempt at making contact, except in case of an attack. Light and sound shows are just one of the many attempts the United States military try to talk to Legion.

It is a pointless attempt, really.

I smile and about to touch the black marker when a feminine hand – two hands actually – grabs onto me around the waist and pulls me back and away.

Mum is really persistent, isn't she?

In that moment, a huge explosion rocks the earth, sending several people flying.

Another grenade flies overhead and land next to the black marker. It then explodes violently, spraying dust and debris onto the masses while I use my body to shield my mother.

"Why did you come, Stephanie? It is dangerous here."

I question as gunfire and explosion surround us. They drown out every other noise, including voices.

"Because. Because. I. I."

My mother utters in tearfully. She couldn't form a sentence as her mind and heart are in utter turmoil.

The black marker hums in response to the attack. Red lines moving along its onyx body speeds up and glows brighter.

"Die you fucking alien!"

Militant men shout and start firing their automatic rifle at the black marker. It is mostly out of fear and frustration for their missing families and friends. With what they recall from the desolated future, they really have nothing to live for without those that they had cared and loved.

Honestly, I thought they would go crazy sooner.

"Stop them. They are going to get us all killed!"

The sane people try to stop them, but they get gun down with impunity.



Chaos soon erupts as firefight breaks out between the military and the militant group, killing plenty of people in the crossfire. More explosions follow as pieces of the black marker get shaved off.

Those pieces quickly crumble into individual micromachines of all shape and size. The micromachines climb onto each other and assemble into a monstrous creature about the size of a dog. Not just one, but dozens.

With two pincers in front of their jaw full of razor teeth and two more protruding from their back, they rush at the people nearby, swarming them and ripping them to pieces.

No one is spare in the bloodbath.

And both sides stop fighting each other to keep themselves alive. It is futile.

Bullets simply bounce off the steel carapace of the Zerg-like monsters. They are pretty much Zerglings at this point.

"Steph! Max!"Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click [www.webnovel.com](http://www.webnovel.com) for visiting.

Grandfather calls out and pulls us off the ground. Everywhere are people screaming and begging for their life, but they were not spared in the onslaught. It is just a massacre.

"We have to get out of here."

John tells us, but it is not possible. We are completely surrounded. The Zerglings snarl and slowly close in onto us. If it was anyone else, Legion would have tear them apart already.

"I am sorry, Stephanie. Whatever happen, please know that I love you."

I tell her before raising my hand at the creatures.

"I know why you are here for. And I accept. I will be your host... Origin."

Origin is the name of the alien species. It is the one I have chosen as they are basically godlike, allowing me to use my power and technology without restraint while retaining my appearance as a human.

Well, almost like human.

The moment I speak the word in Latin, the monsters stop their assault.

Several people are screaming as they were being chewed up just a moment ago. The Zerglings spit them out and roar towards the sky in unison.

The black marker immediately hums with power.

The same thing happens to every black marker around the world, lighting up the globe in brilliant.

And on every black marker, red energy lines flood the tip, powering up and shooting across the world, converging onto the one that I am at. The flood that one until its entire surface is glowing ominously red.

It is now a red marker.

Once a red marker is formed, the Zerglings break apart, forming a metallic storm, spiraling around me as I step away from my mother while looking sadly at her. It is not really an act.

"No! Max!"

Stephanie calls out to me and tries to get to me, but her father stops her.

It is too dangerous. The metal storm will tear her apart if she gets too close.

"Let me go, dad. Let me go! I can't leave him like that! I can't!"

Stephanie calls out in desperation as the metallic storms completely shroud me.

And in the next seconds, fire explodes outwards, throwing everyone backwards and onto the ground.

The flame spirals towards the heaven like a burning pillar before expanding outwards and dissipating, leaving me hovering above the ground. My eyes are closed.

My nakedness is covered in surging flames. And the micromachines crawl over my body, completely unhindered by the raging fire.

They connect to each other and form into a new attire as I slowly open my eyes.

Flames burn brightly within those eyes, and I slowly decide upon the ground. I calmly look at everyone around me, one by one, not stopping at anyone particular.

"What do you say to Origin?"

The question is spoken in Latin.

There is absolutely no expression upon my face as I did so.

The bloodied militant men are pointing their weapon at me as a response. Great hatred could be seen in their eyes. But before they could do anything, they burst into flames.

The fire is so intense that they get instantly vaporized. Not a single scream could be heard.

I repeat the same question, and only those who prostrate in response are spared. As it should be. And with a wave of my hand, their injuries were never there.

Godlike power makes them prostrate even harder.

"Hallowed are the Ori."