

## Master of Time 136

### Chapter 136 Maximum Terror

Those words are spoken in Latin. A semi-dead language.

Latin isn't quite dead yet, but it is getting there, slowly. There are still native speakers of the language, but they are in the tiny minority.

The language is dead in the near future, so I will consider it as such.

Therefore, most people wouldn't understand what I have just said. But the countless micromachines floating around inside their body and brain, deposited there by Legion after he stripped them and then violated their body for its sexy genetic, made sure that they can comprehend my words.

The micromachines also have made sure that those who disrespect me get a spectacular combustion before everyone else. It reinforces the frightening power that I am wielding.

Not that the flames swirling around my body and lighting up my eyes didn't do it.

People are absolutely terrified in my presence. Beyond terrified!

"Hallowed are the Ori."

I repeat and spread my arms and raise my hands. All while looking towards the sky and at the ominous red glowing marker, towering over the masses.

I repeat again for the third time as the red lights spread outwards and force the night to flee in fear.

People continue to prostrate even though they are shivering in fright. This includes my mother, as she is forced onto the ground my grandfather. He acts quickly after seeing what happened to the militant men.

They were instantly killed. And they could as easily be brought back to life. Life and dead are just really state of living for me to decide.

"For we are all their children. Blessed are those who follow the Path to Origin. For those who seek the path must not be led astray. And those who reject the path to enlightenment must be destroyed."

I continue the mantra and lower my head and cast my burning eyes upon the masses. Only a few who dare to look up and match my gaze, but they immediately drop their head in prostration.

"Max."

My mother utters painfully and tearfully, but I pay her no mind. She will serve her purpose of bringing me back from the dark but not yet. I really want to have fun first.

Being a God, you have to have fun when such a rare opportunity arises. Not that rare, but it did require a lot of work and preparation.

Otherwise, then what is the point of being a God? What is the point of wielding this much power?

I can see why Terra prefers to be personified into an avatar and interacts with the physical world rather than being pure state of Chaos, all-powerful and all-knowing.

Without individuality, there is no fun to be had either.

Honestly, I could easily start a technology company somewhere in the past and gradually introduce all the necessary technology and innovation to ensure the survival of the human race in this reality.

But that feels like I will be retreading the same path with the prime-reality.

It is not irrational for me to say that retreading is fucking boring.

Fuck that!

Variety is the spice of life, after all.

And with so many ways to reach the same goal, why should I settle on doing the same thing over and over again from one reality to another.

It is repetitive.

And if I have to do that for stupid reason, I will just let Legion do it while I am sitting on the beach and enjoying my cocktail with beauties of the ages.

That reminds me. I should go and hunt down those beauties throughout the ages. It isn't like they are going to fall onto my laps without me doing anything.

The ancient world has many notable women, who are beautiful, intelligence and brave. The very type of women that I like to be surrounded with.

Women such as Joan of Arc (14th century). Guinevere (5th century). Lady Godiva (11th century). Aspasia (5th century). Salome (1st century). Lucrezia Borgia (15th century).

And so many more.

This is not to mention Phryne of Thespiae, Helen of Troy, Cleopatra of Egypt, and so on.

Didn't ancient China also have Great Beauties that can topple Empires with just their look alone? That is kind of bullshit, but I will be the judge of that.

I will check them all out eventually.

Unfortunately, I couldn't do that in the prime-reality since jumping into the past would basically undo all that I have accomplished thus far. This is because the new timeline and future will be created from whatever point in the past that I have decided to let myself in.

But since there quite a lot of alternate realities that are following the same course of events like those in the prime-reality, I will make use of them instead.

Another interesting thing that I have found is that no reality existing beyond the temporal rift is exactly the same as the prime-reality. It is just like the prime-reality is somewhat different from the original-reality.

Yes. The prime-reality is the original-reality, just a lot different now because of my machinations from 1950 onwards. I could have jump further back, but I needed all the infrastructures to be there. Building from scratch is a pain in the ass.

Plus, the Second World War makes people think twice about starting another global war.

Although this alternative reality appears to be on track just like the start of the 21st century that I have fondly remembered, there are some strange key differences. Not important key differences, but it is blatantly there in front of me the whole time, such as advancement in telecommunication.

Phone is more advanced and more widespread than from the original-timeline. Not smartphone since that would be somewhat a slap in the face, but it is getting there. Without the Curse of Decay, wrecking the planet, I am sure that the iPhone will be released earlier than when it supposes to.

This is very interesting from a philosophical standpoint. And I cannot help but wonder what happen if the dark ages never happened? What if there is no science vs religion bullshit in the past? Would the human race be more advance by the time the 21st century?

So many things I want to know.

But for now, I will just enjoy my time at being a terrifying God. A terrifying alien-God.

God is an alien, right?

He could be for all I know, really. Yes. I did check whether the world was created about 6,000 years by some white-bearded muscular old man. He didn't show up and the world was already there. It actually was already there for billions of years.

So that part of the Bible is bullshit. A lot of it is actually, but whatever.

Faith is faith. You don't need to have a logical reason in believing it.

Just like believing in me and my power while I am impersonating a fictional alien species known as the Ori from Stargate SG-1.

Stargate SG-1 is a series from the 1997, running for about a decade, concluding in 2007. It has a total of 10 seasons, but most of the fun stuffs are in the first few seasons since it is something new. Not to mention the quirkiness of all the main characters. They are just fun to watch.

In the television series, the Ori is a godlike alien race that is both technological and spiritual powerful.

Their technological prowess allows them to cross the vast distance between galaxies in mere seconds.

And their power over the physical universe allows them to create worlds from nothing.

They are basically gods in the confine of their fictional universe.

Alright, they are not basically gods.

They are gods!

But unlike the actual Ori and their retarded religion Origin, I will just act like Goa'uld instead.

The Goa'uld is also from the same television series, Stargate SG-1. They are a parasitic snake-like race that burrows into a person's brain and takes control over their body.

Seems like something I would totally do.

They are also as insane and megalomaniac as me right about now.

As an antagonist of the show, the Goa'uld are designed to be overly dressed, overly charismatic, overly cliché, and a lot more overly of other things just like the Egyptian Gods they are based on.

Yup. That's right. Their backgrounds are based on Egyptian Gods, so they have names like Ra, Apophis, Horus, Osiris, Isis, and so on.

Funny.

But all in all, the Goa'uld is a lot more fun to impersonate than the fucking boring Ori, who are actual Gods and yet, they get defeated by good old plot armor.

Honestly, if the Ori are empowered by the faiths and devotions of their human followers through their religion, Origin, shouldn't they flood their galaxy with human life?

Hell, shouldn't they flood every and all galaxies throughout the universe with humans since the more followers they have, the more powerful they become?

It is just common sense.

But I guess that would make them way too overpowered. So instead, the writer decides to dumb them down and make them all stuck in one place for easy killing by squishy humans and their idiotic plan.

That is why the Ori sucks so much and basically kills the show.

If I was one of the Ori, earth would be enslaved by the first episode. By the first few minutes probably.

And even if the Ori cannot enter our galaxy personally and wreck things at the cosmic proportion due to some plot armor, they can totally flood our galaxy with endless fanatics.

Fanatics aren't even needed.

Something like Legion will do.

In fact, the show does have something equivalent to Legion, a self-replicating machine, capable of just about anything. And yet they are also get defeated by idiotic mean.

Sigh.

I will rewrite all of that when I get around to producing the show myself. I will also fix up some of the incredibly retarded writing such as the time when our starship is fighting another alien starship that is being commanded by space-vampires.

Our human-built starship is superior, capable of probably one-shot the alien ship, but could since they have human hostages that needed to be rescued.

So instead of taking out their main weapons and disabling their engine in the process, which we totally could, the captain of our powerful starship decides to be an idiot and drop the ship's shield, so we can teleport some insurgences aboard for a good old rescue mission.

Doing that just get his ship bombarded and killed a lot of crewmen aboard.

Um... what the bloody fuck!?

There is no cure for idiocy. In fiction and in real life.

While I cannot do anything about that right now, I can totally do something like that in real life.

I am playing an Ori right now, and this is the stage I have created, so fear me.

Fear me!

My eyes glow brightly as the flames surrounded my body rage violently. The massive red marker lets out a powerful pulse, and the black markers did the same.

The electromagnetic pulses wash over the entire planet, shutting down everything electronics.

And within the next couple of seconds, every television across the planet switch back on, revealing all that happened from the time that the militant attacks the black marker until my appearance as an Ori.

I don't need to wait for media to cover this. I could it myself since Legion are basically everywhere. In fact, I have eyes and ears everywhere in the form of cloaked drones.

One of the drones are recording everything that had happened and broadcasting it through the black markers and the hovering spaceships above earth and in orbits.

Once everyone understands what had happened and fears for what I can do to them and to the world, I begin speaking.

It will be spoken in plain English since it will would give people who has a brain a logical reason to why the Ori needs a human host.

"Greeting, humans of Earth. I am the Ori. We are the Ori. We are the origin of all you see, and we have come to offer you the path to enlightenment. The path to Origin. Accept us or be destroyed. Become one with us like this human did and we shall grant you eternity."

The last part is for my mother.

"No! Max!"

She calls out as she understands, but grandfather stops her.



He desperately tries to stop her and tells her that she will be killed and everything that I have done for her would be for naught. Even so, she could not be silent.

"Please. Please give him back. I beg of you. Please give Max back."

My mother begs, but I stare at her expressionlessly.

Flames swirl around her as grandfather screams out in terror and lurches himself into the fire, but the flames vanish along with my mother.

"The one you called Max is no longer. He has become part of us. He has become us, the Ori. Everything that he was and is are us. His knowledge. His dreams. His wishes. Even his love for you. Such weakness must be destroyed."

I tell my mother as she gets teleported in front of me. The flame is purely for effect. The Ori is actually fire itself, so everything should be related to fire.

It helps with my power to manipulate thermal energy. And if it is insufficient, the divine curse placed upon my soul by a Dragon God is enough to burn away everything with impunity.

As the world watches, I reach out my burning hand towards my mother. The flames are very real, and it will burn everything that it touches.

In that moment. The flames in my eyes flicker for effect.

"No... stop..."

I utter softly before retreating my hand and shaking my head.

"Max? Max!"

Flames surge and swirl within my eyes before my mother vanishes. My grandfather too when he tries to commit suicide against me. They found themselves back in the bunker, scaring the shit out of Joshua and Misha, who are watching the play I created on the television screen.

"This human. This human named Maximilien Maxwell wishes for us to not cleanse this world from the Flood. The flood is your future. Only death and darkness there. We have given you a chance. A chance to live and join us on the road to enlightenment."

I continue before scanning the surrounding. Flames around me dim before becoming intense. The area shakes heavily as the red marker surges with power.

"But only the faithful may be allowed to."

Torrents of micromachines erupt from the earth, forming dozens of pillars piercing into the sky. They connect with each other to form a coliseum.

Seats are created for people to spectate the judgement.

It looks just like the coliseum that Terra created. It is not done through magic but through technology. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click [www.webnovel.com](http://www.webnovel.com) for visiting.

I sit on the throne where Terra had seated, looking down at all the frightened people in the spectator area. More people are teleported into the area, filling up all the seating completely.

They are all shock and surprise since just a moment ago, they are with their family, huddling together in comfort and fear.

"Prove to me that you are, humans of Earth."

I speak up and look towards into the stadium and narrow my eyes. Flame swirls within before spitting out a man. He was actually taken from the spectator area, telling everyone that they are actually in a queue.

"The first human shall be the leader of this... United States of America. William Jefferson Clinton."

I narrow my eyes at the terrified 42nd president of the United States. His wife screams out from the spectator area. She will get her turn eventually.

Everyone will as I expose their deepest secrets.