

## **Master of Time 137**

### Chapter 137 All My Sins Remembered

Of course, that is just a figure of speech.

There is no way in hell that I am going to psychoanalyze each and every person on the planet.

There are around 6.2 billion people in the year 2001. But due to one thing or another, about 2 billion of them are locked up in stasis cells housed within my personal spatial dimension.

That leaves me the remaining 4.2 billion people to contend with.

Even if I give each person a second of thought, it will still take me approximately 48,000 days or about 131 years.

Yeah. I am not doing that.

And neither should anyone else either.

I will leave all the hard work to Legion. It is what he is designed to do.

As a matter of fact, Legion has already finished psychoanalyzing everyone on the planet. But honestly, whether a person is inherently good or not cannot really be known for certain, even with my ability to see the future.

It is just a probable future after all. It is not a certain future even if I am there in person.

Besides, morality isn't pure black or white.

People are not like in the movies. Pure good or absolutely evil.

Real life does not work that way. Therefore, it is worth living.

A father commits heinous crime to feed his starving children cannot be considered as a monster. Most people aren't really inclined to commit atrocities. They only do so out of dire circumstances.

Having said that, I am not like most people.

And I will troll the entire world if I have to just to get that kick in my funny bone.

But having fun is one thing. Wasting a lot of time is another. I place a great emphasis on 'a lot' as I do waste time if it gives me some good insight to the human condition.

Besides, I do have time right now.

The prime-reality is frozen in time, as I am currently in another reality.

And the time in this reality will be compressed soon. It is just to give me more fun time.

The reason that I have not done that already is because doing so would make the sun stays in one spot all day and every day. This is because the temporal compression bubble only surrounds the planet.

It is not extended to the entire solar system. And yes, I do mean I have to extend the temporal bubble to the entire solar system if I want to have a stable normal day and night cycle.

Strange that it didn't work by just enveloping the planet and surrounding moon alone. The motions and orbits of the planet seems to each other.

If just one of the planets is outside the temporal compression bubble, the orbits of every planets within the solar system will be fucked up. I wouldn't want that to happen.

Actually, it already happens, in an erased future timeline.

I cannot envelope an entire solar system yet. It is already stressing my mental capability with just the Earth and the moon alone. The moon is also important in the motion of all celestial bodies.

"There is no need to be terrified, William Jefferson Clinton. I am only interested in whether you should be allowed to follow the great path towards enlightenment."

I announce as my eyes burn brightly. Flames constantly flicker around my body. I cast my eyes towards the spectators before narrowing them.

The cloaked camera is actually hovering in front of me, giving everyone who is watching the impression of me looking directly at them.

I actually do since I know where every single person on the planet is.

This ability extends to knowing what they are doing or thinking.

Legion tallies and summarizes for me what the 4.2 billion people are thinking every second. He did not need to drill deeper into their memory to get this information.

Merely reading their surface thought is enough.

Not long ago, reading a person's mind and analyzing their thoughts would have been impossible. Well, not impossible, but it is a very difficult thing to do.

The human mind is extremely complex, but it is not so complex that I cannot fuck with it.

Honestly, my understanding of the consciousness has grown significantly in the past few days.

It is all thanks to the billion humans acting as lab rats.

All for the name of science.

My brand of science!

"On the contrary to what you are all thinking, I am not interested in whether you are good or evil. The concept of good and evil has no bearing on us, the Ori, for we have transcended beyond such simplistic thinking."

I made my standpoint clear and return my attention back to the incredibly nervous 42nd President of the United States. When everything is stripped away, what remains is just a man.

A frightened man, but a man, nonetheless.

That is actually something since I have always considered most people as ants.

Having godlike powers entitles me to such way of thinking. If you don't like it then go ahead and file a complaint to someone higher. Oh wait. I am the highest there is, being an Aspect and all.

Please don't send letter of complaint to Terra.

Ahem.

In any case, I wouldn't consider Bill Clinton as my favorite President, but he is still pretty high up there on my list of favorite Presidents. In fact, he is pretty popular with the American people.

"Tell me, William Jefferson Clinton. Whether you consider yourself worthy of salvation. Whether you are worthy to follow the path towards Origin. A simple yes or no will suffice."

I question and keep my eyes on him. Everyone else did too. The world as well.

Everyone and everything are waiting for his answer. It is just a simple yes or no.

Bill Clinton swallows the hard lump in his throat and looks towards his wife for answer, but none could really be found there.

He would want to see his lovely daughter as well, but Chelsea Clinton is not there. I didn't bother with pointless people. Only people I want to see squirm are put into the spotlight.

Before my patient runs thin, Bill Clinton speaks up.

"No. I do not. I have done things that I am not too proud of. And I have hurt those that I have cared so much more than anything in the world. But I beg of you... the Ori. Please do not judge the human race upon my actions. We are capable of so much more than what you can see."

That didn't really surprise me.

Bill Clinton is a good President after all despite his misgivings and sexual scandals.

And in this very moment, his fear has vanished. He speaks from the heart. It is all I can ask from anyone really.

But that isn't really enough for me. And when everyone looks towards me for my response, I close my eyes slowly and begin to mumble something to myself. I put on the appearance of seemingly debating with someone or a group of something.

I open my eyes again after a minute.

An extremely long minute.

Everyone remains silence for my judgement. A judgement from God. But like God, I will not reveal my real intention. Is there really a need to? I have already made up my mind about saving this world. This world that my mother lives in.

Therefore, this whole judgement is just a sham, really. But the people don't know that. And what they don't know can't really hurt them.

Not true. Unless psychological torture does not count.

"We are unable to reach a census, William Jefferson Clinton."

I announce. Chatters erupt amongst the spectators. People at home or on the street, watching on the television also debates amongst themselves what just happen.

"And before we are able to, I shall let the world decide whether you are worthy of salvation, William Jefferson Clinton. I shall let the people you speak for decide whether you are allowed to join the path towards enlightenment or be forever cast into the flames of atonement."

The message is loud and clear. This is judgement. And I am the judge, jury and executioner.

Once I have concluded my statement, holographic screens manifests in the air. A screen on each side of the throne, where I am sitting.

The holographic screen takes on the appearance of a vertical banner. Just like the ones that could be found in an old castle. On one side is fiery red banner. On the other side is a pleasant blue banner.

The red one is obviously the positive one since I am fire incarnated.

With a quick glance, each of the holographic banner has huge number on them. It is dead center. The number on the red is 68.2%. The number on the blue is 31.8%.

I honestly didn't need to describe what those numbers are. Most people already know. Nevertheless, I need to explain the anyway. It is the approval rate of the American people towards the President.

Actually, it is not as simple as that. Only people who have heard and know Bill Clinton are considered in the poll and contribute towards those number. The amount of people is indicated at the bottom of each vertical banner.

24,221,928 for red side while the blue side has 11,294,095.

That works out to 68.2% and 31.8% respectively. It is a total of 35 million people.

The moment I finish explaining, the number wrestles each other before stabilizing at 72.1% and 27.9% respectively. The amount of people also increased to 43 million. This is still a far cry from the number of people living the United States in 2001.

Legion tells me it is 286,344,918. Excluding babies and children as they cannot be considered for this since it is a bit beyond their comprehension. That number is just shy of 150 million.

Still, it is an overwhelming approval for Bill Clinton.

"The people of the United States of America agree that you are worthy of salvation and allow to enter the path towards enlightenment, William Jefferson Clinton."

I speak up. A lot of people are cheering in the spectator area. A lot more in their own home.

"But unfortunately, it is not enough for us to reach a census."

I speak up as a new holographic banner appear above the throne area. This banner is completely grey.

And the moment it appears, the numbers on the other two banners immediately adjust, dropping to rock bottom of 0.07% and 0.01% respectively.

The massive number of 4.2 billion (99.92%) illustrate on the grey banner. This is the undecided portion of the planet.

Seeing such a huge number, it nearly knocks Bill Clinton off his feet. Having the approval of million of people is already a feat. Having the approval of billion of people? That is kind of impossible, isn't it? It certainly is considering the majority of the world hates America.

So, this whole test is extremely biased. As if I will be fair to everyone.

"Your world is primitive. Your people are disconnected. The majority of your species truly have no idea of what is happening on the other side of the planet. They live their entire life in ignorance, not aware of the truth. We will show them the truth. We will lead them onto the path of enlightenment. And for them to become one with Origin."

I speak up as the alien starships roar mightily. They break apart into silvery sand and covers the entire sky in many layers, forming a megastructure around the entire planet.

Seeing such display of power further solidifies my status as basically God.

"Hallowed are the Ori."

I speak up. Everyone else follows. And the silvery sky fade away, returning the once beautiful night as before. It is actually a holographic illusion.

I have conducted the same test to awe Eliana.

But unlike the sexy dark elf who worships me as her one and only God, the people of this reality have no clue that they are now enclosed within a Dyson Sphere of sort.

Once the real sky is blocked, replaced with a simulated sky, I can compress time as much as I want.

As I did so, I return my attention to Bill Clinton again. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click [www.webnovel.com](http://www.webnovel.com) for visiting.

"I acknowledge that you do not accept this trial. You believe that it is completely unfair to you to have those who had never met or even hear do of you to judge you for who you are. We understand, so we will consider only those that consider themselves American."



The number on the banner shifts again. Red banner now has 19.8% while blue banner now has 7.3%.

As for the grey banner, it is sitting at 72.9%, which is still a lot of people to convince.

"The majority of the American is undecided in either in favor or against you, William Jefferson Clinton. That is unfortunate. However, that is because they do not know the real you."

I look up and stare at the far end of the stadium. The moment I did, a holographic screen manifested.

Everyone looks towards the screen as it plays everything that Bill Clinton has ever done in his life.

All of his accomplishments and failures are laid out before him, for everyone to see. Most of it are all public knowledge, but there are some of it isn't. It is extracted from his memory and reconstructed by Legion.

I can do that now. Awesome, isn't it?

And everyone gasps when the screen shows a young woman entering the private office. Everyone who keeps track with current affair know who she is. She takes the center of the scandal that basically rocks the nation just a year ago.

"Mr. President. You call for me, sir?"

A young woman asks. She had worked as an intern at the White House between December of 1995 to December 1997. She was in hiding. She isn't anymore.

"Ah, yes, Monica. Please. Call me Bill."