

## **Master of Time 139**

### Chapter 139 Mass Execution

No, I didn't kill them.

That would make me a mass murderer. More of a mass murderer, I mean. It isn't like I haven't cleansed an entire planet of its inhabitants before.

And I would certainly do it again if it served a purpose.

Killing everyone on Earth does not serve any purpose. I am trying to give them a future. A better future than the one that someone else has installed for them. Therefore, I merely stash them all in my spatial dimension. They each get their very own stasis cell, awaiting to open their eyes into the new age.

The age of me.

To be honest, they are considered the lucky ones. Aside from a little pain of being burned alive, forcing out a little terrific scream here and there, they get to sit out the rest of the terror show.

Yes. It is a terror show, as demonstrated by the expressions from everyone regardless of age. I suppose I should send the children on their way to heaven since they do not need to witness anymore of this.

"William Jefferson Clinton."

Bill Clinton flinches when I call his name. Although he is not directly or even indirectly responsible, he could not help but feel for those that had been burned alive by me. His wife for many years is amongst those people. He has seen her burst into flames and heard her screams. Only her ashes remain.

Obviously, that isn't the case. And even if I did burn her for real, I could always bring her back without any effort.

"Do you have any last word?"

I request calmly and collectively. There is very little expression upon my face.

"Yes. Yes, I do. Please tell me why. Please. They are not a threat to, to any of you. There is no reason to kill them. To burn them alive."

Bill Clinton asks. He asks tearfully. For millions of people – the American people – to be snuffed out in an instant. No one can stay calmed. No one but me.

I look at him as my eyes burns brightly. Flames continue to swirl around my body, scorching the ground and torching the air. Anyone who dares to stand too close to me will be burned to ashes.

"There is no reason, William Jefferson Clinton. Other than the fact they disagree with me."

I answer him expressionless and watch his body and mind trembles with hopelessness. And he is not the only one. Everyone who heard feels the same.

"If you are concerned, do not be. We have transcended beyond this mortal coil. Being dead is merely another state of living for us. And for all who follows Origin."

Flames manifest and swirl in front of Bill Clinton before dissipating and leaving his wife, Hillary Clinton behind.

"Oh God!"

Hillary Clinton wails in terror while everyone in the spectator area watches on speechlessly. They have all saw what happened to her. Her ash is still there on the seat. And it is still warm.

Bill Clinton calls out to his wife and takes her into his embrace despite what had happened. She is still his wife, and he does love her. Sadly, she does not feel the same way in return.

"Thank you."

Bill Clinton utters.

"You have misunderstood me, William Jefferson Clinton. I did not return her back to you."

The moment I have said that, Hillary Clinton screams out in pain as her body sets alight. Her body turns to ash within his arms, bringing him to tears once more.

"Why?"

Bill Clinton calls out in pain. I didn't think he loves his wife that much, considering he has been having quite a number of affairs over the years. But I suppose that didn't mean he didn't love his wife.

Love is a very complicated topic. Even by the 31st century, it is poorly understood from scientific point of view. How did a bunch of chemicals in the brain, working together to elicit emotions?

"You already know the reason, William Jefferson Clinton. I do not wish to repeat myself."

I remind Bill Clinton of the reason. It is because his wife has disagreed with me, and therefore, just like everyone else, she must be destroyed.

It is how the Ori did thing in the television show, Stargate SG-1. Anyone who disagree with them and refuse to follow their religion will simply get destroyed. An entire planet gets wiped out in the process. There is no need for philosophical debate.

Gods do not need to think about the moral implication. Gods do whatever the fuck they liked.

I know that I am not a God. I am an Aspect. It is better.

"Just because they disagree with you?"

Bill Clinton utters. He wants to scream at me and curse me, but he couldn't. He just couldn't, not when millions more lives are at stake. This is what it meant to be a leader. He is a good leader.

I acknowledge that.

"Yes. It is simply that, William Jefferson Clinton. It is how your people say..."

I pause and touch my forehead and temple before shaking my head. The flames in my eyes flicker for effect. Everyone notices that. The smart ones understand that I am merely speaking through someone named Maximilien Maxwell. Of course, I want them to think that.

Perhaps, they will come to the solution.

I blink a couple of times as the flames in my eyes regain its strength and integrity.

"Do you think about the ants below your feet, William Jefferson Clinton? They are to you as your kind is to us. The only different is because we take notice. If it wasn't for us, your kind would be no more."

I speak up once more. However, the tone and the choices of word I have used are much different than before. This is just to show the people that Maximilien Maxwell is affecting me. He is affecting the Ori themselves.

It is all just an act.

"The Flood is beyond your comprehension. It scourges the universe and destroys countless of worlds, including our world eons ago. If we did not transcend this mortal plane, we would have become extinct just like your species would have."

I begin fabricating a fantastic tale about the Flood. The Flood is based on Halo franchise by Microsoft, but instead of grotesque abominations that consume all sentient life, the Flood consumes plant life.

All plant life.

And without plant life, everything would die, resulting in a dead universe.

Everyone is speechless. They had never imagined what was happening across the world is due to the doing of an interspatial dimensional species.

I made that up. It sounds plausible enough, considering the humans of this reality are unable to find a scientific explanation to the Curse of Decay. Of course, they couldn't since the Flood is an interspatial dimensional species.

As an interspatial dimensional species, the Flood do not exist physically. Therefore, they cannot really be harmed or killed, but their effect can be felt throughout the universe, as demonstrated by the plant dying all across the world.

The people of this reality do not need to know about magic. Magic sounds too out there to be believed when compared to a godlike alien species such as the Ori and the Flood.

At least it is grounded in science.

Anything grounded in science is good.

"We have spoken enough. Show us that you are worthy, and we will deliver you from darkness. As for you, William Jefferson Clinton, you are found to be worthy. Those who follows you will also be given a place by your side."

I speak up. The flames in my eyes flicker once more before becoming brighter.

Bill Clinton blinks before his body glow bright white. The blinding light gains everyone's attention. And more lights are coming from the spectator area as well as across the world.

"What is happening!?"

"Why are you glowing!? Oh God!"

"Is it the rapture!?"

"Are you going to heaven!? Wait! Take me with you! Take me with you!"

"Mummy!? What is happening to me!?"

"Woah! Woah! No. No! Don't leave me, honey! Don't!"

And once the light finally dies down, Bill Clinton is nowhere to be seen along with many others.

In fact, over 1.8 billion people have just vanished, including all children in the world.

I have used the opportunity to send all the children into the spatial dimension as well.

"They have been given salvation and allowed to step onto the path towards enlightenment."

I announce while looking at the empty area within the coliseum. It is time for the next person to enter the spotlight. And I wonder who I should choose amongst the spectators.

Obviously, I do not need to choose anyone from there. I can choose anyone from the world as well as within my spatial dimension. Just because they are being held up in a stasis cell, it did not mean they are exempted from my scrutiny.

But I rather not. It would be taking a step backwards.

I decide it is better to go through all the state leaders first. It is just to cut down the number of people in the world. But that still leaves me with the question of who I should choose. There are just too many countries in the world.

Each country has more than one leader. I decide to let Selene picks one randomly. Anyone will be fine, I suppose.

Flames swirl within the arena, teleporting in a man in his 60s of Asian descent. His appearance causes many people in the spectator area to glare. They all know who he is.

I am somewhat surprised, but I did not express my surprise upon my face. Doing so would be so unlike the Ori, who is shown to be all-powerful, capable of bringing back the dead on a whim.

"Kim Jong II. Do you believe that you are worthy of salvation? That you should be allowed to step onto the path towards Origin?"

I begin, speaking in Korean fluently. It is to demonstrate that I know all languages, which I sort of do now that I have Legion. He can analyze any language in an instant as well as producing new one with little difficulty.

Like Bill Clinton before him, Kim Jong II is frightened. He has never been out of his comfort zone before, and he certainly has never stand before a God.

"Y-yes..."

Kim Jong II utters.

I narrow my eyes as the holographic banner flickers. Just like Bill Clinton before, I will allow the people of North Korean votes for his fate. To my surprise, the number is 95% for and 5% against.

Almost every North Koreans votes for their leader as worthy.

That is some massive brainwashing. Maybe I should try that out one day, just to see how it feels to be basically a God. Oh wait. I am a God. Is there a point to doing that?

As for the other 5%, who votes against, they are likely enemy of the state or in prison for speaking out against the state.

I close my eyes to see if my assumptions are true. Most of them are. And once I open my eyes, I begin to speak up loud and clearly.

"We have reached a census. We are in an agreement that you are not worthy, Kim Jong II."

That kills the smug off his face and forces everyone to gasp in surprise.

They have assumed that I would go by the popular vote. They assume incorrectly. Those votes are just for me to see the popular opinion. It did not dictate my actions. I highly dislike Kim Jong II despite not even meeting the man before.

Honestly, I would like to torture him for a little bit. Alright, for more than just a little bit. It is to show the people of North Korea that he is just a man. I will do that in the prime-reality.

As for this reality. His anguish screams and wailings are enough. I made sure the pain last longer than usual.

"No. Supreme Leader!"

"Supreme Leader! Ah!"

"Ahhh!"

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"Father! No! Save me!"

"Great Leader!"

The North Koreans call out as they are burned with their leaders. In an instant, North Korean becomes a ghost country. That is what happened when 95% of their population get wiped out.

I couldn't help but express a small smile upon my lips. People notice this, but it didn't matter anymore, to be honest. I could do pretty much whatever I damn pleased now.

So, who is next on the list? Could it be the Queen of England?