Light Ghost

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The crack in the void widens until it is nearly the speaker’s width.

“Conquering the world is boring. Doing so means that my abilities have surpassed that of the rest of mankind, but do not hold that I had the right to do so.”

The pillar turns on its center, spinning slowly around the speaker.

“Conquering a society? Better, but often this can lead to group mentality and thereby have some who choose to rise up; perhaps without even a reason other than rebellion.”

The turns gain energy, increasing in speed.

“Love... is that not to take a person and to conquer them? Is it not to sway them to the point of which they choose to give you the greatest of themselves, to do anything for those that hold it?”

“Conquering an individual. Now that... would prove I have both the moral principle above that person, and indeed the mental fortitude to defeat that person. A will and a way if you will.”

The blackness begins to bend the white pillar, and they turn over each other.

“I guess I’ll simply have to go one by one then, and then it’s only a matter of time before I have you all...”

The speaker stands amidst this towering spiral, a dance of black and white.

“Don’t you go and die on me yet “Hero.” We have a lot of work to do.”

The speaker removes his hood, revealing a face without features.

“Love, the main villain of your story, but not the world’s.”

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