

Be Honest! 226

Chapter 226 Deal!

"Fine. Fine! This increase... How much are we talking about?"

[30%]

"30?!!! 30? 30?!"

Wei Kwo gripped his hair tightly, almost making himself bald.

30% increase?

Do you know how much that will be in total?

F*** you!

Instantly, Wei Kwo's breathing became heavier and heavier.

His nostrils flared, and his entire face became as red as a tomato.

Damn that brat!

This was all his fault for gathering some big show-off party tight before his assassination.

Why wouldn't he just die in a low-key manner?

Opening his drawer speedily and pulling out a massive box of fat cigars, Wei Kwo had the impulse to smoke at least 3 of them tonight.

His wife was already a ravaging mad dog since the last time he cut her spending budget.

And his daughter and son were no different, seeing as they could no longer show off with their friends as much as they did.

Not to talk of his old mother who played mahjong with her old cronies, gambling and drinking her life away.

But what could he do?

He definitely didn't want to take the money off his account.

Wei Kwo was stingy and tight-fisted like that.

So he planned to cut 80~95% of everyone else's money, just to make the 30% increase.

No way!

He had a lot to do with his money.

From bribing company staff, bribing outsiders, getting more men under his arms, getting more ladies in his bed, and many other things... Wei Kwo had many uses for money.

Additionally, now that he had decided to pull the plug on the bastard Tian couple, he would need to get people to look for the couple.

And after that, he would need to bribe the nurses or those taking care of the couple to pull the damn plug and kill them all!

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~Pheeww~~

Wei Kwo blew out a big whiff of air, immersed in his little thoughts.

Of course, the man on the other end had given him ample time to make up his mind.

After all, a 30% increase was indeed a lot

However, it was just right, seeing the kind of dangerous people that the Tian boy could conjure up.

As assassins, their lives were on the line.

So shouldn't the money reflect the job all the more?

The man on the other end of the phone didn't seem to be in a rush.

[Mr. Kwo... During these next 7 days that my team and I observe the Target, you're expected to site in the full 30% increase. We will not launch any attacks until then.]

Dammit!

Wei Kwo turned cold.

He initially wanted to tell them to give him time; however, before he could speak, the man on the other end had already cut his thoughts short.

... Could it be that assassins could also read minds?

Though Wei Kwo would've successfully paid the amount in the end, he had to admit that if told to pay the complete 30% after the job, he would stall for a bit or plead to deliver monthly installments instead.

Of course, he would definitely pay the money, lest the assassins get angry, turning their attention to him, blowing up his home, or doing other damaging actions that would cost him a fortune to fix it all up.

He wasn't a fool.

This much he knew.

The Darknet wasn't a place where one could play with others as they liked.

The difference with paying later would be less pressure.

That's right.

Because he was wracking his brains on how to pay off this large chunk, do you know how much pressure he was currently under?

Sigh... In the end, what choice did he have?

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Releasing big whiffs of smoke, Wei Kwo finally steadied his mind.

"Alright... You'll have your money... I just hope you can deliver!"

The man on the other side of the phone raised the corners of his lips slightly: [You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Kwo. Pay the money, and the boy is as good as dead.]

The man on the other side of the phone spoke to Wei Kwo a bit more, stirring the glass of scotch in his hand thoughtfully.

For the plane, he and his team had to get inside information from anyone within that Tian estate.

From the boy's attitude of arrogantly holding onto the secrets of these prominent families to summoning them at will, it can be said that he should also be an arrogant person that not everyone likes.

Meaning in his home, there should be a few loose mouths around.

This was typically the case for people like this... Even his employer, Wei Kwo, should have several loose lips in his home.

With attitudes like that, it was no wonder that his target and his employer were related.

In the end, their downfall was always their personalities.

First, he needed to find someone currently living in the Tian estate that had a mountain load of grievances up their butts.

He was looking for someone who wanted nothing more than to prove their point and see the brat fall.

When the residents step out of the Tian estate, they'll trail them and make deals with them to trade for information.

At the same time, maybe they could even recruit one of them to be inside men... Or women.

Where was the boy hiding the secrets that the big families all wanted?

Flash drive, some box buried underneath the ground, some other place across the other end of the country... Where exactly was the boy hiding what he kept secret?

They had to at least get some clues or leads before infiltration.

So why not send those in the estate to snoop around his bedroom chambers or any other places for some hints?

With how dangerous this mission ended up being, having a few discardable chess pieces didn't seem like a bad idea at all.

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Wei Kwo was already too pale and horrid to continue their discussion any further.

[Remember, Mr. Kwo... You have just 7 days to make payment.]

"Mmm... You'll get your money."

Tut...

The man on the other end hung up without warning.

Chapter 227 What Was That Bastard Up To?

... Motherf**ker!

~Chang! Chang! Chang!~

Wei kwo smashed his phone onto its receiver generally, trying to release his pent-up tension and rage.

Why did he have to give out so much of his money all at once?

Not only was he blaming Dorian, but he was also blaming his incompetent guards.

What was the point of stealing them from his brother-in-law if they were all so useless?

Wei Kwo felt that he had wanted money for nothing.

He increased their salary, trying to get them to work under him and treat him with reverence.

But in the end, what did he get?

Betrayal and Incompetence!

They not only failed to kill the Tian boy, but they also refused to obey any of his commands since that last incident.

They had suddenly gone on some non-existent strike, only working the simple and bare minimum jobs like escorting him about and whatnot.

If he sent them to an abandoned factory to shoot some people's legs, they wouldn't do it.

They would just shrug their shoulders and act like he was invisible.

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In the end, no matter how Wei Kwo saw it, they didn't take him as their boss.

So why didn't he stop paying their salaries?

Simple.

It was all because they knew too much.

They were not only involved with the Tian couple's misfortune but also did a few back jobs for him too.

At the moment, he didn't have enough money to get rid of them all.

Look! Just Dorian's matter was this costly.

Then imagine how much he would have to pay to take care of the Tian couple permanently?

He needed to do these 2 first before dealing with this useless bunch of ingrates.

Money.

He had to gather more money not only to hire but train his very own special unit of guards before he could get rid of these.

Think about it.

If he got rid of them now, who would protect or escort him around?

Wouldn't people laugh at him for not even having a security team to open doors for himself, drive him about and show off his wealth?

One thing at a time.

Deal with Dorian first before dealing with the other loads of pending issues he had to take care of.

Firming his thoughts, Wei Kwo calmly rose to his feet, intending to turn in for the day.

The sun had long set, dinner had long been eaten, and almost every place was quiet, with many already snuggled up in their beds.

Indeed.

It was time to turn in.

However, while walking across his massive office, his gaze suddenly stopped at another building within his estate.

'Is he even within the estate?... I haven't seen the son of a b**ch for a week now... What is that bastard, Botan, up to?'

Wei Kwo cursed for a bit, finally exiting his office to rest.

But unbeknownst to him, his already turbulent estate was even more chaotic than before!

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In the massive staff building, many had already paid on their beds, either going to sleep, reading a few books, browsing in their phones, or using their companies to work on heaven knows up.

It was already 11 P.M.

Almost no one was strolling about the many winding hallways.

Most of those with early shifts had long fallen asleep, while those with late shifts all enjoyed a few hours of bed entertainment before finally hitting the sheets.

And laying on one of the beds, a certain 35-year-old gardener was busily enjoying his movie, laughing and annoying everyone in the room.

"Can't you turn your volume down a notch? Don't you know what time it is? Can't you see that some of us are trying to get some rest?"

Many who had just been swept away by the sandman were very annoyed by the high-pitched laughter that woke them up.

Do you know how difficult it is to sleep after getting several disturbances?

If mind power were a thing, they would've long held their heads with their fingers, glaring at the 35-year-old man and zapping him with their eyes.

F***!

Some placed pillows over their heads, seeing that the culprit wasn't going to listen.

Rather than sympathizing with them, he aggressively bared his fangs with contempt instead.

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"You want me to keep quiet? Why should I? Tell me? Have I done something wrong? This is my bed, no? This is my table, no? Tsk!... I'm making noise in my personal space! So what does it have to do with ant of you?"

"You're too much!" Someone exclaimed, pushing their blanket to the side with saggy eyes that screamed: I will kill for sleep.

Instantly, the entire place became heated, with many voicing their complaints at the culprit who disturbed their rest.

However, the bastard was still laughing in disdain at them.

"Hahahaha~~..._Yes! Yes; Fight! This is what I want! The less you all sleep, the happier I'll be! Serves you all right for going against me this week!"

He asked for more meat in his good, but what did the book tell him? That everyone had a limit per dish.

Impossible!

Are you saying that they, the kitchen staff, didn't steal food? He, as a gardener, didn't believe it!

This was already going on. So why not just give him some more?

Okay. Leaving the kitchen matters aside, he had seen a few of his colleagues wash clothes together.

So all he did was request for them to handle a few of his items.

At first, they agreed. But after doing his laundry for 3 months, out of nowhere, they decided to quit.

Why?

Why were they being so difficult? Can't it just laundry? It wasn't like they were handwashing it or anything. So why was it hard for them to do that much?

One by one, he had gotten into personal brawls with everyone here.

However, he didn't think it was wrong.

It should be them who were so wicked and heartless!

That's why he decided that starting today, whenever he has a late shift, he'll play his movie to the loudest, laughing and causing a commotion.

So you are angry?

Then come and bite him!

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"You're too much!"

"Your retribution is coming!"

He sneered after listening to everyone's words.

In the end, what could they do to him?

Like so, he continued watching his movie until 1 A.M!

Many had found ways to force themselves to sleep.

And at present, only a few were up.

Thirty... Thirsty...

He opened the shared fridge in the far most end of their room, seeing no water or juice available.

In that case, wouldn't he have to visit the public refrigerator in the staff dining hall?

Thinking like that, the man took his home and stepped out of the room.

He walked on steadily, chuckling at the play he performed tonight.

But unbeknownst to him... He wasn't alone!

Chapter 228 Food: The Root Of All Evil?

Grrr~~

The gardener's belly crumbled in despair, as though it was a century ago since he last ate.

Touching his dry mouth, he couldn't help grunting a bit more.

He even felt his voice become hoarse and his throat too heavy whenever he swallowed.

No doubt about it, he overdid it.

But so what? Even if he didn't have the voice to continue with his escapades, he still wouldn't give up.

Tomorrow, he'll bang his feet and hands against his bed or corner table, giving those bastards no time to rest.

Hmph!

It serves them right for being mean to him!

(*^*)

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Step by step, the gardener moved along the dimly lit corridors with the flashlight from his phone illuminating most of the scene.

The entire building was a staff housing unit.

Whether it was the many guards, gardeners, maids, butlers, or other workers, they all lived in the grand staff mansion, with the top and ranked staff residing in the main building.

What was impressive about the building wasn't its height but its width.

Of course, this went without saying that each sleeping room housed at least 8~12 people in it.

The building was 4 stories high, with most of its ground floor used for storage rooms instead.

Whether it was the drapes, beddings, yearly supplies of toilet paper, or even spare door knobs, there were labeled rooms on ground floor to indicate which region kept what.

So in general, most, if not all of the workers lived on the 2nd floor upwards.

Of course on the basement level of the building, one could still find quite a few spare sleeping rooms and storage rooms too... As well as the massive laundry compartment that room up the space of a commercial laundry room.

There were no less than 20 washers and 15 massive dryers there.

That said, the dining room on the ground floor was also huge enough to accommodate the many staff around.

It was said that this estate, as well as the many estates within this city, belonged to the ancients.

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Over time these estates have been modernized, the key outstanding attributes about them haven't changed much.

The staff dining for one had 4 of the most extended tables one would ever find, spacing from end to end.

These tables could accommodate not just the entire live-in-staff but also any more recruits that came in at any given time.

And scattered around the walls of the massive dining hall are fridges that blended in perfectly with the wall colors.

These fridges had stacks of water always in them, as well as a few light juices too. There were also a few condiments and breakfast necessities like Jam or butter too.

It can be said that though each room had a mini-fridge, those fridges on ground level mainly were there for when one needed water or something during working hours.

Plus, many who bought food from outdoors could save labels and save their food or sandwiches in these fridges, planning to eat them during lunch.

The live-in staff only needed to be in the estate during their shifts and before lifts out.

So when they were free, they could leave, go out and pass the time as they chose.

Indeed.

Life here was very good for the workers, and the pay was high even if their employer was bleeding his eyes out.

Even with all this happening, these people needn't worry about not receiving their pay since every prominent family dared not do so.

Do you know how scandalous such news would be?

The nouveau-rich Kwo's who just rose up not long ago couldn't pay their laborers?

Pff!

The Press would have a field day!

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~Grrrrw~

Listening to his grumbling belly, the gardener subconsciously licked his lips, recalling the scene earlier when he saw someone place their sandwich in the fridge.

For dinner, the kitchen had given them sandwiches as after deserts and side dishes.

Of course, some decided to share those sandwiches and eat during their breaks tomorrow instead.

Heh...

If he took a few bites, who would have evidence to say that he was the one?

Look!

He might as well fill his belly and quench his thirst at the same time!

Like so, the gardener slowly descended the rabbit hole from the 3rd floor, walking through the dark and eerie-feeling hallways with nothing in his mind but thievery.

However, something caused him to freeze the moment he reached ground level.

~Sniff. Sniff.

The gardener flinched and rubbed his nose in disgust after getting a fierce attack from an unknown source.

What was that mildew burnt smell he got?

The stench was foul and unbeatable, having so many combinations of toy, filth, mold, and all sorts of gut-churning smell concocted in one.

Augh~

Awful... Just awful!

If not for his rumbling belly, he would long turn back just from the smell alone.

Shaking his nostrils, he continued without a moment to spare, thinking nothing else of it.

However, just when he was about to take a step forward, he heard a sharp swishing noise from behind.

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~Wheesh!

The gardener jumped like a frightened cat, pointing his flashlight at his back with trembling hands.

"Who's there?"

-Silence-

No one replied.

Still, the gardener was not at ease.

A strange wind had long caressed his belly, being him with a deep sense of regret and panic.

Who?

His hands holding his phone had long become unsteady, chaotically pointing the light up, down, and to every corner of the hallway, trying to understand where that swishing noise had come from.

Eh?

No one?

Phew~.

The gardener visibly relaxed.

What was he expecting to show up?

What day and age was this? Why did his mind think in that absurd direction?

Could it be that he has been too immense in the world of movies lately?

Shaking his head wryly, planning to continue onwards to the staff dining Hall.

... It was just that like the case with many horror movies, he had celebrated too early.

Chapter 229 Revenge Was Near

The gardener felt he had nothing to fear, building up his courage to continue his thievery

But the moment he turned ahead, he suddenly came face to face with a pair of deep, overly bright eyes.

"Ahhh!!!--..."

His eyes widened at an alarming rate before finally returning to normal.

"Oh! It's you!... Good heavens, man, for a moment, you scared me to death, chief Botan."

Placing his hands in his chest, the gardener tried to strategy his breathing.

Heart attack!

He almost had a heart attack from Botan's surprise turn up.

On a typical day, he would've been terrified of chief security staff Botan.

It was just that the jump scare from now really made him forget his initial fear.

Lucky, it was just the Chief of Security.

Oh no! This was bad!

He was out during lights out.

As per the rules, no one was supposed to be seen walking about this time!

And with the rumors he heard about how strict Chief Botan was, then wouldn't he get his salary slashed or get suspended instead?

Very anxiously, the gardener began stating his case.

"Chief Botan! You... Please listen to me. I-I-I had worked too hard drying the day and was too tired Waller to eat or drink. I thought I could sleep on an empty stomach. But you know, I have gastric and even have some other hidden ailments too... Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah, blah~"

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Like a machine gun, the gardener began to pull out farts from his ass, talking and talking about while looking at the floor or his surroundings from time to time.

He dared not look the Chief of security in the eyes lest he curbed under pressure and exposed himself.

It was just unfortunate that because he was too bent on coming up with the perfect lies, he failed to see the changes all around him.

The walls slowly grew icy layers, and the hair was filled with even more strange smells.

But that wasn't all.

If he looked up, he would see that the greatest change had happened to the person standing before him.

The gardener had exaggerated his energy, finally waiting for Botan's sanctions.

However, he heard nothing.

Eh?

Why did it suddenly turn chilly?

Shudder. Shudder.

His shoulders shook on their own, and goosebumps completely engulfed his entire being.

How strange.

The gardener was very perplexed by it all.

But soon, his confused expression turned distorted.

With his head still down, he saw something bizarre.

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1, 2, 3... 8!

There were 8 small weird-shaped shadows all coming from Botan!

And all these 8 were different from Botan's prominent shadows.

But how was that even possible?

The shadows danced maniacally, revealing several claws, wings, and crazy images that made him whimper without a sound.

Why? Why did he have to be greedy for a late-night snack and some cheap water?

Seeing the strange shadows and hearing the even more testifying noises, the gardener's nostrils turned runny, with snot, sweat, and tears mixing into one the more they dropped along his face.

In a heartbeat, his legs turned wobbly, and his fear grew a hundred times more.

"Chief Botan... You! You! You!~"

1, 2...

The gardener took several steps back with an opened mouth of horror, finding his scream stuck in his throat.

Chief... Chief...

This was not the chief!

His hands subconsciously released his phone the moment the lights began to flicker.

Time seemed frozen in place with a dreadful shadowy visual presentation, occurring along the walls, showing the gardener's fate.

Mommy, mommy... save him.

The gardener felt despair.

~Whoop... Whoop... Whoop.

The phone fell in slow motion.

And by the time it finally smashed into the behind, the lights resumed as usual.

But this time, only one man was standing within the winding hallway.

Botan stood at the center, closing his eyes and feeling his strength bulge within his muscles.

Power... Power...

He felt like the most powerful man in the world!

Hahahahahaha~

[How is it, mortal? Didn't I tell you? If it's power, I'll give you all you want... Just keep your end of the bargain, and we'll get along just fine.]

"Yes! Yes!"

Botan nodded numerously, not even caring about the now-dead gardener.

So what if the worthless piece of trash dies?

He should be happy that he died for a good cause.

Very quickly, Botan picked up the gardener's clothes, planning to dispose of them later.

Although the method was different, this wasn't his first time making a person disappear without suspicion.

So he knew just how to handle this matter. This was why he chose to target someone not liked in the estate.

It took an entire week to observe this guy, also secretly guiding him to act in this manner too.

He made the kitchen rules stricter and subconsciously hinted at others, making them feel annoyed for doing open favors for this guy.

Well, it wasn't a hint, but more like coming down on them harder for being seconds late or other minimal things that got delayed because of their 'kindness.'

And wouldn't you know it, based on the guy's personality, he acted just as expected.

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Botan looked at his ring deeply.

"Don't worry; I'll give you your weekly feed as promised, so long as you keep giving me power!"

The creature in the ring agreed but secretly sneered at Botan.

With this bit of power, this guy thinks he's already unstoppable?

Tsk!

Humans were indeed too weak!

Because Botan wasn't per se a cultivator, the demonic qi he got was just a temporal thing.

Botan had no way of knowing how to channel or open the many meridians of cultivation.

Most of the evil qi was still stored in his ring for when he wanted to use it.

In the end, he was still a mortal, not breaking out of his mortal shell.

It should also be noted that cultivating in the way of evil was e times harder than cultivating as an exorcist.

Evil qi was too dense and wicked for humans to engulf.

Beings not birthed from the abyss itself would have difficulties taking it in as though they were in outer space, struggling to take in oxygen.

The path of being an evil cultivator was truly hard... but not impossible.

Botan clenched his fist, looking at the purplish streaks surrounding them.

Now he could kill off the Tian couple and their son the way he wanted!

Good!...

It was time for revenge!

Chapter 230 A Customer Emerges

Power!

The strength men crave!

All across the city, many began to make their moves.

And in a blink of an eye, another 4 days had gone by.

As usual, Dorian stopped cultivating and left the space, meeting Butler Sheng in his bedroom chambers.

As a good butler and one of the few staff left in the Tian household, Butler Sheng changed the drapes and beddings, though Dorian hardly used his bed.

"Good morning, Grandmaster."

"Morning, Sheng."

Dorian replied, heading straight for the showers.

And in the meantime, Butler Sheng took his laundry, leaving the scene very respectfully.

He was holding onto the Grandmaster's already worn pieces of clothing.

So how could he not treat them with care, as though they were gold?

[Round up your duties before midday. We'll be leaving earlier than planned.]

Butler Sheng paused, listening to Dorian's telepathic message, before finally leaving the room.

Today, he, Raulin, and the Grandmaster were supposed to head out at 4 P.M to open their stall, leaving the other 3 to take care of all Estate matters.

However, it looks like the Grandmaster planned to do so earlier than expected.

'I should properly get more talismans.' Butler Sheng thought, not wanting to be caught in an unexpected pinch.

Who could predict how the day would go?

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Breakfast, casual meetings with many guests.

Dorian had always reserved the early hours of the day for meeting personal clients who came by after meeting him at the stalls.

There were just some issues that couldn't be taken care of on a jiffy.

Some were simple, needing only his talismans at the stalls and his advice to solve the matters all on their own.

But some matters required him to take a look at them personally.

One by one, people came in as scheduled amidst the snooping eyes of some of the stay-in doctors and nurses.

In particular, Alice had still not given up in pinning Dorian down.

She needed dirt on the people here.

Anything to get her transferred out of this place and back into the real, busy, and bubbling hospital life, making a name for herself and gathering more fame.

Who would want to be hidden away in a corner while others are out there in the spotlight?

"Alice! Keep up!"

"Yes." She replied, unwillingly peeling her gaze away from the strange visitors leaving the grand hall.

It was time for her shift.

She and several others now have to watch the coma-stricken Tian couple on the highest floor.

'Soon, I'll find all the secrets you're hiding.' Those were her last thoughts before her shift.

In the meantime, the already dressed-up Butler Sheng who had his coat, calmly walked in with Dorian's coat, assisting him in putting it on.

"Grandmaster, Raulin is already in the vehicle with the box."

"Hmmm... Let's go."

12, midday.

It was time to open their shed.

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"Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah~."

The constant mumblings of the crowd grew distant in the ears of a perplexed man walking in the streets with a dazed expression.

The sun was up, the atmosphere was cheerful, and the roads were very congested.

However, no matter how loud and bubbly the streets were, the man couldn't hear anything at all.

His hearing was alright. But his brain was just in a different place, thinking of all the troubles he'd been facing during these last few weeks.

Why?

Why did it seem that when one issue hits a person, all others come together, hitting him all at once?

With very saggy eyes and messy yet balding hair, he looked very unkempt and crazed.

The gentle summer breeze blew his scanty hair ever so gently as though bombing through his thoughts.

What should he do? What should he do?

He used to be a fairly chubby person.

One couldn't say he was fat, and one couldn't say he was thin as well.

But after these problems smacked him in the face one after another, he had lost all his initial fat, becoming very slender in size.

Many who knew him thought he was sick.

But only he knew that his body was breaking down from running about and having sleepless nights.

Suicide?

He didn't dare to do it. And the guilt was too much to bear.

If he left his family at a time like this, giving them the full weight of his worries, then even in death, he wasn't sure he would be able to rest in peace.

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On the streets, the man would move and stop from time to time, talking to himself with his gaze permanently fixed to the floor.

Borrow money?

Sorry.

Those that he thought were friends turned out to be selfish hypocrites.

Throughout his life, he had always been a person who would help those he considered as family.

He had friends he lent out a lot of money to over the years.

You say your son needs money to buy a house to woo his future wife?

No problem. Since you're family, I'll lend you the money.

Things have always been like that.

And though he wasn't giving them money to one day recollect it back, now that he was in a pickle and needed any form of money or assistance, his so-called friends didn't even try helping him out.

Out of his 7 sworn brothers, only one of them desperately tried his best, though it still wasn't enough to cover his predicament.

Still, he was grateful to that friend.

The man had a sad expression, trying to hold his tears back when thinking of the truly painful matter that weighed heavily on his heart.

Sigh...

It didn't concern his debt but his past.

The man finally coaxed to the ground leaning at the corner of a building, seemingly lost in thought.

'What should I do now?'

Almost immediately, the words of several passerbys echoed in his ears.

"Hey! Have you heard? There seems to be a loony stall opened up by some mad scam artist."

"Ahh! I've heard about that one too. It's said that it's opened by some crazy rich generation youngster that's just having some fun outside."

"Exactly! Divination? Does he think we're mentally retarded?"

"Hey. You never know. I heard that those who aa whim claimed to have all their worries go away."

"Fake! He definitely hired actors to do it!"

(*^*)

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Whoosh!

Speedily, the man raised his head to look at the passerbys.

Can make all problems go away?

Though he didn't believe it, the man still decided to give it a try.

After all, what else did he have to lose?

'Grandmaster? Where can I find his stall?'