

Be Honest! 231

Chapter 231 The Strange Canopy Stall

In a not-so-busy part of the city, one could see a line of people standing before what seemed like a small reddish canopy tent.

The tent was too conspicuous, seeing that it was placed amidst the many stalls that sold fruits, foods, and other portable items.

Those who stood in line often bought some delicacies to pass the time while waiting their turn.

One could say that business was somewhat booming thanks to the emergence of the strange canopy-like stall.

In truth, many didn't come because they believed in whatever was advertised here.

They more or less came for fun, wanting to give these canopy people to be frauds.

It was also a comedic sight, with many coming here to pick these retarded people who set up the canopies.

In the past, many called the police to report the matter.

But why was it that after the police entered the canopies to see the owner, they would always leave without arresting or taking these retarded people to the psychiatric hospital?

"Look! I said it right! For the police to leave such people in the streets means that the canopy should belong to some rich family that can get him off the hook!"

"Tsk. I think you're right. Just look at those 2 men in full black suits standing outside the canopy like bodyguards? I'm sure they're just here to watch over this sick young master and make sure that he doesn't go too far."

"F***! How dare you guys insult the Grandmaster? Do you know what calamity he was able to help me out with last time? I'm telling you! If you are to insult the grand aster again, then ding blame me for being rude!"

"Pff!~... Buddy, don't you think that your pretense and acting are a bit too overboard? Do You think they would appreciate you more and give you a job or money if you play along with this sick young master?"

"Hahahahah~... I've seen people act like fans for idols before. But I've never seen someone shamelessly act this much for a crazed person."

"You! You! You!~~."

"Bahahahahaha~~"

(^^)

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Like so, the scene was lively, with almost no one believing in whatever services the canopy offered.

Only those who had experienced life-changing situations tried their best to make others believe.

And amongst this group were those who a few days ago had initially kicked the Grandmaster but gone back home to shocking incidents.

"Husband, how did you know in pregnant?"

"What? Mom, you're saying that if I didn't call you now, you would've died in a fire? Wait! You're standing just outside the binding building now?"

"I... I've really gotten demoted? Liar! Who told you this? Did that retard make you say this to convince me more of his scam?... You!~"

Whether it was good or bad news, many who dared to enter the canopy were shocked by the end result.

Some had subconsciously saved their families from catastrophes, coming back to thank the Grandmaster and get Talismans to keep their families living longer.

And because these were man-made and natural catastrophes without the intervention of underworld entities, those who survived could live long lives without any worries... Though they would still end up losing a few months, 1, 2, or 3 years off their newly designed long-life trajectories.

It was their blessing and luck to have met a heavenly exorcist to change their trajectories.

Those who had first-hand experience were so grateful to Dorian, feeling personally attacked whenever they heard others bad-mouthing him.

"The... The Grandmaster isn't a retard!"

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'Should I really be here?' The troubled man from earlier inwardly asked, deciding whether to stay or not.

One step forth, another step back.

The confusion was evident.

At first, he held some hope in his heart.

But after heading over and listening to the words said by the majority of people, the little flames in his heart greatly diminished.

But maybe it was because of the words of the few believers that made him stay.

In the end, he asked himself yet again: What do I have to lose?

Well, maybe he would lose some moment, which frankly, was almost all he had left.

But wasn't it better to at least see what this Grandmaster was offering, lest he regretted it?

It's said that the Grandmaster won't charge a person until he analyzes and calculates the matter outright.

In this way, the Grandmaster would be able to give him a consultation on whatever was plaguing him.

But whether they should move forth to serving the matter or not was all up to the client.

Well, it was also said that this Grandmaster had no patience for those who weren't serious, sending them not long after they went in.

Maybe this was why many still didn't believe him.

After all, it did seem like he was picking out his clients, choosing who to help and who not to help.

Well, fraud or not, it wouldn't kill him to listen to whatever it is this guy has to say.

In the end, whether he decided to listen some more and pay was all up to him.

Again... What other excuses could he give?

The troubled man rubbed his neck and scratched his arms a little nervously, thinking of what to do once he got in.

One step forth, another step forward.

He advanced on the line, seeing some people enter and leave the canopy with either confused expressions, angered expressions, or pure joy in their faces.

The more he looked, the more uncomfortable he felt.

... What could it be that they were talking about?

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"Thank you! Thank you, Grandmaster!" A youngster said, leaving the canopy in a cheerful mood.

"Next!"

The troubled man snapped back to reality, feeling his heart almost leap out of his chest.

"R-right..."

He replied, lowering his head below the topmost edge of the canopy, entering the space.

He felt butterflies in his belly, wondering who and how to act around this Grandmaster fellow.

His thoughts were still in disarray, saluting the Grandmaster as many had advised.

However, when he raised his head, he couldn't help opening his eyes in shock!

"Young master Tian, what are you doing here?!"

Chapter 232 What Are You Doing Here?

In under 2 seconds, Angzen's facial expressions had changed no more than 7 times.

You, what, when, how, why, this, eh?

Angzen stiffly stood on the spot, staring at the youngster with a blank mind.

"Young master Dorian, are you the so-called Grandmaster many have been talking about?"

Deep down, Angzen didn't want to believe it would be so.

But getting Dorian's slight nod, the last bit of hope in his heart crashed and disintegrated into nothingness.

This was his student, while he had a very favorable impression of.

Sure. The boy was always quiet, keeping to himself.

But when it came to having outstanding results, he, as a teacher, couldn't complain.

Dorian was always amongst the top 3.

But just before the final examinations that could determine his fate into entering a good university or not, trouble struck the young man's family, causing him to not only miss the national exams but also turn into a pauper overnight.

Now was the long holiday, and the results from the National examination had long been posted online.

Many had also officially gotten acceptance letters for the universities of their choice. At the same time, others went straight into the labor markets instead.

In the end, most people had their act together, all except this pitiful young master.

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When it all started, Angzen had wanted to visit Dorian, encouraging him not to lose heart and take the exams next year.

He had also petitioned the school to reason with the National board, explaining Dorian's situation.

After all, there were always exceptions to the rules, like those who got too ill and scheduled to take the examinations on their sickbeds for a later date.

Maybe because he had a good impression of the boy's parents, or perhaps because he just pitied Dorian... But for whatever reason, Angzen had always done his best to take care of him in school.

But try as he might, he failed to petition the school to petition on the boy's behalf.

The principal and many of the teachers were so unreasonable, as though they had some personal resentment with the boy.

They didn't even try to assist him, not to talk of feeling pity for him.

In the end, he has always pondered on Dorian's situation since that incident.

How was his student doing?

This was a question that popped into his head everyone and then.

He thought it would take a year(s) before he saw this student again.

However, fate had a funny way of playing with one's destiny.

Who would've thought that they would meet in such a manner?

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Angzen's face turned a string hue of red, suddenly feeling enraged and deceived by a student he once felt was his star pupil.

"Student Dorian, you've disappointed me too much! Just because you're in this predicament, you've lowered yourself to this level? Deceiving innocent folks this much. Is this how I taught you?!!"

Grandmaster?

I think not!

Wasn't this his student? Those outside might not know Dorian, but he who had taught the boy for several years, wouldn't know his student's situation?

How can someone who is currently in a bind of his own living in poverty and misery be able to help others when he can't even fix his own situation?

Too deceiving!

And to think he had walked 20 more minutes on the streets to get here, not to talk to the time he spent lining up.

His pain came from the fact that he had not only met a dead end in his troubles but had also wasted too much time out here for nothing.

During this time, who knows if he might've been able to think of something else or run into a lucky scenario?

Angzen felt a hard knot constrict down In his throat, causing his chest to raise up and down vigorously.

"Student Dorian, you better explain yourself!"

His disappointment was evident.

(*^*)

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Teacher Angzen.

Dorian lazily raised his brow, looking at the red-faced Angzen explode.

Usually, he wouldn't be bothered with nonbelievers in confrontational settings.

In scenarios such as these, he would stay silent, watching people rant until they left on their own.

Yup.

It wasn't that he 'kicked' them out, but that he wouldn't respond to them, making them leave by themselves, seeing how mute he was.

In the end, whether they bad-mouthed or made-up stories about him, Dorian didn't care.

Provided they didn't disturb him personally, what does their attitude have to do with him?

That was how the majority of people who came in got handled.

However, according to the memory of his current self, this teacher Angzen was good to himself.

Maybe it was because he wanted to do something to assist the man as a thank you for taking care of his former self, or perhaps it was because he had seen the disturbing auras around this teacher... But whatever the reason might be, Dorian decided to help him.

"You! You! You!~"

Since when did his student become this arrogant even when doing evil?

Angzen pointed his trembling fingers at Dorian gritted his teeth in fury.

That's it! He was leaving!

"Wait."

Dorian's words caused him to freeze dead in his tracks.

What did this disappointing student want to say to him now?

Dorian leaned back into his seat, looking at the disheveled man from the corners of his eyes.

"Teacher Angzen, don't be too quick to judge. How do you know that I can't help you?"

"You? Help me? With your current situation?"

Angzen turned to face Dorian, almost laughing in rage.

Did he think this was a joke?

~Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Dorian tapped his fingers on the table, staring straight at Angzen with a mysterious glint in his eyes.

"Teacher, what if I told you that not everything was as it seemed?"

For some reason, Angzen's heart began to throb loudly.

And bit by bit, he inched his way closer towards Dorian.

"You... What do you mean?"

"Teacher, if you want to know... Then take a seat."

Chapter 233 A Troubled Teacher

Tick-Tock. Tock-Tock.

Only 10 seconds had gone by since he sat across this student of his.

But to him, it felt like an eternity, with the abnormal pressure and tension swimming across the scene.

'Should I say something?'

Angzen was honestly trying his best to contain his already bottled-up fury.

But seeing the state of silence they were in, for some reason, his mouth refused to utter his complaints.

It all began when he sat on the chair, and Dorian lit the 4 candles on the ends of the table.

Brrm!

The yellowish hue made their faces glow all the more thanks to the red canopy that seemed to elect and cause an even more dramatic visual within the room.

'What a pure smell.'

The candle smelt like nothing he had ever smelt before.

In fact, he didn't even know whether what he smelt was actually an aroma or not.

One could say the candle was unscented. But even unscented candles wouldn't make the air smell so purified and clean.

What was this?

The scent made his anger reside a bit more, holding in his impatient words.

Angzen rubbed his hands on his thighs, not knowing what he thought.

And then, very unexpectedly, he saw Dorian reach underneath the table, taking out what seemed like a deck of cards.

' '

... Why did he feel that there was something wrong with this script?

Sure. Playing cards was fun.

But was this the time to do so?

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Eh?

Angzen stared at the strange block of cards, watching Dorian slowly shuffle and move them around.

And as he worked, his hand speed increased like lightning.

Thap! Thap! Thap!~

The candle flames began to dance vigorously, and a strange gust of wind blew into the tent.

Ah-

Dizzy. Dizzy.

Angzen watched the cards sway back, forth, and around, already feeling too dizzy to keep up.

Blink.

He blinked and shook his head in an attempt to get rid of his dizziness.

Pap.

Dorian abruptly stopped. And the candle flames also stopped flickering.

"Before we begin, I'll need your full name, age, and place of birth."

"Why?" Angzen was perplexed, supporting his aching head with one hand.

"You'll know once it's over."

That's it?

Angzen thinned his lips, contemplating on whether to give it or not. In the end, he sighed, telling Dorian all he wanted to know.

"Hmmm."

Dorian took everything into account before closing his eyes once more.

Sometimes, the basic information and other aspects weren't enough to fully see into a matter.

And that's why he had no choice but to use this method.

Tarot cards!

He had long crafted them for times such as these.

And as thought, they came in handy faster than he expected.

Finally opening his eyes, Dorian stared at Angzen deeply.

"Let's begin."

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Angxen suddenly felt anxious, watching Dorian lay the strange cards before him one by one.

And as he laid them out, he began talking with Angzen.

"Teacher Angzen, you have a younger sister who lives back in your hometown. Growing up, you...
Blah, blah, blah, blah~."

"Yes! Yes,! Yes!"

Angzen almost stood and jumped in agreement when listening to Dorian summarize all the major happenings in his childhood.

Even more shocking was that Dorian had stated some secrets that only he knew.

But how was this even possible?

When he was 10 years old, Dorian wasn't even conceived yet, not to talk of being born.

So how could he have known this?

You say he did digging into his past?

Impossible!

Some secrets were known only to him, though they weren't bad.

Everyone had their little secrets be it good or bad.

"You!~"

The way Angzen looked at Dorian changed.

Words alone couldn't describe the shock in his heart.

One by one, Dorian would lay out various cards that gave out a few facts about himself.

With laser beam eyes, Angzen stared at the cards, wanting to dissent them for himself.

Wipe!

Could it be that there was some hidden information on them that only Dorian could see?

(0_0)

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Like so, Dorian rounded up the facts about his past and began to look into his present.

Now, Dorian became even more intense.

"Teacher Angzen, your debt comes from your family matters, correct?"

Angzen nodded vigorously before thinning his lips into a bitter smile.

"Yes... Sigh... You wouldn't be wrong about this. For over 11 years now, I've been contributing large amounts to take care of my parents, who have been sickly over the years. My father developed cancer some time back. And maybe because of the distress and worrying, my mother never took care of her body either." He said, with a sigh of nostalgia in his voice.

Back in, he left bitterly because of his stubbornness, settling here with his newly married wife to become a teacher.

His parents favored his little sister more than he, which was very bizarre but true.

One day, he couldn't take the way they treated his newly wedded wife, choosing to move as far away from them as possible.

Still, he was a filial person who loved his parents, despite their overly exaggerated bias against him.

So over the years, he had been communicating with his sister, sending money to her every time he told him about their situation.

Surgery today, this tomorrow, he also knew that they were getting up there in age.

And recalling his father's situation before he left ages ago, he felt even more guilty towards them, sending all he could to support their health.

As for his current predicament, he was in debt because he took a massive loan from a loan shark because of his parent's situation.

What should he do? What should he do?

In 15 more days, they could come for a few limbs on his body to make up for what he owed!

More frighteningly, they might attack his wife and children as well.

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Dorian narrowed his eyes, looking at the air above Angzen.

Something wasn't right.

There was more to this story than meets the eyes.

Chapter 234 A Very Conflicting Case

Very calmly, Dorian placed several stacks of cards before him with their backs facing upwards.

You know, all this time, Dorian had been showing him the cards without requiring any assistance from him.

But this time, things seemed a lot different.

~Gulp.

Angzen swallowed hard, not knowing why he was suddenly nervous.

"You want me to pick 3 random cards?"

"Hmmm."

The past and present were over. Now it was time to look into the future.

'Which one should I pick?'

Hovering his hands over the many cards laid out, Angzen anxiously bit his lips, finally flipping 3 of them.

The Fool, The Divide, and Death.

Oh?

Dorian raised his brows, opening his third eye to see even deeper into the mist shedding the cards.

"This... What does this mean?"

Angzen felt very bad, especially after seeing the words 'Death' written on one of the cards.

Could it be that those thugs from the loan shark would come after his life, killing him in the process?

His student wouldn't be cursing him to die, right?

Even though he didn't feel that these cards had anything to do with his predicament or fate, he was still distraught, wanting some form of encouragement, telling him that everything would be alright.

Shudder. Shudder.

"Student Dorian... What do these cards mean?"

Seeing the first card he picked out, why did he feel it was insulting him?

(:?!?:)

"The Fool... Impulsive, blind to the truth, and uncorrupt. This card represents not only your future self but also your current and last self." Dorian said, lazily gazing into the card with his third eye.

His teacher was akin to a person walking about with a thick covering on his face.

In his opinion, though Angzen had eyes, he was very kind to reality.

All his life, he has been blind to facts that are right under his nostrils.

So wasn't this a fool?

To Angzen, the card was stationary.

But in Dorian's eyes, he could almost see the image on the card take the form of Angzen himself.

It morphed into Angzen, shaking its head very sheepishly.

And surrounding the card were 2 swirling and flickering mists of white, brown, and yellow.

Additionally, he also

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This...

Angzen fidgeted in his seat, feeling more and more uncomfortable.

What did his student mean by calling him blind?

Think as hard as he might, he wasn't able to understand this fact.

As a very intellectual person who got the rare opportunity to teach in one of the most prestigious high schools in the nation, how could he accept the title 'Fool?'

Impossible!

His student must have made a mistake.

Or maybe he picked the wrong card instead.

Yes! That must be it!

Angzen quickly comforted himself, feeling that if given another chance, he would not pick the same card again.

It must be a coincidence.

This wasn't him. He was smart!

Seeing the perplexed expressions on Angzen's face, Dorian didn't bother explaining things further.

It would be like throwing water onto a duck's back while in a lake.

Such a thing was pointless.

And besides, he preferred things this way.

The system looked at its host, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

Would it kill him to talk longer than planned?

['Host, he doesn't believe you. So shouldn't you convince him more?']

'Noisy.'

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Dorian frowned, seemingly annoyed by the system's finding in his ears.

He had to listen to the customer before him and listen to the noisy one in his ears too?

Impossible!

One of them had to

"Student Dorian, what about my second choice?"

Now, Angzen had thrown his confusion in the wind, whipping to get some good news.

Sometimes, when things are going down, one needs good news to boost their spirits higher... Even if it was a lie.

Dorian calmly kept the Fool to the side, focusing on the 2nd card chosen.

"The Divide... Because of circumstances you allowed in your past and present, your initial trajectory has shifted to where it is now... And in these past few months, your constant stream of bad luck is also tied to this. If I'm correct, during this period, people have called you a cursed and unlucky person, right?"

Boom!

An explosion went on in Angzen's mind, causing him to stand abruptly.

"How?... How did you know?!"

This bad luck relatively didn't hurt him but many around him instead.

He could say that the only unfortunate matter personally involving himself should be the huge debt he owed.

The other incidents of bad luck didn't directly affect him.

For example, there was a time when a bucket from a 5th-floor apartment fell, knocking someone just beside him.

That bucket should've hit him. But midair, it seemed to change direction as though a gust of wind had blown it slightly.

Like so, those around him got injured very often, causing his neighbors and many to call him a carrier of bad luck.

Though many didn't believe in the title itself, they couldn't explain why unfortunate incidents were always happening around him.

What was up with that?

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"You!~... How did you know?"

Angzen stared at Dorian with laser-beam focus as though wanting to see right through his skull.

Psychology!

Could it be that his student Dorian was a Mentalist who was extremely good at guessing facts from the littlest details?

Smart.

For a moment, he was almost fooled!

As for Dorian, he couldn't be bothered with Angzen.

"Death... That is the last card you chose. It signifies new beginnings, transformations, and changes."

Phew.

At least, it wasn't the literal meaning of Death. Angzen thought.

And Dorian only chuckled from his nativity.

Humans like hearing what they want to hear.

A change in one's state can be for good, as well as the bad.

For all he knew, his final outcome would still be Death itself.

Looking at the 3 cards and assessing all he knew, Dorian finally saw into the crux of the matter.

"Teacher Angzen, you said he sent money for your parent's treatment not too long ago?"

"Yes..." Angzen replied, nodding vigorously. "I sent it a few weeks back."

"Oh? How odd... From what I can see, your parents died 3 months ago."

Bastard!

Swish!

Angzen once again stood in rage, pointing his trembling fingers at his despicable student.

"You-You-You-You... What sort of wrong have I done for you to curse my parents to death?"

Wrong! Wrong!

He saw this student of his wrongly!

(*^*)

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With his chest rising and falling, it took all of his self-control for him not to pounce on this student of his.

Dorian frowned, flicking his wrist in annoyance.

"Sit."

What?!

Angzen's pupils dilated at an alarming rate, feeling a heavy pressure push him down.

Bam!

The strange force caused him to sit yet again.

But at this moment, Angzen's scalp went numb with fear.

This, he, how, what, when... Can anyone tell him what in heaven's name was going on here?

Angzen's brain had gone offline.

His body was stiff and firm as the force squeezed him on one spot.

Breathe in, breathe out.

Angzen didn't know when his breathing became heavy. But at the moment, he was struggling to take in enough oxygen that could wake his offline brain cells.

Magic?

Impossible!

How is such a thing possible?

Can it be that his clothes were actually magnetic, causing the hidden giant magnet in the ground to force him to one spot?

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Angzen felt dizzy trying to come up with every if not all possible reasons to explain what the hell just happened to him.

Dorian leaned into his chair, looking at Angzen very intensively.

Now, he just wanted to get things over with.

How he chose to help a person was up to him.

This going back and forth was terribly irritating.

It was due to his goodness to his last self that Dorian was initially patient with him.

More importantly, he was also interested in what he saw.

This case differed from the rest he had taken since it didn't particularly involve underworld entities coming after Angzen.

No... It concerned the 2 floating beings hovering beside Angzen.

If he guessed correctly, they should be his deceased parents

And sure enough, their ghostly appearances had begun collecting the Yin filth of the world.

For months now, they had been avoiding the Heavenly hour, refusing to go into reincarnation.

It was clear that they had unfinished business here.

But the longer they stayed in the mortal world, the more corrupt and evil they would grow, until eventually, they would lose their memories and even their reason for resentment, going berserk.

But one should know that Ghosts born from the abyss were different from mortal ghosts turned evil.

The human soul, even if corrupt, was still a human soul.

So unless an underworld entity devoured it, it would still go onto the usual way of reincarnation once Dorian sent it on its way.

And all the evil it did during its time here would be accounted for, punishing it gravely.

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Dorian stared at the scene before him with interest.

What resentment did they have to stay here for so long?

Chapter 235 The Fool

Angzen's face was still distorted from disbelief.

And the more he looked at his student, the more uncomfortable he felt.

But Dorian didn't want to waste any more time.

So with a snap of his fingers, he quickly changed Angzen's world.

~Snap.

Puff!

The floating ghosts beside Angzen became visible.

Cold... Cold...

Why did it suddenly become frosty on such a hot day?

Angzen shivered monetarily, only subconsciously looking around, spotting the gruesome revelation.

"Ahhhh~..."

Angzen never knew he could scream so squeamish like that.

Ghosts!

How can they be real?

The floating images were just too gruesome to gaze upon.

One of them had a hounding wound on their chest that looked as though a machete had jammed into his chest.

One could see right through the hole.

And for the other figure, its neck was crooked, as though snapped and forced into an unnatural position.

Ghosts! Ghosts! Ghosts!

Falling to the floor and backing away with his butt touching the ground, Angzen suddenly found his back against one of the table's legs in horror.

How? How can his parents be here?

Real or fake?

Obviously... Fake! Fake! Fake!

'It's all not real! It's all not real!'

As though hypnotizing himself, he began to repeat the same sentences over and over again.

Illusion... It must be an illusion.

Yes!

This was a day of science and theory. So how could he fall for such ceramic, 3D projections?

Convincing himself, Angzen gathered a little more courage, raising his head to look at the floating projections once more.

However, the moment he stared at them dead in the eyes, the entire body began to crumble even more.

So real! So life-like!

Angzen was scared, worried, distressed, and guilty.

Even though his heart was telling him it was all real?

He didn't want to believe it at all!

How could his parents have passed away?

Angzen's eyes turned red.

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As for the ghosts, they shifted their gazes between Angzen and Dorian as though wanting permission to speak.

All this time, they had been trying to talk to their son. But as newly deceased mortals, their energy wasn't enough to manifest such phenomenons.

One had to know that there are thousand-year ghosts and various mortal-core ghosts in this world, calming about, engulfed with too much evil.

So they who just died some measly months ago were akin to newly born babies.

Again, on my after dying, did they know that such supernatural things were real

The intersection between the world of the living and that of the dead was terrifying.

The number of disgusting things they've seen over their course of time here was just too great for worlds alone.

On the night of their death, a certain light shone over the entire world, ushering them to descend and float away.

But how?

How could they leave with so much pent-up hatred in their hearts?

Additionally, the guilt over this son of theirs, and their reasoning to see him for the last time, was what had them back from floating into the bright light.

Over time, they found that every time, around a specific hour of the night, the bright light would shine, trying to pull them away.

And each time was stronger than the last.

Thus, they quickly learned from the many roaming ghosts that if they wanted to stay, then they had to actively collect Yin from the world.

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As ghosts, they could collect this Yin by disturbing the natural flow of the world in any way.

Of course, they didn't have to go too far like some other ghosts killed some mortals.

Nope.

They chose to do little pranks and cause minor injuries to a few, slowly absorbing the black Yin mist surrounding each mortal, animal, or object in the world.

The eyes of ghosts could see way more than the eyes of ordinary folks could.

Of course, they decided to only injure those who were against their son, his wife, and his children

Yes!

They had actively stayed around like guardians, wanting to gather enough strength to reveal themselves to their son before finally saying goodbye.

This much they owed to their child.

And before today, they thought they would've needed more time before getting enough energy to reveal themselves.

But who would've known that such a master existed here?

As Ghosts, they heard some strange words that they didn't understand, like when they spotted a demon walking about like in a human disguise.

And when it did evil, it would laugh, saying this world had no exorcists or masters that could stop it.

The crazy thing was that for these humans, it looked very ordinary like any other mortal would.

But in their eyes, they could see the rotting skin, maggots, and all horrible aspects of its disguise.

Augh~

Even as ghosts, they were disgusted by these entities, though they dared not show their disgust upright.

The raw power they felt from these beings was too terrible!

So how dare they?

It's because of all they saw that they also wanted to warn their son to be careful before they left.

What if their child's soul gets devoured?

What if one of these despicable beings targets him?

Say no more!

There was a lot they had to offload to their son. So they weren't going anywhere until then!

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These ghostly parents felt betrayed by society for not revealing the truth to them sooner.

Had they known what the world was like, they would've long readied themselves for the afterlife.

Well, things weren't all that bad. They thought.

At least, their son had managed to find a Master!

Yes...

Without this Master, it would've been impossible for them to be able to show themselves before their son.

But now, they would finally be given a chance to relieve their heavy hearts.

'Can we?'

Dorian gave them a slight nod, allowing them to approach Angzen.

As expected, one's card would never be wrong.

This teacher of his was indeed a 'Fool.'