

## Be Honest! 326

Chapter 326 Welcome, To The Academy!

"Look! The fog is clearing up!"

Like Cinderella's midnight spell, the moment the clock struck 7, the mysterious golden fog that only covered the space before them was now dispersing at an incredible speed.

"So beautiful..."

The scene was one they could hardly describe.

As far as the eye could see, there were numerous hills and mountains of greenery with the most magnificent buildings they had ever seen.

Columns and pillars that shot to the sky, a building that made them feel it was built for giants, with a good over 20 feet high.

There were also floating hills with streams that beautifully fell onto the land below.

Building structures itched into the towering rocks, structures high above the sky covered with clouds shrouded in mystery that seemed endless and bountiful.

What's more, many strange giant trees were sprouting at various angles as though they were the trees of life itself.

So big!...

They had never seen such a big tree with purple leaves before.

Looking to the ground, they could also see little animals like squirrels that also seemed to have changed by just a little bit.

Many smacked their mouths, once again thinking of how massive the academy truly was.

Do you see that building high above the clouds?... That height was something even Outdoor enthusiasts would never dare to think of.

That was the tallest structure they had ever seen!

It was even taller than the tallest mountain, cliff, or canyon in the world!

F\*\*\*!

From the many scenes they had passed through to get here, many felt there should be little steps circling such a mountain. If so, would they be expected to move using those?

Crazy! Crazy!

Where was her levitating stone when they needed it?

"So this is the academy? Too grand!!"

"My eyes have transmitted a picture quality that has blinded by mortal senses!"

Look over were! Is that stream flooring backward from the lower hill to the floating hill above? What happened to physics? At this point, Newton might have a bone to pick with the Grandmaster!!"

"Only Newton? Look carefully... We are not doing extreme sports out here but courting death!"

"Damn! If I knew, I would've asked the price for a coffin before coming."

....

Many whispered, almost forgetting their identities as trained soldiers, marines, air force units, and police officers.

Who could blame them?

The scene that unfolded was far more shocking than anything else they had witnessed.

You must know that all this time, they had been running through the wilderness. And even those who reached the areas with some broken-down structures were still within a forest zone.

So looking at the well-built academy grounds with majestic buildings that commanded respect, everything felt this was what heaven would look like if real.

It was too beautiful and jaw-dropping that they almost wanted to kneel in awe.

They didn't know it, but this wave of reverence exuded from each building in the academy.

It left people thinking and looking at the sight as though to say: From now on, you are my father!'

Additionally, everything was gigantic, too big for little humans like themselves.

The feeling alone was enough to make them momentarily forget themselves.

And in no time, they blurted out their shocking thoughts to one another.

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Very quickly, the golden fog faded completely, giving everyone an even more winning view.

It was like the picture had changed to Alien Super HD quality in their minds.

But before they could react, several figures flew towards them.

It was the Grandmaster, calmly flying toward them, accompanied by a giant golden lion walking on air too.

Smack.

Many slapped themselves just to be sure.

Their little brains exploded the moment they witnessed the scene.

Had the Grandmaster tamed such a giant lion?

Wipe!!

The lion's size alone was bigger than 3 military tanks stacked on each other.

Many had unbelievable expressions on their faces, feeling that maybe all the deadly creatures they witnessed along the way weren't so bad.

In truth, they were right.

They had only passed through the lowest leveled regions around the island. If they were stunned now, what would they say when they visited 2nd-tier forest lines or even the Forbidden forest itself, constantly shrouded in mist and darkness?

Everyone looked at the giant lion, once again reconfirming their thoughts of how dangerous this place was.

Old Madam Ghu slapped the back of her grandson's head.

"I know you like to play. But while in here, don't think of leaving the academy's grounds without telling myself, your father, your grandfather, Leiji or Butler Windock!... Is that clear?"

Sota had tears in the corners of his eyes.

Why was it always him being targeted? He was a very good boy!

Well... Sure, he still felt tempted to run around, but he would only do it after a few days, weeks, or months later, alright?

'...'

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If Old Madam Ghu knew his thoughts, she would definitely take off her shoes and execute her famous attack, very popularly known to those in the Ghu Clan.

It's said that Old Madam Ghu was a legend when delivering the move.

Even with her eyes closed, she could still hit her target without effort.

Of course, with a Grandson like Sota, you best believe she had enough training for the job.

What did they secretly call her attack? The spinning Slippers Hit!

Even if Sota was running zig-zag or hopping, Old madam Ghu's shoes could curve mid-air like a ball, hitting its target clean.

Of course, Sota has also been troublesome since birth.

Every week, there were at least 2 episodes of him and his many adventures that resulted in receiving the Spinning slippers Hit!

This was primarily due to him skipping his heir training to take over the entire Ghu Clan.

At least if he were interested in anything else, this would've been better. But Sota was just sneaking out to pull pranks on people.

Sota massaged the back of his head tearfully.

"Nana... Why don't you have a little faith in me?"

How can I sneak out today? It would definitely be a few more days for him to sneak out and explore this island!!

Old Madam Ghu narrowed her eyes dangerously. "You better pray I don't catch you doing something stupid, or I'll be the first to bury you and dance in your grave!"

Whose grandmother speaks like this?

Sota was aggrieved.

He gave a pitiful look to his father, his grandfather, his head guard, Leiji, and even Butler Windock... But they looked to the sky, watching the incoming Grandmaster as though their ears were no longer functioning.

Their actions were akin to people who could telepathically connect with each other.

[Ghu Dwo]: Father, did you hear something?

[Old Ghu]: Me? Impossible! How can I hear anything with these old ears of mine? How about you two?

[Window, Leiji]: Master, it must be the birds chirping in the wind. Oh, look! There's the bird right now.

... Traitors!!!

Ghu Sota felt bullied, and Chiyu and her parents found it funny.

The boy looked so pitiful while cowering before Old Madam Ghu.

Maybe because of seeing their reaction, they once again lowered their guards around the prominent people.

Look. They act the same way they do too. So they weren't all that different after all.

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In the crowd, Donghai watched Dorian float forward, feeling his heart race. Who doesn't want to learn how to fly?

No matter how grown a person was, there was still a childish side to them that once dreamed of superpowers being a real thing.

Whether it was Wei Gia, Jung Hou, Butler Feng, or even Chiyou, seeing such a thing was enough to make their hairs stand.

Goosebumps... Goosebumps...

Everyone subconsciously kept quiet the closer the Grandmaster and the giant Lion reached.

Chest puffed forward, body standing at attention, many gave their best form yet.

But their shock wasn't over yet.

Grawww!!!~

The lion behind the Grandmaster suddenly roared heavily, running at full speed across the air.

What????!!!

Many subconsciously took several steps back with beating hearts.

1, 2, 3...

The Giant Lion unexpectedly raised his body, standing on its back feet when it was only inches easy from those at the front.

And in a blink of an eye, they were now staring at a man the same body size as many of them.

No~... 'Man' wasn't the word.

The head was clearly a Lion's, his toes and hands were paws, and he still had a tail sticking out of his clothes.

--Silence--

You? Who? Me?... What just happened?

"F\*\*\*!!!"

Sota exclaimed so loudly that he woke many from their stupor.

It was that now, old madam Ghu was livid again. "Stupid boy! As a Ghu heir, I've told you countless times that cursing is not allowed!!!"

Pah!

"Hey... Are you even listening?"

"..."

Sota, who was smacked, didn't feel the pain this time.

His eyes were still glued on the being that had just shapeshifted before his very eyes.

And who was this guy?

Of course he recognized the figure from the entrance examination tests they took in the Tian Estate.

But at that time, if anyone thought it was a person wearing a costume, today's matter had shattered the lenses in their eyeballs again.

F\*\*\*\*! You can do this too?

With a slight smile on his face, Pandrol stood before the giant golden gates.

"Welcome... To the Heavenly Tian Academy!"

Chapter 327 A Hidden Protector

One step forth, another step forward.

The group followed the pair through the academy's giant golden gates.

It was akin to what they thought heaven would look like.

The gate was made for giants, resonating with a faint golden light that illuminated its structures even in the daylight.

"Keep up, please."

Pandrol's calm voice made many hasten their steps.

It was hard to imagine that this was only the front of the academy because it took them well over 20 minutes to walk across the open fields, reaching the first group of Towering buildings they spotted earlier.

Into one of the buildings they went, finding themselves in an enormously open space with what looked like desks on the far head.

Look left, look right, look all around.

There were several hallways in all directions, as well as a few staircases leading either down or up the soaring building.

Reaching the very front of the desk, Pandrol abruptly stopped and turned to face the group.

"This building will be very familiar to you the longer you stay here. It is one of the only buildings shared by everyone, irrespective of their disciple position. Here, you can repurchase new school attire, bi-weekly allowances, and pills, purchase any items with your Academy points, and so on."

Oh?...

Many nodded, listening very attentively.

Pandrol continued. "Auctions will be held on the upper floors in the future, and missions will also be posted on the boards here. This is also the building where one can check their Academy ranking... These are just a few aspects the building offers... As time goes on, you will all be familiar with its many purposes."

A building that shot to the clouds had uncountable uses that couldn't be told in one go.

They will slowly discover its purposes.

Pandrol only highlighted the primary aspects he felt they would want to know.

And sure enough, there it was, the Hous, Ghus, or Gias, they hastily perked their ears up, listening and directing the information as though they lived depending on it.

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After giving everyone a brief understanding, Pandrol moved his hands like lightning.

And soon, everyone was starting at 6 Pandrols!

What? Cloning magic?

To say they were shocked would be an understatement.

What a deadly technique.

To be in several places all at once seemed something one could find only in fantasy movies.

Their jaws dropped, and their eyes bulged.

... So cool!!!!!!

The many Pandrols calmly walked towards the other side of the many desks.

Even though the technique was awesome, each clone would have a weaker strength than the other.

For example, if his clone had a punch strength of 100/150, the next clone created immediately after would have a strength of 70~85/150.

And so on, and so on.

It seemed like a good move, but the more clones one produced, the weaker each individual would be.

At present, he could only create no more than 5 clones. Now, including himself, it would mean people would be seeing 6 of him.

The technique had its pros and cons and was a blessing when handling several less daunting tasks on the academy's grounds.

If he had to fight in a serious battle, he would limit to just 1 or 2. To produce a clone did decrease his original strength by a small but substantial fraction.

The technique was quite good and very useful, especially now when the Academy had just a handful of teachers.

Pandrol could be in many buildings while giving lectures if he wanted to.

At this point, it should be clear that the person who protected this group of students from getting bitten or ripped apart throughout their journey was Pandrol.

The Grandmaster had also watched over a certain group from the shadows too.

In the end, the pair had worked in the shadows to limit the level of danger the group came across with.

But after entering the academy, they won't be protecting them so much.

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With all 6 Pandrols stationed, the students, Teachers & Caretakers quickly formed single lines.

It was just that the Teachers & Caretakers had their own separate lines.

And once again, everyone had the privilege to see the strange crystal balls they saw during the Academy examinations.

"Tap your ring on the sphere."

'I... I should?' Donghai was feeling a little nervous, looking at the strange being on his finger.

It had an unusual seal mark that left any who had upon it filled with a sense of mystery.

Taking deep breaths, he visited his hands, allowing the seal on the ring to kiss the sphere.

And upon touch, the speed lit up with a creamy white glow.

[Name: Gia Donghai.

Academy status: Handyman. (Still mortal, no foundation yet)]

Donghai was still confused about what this 'Handyman' title was and how it would affect him later.

"Here. You have 3 sets of uniforms. Every 2 weeks, you will also receive their standard quota of 1 pill and 5 silver coins."

100 silver coins were equivalent to 1 gold coin.

There was no use of copper coins here. This was the academy's currency rate.

With the coins they receive, they would be responsible for buying raw materials to make their own food, as well as saving up to purchase more cultivation resources.

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Bi-weekly, students receive 1 pill and 5 hexagonal silver coins. So in a month, they get 2 pills and 10 coins as Handymen.

Hey... If they want more, break through your mortal shell. Then they would truly know the vast difference in status.

No one could go into the outer sect person if they were still mortal.

Just the qi in there would choke them. Similarly, the wi in the many forest regions could also choose any mortal.

One must break through their mortal shell before entering the forbidden forest and other deadlier zones.

At least even in the 1st Dan, though they would feel the paramount pressure, their bodies would be able to take it.

Mere mortals cannot survive in these regions.

As the system had said, with the academy, they wouldn't take so long to get to the tip as other cultivators in another world would.

The war would soon start in 2 years or so.

If that's the case, do you think they have time to take it slow?

Impossible!

In another month, their changes would be so skyrocketing and unbelievable.

But all that was for the future.

Of course, things won't always be this way.

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At present, due to the state of emergency the world found itself in, the land had been overly blessed by the heavens.

After things calm down, it would become similar to those in many worlds. Yes... It would still be rich, but not as rich as it currently was.

The later generations would have to build their strengths little by little as usual.

It can be said that these first few batches of students might all become one of the strongest in humanity's history, legends that those in the future would look up to.

But now, they were all weaklings who were but mere mortals.

Handymen!

They had but one job, to breakthrough and execute the many tasks around the academy like sweeping and whatnot, until they needed the Outer sect regions.

Only then would they also be allowed to move past the first section on the 1st floor of the Pavillion.

The 1st Pavillion floor catered to both Outer sect disciples and Handymen.

It was just that over 99% of book columns were for the outer sect members.

The Handymen, A.K.A, mortals, had just a few basic books on properly channeling their qi, cultivating, building their foundation, and whatnot.

They could also start understanding the basic principles and differences between spells, enchantment, etc.

What's more, they had to understand their roles as exorcists, as well as understand how the academy would benefit them.

Getting the academy points and participating in monthly battles to rank their positions were necessary for acquiring more privileges.

They also had to have a basic understanding of the various professions like Blacksmithing, Alchemy, and many more.

It was best to get a good foundation before heading into the Outer Sect.

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Donghai looked at the attire he had just received.

The uniform was sleek and well-fitted with a turtleneck collar, a few chest pockets, and deep pant pockets.

The attire was bluish-black, with a thin strip of gray running through the mid-center of his turtleneck collar.

The gray indicated his status as a Handyman.

He was also given 2 pairs of special shoes and a small pouch too.

Oh?...

'So these are our uniforms?'

Many were still in a daze, looking at the pieces of clothing that gave off a strange feeling of belonging.

Pandrol stared at them deeply.

"Your ring is your identity token. Once you break through your mortal shell, you'll get the speed of removal. But for now, it will never leave your fingers."

"..."

"Now... It's time you get sorted into your sleeping quarters... This will be your home until you advance!"

Boom!

The words made many shake with excitement.

What did he mean by 'advance?'

Step by step, the gang followed Pandrol away, while Dorian was concerned with several other matters.

[Ding! Congratulations, host. All main missions completed. New missions now available!... Host, I should warn you, the difficulty level has increased!!]

Chapter 328 New Missions!

Oh?

A rise in difficulty level?

Dorian raised his brow, lazily staring at his new missions.

[Main Mission: With the Academy now open and ready for business, the host must complete a total of 4 primary sub-tasks.

- Task 1: The host must raise at least 80% of Disciples to Grade 5 H-Rank Exorcists.
- Task 2: The Academy disciples aren't the only ones that need to rank up. The host must raise the levels of all teachers & Caretakers to Grade 9 G-rank Exorcists.

Deadline for first 2 tasks: 25 days.

Punishment for failure: Will be determined later when or if failed.

Rewards for completion of first 2 tasks:

- 500-step Heavenly Stairway of Tribulation.
- Gravity restricting room upgrade. (able to pressurize strengths up to the final Dan of the 2nd Dao, the Spirit Realm.)
- And finally, 2,000 Perfected Grade 3 books on all sect professions, ranging from low-tier to high-tier ranks.]

NOTE: The host should note that according to the heavens, the attack will fall in 2 and a half years from now when all the planets will align.

By then, all teachers must be at either Triple-S exorcists or Divine ranked exorcists. It would be best to have them reach Celestial level, though the system believes this might be pushing it.]

Dorian thought so too.

No matter how much the system might try to pump in qi and forcefully allow them to grow, the Celestial rank was one that, even with the blessings they received now, it would still take thousands and thousands of years to achieve such a rank.

You have to know that humans that reach the peak of Celestial status could directly ascend and become lesser guardian panels of the worlds they looked after.

That's why it was so hard to cross that boundary between the heavens and the mortal world.

Back in his former world, only 15 people in the entire history of mankind had achieved this goal.

And this was saying a lot, seeing as exorcism had been a thing in that world since the beginning of time.

It was so... So... Hard. Extremely hard!

So the system was right to think he would only be able to train everyone to Divine rank at most.

But though the system made it look easy, teaching Divine rank was also an incredible feat that many yearned to reach.

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It was a matter of fact that crossing into the S-class ranks alone, followed by the Divine rank, was mind-blowing.

If those in his former world knew the system's plans to change many here into S-rank and Divine Rank exorcists, they would puke blood and die of envy.

Many stayed for centuries, trying to touch the borders of these realms to no avail either due to lack of opportunities or resources.

Yet, those here were receiving it all on a platter of gold.

Dorian managed his chin deeply.

The land here is too blessed and will only continue growing better and better until the danger ahead is destroyed.

What's more, the rewards from the system are of the purest quality and grades, with no impurities.

It made the entire place feel like a haven for all cultivators.

He planned to focus on this first batch of disciples, allowing them to reach S-rank, double S-rank, Triple S-rank rank, and even the first grade of the Divine rank before the big battle unfolds.

With this strength, they should be able to deal with the top underworld generals and other dangerous characters.

As for the teachers, they would work alongside himself in dealing with the main bosses when the big day arrived.

He, Dorian, wasn't Omnipotent.

He liked to have a million backups before the big day. And getting extra help was something he would never shy from.

To fight against beings that can destroy an entire city with a flick of a finger was no joke.

It would be a tight battle. That's why they needed all the tricks they could get.

Already, humanity was at a far disadvantage. But what could they do but fight?

A deep light flickered through Dorian's last eyes.

'This wouldn't be too much of a problem if I could reach Celestial rank.'

But how was that possible? Even he, who was confident in all he did, felt his chances extremely slim in this matter.

'At most, I might reach the peak stage of the Divine realm.'

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Thinking of his plans, Dorian's main focus would be on this first batch of disciples, teachers, and caretakers.

As for those who come to the academy in the later batches, he would of course, focus on them, but not as much as those in the first batch.

His next official recruitment time was 3 months.

So, do you know how much the first batch would've grown by then?

His current tasks were to push them to the Grade 5 H-rank status in 25 Days.

He reckoned in another 2 months, they might all be F-rank exorcists.

The clock was ticking, and those who came later would only reach lesser heights than those who came in now... Unless they were true some and daughters of heaven with extraordinary innate talents to catch up.

Even so, he would still train the following batches to the best of his capabilities.

Once danger strikes the entire world, these batches would be the ones flying all over to assist in ridding the world from creatures less powerful than the mighty generals and periods in the underworld.

They also had to keep everyone safe.

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As for the rewards for the first 2 tasks, they were indeed very enticing.

The 500-step Stairway of Tribulation was a heavenly treasure on its own. Just taking a single step would make one face their inner demons, unravel any knots and improve their cultivation by leaps and bounds.

Even he would have to use the stairway to improve fast, though he felt he had no inner demons.

He, Dorian, couldn't think of anything that would stay him while walking on the stairway. He had no guilt in his heart and no regrets.

Dorian shrugged.

[•Task 3: To keep the academy in order, keeping the teachers and disciples in order, the host must organize the Academy's first competition.

Dateline: End of the month, coincidentally (In 25 days)

Rewards:

- Unlocking 2nd floor of Alchemy Room, with 100 Low to Mid-Tier 'Ordinary' Grade alchemy furnaces.

- Unlocking 1st Floor of Blacksmith Workshop with all essential smithing equipment available.

•50 Low-Tier Apex Grade furnaces... 50 random Low to Mid-Tier Ordinary grade weapons... and 20 random Low-Tier Apex Grade weapons available for Disciple or Teacher Purchase.]

So good?

Dorian was pleasantly surprised.

You have to know that when it came to weapons, artifacts, and puppets, their grading system was different.

First, there were the non-spirit infused types, with the least being 'Ordinary grade' and the highest being 'Apex grade.'

Following that, one would enter the Grades that were Spirit Infused.

And from low to high, the grades were;

>Spirit grade

>Monarch

>Immortal

>Celestial Grade.

And of course based on impurities, density, and quality, each Grade ranked from: Low-tier, middle-tier, high-tier to Peak.

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'Not bad...' Dorian blurted out.

With such rewards underway, how could he not host the academy competition?

Now, for the next task.

[•Task 4: In another 3 months, the academy will once again open its doors to recruit yet another batch of both teachers and disciples.

But with the battle involving the entire world, the host is to spread his branches into at least 3 other nations.

Amongst the next incoming batch, 80% of them must come from foreign lands. The host doesn't seem to worry about the language barrier since once in the academy, everyone speaks the same language.]

This was true. Those here didn't even know it, but the words they spoke were vastly different from what they initially enunciated.

'It's as I expected.'

Dorian had already noticed these changes long ago.

Generally, after a person breakthrough their mortal shell, learning a new language becomes a breeze. So as time goes on, he expected them to all learn each other's languages.

After all, he would be sending them out in missions throughout the next 2 and a half years to eradicate evil all around.

So why should language be their barrier?

Dorian calmly read through the task.

[The host is to open 3 portals in each chosen nation when the time comes.

Dateline: 3 months.

Punishment: Withdrawal of Protective formation around Academy Sleeping quarters.

Rewards:

- Milky Pond Of Helixian Growth. (Can open and expand qi-channels the only one stays in them. Usage time varies depending on one's strength.)

- Expansion of Island, creating Hidden Inheritance land to be opened 2 months after next recruiting batch entry.

- And finally, 50 random beasts from various unknown worlds.]

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Dorian stared at the rewards deeply.

From the heavenly stairway to the milky pond, to all sorts of treasure... It seems the heavens had given him quite a good surprise.

Alright.

He was pleased.

Things were moving as planned. Tonight, many would have their first experience, staying on the academy's grounds.

But while it was both peaceful and exciting for them... Outside the academy, many in my free colder by the second.

"Report." A cold and eerie voice bellowed out.

"Before the sun rises, I want to know whether the hell the Tian boy had vanished to!"

Chapter 329 New Plan!!!

"What the devil do you mean? You all better find them fast!... Or do you expect me to believe they just vanished into thin air?"

"Find them! I want all intel now!!"

Whether it was Night Whisperer or Snake, they sat in the same room, screaming into their phones at the top of their lungs.

Yes! Even with Night Whisperer brought in from the Republic of Bain, they still found the Tian boy as slippery as an eel.

What was going on here?

Why were they so unfortunate that whenever they came across all matters concerning the Tian boy?

Both Night Whisperer and Snake had puffed out faces like angered blow fishes. But what kept them on edge was that their boss was waiting for any good news from them.

In the far end of the room shrouded in darkness, a man calmly sat, watching the whole charade in silence.

His body positioned as though he were king, and his eyes narrowing intensely in the blanket of darkness.

The only thing more burdening than his presence was the choking silence, making many in the room feel their leader could rise anytime and pass a bullet through their skulls.

They wouldn't deem such a thing above their leader's actions.

Such a thing had happened in the past.

Their leader might be patient now, but they knew soon, his patience would wear out. And by then, the only ones who would suffer would be themselves.

'Damn Tians!!'

Many muttered underneath their breaths, feeling the thick layers of sweat building up across their backs.

Night Whisperer and Snake were no exception to these anxious feelings.

They could cross anyone, but their boss was a man with numerous talents and identities that even they didn't know fully well.

Very slowly, the big man rose from his seat.

"It's already past 11. I'll say this once... You have but 2 weeks to figure things out. All I want is information and not for you to attack the target. So why is it hard for specialists like yourselves to follow and find all information on a little boy? 2 Weeks!... My patience... My patience is running out."

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--Silence--

Everyone watched the shadowy figure leave the dining space.

His footsteps were light and steady.

And in a flash, he was gone, only leaving an ominous silence behind.

2 weeks... 2 weeks!...

That's all they've got before the beast in their leader comes out of captivity.

Night Whisperer and Snake nodded at each other tactfully.

"For success, we have to work together."

"Work together... We have to join forces!"

It should be known that even though they both worked under the boss, they were still different units/teams, working separately.

Their goal might be the same, but their methods and actions were different.

For most of his time in the Night Whisperer spent working underneath his boss, he and his team had always been strictly tasked with collecting info.

They were more focused on this, while Snake's team was more focused on the 'heavy lighting,' physical side of things, tackling assassinations, thefts, and battles.

Of course, whether it was Night Whisperer or Snake, their teams all had the essential battle and info connecting skills nailed down to the tee.

But for the fact that each specialized in one only meant they knew far better in certain matters than the other.

Snake's team might know how to collect info. But compared to Night Whisperer's, they were average at best. And vice versa.

Both gangs had been doing their things separately, not getting in each other's way ever since Night Whisperer arrived.

But now listening to their boss's undermining threat, they were eager to utilize each other's strengths to get the job done.

"It's been a while since we worked together like this." Snake commented, calmly reaching for the bottle of whisky in a near-dark corner of the space.

"Indeed. It's been too long. But I'm afraid this time; we won't be enough."

Night Whisperer took the glass of whisky handed to him, assessing the matter deeply. And many in the room also sat quietly, listening to their team bosses iron things out.

Those seated before the computers had long stopped punching; those standing by the windows in the near-dark room, scouting the outdoors, were also greatly distracted now.

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"I reckon the Tian boy was able to get away so fast because of the mighty giants in the city."

"Provided he has something on them, they would continue to do his biddings like puppets on strings. Moreover, the fact they haven't secretly milled him showed the Tian boy has left a dangerous way out for himself too."

Bingo!

Everyone nodded vigorously.

He must've saved a copy of the secret message in the hands of a trusted buddy who will release the news if the Tian boy never returns.

Or maybe there were even more deadly operations than they could imagine.

The more they thought about it, the more deadly and powerful they felt this mysterious information was.

If they acquired and sold it back to these prominent families, do you know how many billions they would receive? What's more, the news would get out on the Darknet, and their prestige would rise to the very top.

Time was of the essence here.

Why? Because it would only be a matter of time before other leaders and bosses in the many killing societies turn their attention to the issue.

And when these people know how vital the information is, do you think they would want them to hug it all to themselves?

Tch!

It was no wonder the boss's patience was limited.

They've already been here for many weeks.

And though Snake and Night Whisperer weren't the only teams working for the boss, the other teams were busy too.

This, the fact that their side wasn't taking up as many missions from the Darknet as usual, was enough to arouse the suspicions of many enemy killer associations.

Many were already sending spies to find out why people as powerful as they were absent for so long.

Did they die? Or did they strike gold?

Many were now searching for any clues to this matter. .and that's why their time was limited.

"Work together?"

"Work together!"

The duo shook hands. And just then, Snake's mobile rang vigorously.

Ring!~~~

[Hello, Mr. Green, it's Alice... They... The criminals are back!!"]

Chapter 330 A Bad Feeling Underway

11:22 P.M.

The Tian boy was back in his estate.

And he didn't come back with any of his usual vehicles but an ordinary car instead?

... No wonder none of their men were able to report his emergence and arrival within the Gated Community.

Everyone's eyes shone brightly.

Wait! So did this mean the reason why they couldn't find their target was because he had long changed his vehicle from vigilance?

So the entire day, the target might've been moving under their noses, but they failed to see the future swimming in the populous city.

They hadn't thought of this because since the day they started following their target, their target had never worn ordinary clothes or used everyday vehicles.

He moved and showed his questionable 'wealth' to those around him without a care in the world.

So this switcheroo was just unseen and not predicted at all.

This was a chess move that took them unawares because for close to a month of this cat and mouse chase, their target had always shown himself as a second-generation son of 'wealth.'

Hehehehehe~

Snake chuckled. "It appears we're getting too confident and sloppy."

"It appears so."

...

Both men smiled at each other cruelly.

They both showed heavy killing intents, realizing their prey might've been playing with them like an owner with a dog on a leash.

Oh? Dare to make them look foolish?

Their revenge was indeed near.

But with the prominent families doing the boy's bidding, their cure et ream sizes weren't enough.

"Old friend, we both need to make some calls, don't we?"

"Of course! I'll be calling in my private teams."

"I, as well."

Their current unit here indirectly worked for their boss. While their private teams only worked for them.

Of course, only those not out in missions would get called in. And even then, they still planned to enlist the help of a few of their good buddies.

They also had to be careful that those they brought in weren't so greedy or selfish enough to leak the matter out or pull a fast one on them.

Yet... It still had to be done.

Over the last few weeks, they had long realized that just them alone wasn't enough to take down the Tian boy.

They needed more shoppers, tech wizards, gadgets, hackers, spies, and every other thing they could think of.

Make no mistake. Their plans of infiltrating the Tian estate were still a mission they had to complete.

But when Snake thought of the crazy cloning technology that whipped his ass mercilessly, he dared not, without any gadgets to counterattack the bastard clone.

Though its silicone skin was lifelike, he was sure it was a high tech-robot that could change appearances at will.

Yes! Such technology was something one could find only in Sci-Fi movies.

And before that day, he would've sworn it was too futuristic for their current modern times.

If it wasn't robotic, what other possible explanation could there be?

What's more, towards the end, it ran out of juice and went in shut down mode, once again providing his assumptions suitable.

He had been researching countermeasures like finding devices that could electrocute and fry any mechanical device upon contact.

This would finally make the damn robot explode its drive and juice, allowing them to proceed further into the mansion.

All that was left to do concerning his team's research was to find the Goddamned blueprint of the mansion, best they fall into another trap again.

2 weeks... They had but 2 weeks to do it all!!

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And just like that, 5 days went by in a flash.

5 Days!

Some people were fearful for their lives, some thrilled, and others agonized from their current predicaments.

But just far off the coast of a massive city, far, far into the massive ocean, a small cruise line ship having no more than 500 passengers was sailing merrily across the waters.

To many, the vessel was not just a ship but a friend, not just for business but for pleasure as well.

Sometimes, she (the ship) made many forget whether there was any difference between the 2 because when aboard her, a business trip becomes a pleasure one.

Though small compared to those that carry tens of thousands, her little 500 passengers were still thrilled and ecstatic just being on her flamboyant deck.

"A smoothie you?"

"A cocktail for you, madam?"

"Oh my... What great service."

On the decks, some lounged and sunbathed in bikinis by the pool, others hugged along the tracks, some sightseeing outdoors, while others went on adventures indoors instead.

There were indeed 500 pass gets, but over 250 working staff available.

Some celebrated their birthdays, while others played outdoor sports instead.

How wonderful.

The sun was up, and the ship was boisterous.

Yes... Everything seemed as it should.

But for how long?

.

On the ship, a lady sunbathing with large dark shades soon scrunched her brows in unrest.

Eh?

Where did the sun go? Why was it suddenly dark and a little chilly?

The lady propped herself up, feeling the weirdness all around her.

And when she opened her eyes, all she could do was scream.

As for what was going on aboard the ship... Who knows...

On land, those connected constantly with the cruise captains and control room center were all baffled by the strange static noises they heard.

"Sir! We just got numerous reports enlisting our help from one of the Cruise lines. It appears they can't reach 'The Pyramid!' We tried intercepting the connections but also got the same results!"  
Some reported.

Pirates? Sea creature attacks? Killers? Power out?... What could it be?

The burly 37-year-old man with over my short, naturally spiky red hair calmly tapped his fingers on his table.

"Contact again and begin protocol operations!"

"Yes, sir!"

Gia Ming slowly stood from his seat with a deep frown plastered to his face.

He had a bad feeling in his gut.

"Ready the team. We are going in."