## Be Honest! 361

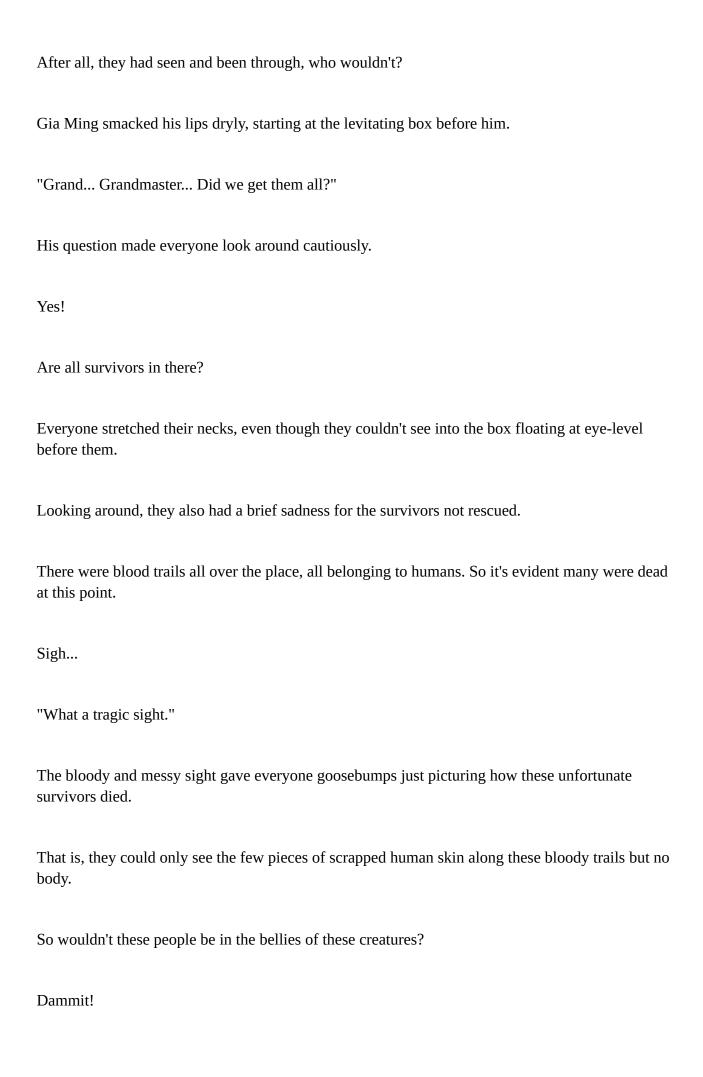
creation.

Chapter 361 Priorities
The Dilaila stone
There are accountable Dilaila stones that exist.
The Dilaila stone appears in a special place in the heavens whenever a new world is created.
Each world has its own Dilaila stone. And the overseers of these worlds were also the keepers of these stones.
These stones are never to leave the heavenly realm, guarded by the various keepers every moment.
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Each keeper infuses a whiff of themselves in their stones to keep track of them.
So if anyone ever touched or tried to attack or steal them, the respective gods, angels, goddesses, and heavenly beings would be aware.
In such cases, even Loki would have a near-impossible time overpowering too many heavenly
beings at once.
Moreover, a chosen overseer could destroy a stolen Dilaila stone with just their thought, even if it
was realism away from them.
Creating a new one would also be nothing to them, provided they were the assigned overseers of
these territories.
But this was where this world's situation became advantageous for the underworld.

After infinity years of searching, this is the only world accidentally forgotten from the time of its

In the end, though it still operated in the laws of heaven, it didn't have any overseers. And in the end, the underworld beings somehow got their hands on its Dilaila stone with the help of some treacherous heavenly being.
Dorian was sure that once the war broke out after the planets aligned, this contaminated stone would be able to pierce through the barrier between the mortal and heavenly realm.
Those in the underworld already had gateways to get to the mortal world.
So once another gateway opened to the heavenly realm, their goal was clear for all to see.
They wanted to ascend without heating the Heavenly auras in the heavenly realm.
Dorian didn't think this stone alone would be enough to keep them alive against the heavenly aura above.
So what other good plans and items had they collected from their good old buddy Loki?
Tsk
If you tell him Loki didn't have a hand in this, he would never believe it.
All shards should be in here.
'In this case, why not seize them all?'
Ahhhhhhh~~~
Everyone watched the creature scream and go up in pinkish flames until its ashes vanished.
Silence





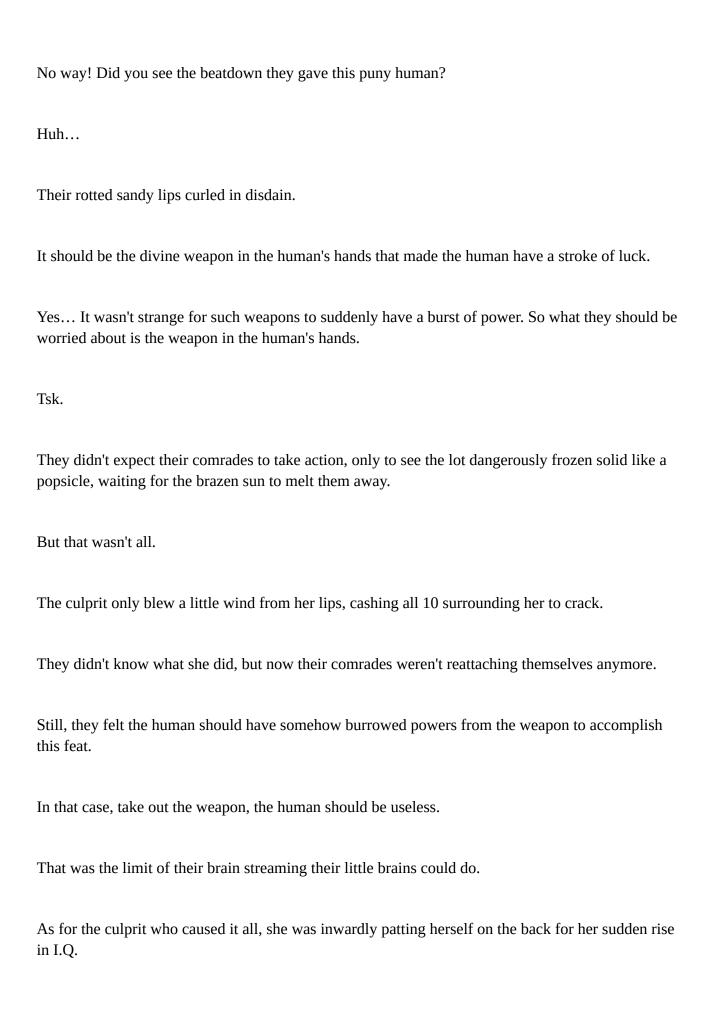


What about personal space?
Sorry. They don't understand what those words mean.
Call them shameless all you want. But after facing what they did, how dare they move an inch away from their savior?
Huh!
Don't forget they were still in enemy territory.
And for Bho Jin, if his horror movie knowledge was correct, wouldn't these creatures try breaking them apart or killing them one by one if they ever strayed far away?
Don't try to fool him He was very smart!!
[Host, it looks like the entire ship has a problem.]
'Hmmm'
But so what? Handling these lesser ones should be easy. His biggest problem was the one at the far center of the island.
In the end, he still had to deal with these little ones to get all the shards, leaning no stone unturned.
But of course, the big one at the island's center should have the majority in its grasp.
Very quickly, Dorian connected the rest telepathically.
[Kill all you find. Collect the shards within them.]
Boom!

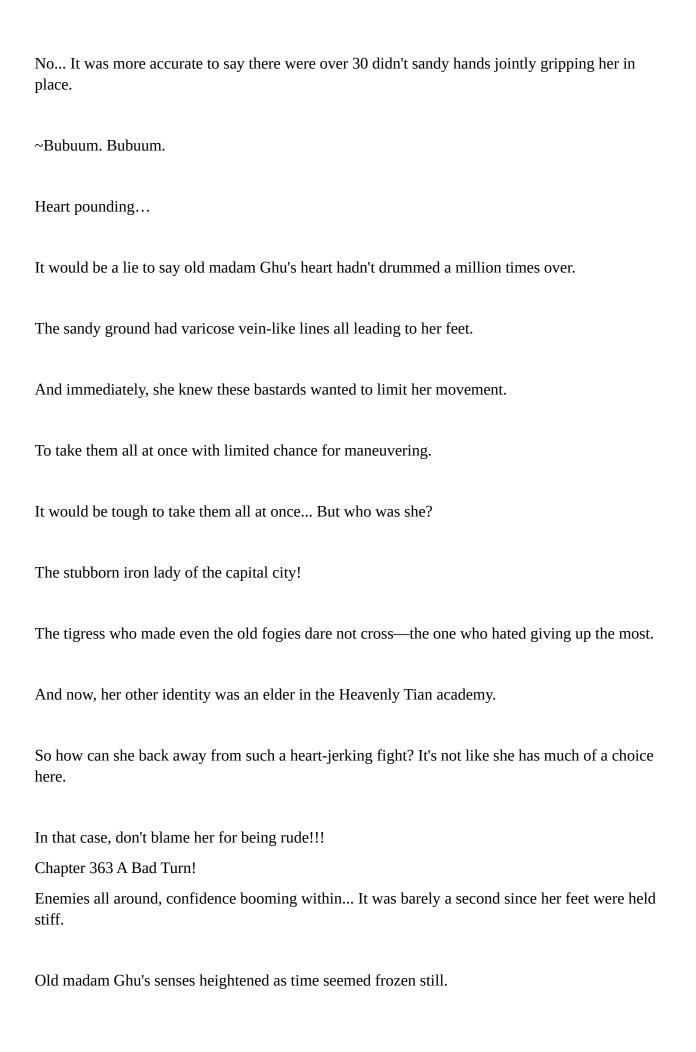




They, the onlookers, were stunned, no doubt. What the hell is going on here? Weren't they trashing this human left, right, and center just now? Weren't they playing her like a flute, beating the hell out of her a second ago? So when did she suddenly become so enlightened? It was as though she had grown up right before their eyes. What's more, they, as sand golems, had the ability to break down and reattach themselves at will. So how in the name of the 1st Hell Prince had their comrades become so stiff? Their ugly faces distorted in disbelief, looking at the human at the very center. In their heads, they had taken her final move to be a stroke of luck, especially with that divine weapon in her hand. Yes! Exorcists didn't exist in this world. They knew this from a fact. And they, as lackeys, only had a little common sense in their still-developing brains. They still couldn't think any further, only feeling the orders sent from the one at the island center to deal with the humans that came in. But even so, they already thought themselves very strong compared to humans. What's more, they had just been playing with this human here like she was a toy. So if you tell them she could suddenly take them down, they wouldn't believe it.

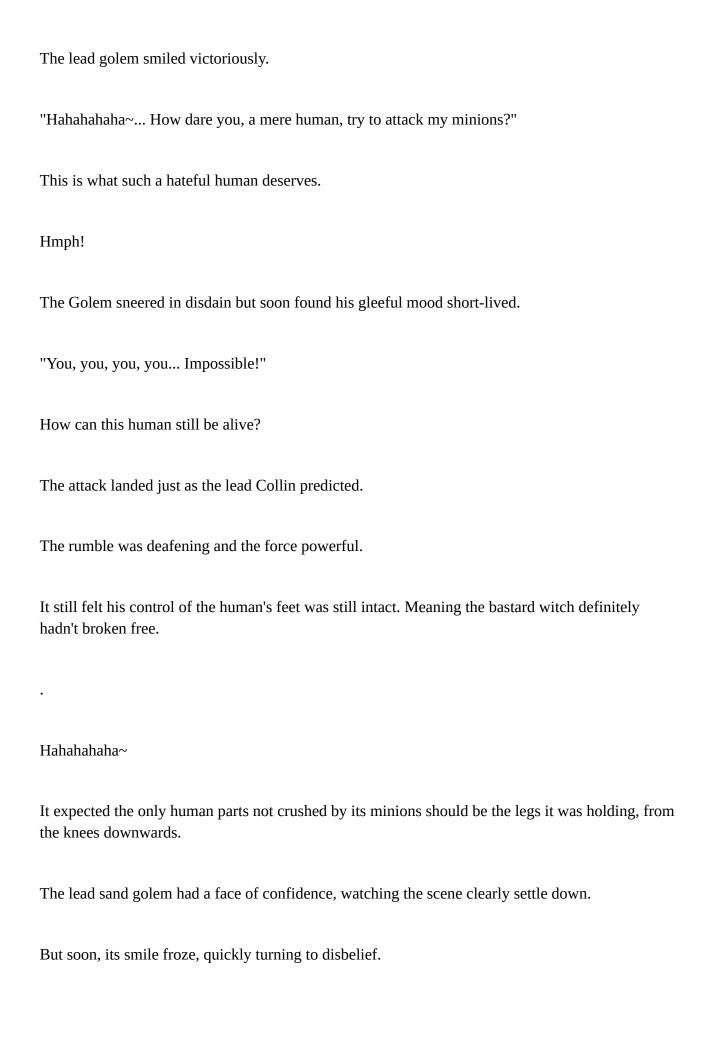






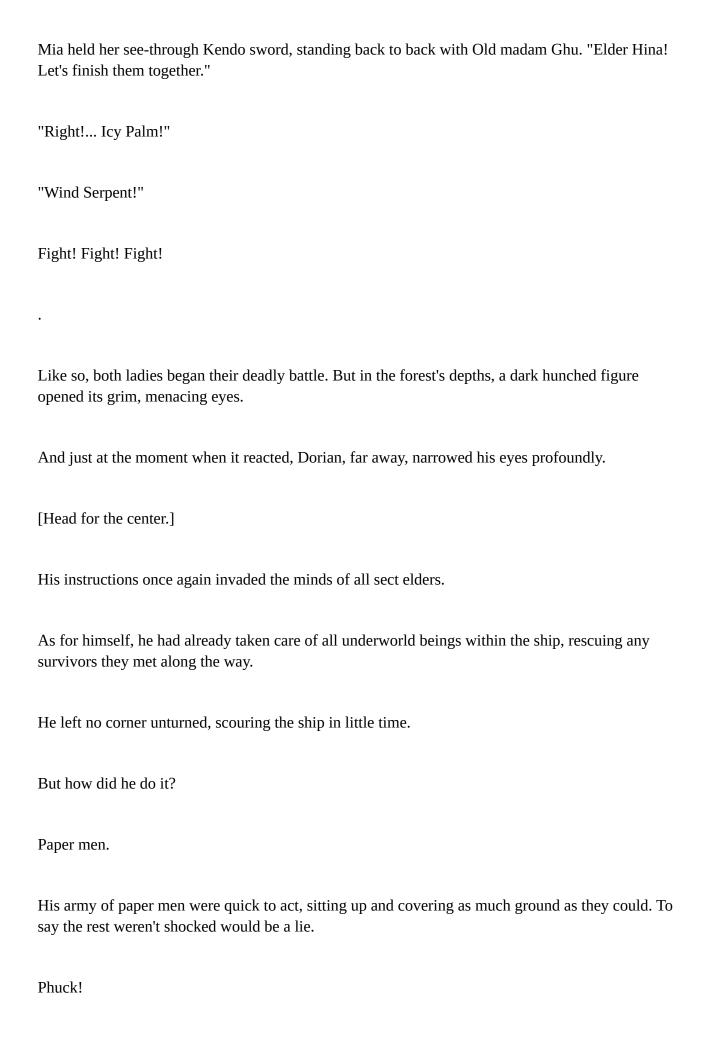
The nearby creepy branches fluttered in slow motion, all surrounding sounds seemed to mellow down, too slow to be fully captured, as though she were in some blockbuster movie.
2
The golems ran in slow motion, and her hands reached for her pockets.
3
Could it be that she had the power to stop time?
No! It was all Old Madam Ghu's head. There was no slow-motion but fast thinking instead.
facade of imagina
Growl!!!
The scene of the tiny human about to be crushed by 20 giant Golems in mid-air was enough to make many movie directors sure Old Madam Ghu would have her brains and body crushed into paste.
Even the lead golem hidden away in the surrounding couldn't help revealing a confident smirk.
'Human This is what you get for angering me. Now feel absolute fear before your moments of death and become food for us all. Before you're crushed, my hands will suck out your fear. Your soul will change, and your being will be our food!'
Now die Die for me!
Boom!!!!

1...





Old madam Ghu gave it her all, also taking Energy recovery pills made by the Grandmaster himself for her cultivation rank. She knew killing these lesser golems wouldn't be the real issue at hand, but for the boss golem... it was hard to say. She knew the evil feign would find an opportunity to strike her when she least expected it. So taking this pill would replenish and give her some energy for the fight ahead. And sure enough, the big guy finally released himself. Boom! She rolled away in time only to see a golem twice the size of the others emerge. If her stupid grandson were here, he would call this the first-final boss. 'No matter... I think I've got a good handle on my techniques now.' Growl!! The big sand man finally stepped out, and Old madam Ghu knew she wouldn't only be dealing with it alone but also the surviving golems too. "Elder Hina!" A voice called out. It was Elder Mia, old madam Ghu's partner whom the Grandmaster had paired her with. On their way here, they spotted several strange shadows. Thus, they decided to split up and investigate things separately before meeting up again.



One minute they saw the Grandmaster take out several pieces of his usual strange papers. And with a simple tap, these papers not only grew to human size but also filled up too!

Old man Bho's eyeballs were nearly forced out of their sockets with the way he was staring at the paper men.

"Hello?... Can you speak?"

"..."

The silent paper men didn't react even after being poked by the funny old man.

They broke apart from Dorian's gang, eliminating every evil entity they met.

Destroy... Kill... Eliminate.

The paper men worked like machines with Dorian's will in mind.

And by the time Dorian led the gang off the ship after destroying every enemy and reassuring all survivors, the paper men were also behind, bringing out the survivors they spotted.

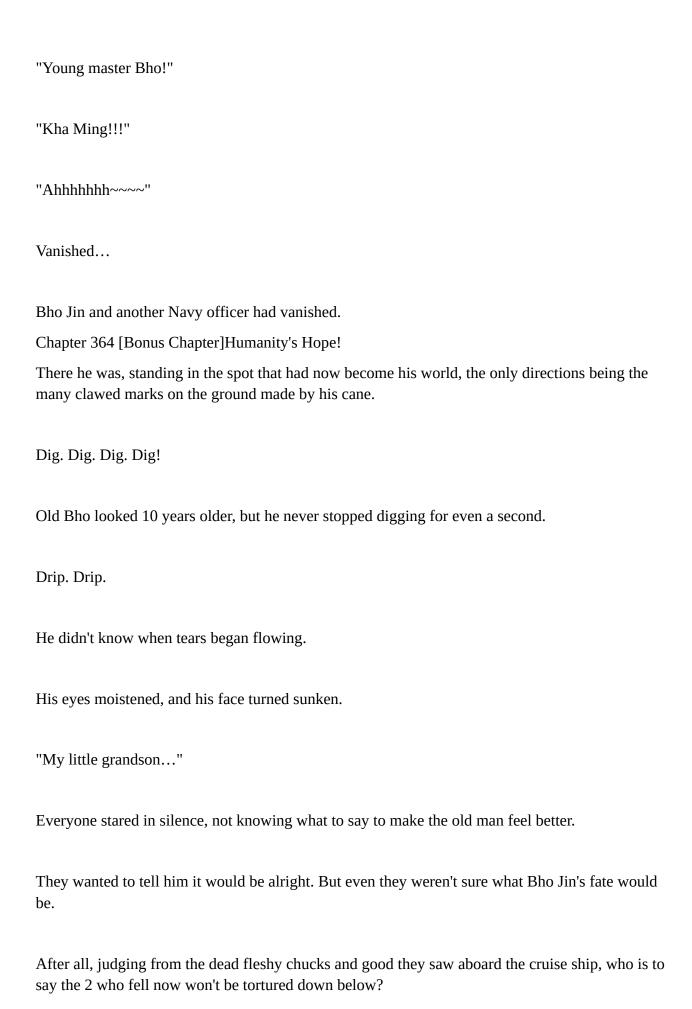
Alright. In they go.

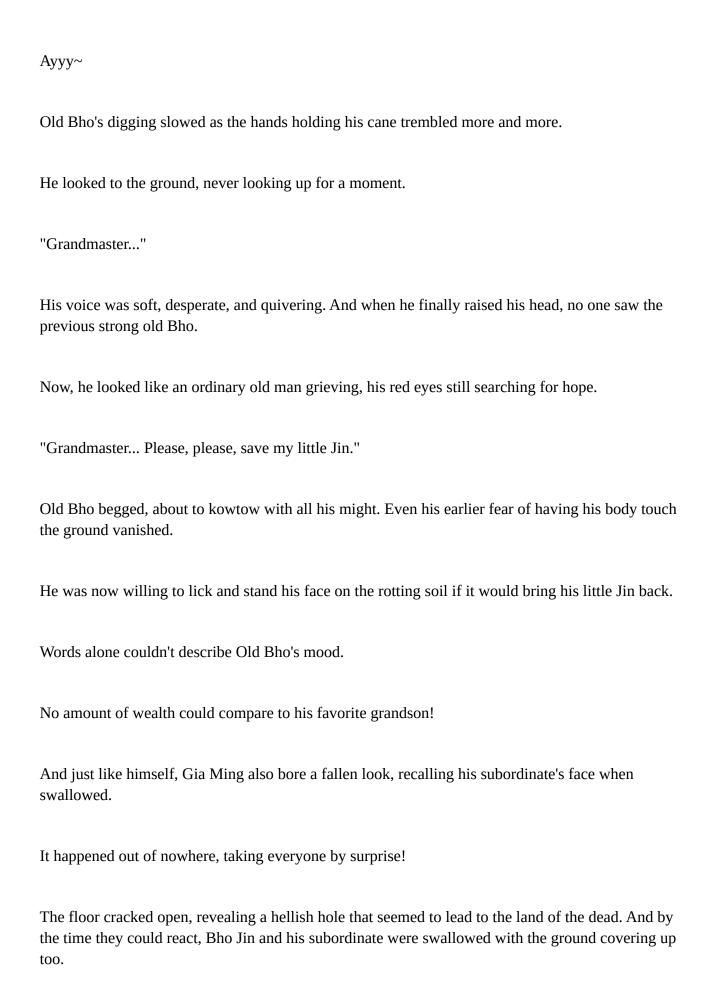
Everyone watched Dorian dunk the shrunken survivors in his floating box, opening their mouths but not saying a thing.

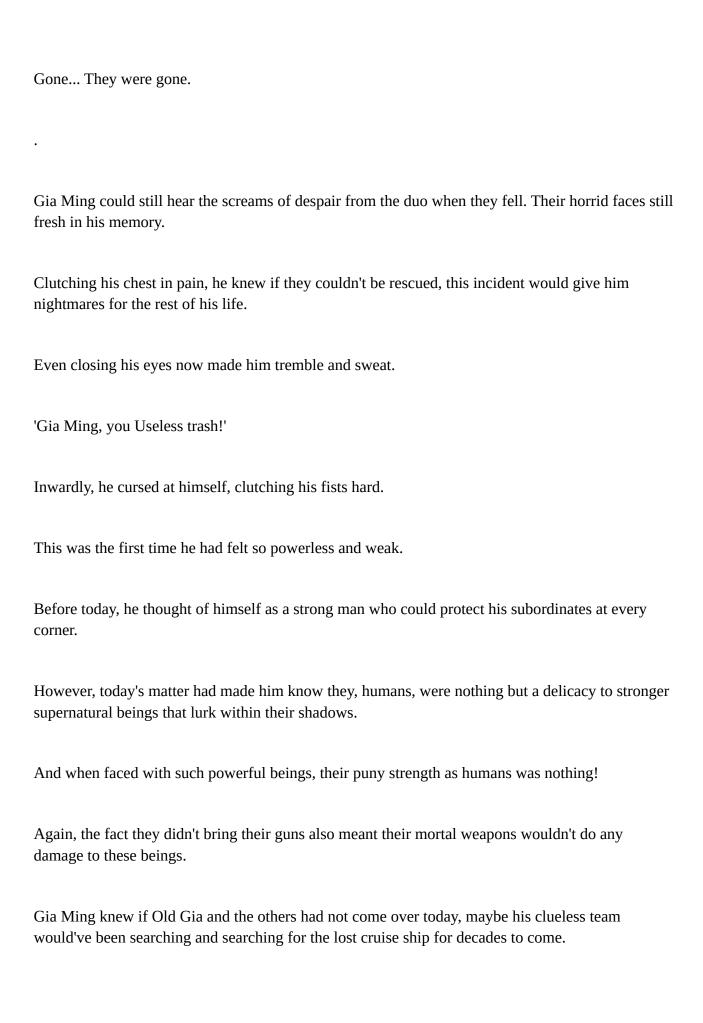
'... Grandmaster, you do realize these are humans and not baskets of small squishy toys, right?'

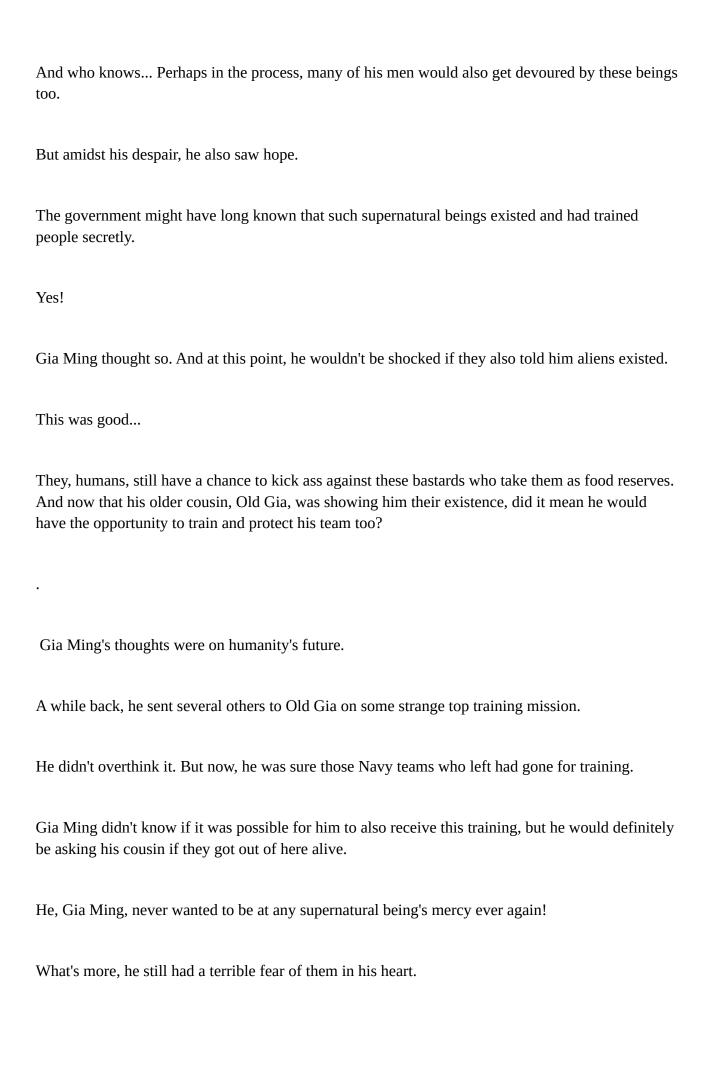
Everyone was still speechless at the Grandmaster's actions when suddenly, a strange hole opened on the ground.

And soon, their expressions turned horrid.









Don't mind, as he looked calm and collected on the surface. He knew most of his calmness came from Dorian being close, giving him a sense of security. He felt even if he left this place alive, he would stop being fearful of dark corners and shadows for several days to come until he shook it off. Augh~ Maybe he and his subordinates would have to sleep in the same room while in the Navy camp because he wasn't sure he could stay alone at night. Everyone else also had countless ominous thoughts running on their minds, staring at Dorian anxiously. "Grandmaster. They've been swallowed up!" "Are they fine? Are they alright?" "Grandmaster, what do we do now?" "How do we rescue them?" Hmmmm... Dorian hummed, gesturing at Old Bho's pocket. "I presume you all have the talisman papers given to you?" Old Bho and the rest quickly patted their pockets. "Yes, Grandmaster. We have them all here!"

"Then don't worry. Provided those 2 have them on, no harm will befall the duo."

They might have been dragged away, but that was all the enemy could do... Drag them away. At least until morning, the talisman people would still be active before turning to dust by 8~9 A.M. Dorian shrugged, and everyone had black lines on their faces. From the Grandmaster's words, didn't this mean if the 2 had lost their papers, the enemy would still end up killing them before they had the chance to rescue them? His words only made them worry even more. What if the duo truly lost their Talisman papers all this while? [Everyone]: 'Mr. Grandmaster, doesn't it bother you at all?' [Dorian]: 'Nope.' Chapter 365 The Island Of The Dead True or false? Old Bho regained his vigor, standing straight as though electrocuted. Dorian initially gave him hope before making his poor heart dangle on a string. Phuck! That idiot grandson of his was very careless. So he wouldn't put it behind the fool to lose his Talisman paper.

In that case, what the hell are they prancing about here for?

Old Bho hastily moved closer to Dorian, jumping like someone holding in pee.

"Grandmaster, I believe you know where they've taken them. So why not go now? The clock is ticking. The longer we wait, the more their lives will be at stake!" Com'on... Onwards and Upwards! Old Bho moved, leaving the group as though he knew where they were headed. He looked so determined, as though he could move a mountain with a single thought. Dorian chuckled, placing his hands in his pockets lazily. "Old man... You're going the wrong way." 11 11 And thus began the great journey many would retell for generations to come. With cautious gazes but former backs, the gang traveled across the strange bluish-purplish lands, listening to the giggles and laughter echoing from the woods. Up they went, down a strange hill they moved, and across unfamiliar waters they passed, it all seemed like an adventure, though deadly. It was only 15 minutes before they reached the strange red river dicing the land. Dorian took out a massive folded paper, reshaped it into a boat, and enlarged its size to accommodate them. Poke, poke... Poke, poke...

Is this safe?
Everyone looked at the paper boat, wondering if it was safe or not. After all, it was still made of paper, so shouldn't they sink once in?
Ah~ Forget it.
The laws of physics don't work here anyway. So who were they to keep questioning things?
Their brains believed it was impossible. However, their eyes have seen enough to launch a successful debate.
All Aboard~
They got on, and Dorian stood at the very back of the boat while they sat instead.
The scene was as though Dorian was a freshman, pushing the small boat across the mysterious, creepy waters.
Dorian flicked his wrists, and the paper paddle began rowing away.
What? Did you expect him to stand and physically row by himself? Not happening.
Dorian ran his fingers through his hair, seeking all strands back.
But his actions were ironically opposite from the champions league boxing match the others were experiencing.
"You bloody skeleton! Get your slimy, dirty fingers off me!!"
~Boom!

The fight was intense. And the further they sailed, the more troubles they met with all sorts of human skeletons trying to crawl out and climb their boat.

It got so bad they almost ended up being dragged into the now green glowy waters.

Initially, it looked purplish. But as they advanced, the waters were transparent and somewhat flowy, showing skeletons swimming below.

The hairs on Gia Ming's head almost jumped away, wanting to give him a bald scalp.

Too terrible!

The skeletons even turned their heads underwater, looking at them with glowing eyes.

He would be lying if he said his bladder wasn't threatening to fail him.

What about being a man? You know, FART!

The moment those skeletons began swimming towards him with glowing eyes, Gia Ming wished he had a sword to slice and back them all to pieces.

And out of his petrified reflex, he began punching the lot, who crawled out and grabbed his clothes and arms.

Die! Die!... Why don't you all just die already?

Punch left, punch right, kick here, smack there... Everyone gave it their all, breaking lines as much as they could.

They didn't even care if their hands touched these disgusting skeletons.

In times like these, who the hell cares about that?



But in desperate times like these, their senses were heightened, their imagined speeds were lightning, and their combination impeccable.
One person leaned back just in time for another to land a blow on the skeleton approaching. And they did all this while still seated.
Of course it was better to sit!
Who could guarantee they ain't fall in and get pulled in down below the slimy green waters by these skeletons?
Everyone worked hand-in-hand to protect themselves, as well as those seated around them.
They also found that no matter how much they slammed the skeleton heads onto the boat's sides, it never broke.
This much was good.
But while they were struggling for their lives, the Grandmaster seemed carefree, with no skeleton coming his way.
What the hell?
Was he invisible? Don't these skeletons see him too? So why are they only bullying them?
They wanted to file a complaint but didn't know who to talk to.
Everyone smiled bitterly, accepting their fate.
Alas
Who made them 'bulliable?'

The system watched their struggle, also feeling pity for them.
[Host, aren't you bullying too much? Yes, they volunteered to be here, but how can you]
'Noisy.'
Sail, sail away.
In the gang went, drawing deeper and deeper to the island's center.
But why was the air fouler than before? Everyone struggled for air with distorted faces.
SO BAD!!!!
The musky smell of a million dead and rotted cats made their stomachs churn. And if not for the fact they had already puked all they ate previously, they would've thrown up some more.
Now, the malodorous smell only left them with dizziness and a headache.
Their tongues stung with a sharp taste of molded meat that made them gag continuously.
And the more they traveled, the darker the air until suddenly, their boat slammed into something hard.
"What was that?"
Everyone jolted vigilant, not knowing if it were a creature they hit or a rock.
This was how dark the place was.

"We're here."
~Whoosh!
A talisman paper now floated above, illuminating the scene.
And what came to view was something that made them take several steps back.
Gia Ming stared at the gruesome scene with jaws dropped, and eyes widened.
"Skull Island!"