

Be Honest! 381

Chapter 381 Odd Estate

Peculiar... Very peculiar...

Everyone listened attentively to the guards retelling all he found strange... Or should they say far too suspicious?

Hiss~

Many sucked in the air around them, moving their eyeballs from side to side.

The gloomy air... The cool low toned voice of the guard and the impending mystery surrounding the case was enough to form goosebumps on their chests.

Maybe the head guard Botan was indeed innocent. But judging from the actions retold by this newbie guard, it's clear he has more skeletons in his trunk...

And though they say it as a metaphor, maybe this guy really did have bones hidden somewhere.

For all they knew, they could be dealing with a real psychopath. But this was of course all suspicions. For now, they must first see what was going on with his situation.

Payne held his walkie talkie. "Did a Mr. Botan Riverre exit the premises?"

[Negative. Over.]

No? Then he was still in his room?

Bewoh stepped forward.

"Sir Payne, inform your men to always stand behind us. We will lead the group."

"What?!!!"

The investigators and field agents were livid. What did these people mean?

Everyone suddenly felt insulted. But seeing Payne's stern glare, they dared not say a thing.

This was just too unfair!

Their expressions looked like they were forced to eat dog sh**. And soon, they adjusted their minds, feeling that once these people mess up, they would indeed step in and show them how it's done.

But whether it was Payne or Bewoh, they didn't care much about their feelings.

They were here to do a job, and that was that.

"Lead the way."

"Ah!--... Yes., yes, yes." The little guard responded humbly, arching his back and quickening his pace.

Where were they going?

The gang left the grand hall through a side door and walked through a very long hallway, bypassing several massive windows that peered to a garden on the side.

How strange...

Everyone frowned.

The more they advanced, the more the flowers outside looked withered and dead.

At first, it was only 1 or 2 that looked dead. But as they moved while looking through the windows, it was clear just how badly neglected the gardeners were treating and caring for the many flowers here.

That is... was it because they felt this was a bound spot, so they didn't take care of these flowers leading to them all dying?

"No. That's not the case." The guard quickly defended.

He had seen the gardeners try their hardest to no avail, as though the flowers here were tastefully refusing to accept nourishment.

Even if one wanted a new flower, it would die within a couple of hours or days.

Everyone had different thoughts.

Could it be there was something deadly buried or thrown here that's messing up the soil ph or air quality? Or was it some unknown plant disease eating the petals and fibers of these plants? Was there some odd reaction going on that they couldn't identify yet?

Strange...

"When did things start looking like this?"

The guard tilted his head in thought. "Right around the time people started getting missing.

"What a coincidence," Someone commented, squinting their eyes at the garden.

"Sir--..."

"I know." Payne replied coldly. "I know... But now is not the time."

Everyone understood. Their first priority was Botan.

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They walked past the very, very long hallway that took them across the perimeters of the building's left side before reaching a dark and dismal stairway.

It was odd that now it was daytime. But the stairway looked too creepy.

The windows here were sealed, and no light came in.

"It's head guard Botan. He requested this to be done."

Once again, everyone had another imaginative visual of what this Botan guy was like.

~Click.

The light switch was turned on, and the many lightbulbs strategically placed came on.

It was just that they flickered more and more the further they advanced up the stairway.

Are you telling them that a big estate like this can't afford to fix the lights?

"About it... We changed the bulbs severally and also checked the circuits. But there seems to be no problem. So we don't know why it keeps doing this."

Suddenly, they felt the little guard was giving too many excuses.

If there was no problem with the lights, then why were the bulbs blinking so much? And what was that smell?

Forgive them for asking, but there was a very, very, very faint but noticeable smell looming around the hallways.

It smelt of sulfur and dead mice.

But it wasn't unbearable, but just itchy to their noses.

The little guard opened and closed his mouth, failing to utter a single word.

What could he say? That exterminators had searched for the dead mice or rodents to no avail? The more he explained, the more even he felt it was redundant.

Augh~

The poor guard led the way, no longer bothering to defend the workers.

What was the point?

Alas...

Ghu Sota and the rest had different options, especially when seeing the walls through their 3rd eye.

The group reached the top of the stairs, arriving at another hallway far less luxurious than the others they passed. Still, it was grand in its own right, even though the little explained it was better looking than the many other paths the workers used.

It can be seen that anyone sleeping here could be a top dog worker/guard.

The hallway had 7 doors, 3 to the left, 3 on the right... And one at the furthest end of the hallway. And from the looks of it, it should be the biggest room, A.K.A... Botan's room.

"Sirs, only our head guard stays up here because the others couldn't stand the smell they perceived from time to time."

No one said a thing but calmly approached the black door ahead.

1 2, 3...

~Knock. Knock.

Payne took in deep breaths.

"City Police. Please open up, Mr. Botan."

Chapter 382 And Then, They Met!

A man with a cold and expressionless face slowly opened his eyes.

Annoying.

...

Botan slowly stood from his bed, irked by the troublesome people at his door.

Yes... Power had already clouded his sense of reasoning, making him feel he was some immortal above them all.

He did get word earlier of their arrival.

He watched them drive in through his blinds but didn't bother to see them.

Sure. He was indeed the culprit, the one making all the killings. But so what?

To Botan, he was the chosen one who had little time to spare with these pesky mortals.

In his opinion, those who died should be happy they were his victims.

It was an honor to go down by his hands!

'What a bother.'

Botan coldly rose, wearing a dark red shirt and a pair of black pants.

He had his hands on his pockets and his body standing proud yet distant, as though telling everyone not to come any closer.

~Chack-cack!

The door opened, and his eyes immediately fell on Bewoh standing beside Payne.

And for some reason, his expressionless face carried a mischievous smile.

"I remember you... Well, well, well... What happened to your so-called loyalty?"

No one said a thing, seeing the duo exchange several rounds of heated eye explosives.

Their stares were filled with gunpowder that could blow up an entire city.

From the looks of things, the 2 must have deep history.

Botan smirked, recalling Bewoh's breakdown back then.

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You have to know that if it weren't for leaving the Tian estate, he wouldn't have even known who Bewoh was though he was working in the same estate.

There was a chain of command, similar to the military.

There were 2nd in commands and several others with different teams and whatnot.

He, Botan, only dealt with those at the top.

So how could he know someone like Bewoh?

He had probably been the guy but never registered his face. After all, what's the point of knowing those weaker than himself? That was Botan's philosophy in life.

One must always know the strong, keeping the weak as dogs to be sent out at every turn.

Any missions or tasks scheduled, he would take with the team leaders, and they would handle their men/women.

Again, all prominent families had far more guards than one could imagine.

In the Tian household, he oversaw over 600 guards, all living in the same estate. Sometimes, some would leave for missions in another city, staying there for months.

And in other times, people would go abroad to tackle certain issues.

Anyway, with money come threats. So security must always be amped up.

One should bear in mind that these 600 were the Tian couple's private guards.

Those hired for company purposes were different.

As for how he got to remember Bewoh, it was just on the day his betrayal was revealed.

It wasn't just Bewoh he recalled.

Whether Haru, Chan-ki, Zhulyn, Raulin, or that number 4 Butler, Sheng, they all broke out, refusing to follow him and the rest.

They were so depressed and full of emotions wanting to fight.

Heh.

He had the rest beat them up blue, black, and in every other way to teach them a lesson that dogs must always stay on the line with their leashes.

He had been raising his prestige higher for such a day when he left. And many followed him, believing he would lead them to greener pastures.

It can be said that Wei Kwo was a total disappointment, one of his biggest mistakes that led the men to start doubting his vision and abilities.

But you know... He blamed this on the Tian couple.

Had they introduced him to bigger fish, would he be easily tempted by that fat pig called Wei Kwo?

You see? It was all their fault!

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All matters aside, Botan felt it funny that this guy appeared here out of all places.

His lips arched wickedly.

"With the way I left you earlier, I thought you would work there till you die. But it's barely been a few months since they stayed in slumber. And now, you've already switched jobs... It appears your loyalty was just so-so."

Bewoh stated at Botan, showing no fluctuations from his provocations.

"I think I need to correct your delusions. I still work for the young master, the lady, and the master. But... It's not a crime for one to have a second job, no?"

But An chuckled. "No."

"Good... Now then, move out of the way."

Bitan squinted his eyes dangerously. "With pleasure."

Wait till I kill you and your beloved masters tonight!

Botan's smile stretched even more. "Come in... My room is big enough to take you all in. But remember, don't mess things up."

"Really? You seem to forget we're here to investigate. Messing things up is a given... Or have your brain cells suddenly lost their touch?"

Pfff!~

Ghu Sota and several others couldn't help themselves.

Hey... Who would've known their always calm and majestic-looking elder Bewoh had such a sharp tongue?

Aiy~

Where was the popcorn when they needed it?

"Very funny," Botan commented, his face slightly distorted.

"I know during such investigations, I shouldn't be in the room. 2 hours is all the time you have."

Botan peeled his eyes off his room, planning to leave. But how could things be so simple?

"Not so fast... You are the only one who has come down to give their statement. And as they say, if the mountain doesn't come to the sea, then the seas shall flood its banks!... So please... Stay... You're more needed here than you think."

"_" [Investigators, Field Agents]

Why was this guy suddenly taking over their job? And what's with all this cut-throat drama? Don't you know your going back and forth is making us anxious?

Even Payne kept his hands in a ready-to-go position in case the 2 clashed.

Their gunpowder was just too much!

Botan rubbed his ring subconsciously while Bewoh nodded to the other academy disciples.

'You know what to do.'

Seal the room!

Chapter 383 Sweet Revenge

Payne recalled back then how Bewoh and the grandmaster sealed Donghai's office during that Mirror world incident.

So when Bewoh hinted at it earlier, he immediately understood his task. -- To keep Botan busy.

But how did Bewoh know Botan was carrying evil? Payne had no concept of the 3rd eye and could only go on blind faith.

Unlike the others, he knew the Grandmaster and Bewoh had history with the Kwo's and this Botan guy.

And though there was no evidence, he felt the matter of the couple falling into a coma had something to do with them.

He had opted to investigate, but the Grandmaster rejected his offer.

It indeed made sense, seeing the way the Grandmaster moved from place to place fighting crime.

There were bigger fish out there killing to deal with. And the grandmaster probably had his own plans on the matter after dealing with what he already had on his plate.

Erh-erhm.

Payne coughed lightly, taking a step closer.

"Mr. Botan... While the search is carried out, you will answer some questions for the record."

"Hmm..."

Botan wasn't phased. To him, there was no way anyone would trace the disappearances to him.

First, his sudden strength gave him the advantage of sneaking around during odd hours.

No one heard him move, and everyone had already seen him enter his space. So how could he be in 2 places at once?

He had a good alibi there. The many cameras... Though for whatever reason, every time he moved around, the camera film would shake and twitch in static motion until he was gone.

But this didn't mean he was guilty.

With everyone going on, including the flowers dying, the light twitching, and whatnot, everyone felt the entire place had problems.

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Again, his actions were so clean when dealing with his victims, never leaving any trace of blood, bones, or meaty chunks.

As for their clothes, he took them far away before burning them to ashes.

There wasn't even a piece of thread closer to his chamber that stated he was the culprit. So how can anyone sentence him without evidence?

In truth, Botan felt a part of him didn't care whether he was caught or not.

Why? Because he had decided to be a living God in this world.

Only he deserved to be worshiped, praised and feared.

He had always wanted power, wanting to reach for the top.

So why be content with a mere guard position, even if it was a head guard?

No!.. With his trusty 'friend' beside him, everyone will have no choice but to bow due to his strength.

He would be the Godfather of this new era!

He even envisioned turning the world back to the eras of deadly violence, with him being ruler, having 50 to 100 consorts waiting at his side.

The thing in his ring guaranteed it could keep him alive till 90 at best. So wasn't that all still great?

He felt the period was enough to leave a footprint in the sands of time. But people like Botan were always greedy. Even if that day came, Botan would still fight to look for ways of Immortality.

There were always people like this. But for now, he was satisfied with the arrangement.

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Whatever.

With his hands in his pockets, Botan unhurriedly answered the questions.

Meanwhile, Ghu Sota nervously placed a few talismans on a nearby vent while also searching the room for hidden spaces he and the other missed.

Who knows if there's a tap door somewhere in here?

'Is this right? Did I do it right?'

First day on the job made the butterflies in his belly flutter.

Bewoh ran his hands along the corners of the bookshelf, walls, and other places, secretly creating the formation. Of course, he wouldn't put the last piece yet, lest it startles the enemy.

That ring...

Bewoh's 3rd eye could see something swimming in it. Additionally, the purple mist oozed out of the wrong continuously too.

What is the situation here?

The inspectors and field agents didn't want to be outdone. So they too moved about, trying to find any clues.

It was just that they weren't allowed to disrupt or take out anything these strange people had placed.

Payne's instructions were very clear, even threatening them with a demotion.

Everyone felt unwilling but said nothing.

Bewoh did one last check, nodding in satisfaction, seeing that the group of disciples had performed well.

Good.

"Protect the rest."

"Yes, elder." The gang answered in unison.

Payne thinned his lips, a little ashamed with the arrangement. But what else could he do?

No one had their weapons and could only unwillingly watch the group gather them.

Some couldn't take it anymore. "Sir, are you being serious?"

"Shut up! You will only be in the way."

How so?

They didn't believe it!... That is until things got a whole lot real!

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What's going on?

Botan suddenly felt the atmosphere strange.

Why were the police leaving matters to Bewoh?

Was he a hidden 'incredible' detective of some sort?

Bewoh tilted his head, raising his left hand slowly.

And soon...

~Click.

He snapped his fingers, and all formation came alive.

What?!!!

The creature in the ring was shocked.

[Exorcism... Exorcism... How could it be here?]

The creature had almost died in the hands of any underworld creature, having 85% of its strength vanish.

That was all its hard work gone down the drain!

Thus, it had no choice but to hide in this ring, biding its time until it grew stronger.

So it indeed knew a little more than other lesser beings on the matter of exorcism.

It hated to say it, but its strength was now similar to the many brainless young beings.

It shook in disbelief within the ring.

It didn't understand... It couldn't understand...

How can this be happening?

Bewoh raised his lips and smiled mischievously.

Sure enough, revenge was such a sweet thing. Still... he couldn't go overboard. After all, he was an exorcist bound by the laws of heaven!

"Mr. Botan Riverre... Do you know your crime?."

Chapter 384 Show Yourself

"My crime? Surely, you jest. You've searched my room, from top to bottom. You've raised my space... You've touched my sanctuary as it is... My eyes tell my mind no lies."

Botan's voice was unhurried.

"My crime? I have yet to see you bring out any existence that suggests it to be my doing. So... With all honesty, 'Detective' Bewoh, why do I think you're confusing personal matters with private?"

Yes...

The investigators and Field agents were a little suspicious too.

Why was he so confident that Botan was the culprit without any evidence?

Bewoh's lips formed a crescent arc. "You want evidence?"

A talisman paper slipped from unbeaten Bewoh's sleeve.

He held the paper with his right and used 2 fingers from his left to tap the paper and draw out a glowing green pair of giant scissors.

And before anyone could react, Bewoh vanished, appearing behind Botan several inches high.

"I did give you a chance!"

Boom!

What?

The collision was too strong!

Everyone felt they were amid a nuclear blast.

F***? F***! F***!

Have they entered another world filled with magic, or was this still their original world?

Ahhhh~

Many slammed to the walls, hitting their bodies hard. But no one cared about the pain.

Their eyes were on the godly battle that had already commenced.

But again, something else shocked them.

Ghu Sota and the others they had looked down on had never moved, standing firm even when blown by that devilish wind.

There was no more to say. They knew this group was a special one!

They thought Botan should also be a magician, maybe even killing the victims with special means.

They were a little afraid, but not much. After all, the enemy was human.

But this was where they got things wrong.

--ROAR!--

Botan roared at the top of his lungs, seeing that Bewoh was much faster and stronger than himself.

Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

The battle was indescribable.

Fists flew, hands moved, bodies twisted, and all sorts of attacks were exchanged by the 2.

But while Botan was excessive, Bewoh was calm, carefully avoiding his speedy attacks as though stopping a child's arm.

Poof!

Botan spewed blood unwillingly

Why? Why were there others getting the help of those strange things?

Yes. He felt Bewoh should also have a ring with some mysterious stranger residing in it.

For a moment, greed once again flickered past his eyes.

If... If he can get Bewoh's ring and dump the one he has now, won't he be even stronger?

Botan gave the ring a look of disgust as though saying; I thought you said you were the strongest. But now, others are stronger than you, and you still dare to deceive me?

Botan felt he got the worst one, the trashiest of all trash rings not even worth mentioning.

He thought he hid his disgust well. But the being in the ring inwardly laughed in fury, deciding to put his deal with Botan to the side.

There were many things underworld beings had in common... And one of them was Pride!

He at least wanted to give this guy a chance to live his life and collect as many humans for himself as he could. But now that it had come to this, he wouldn't mind taking over!

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Bewoh frowned, sensing something wrong with the ring.

No!!!

"Quickly! Take it off now!"

Take it off?

"Never!!"

Boom!

Botan sent a fierce raging blow, thinking Bewoh was greedy for his ring.

But before he could continue his outburst, he felt something very wrong with his body.

Ahh~

There was a stinging pain from the flesh underneath the ring, followed by a strange flow of energy passing through his body.

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What's going on?

Everyone looked between each other, and Botan suddenly froze.

And then... He began to twitch.

Crack. Crack. Crack!

The sounds of lines gnashing and cracking filled the room. The air became heavier, and the dead smell even fouler.

They didn't have time to worry about it, staring at the figure twist in all unnatural forms.

"No! No!... Help me!... Help me!"

Botan fell to the ground, his nails forming deep beastly claw marks that made everyone's scalp tingle.

This wasn't an illusion. It was really happening!

With his head on the ground, he circled the space around him, twitching and moving crazily.

"His face!"

Someone exclaimed, seeing the many black lines print from within.

"Roar!!!--"

The investigators and field agents jumped back with their hands over their faces, too terrified to stare at the image before them.

It was a strange face!

Yes, yes... They weren't making it up.

Just now, a strange face projected out of Botan's.

Its eyes were red, and his face... Its face--...

No one spoke. Their hands were trembling, and their minds felt in a trapped cycle of disbelief, fear, and the unknown.

Monster...

They know what they saw... But they couldn't believe it. One of the ladies placed her hands on her head, shaming severally in denial.

"I don't believe it! I don't believe it! ... Hah... Hahahahahha... Haha... Good one, vice-deputy director... This is a hidden camera detective show, right?"

"Yes, yes... It's a show, right?"

"Everyone looked to Payne, wanting some form of acceptance from him.

But Payne smiled bitterly, knowing he couldn't give them what they wanted.

Tears filled Botan's eyes as he felt his consciousness fall into a dark, bottomless pit.

He didn't even know he, a grown man, could cry! His life flashed before his eyes, and he suddenly regretted it. Too bad there was no medicine for regret.

Botan felt trapped in the space, seeing everything but never being involved.

It was like he was in a cinema, watching life play out like a movie.

No matter how he screamed and begged, his real body no longer said the things he wanted.

All he wanted was to stand at the top.

Was he wrong? Was he wrong to fight for what he wanted?

In the dark space in his mind, Botan suddenly heard a burst of deep laughter from within.

And soon ... he knew something else had followed him into the dark abyss.

"Ahhhhhhh~"

...

No one knew of Botan's horrors.

Chapter 385 What Am I?

-Roar!---

A bellowing of a thousand frogs slaughtered echoed out across the scene.

The thumping cries were deep and layered like an echo. And the one causing the mischief spasmed no end.

It has been 15 seconds since Botan began clawing the floors and twitching in all acrobatic positions. Yet, it felt like a decade.

Many subconsciously held each other, though now in a better state of mind.

Yes! They were still petrified. Anyone would feel the same when coming face to face with such a spooky thing.

They had the minds to open the doors and make a run for it. But who were they? M.S.S.

They had a better psychological standing than most people.

Of course, if things truly got out of hand, you best believe they would vanish. But since these people were confident, they decided to stabilize their wobbly feet and stand firm.

As officers of the law, they couldn't disgrace themselves so much.

Their thoughts were noble.

Too bad their dancing bodies had given them away.

And soon, it wasn't long before the one break dancing and performing acrobatics on the ground finally stopped.

True or false?

Many leaned forward to take a peek but couldn't bring themselves to move an inch closer.

Is it over?

--Roar!--

Mommy...

Everyone moved back again, watching Botan twitch for 2 seconds more before calming down again.

"Look! Look!... The lines on his face are gone, and the claws down his fingers have shortened."

So he should be fine now, right?

Even then, no one dared to look him straight in the eye. They were afraid they would puke in disgust.

Augh~

That face from before was just too much.

They felt they needed to pluck their eyeballs and burn them to ashes if it would rid the image away.

If the few girls ever thought Botan was handsome for a suspect, now they changed their mind.

And Ghu Sota at the side, now understood why his mother refused to peck him after his io incident.

From time to time, she would also poke him with a stick to make sure it was him talking and not some unknown creature.

Ghu Sota felt he was born into the most unloving family.

His grandmother liked to attack him with her flying slippers, his grandfather and father were unreliable, and his mother loved poking him and washing his face with all sorts of cleaning oils.

Alas... He too understood after seeing Botan's face.

It had returned to normal. But Ghu Sota still found it terrible, especially with the image of that thing still playing in his mind.

Ugly.

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Bewoh squinted his eyes, seeing the figure slowly rise to his feet, calmly patting the dust off his body.

His gestures were elegant, with a touch of nobility too hard to mimic.

"You're not him."

The color on everyone's face faded.

Were their ears deceiving them, or Bewoh say what they heard?

Not him?

If this were true, then what happened to the real Botan? What happened to the Botan they were speaking to not long ago?

Dead? If so, who were they speaking to now?

"Come now... Why so dumbfounded?"

'Botan' finished dusting himself off before giving a slight elegant curtsy.

"The name's Allezar Von Dracord the 112th... And yes... There have been 112 others with my name before me... For short, you may call me Zar."

Bewoh stared at the polite aristocratic Botan, scrutinizing him from head to toe.

Even Ghu Sota, Payne, and the others were dumbfounded.

Not only was this guy flawlessly polite, but his accent had also changed.

All mannerisms blended effortlessly, causing one to subconsciously treat this guy with respect.

They felt this was what aristocrats, lords, royals, and nobles in the past should have spoken like.

So after all that break dancing, he now wakes up as though nothing happened?

Tsk.

Sorry, bubby; the image was already imprinted in their minds!

Huh.

Bewoh and Zar stared at each other deeply.

"What you did isn't a simple possession."

"Smart... The greedy one and I struck a deal for which he would do my bidding in exchange for a bit of my power and essence."

Bewoh nodded. "He took the bait, not knowing the dull consequences, correct?"

Botan raised his hands in surrender with a sly smile. "You caught me. The greedy thing fell right into my trap. Every time I give him my power, his body gets conditioned to accept me more."

Eventually, it won't be a simple possession, but like a scene of one crossing over... Except the human skin would only be a casing or suit to hide Zar's true being. This was one of the ways these creatures walked as ordinary humans along them.

First, they had to strike a deal with those too greedy for whatever their hearts desired.

Once a deal with a creature is initiated, their original protection blessed onto them from birth by the heavens would begin diminishing rapidly.

The more they killed and played into the lies told to them, the more tainted they would become.

This was why these creatures had to strike a deal first.

Everything had a natural order.

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A vein popped through Zar's face as he evaded a ray of light through a slight parting caused by the thick blinds.

Bewoh's eyes flickered.

The grandmaster had given him 4 possibilities as to what he might be.

"Your skin is pale, your neck slightly longer, your reddish eyes from earlier, and your avoidance of the sun... Though you know the sun won't kill you, you do know it would weaken you, making you sluggish."

"And your fangs are slightly longer than how I recall Botan's."

Zar smiled, showing his growing fangs. "Oh? Did you guess it?"

"Indeed... Your name is something very strange and unknown in this world. A mummy... I know... A ghost, I know... Movies, films, and other entertainment do cover these groups playfully. But it was very odd that your type... Never heard of it."

Zar chuckled. "Then pray tell... What am I?"

"Vampire."