

Be Honest! 411

Chapter 411 A Nightmarish Case

With their plan in motion, everyone scattered.

It seemed abrupt to leave so suddenly after getting the news, but the whole point of the academy's creation was for them to be able to handle matters like this at the drop of a hat, whenever and wherever danger raises its ugly head.

As the grandmaster said, he'll take Old Hou, Endo, and Haru.

He also allowed disciples to tag along, but it would be up to the 3 elders to pick them out.

Each person was to pick no more than 6 people... Making a total of 18 disciples.

Amongst the chosen 18, was Jung Hou, old Hou's son... Wei Gia, old Gia's son... And Ghu Dwo, Old Ghu's son, who was also Sota's father.

Don't look at Sota at 17 and think his father was old.

Ghu Dwo married at the age of 18 and had Sota at 20.

In turn, Old Ghu and Old madam Ghu had a love that bloomed from their young youth, marrying early too.

Thus, they birthed Ghu Dwo far back before their friends, Old Gia and Old Hou, had married and had children.

For the Ghu's, their grandson was similar in age to Dorian. But for the Hous and Gia, their grandchildren were around 2~9 years old.

Who asked Old Gia and Old Hou to marry far late after their 20s, while Old Ghu married at 18?

So yes... Jung Hou, old Ghu's son, was 31 years old, but Ghu Dwo was almost 38.

Wei Gia, old Gia's son was 29 instead.

Amongst the group going, the one called Ajin, was also going. He was the person who escorted Dorian, Butler Sheng, and Chan-ki to the Academy's island via chopper back then when Dorian had just bought the island.

Though he had fought several strange, peculiar creatures on the academy grounds since becoming an exercise, this would be his first real battle with the enemy.

How did he feel?

Ajin took in deep breaths, putting his talismans away.

He already felt passionate about Talisman's wanting to be a Talisman master!

Mind you, Talismans, Arrays, and formations were similar in that to make an array, one must know how to make talismans and inscribe appropriately.

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For formations, they were a combination of at least 3 arrays.

So a formation could be triangular, rectangular, and in many shapes that were all balanced and equal.

In this sense, Talismans, Arrays, and even formations had the same basic and borderline principle, linking them together.

But why was being a Talisman master different from being an Array/formation master?

That's because there was also more to them than what the basics could show.

Only after one chooses a particular one can they start seeing their differences.

Of Course, from day 1, he and every other disciple know that as they grow stronger, they would have to take up more professions that match their strength.

As he advances his exorcist tank, he must keep adding his professions.

He could be a 2-star alchemist, as well as a 1-star beast tamer in future.

Again, his exorcism rank also tells how many professions he should take up.

A no-rank exorcist isn't required to take up or study a profession.

But from H-rank ascending to A, he will have to keep adding his profession every step of the way.

From H to E, he was required to have mastered at least 2 professions, taking exams and earning a 2-star title from both professions.

To move from E to a D-rank exorcist, this was a must.

And from D to B, he would have to master 2 other professions, having the minimum title of 4-star level in both, including the initial 2 he studied earlier.

So at that level, he could be a lot-star Blacksmith, 4-star Talisman master, 5-star Alchemist, and 4-star Beast tamer.

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Moving on... After entering A grade, he has to master another profession, as well as all his other professions, to at least 5-star level.

But do you think this is all?

No!

From S-rank, Double S-rank, Triple S-rank, Divine Rank, and Celestial rank, he would have to take up more professions and raise his profession level.

For professions, this was how they were ranked, from 1-star to 9-star, before advancing to:

- Novice Master

- Unparalleled master.

- And finally, Venerated Master!

So one could be an Unparalleled Potion Master, A Novice Master Teacher, a Venerated Puppet master, and so In.

It would shock many to know that the Academy had a total of 30 primary Professions.

Of course, the academy didn't expect them to learn all these progressions.

No...

Even if they did reach the Divine Exorcist rank, they might only take up 9 professions, with some taking up only 8.

Yes!

It's true that after breaking out from their mortal shells, their brains were more flexible, and they could recall everything at the drop of a hat, with remarkable memories that could recall everything, as though they were holding physical books in their hands.

But that didn't mean their comprehension and abilities were limitless. So the academy's system was created to assist them in growing.

For now, Ajin was only to learn 2 professions and not to jump and take up 6 or 12 because he could.

Only after he becomes a D-rank Exorcist could he take up more professions.

One must first learn how to crawl before one can walk.

Of course, before he could choose what he liked, they did give them a feel as to what the other professions were. And Ajin felt his affinity for 2 jobs... Being an Appraiser and Talisman master.

A Talisman master can also be called a Calligraphy master or Paint Master.

They can invite string forces from the talismans and paintings they conjure.

He can shoot wind out a single paper, conjure up paintings to come alive, and attack his enemies.

This was different from a formation/array master's work.

Ajin took in deep breaths, carefully placing his talismans away.

He also had his ink brush and rolled-up canvas.

These were his fighting weapons, he knew best to use.

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Like so, the chosen disciples realized themselves for the battle ahead. But they weren't the only ones gearing in for the killing.

In Vardos Country, many had solemn faces.

"What do you mean you can't find a thing? LOOK HERE, Dammit!... I want every single cop on the case! I don't care what it takes, but get me some evidence! Anything, even a thread from a shirt! Or are you telling me they just vanished in thin air?"

Boom!

The police report smashed his palms on his table furiously, causing many to recoil. But they dared not say a thing.

"Wastes! You all are a waste of taxpayers' money! I've seen little girls who do a sh** load more than you lot. What's the use of training your worthless asses if you can't find anything substantial? What's it gonna take to get a DNA sample here?"

Ghaaahhh!

The deputy was breathing heavily. "Do you know what they're calling us on Tv? God Dammit!"

The Deputy took off his hat, slammed it on the ground, and ruffled his hair in frustration.

"Look at it! The press already has a field day with this one. This news will be front line on the papers, mocking us for years to come if we don't turn this thing around!"

Everyone's heart was thumping loudly, their foreheads drenched in sweat. Who can tell them or at least give them a good lead to cracking this case?

Never have they seen such a bizarre case like this one.

The place was cleaned up too well by the criminals, making it hard for them to find any single thing.

Indeed... It was as though the missing people never went to the mass graveyard.

How to say it? It was as though after the group reached the narrow Stony stairway, they vanished without even ascending towards the Gravesite.

At least that's how the clues seemed. It led to a dead end.

Again, the small building on the gravesite showed no signs of a break-in.

Honestly, if not for the live broadcast that showed the group breaking in, they would've never believed it.

The criminals who kidnapped the group should be highly skilled and professional.

How did they do it? How did they eliminate and manage so much in such a short period?

You have to know that after the group lost contact, their audience quickly contacted the police for them.

In under 2 hours, a search was conducted on the Gravesite that same night... Or should they say early morning since it was past midnight.

So within that time, these criminals managed to kidnap the group and take them out while burning the evidence.

They didn't escape by air.

So, could there be some hidden tunnel they were unaware of?

Dammit.

The deputy was going crazy, seeing how fruitless their efforts were.

"I don't care! No matter what, we must find them all before these foreigners do... One more thing. We must find the mysterious stranger with the slasher wound on his face!"

Chapter 412 Global Chaos

People frowning, others waiting, some moving back and forth, scrutinizing the scene, others scribbling down words, and many taking pictures and videos of all they saw.

And sure enough, the news reporters were all over the scene, wanting to try information out from anyone they saw passing by.

There was police tape around the front region of the film with the mass gravesite on it.

No one was permitted to ascend.

"Sir! Sir! Can you tell us how much progress has been made?"

"Sir! Sir! Any news or leads as to who is a primary suspect for their kidnapping?"

"Sir! Sir! The viewers would like to know why your police forces haven't found anything yet. The viewers want to know why you are wasting their money." Taxpayers' money.

"Sir! Sir!... Will your team feel ashamed if a foreign team cracks the case? My inside source says you guys haven't found a single blue yet. How can you call police officers if you can't find anything during this period?"

"Excuse me, sir!... Just one question."

"Sir!... Over here."

"Sir!... Sir with their mustache."

"The lady with the silver bun... One question, please."

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As expected, the news reporters were ruthless, everyone wanting to squeeze information from these frustrated cops, even if it meant angering them.

Hey...

A good headline could sell thousands and sometimes millions. And the first company or people to break the news are dubbed the winners in this reporting business.

Some were taking in views and recordings to send to their bosses, while others were showing the news live and direct, from news channels to personal news and gossip bloggers, who came on their own.

"This is Elizabeth Organ from the Bailey News World, coming to you live. It's been 2 days since the horrible incident happened, and there is no news from the police yet. Tom, what's your take on the matter?"

"I tell you, Elizabeth, I think it's tragic how these streamers got kidnaped... Their parents are aggrieved and want news now, but to talk of the countless fans praying for their safety."

"That's right. There are countless fans sending messages, showing their disappointment with the police. Such a rigorous search, with choppers and all sorts of heavy gadgets, was brought over. Yet, nothing has been found."

"Hmmm. Some can't say it's incompetence. Who knows if by now, our missing streamers are being fitted like dishes somewhere? Some say they want to sue the police if a single strand of hair is missing from their favorite streamers."

"That's right. It's said some foreign detectives already have leads. Yet, our country's police officers are still clueless. So isn't this the height of incompetence? Why can't they even find that slasher-faced man yet?"

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More tens, hundreds, and thousands of people watching the different news channels and personal blogging stations on V-tube, and other streaming platforms, were cursing at the prevalent police departments.

A youngster eating peanuts threw it at his tv, cursing loudly.

"A bunch of wastes!! If they don't find my goodness, I'll camp outside the police station and throw stones in their windows! Curse them all! I want my goddess found!"

The one scene was staged, as people left all over the country, and even abroad, were going gaga.

Coincidentally, hundreds of Tv stations in many countries also reported the matter as global internet news.

It has been a long time since news of this nature has made the entire world actively curse.

In just these 2 days, the missing streamers had now reached great celebrity status, with the images circulated across the world.

If anyone sees them, quickly inform the police.

Messages were passed like this in many countries. After all, who knows if the kidnappers wanted to traffic the missing streamers to a country abroad?

This was a hot potato, and no country dared to be lax about this matter.

In airports and seaports, people were checking the flowing passengers seriously.

Like so, the news quickly followed and reported the dynamics of everything on the scene.

And the more they did, the more the police felt their heads swell.

Those at the head couldn't take it anymore, letting the F.B.I and other drained people hop aboard the investigations.

These people came with sunglasses and arrogant demeanors, some also holding briefcases.

They didn't speak, only showing their badges, before entering the scene and looking for clues.

Maybe they too felt the police to be incompetent, not wanting to talk with people with lesser skills.

Of course, it was a fact that the F.B.I training was superior to standard police training.

Even with this case, many F.B.I agents secretly looked down on these regular cops.

They moved quickly, only giving these incompetent cops a brief cordial stare.

Hmph!

'Step aside and see how real masters work.'

The police investigation teams were boiling in fury but knew they couldn't say a thing.

Everyone had distorted faces, also continuing their investigations.

The superiors on top said they had to work together with these F.B.I people.

This didn't mean it was a case handover. It simply meant the many superiors and country needed all hands on deck with this one.

"Well, what the hell are you staring at? Quickly! Get back to work!" The lead officer ordered before giving these arrogant F.B.I people a cold stare.

He has never been fond of them. Every time he handed over a case to them to work alongside them, they treated him and his teams as lackeys and not equals.

Heh.

The lead officer sneered.

He would like to see how far they can go, especially after they announced themselves so much.

They allowed themselves to be interviewed, probably to calm the masses.

And now, the people were happy the country sent highly skilled specialists like themselves over.

He hoped the victims would be found, either by his people or even foreigners, but not by these arrogant Agents!

But as they say, the bigger the expectations, the greater the disappointment.

Tch!

Chapter 413 Gang Leader?

With the FBI agents and very well-known skilled personnel on the scene, the audience and everyone else seemed to regain hope, feeling their favorite idols will appear in no time.

But hours flew by in a blink of an eye, and everyone's smile began to crack.

Specialists, my ass!

"Didn't they say they would be able to find clues or get leads in under 2 hours?"

"Hey! It's been 5 hours now, and we haven't heard a thing from their side. Fakes!"

"Upstairs, you said it well. How dare they make such claims if they can't even get a single lead since then?"

"Dammit! Are you sure these are our country's best? Is something playing with us here? I want to see my Goddess now!"

Many viewers were angered to death by the false hope these people gave them.

You have to know that when the reporters asked questions when these people first arrived, some smiled arrogantly, saying they would get leads in 1~2 hours at most.

As much as everyone cheered for them at the beginning, was how they were booed at now.

What was going on here?

These prestigious and famous agents and personnel felt a thick layer of sweat cover their foreheads, staring at the scene with crazed eyes.

How can this be?

It was as if the group had vanished into a different dimension after ascending the narrow stony path.

No footprints on the grounds, no broken grass stalks, or anything to prove they are here.

The dogs sniffed it to no avail, in confusion.

On the video broadcast, one of the girls accidentally tripped near a particular stone.

But when they checked, nothing was out of the ordinary, with no traces of anything left behind.

F***!

The tombstones didn't even have the girl's fingerprints.

So, what sort of high-level criminals were they working with to be able to leave such a clean crime scene?

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Everyone was stomped.

In all their years, they had never seen anything like this.

If they eventually catch the criminals, they would like to interrogate them personally to know how they did it.

Such criminal minds were not allowed to blend with society without supervision!

Just look at the perfect escape plan they hatched.

They felt it should be the work of a criminal syndicate unknown to them. It might be a deadly one that can pose a threat to their country if not stopped.

Who knows what other activities these people did other than kidnapping? Or maybe they also do drug trafficking too?

The level of skill displayed in this 'clean' scene frightened them silly.

Of course, they also felt regretful about shooting their mouths earlier.

5 hours have gone by, and they already know how many people want to have their heads.

Even more annoying were the annoying told-you-so smiles on the lips of these police officers.

They were silent, but their expression said it all.

'What? Didn't you say you could get the job done at a snap of a finger?'

'Hey... You told us to give you way, saying without capabilities, we won't be able to crack it. And now, aren't you in the same predicament?'

'Pfft~... I thought you all were better. But now, I can see you're just so-so.'

The faces of these special personnels turned red and distorted, trying their best not to focus on the police or their surroundings.

Were they disgruntled? Sure they were!

Their fists were clenched so hard blood was near-dripping out.

Since when did they, people of their credentials, get mocked and taunted flat in the face like this?

They knew that talking or defending themselves was of no use.

What the people wanted were results!

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Like so, the strange disappearance of the many idols caused a national storm.

The police also pleaded with the audience, wanting to find the mysterious man with the horrendous scar slashed across his face.

People screamed in shock, feeling the man's projected face was too scary.

Some people even opened blogs and forums, speculating about the identity of the strange man.

Who was he?

Many said he was the leader of the criminals. But that didn't make any sense. How can the leader of the criminal gang willingly show his face live?

Isn't that too stupid? Or could it be the guy so confident in his criminal organization that he didn't care about offending the world?

Many now call the guy Mr. Slasher online.

Of course, some said the man probably had nothing to do with the situation.

They said it was mean for others to speculate he had something to do with it because of his strangeness and appearance.

But many again argued that if he was innocent, why didn't he call the police to report herself after seeing the many posters and people searching for him?

He said he lived in the city with his wife. Yet, no one can find him.

The police also scouted the nearby regions, but no one, not even those living in the woods within the outskirts regions, had seen the man's face in their lives.

He's not in the city, and he's not around the vicinity.

If everyone can recall, his time and the many hints he gave would let people feel he was an ordinary, regular, everyday person.

So how come he suddenly has the capability to vanish without a trace from the police's detection?

In this social media-crazed ear, are you saying this didn't see a thing?

Fine! Even if he didn't, the Tv had reported the matter continuously. So there was no excuse.

What's more, the words he said to the group about disappearing when they did were too coincidental.

So in conclusion, many felt he was a prime suspect! A bold one at that. Since he dared to show his face.

But how would they have known the mysterious man didn't care whether his face was shown since the next time he appears might be decades later?

Heh.

Not his problem.

Chapter 414 Strange Call

The country was going crazy, and the wealthy man who lost his daughter was also panicking.

His name was Elric Montague, father to Jenny Montague.

Elric felt he was on the cusp of death if he didn't find his daughter.

He promised his dead wife he would always take care of her. Now, look at it.

He shouldn't have listened to her pleas for wanting to live an ordinary life.

As the only heir and successor to his Montague companies, how can her life be anything ordinary?

After the age of 11, his daughter locked herself in her room, refusing to come out unless he all-weather joined ordinary public skills and lived like a typical youth.

At first, he had guards monitor her for years without end.

Nothing ever happened, and no one seemed to know her since she also never attended elite parties with him.

Now she was a full-fledged teenager whom no one knew was a secret heir to his billionaire household.

So he thought things would be alright.

But fate chose to play a cruel prank on him after many years of letting his guard down. And now, his beloved daughter has been kidnapped!

He slammed his fists on his desks, causing many to jump back with trembling shoulders.

His office was dead silent, now of the many men and women in suits daring to speak.

Elric swept his red-hot eyes at them. "No calls yet? No one asking for handsome money?"

A middle-aged woman pushing her glasses inwardly with a calm face. "None, leader. They might be trying to lay low from all the commotion before trying to contact us."

"What about the tracking device? Still not found yet?"

"No, sir. Till now, we can't find where her tracking devices were disposed of."

The secretary felt it was weird.

The scene from the tracking devices hidden within the little miss's phone and charm bracelet all proved she was indeed stepping won't the gravesite.

How to say it?

The signal indeed shows that the miss entered that building on the cemetery grounds.

But after midnight, the signal strangely became dull until it vanished into thin air.

Meaning someone must've shut it down. But how can they do it without triggering their defenses?

You have to know that their leader, being one of the wealthiest people in the country who also had military and political powers, indeed had one of the best security technologies at his disposal.

So for someone to bypass their systems without getting any alert meant they were just too skilled, with a deadly qualified team.

But what did they want? And who were they?

For people with such skills, everyone in the room felt ordinary trafficking and organ selling were beneath them.

No...

They definitely attacked the idol group because of their little miss.

So was this a political matter? And what was up with the many useless police officers, mercenaries, and detectives they reached out to?

Are you saying no one in the world can be of assistance to them?

--Silence--

The quietness made everyone's thoughts spin.

RING!!!!~

Elric's hand moved like lightning towards the singing phone.

Who?

[Is this Mr. Elric?]

Yes! Yes! This is him! What have you done with my daughter, you crazy bastards!" Elric exploded all the pent-up emotions he carried. But the other side didn't rush to hold him back.

Of course, the call was also monitored to trace where it was coming from.

What?

In the sky? On an aircraft?

[Are you done, Mr. Elric?]

Elric gnashed his teeth and prayed for patience.

'Done my ass!'

"Speak, you bastard! What is it that you want?"

[Tone, Mr. Elric, tone... I'm not the enemy here.]

Elric was taken aback. "Not the enemy? Then who are you?" And how did they get his private phone number?

Getting it isn't an easy feat.

Of course, he had all phones wired for tracing, whether public or private.

This alone showed the capabilities of those calling in.

Elric was already on edge, listening to the calm voice on the other side.

[Who I am isn't important for now. What's important is that you find your daughter, correct?]

Elric squinted his eyes. "Correct. I want my daughter. And I take it you have a way to bring her back to one place without a single strand of hair missing?"

[Hmmm... My master can do it.]

"What? Your master?"

[Yes, Mr. Elric. I'm calling on behalf of my master to assist you in solving the problem. If you accept our help, we can guarantee that much.]

Everyone in the room was silent, feeling the matter tricky.

Why did they feel that the people behind the caller might be the same people who kidnapped their misses?

What was the scheme here? What was their big plan?

To get the leader/boss to a hidden location before taking him out?

'Boss, don't fall for their tricks!'

Everyone was uneasy but stayed silent, listening to the person on the other end.

[Mr. Elric, I know you're dubious of my identity. But you have nothing to fear. Soon, you'll get a call from several others confirming my identity. In fact... you probably know of me, though we haven't met yet.]

Elder Hou wasn't joking.

The Hous many medical industries were globally known. So wouldn't he know when he saw him?

Again, Old Gia had already called several people in the country, making clearance for them.

Military people knew other powerful military people globally.

They had their unique circle, though sometimes, knowing another didn't mean you were friends with them.

Old Gia had many powerful top military heads as enemies too.

In the room, everyone looked puzzled, wanting to know who the mysterious caller was.

Elric stared at his table in brief silence.

"Alright. I'll enlist your services. But if there's any foul play, I'll make sure your bones are never found."

[Mr. Elric... I'll forgive you for your harsh words just this once... As I said, Mr. Elric. You're not the only powerful one here... Now then, let's get down to business.]

Chapter 415 The Arrival Of The Mysterious Helpers

~Tap. Tap. Tap. Tap.

Elric's fingers drummed in a steady rhythm.

Everyone had their heads lowered, uncountable thoughts racing through their minds.

And in a corner were several police officers tasked with protecting Elric, as well as intercepting any phone calls that might be of importance.

Typically, Elric didn't like working with police officers when dealing with matters.

But seeing as this problem had turned into a national one, his safety and the opportunity to get any vital information was too important for them to miss.

You must know that any news from Elric will also help the other kidnapped idols.

It wasn't just Elric who had police tailing and watching over him.

The parents of those idols also had people beside them.

"Mr. Elric. We are obliged to report this matter to our superiors." One of the officers stated.

Anything related to the case, be it useful or not, must reach their superior's ears.

Hmmmm...

Elric slowly lifted his head. "As you wish."

The more, the better.

This way, even if his people fail to protect him, others would do the work for him, no?

Elric slowly rose to his feet, wearing his coat and preparing to head out.

As planned, he had to meet them at the rendezvous point close to the gravesite first.

And because the so-called caller might be a threat, they must clear out all civilians around, including bloggers and news reporters.

The mysterious caller said he was innocent. But until he can receive confirmation, why should he drop his guard?

Hmph!

Unless he gets confirmation, then forget it!

RING~

Speak of the devil.

Everyone else froze in their tracks, with several others rushing back to their seats and placing their headphones on.

They clicked several bottoms and gave Elric the go-ahead.

Elric took deep breaths, seeing the unidentifiable caller iD.

He calmly picked up his phone and listened attentively. And soon, his eyes widened only briefly.

"Wiggins... Are you sure you can vouch for him?"

[On my life, Elric. You've heard of the renowned digging machine, Old Gia from the east, haven't you?]

Elric nodded slightly. Of course he heard of him. And he had also seen him twice from a distance too.

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Old Gia...

Elric didn't know him personally, but the man's character was well-known to many.

He was lethal but straightforward, hated cutting corners, and didn't like tricks or foul play.

He knew a lot about Old Gia because, as a powerful person, when traveling worldwide, one must know the list of people to not anger.

He has visited many countries in the past. So how could he not know the powerful people living in those regions?

As they say, Ignorance was a crime that could lead to more catastrophes.

When on someone's turf, you must always be vigilant, even if he is stinking rich.

Of course, he would never go looking for trouble. But he also wasn't one to sit back when bullied.

Alright.

Elric's eyes flickered. "Wiggins... Since you're confident, then I'll trust you this once. And... Thank you."

[Anytime. You're my good brother. So how can I let our little lady stay lost? I am her godfather, after all, no?]

"Hmmm.... I'll be seeing you soon."

~Tut.

The Call disconnected, and several people let out collective sighs.

Elric's men knew who Wiggins was.

In the military, who didn't know this man? He was particularly famous within the northern military Fort.

Elric trusted him mightily. He met Wiggins when they were both teens. And since then, they've stayed close.

Elric was grateful, thinking Wiggins pulled out all his cards to invite specialists to handle the matter.

He swore that once he reunited with his daughter, he would give Wiggins a big gift.

Hey... That 11th-century antique in his most prized collection will have to go out.

Every time Wiggins visited his private collection room, the bastard's eyes always landed on it.

Like that, Elric was ready to pour his gratitude out for Wiggins, not knowing the mysterious guests had reached out to help on their own.

Lucky Wiggins had won a treasure for nothing.

Elric was in a slightly better mood, listening to Wiggins' confirmation.

Now, he couldn't wait to meet up with these strangers from the east.

The police officers were about to report matters when their superiors reached out to them first.

In the end, the officers nodded tactfully, silently following behind Elric.

This matter keeps getting weirder and weirder.

How does the mysterious person know the idols are still alive on the gravesite?

They have searched with high-end military technologies and haven't even sensed a single living person around those parts.

No scans, no heat rays, nothing at all had sensed the missing people.

Of course, they also had the entire ground space checked to see if there were tunnels running underneath.

Who knows if there was a dummy tombstone there that revealed a hidden passageway?

Well, at least that's what many thought after exhausting all possibilities.

In the end, the crime scene was too clean. But yet, these people far out in the east claimed that the idols were still alive and kicking on the gravesite.

So does anyone think it's normal? Or could they have spotted some unbelievable clue while watching the many live broadcast videos?

Augh~

Questions, questions... So many questions.

But who to ask?

~Pap!

Elric's vehicle doors were shut, and just like that, the group rushed out to the rendezvous point.

It's been 2 hours since the mysterious man's call.

And they were to meet the man and his group in another 2 and a half hours.

Of course, from his home to the rendezvous point would take at least 1 hour and 30 minutes.

But with the traffic alone, leaving the city and parking his vehicle close enough to the rendezvous point will take 2 hours and ten minutes.

And then, he has to walk on foot for an additional 10~15 minutes.

So in the end, he might only have a few minutes to spare before the meet-up time.

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Tick-Tock. Tick-Tock.

Time flowed like stream water.

Elric was given 4 and a half hours after the phone call to prepare. But he wasn't the only one doing so.

The police were on the scene, readying the site by stopping people from trespassing.

Now, no one can even make it close to the gravesite or even the river those idols crossed.

Military personnel also descended on the scene, to a heads up from Old Gia's side.

As expected, influential people know powerful people.

Though old Gia didn't talk much, this tone and heaviness told Wiggins the danger might be terrible.

The only thing he got was that the matter was beyond the higher military urgency level available.

So what did he do? He quickly contacted 2 of his military 'rivals,' telling them about the matter. He more or less knew what their schedules were like and knew they would be available.

They were his rivals, the good sorts, who constantly competed with him, especially when it came to seeing whose division was better.

Hey... A little rivalry was enough to stimulate the many soldiers underneath them.

In times like this, Wiggins felt he should call for the best in taking down this deadly threat.

But he also didn't want too many people around, lest they alerted the enemy, who might be hiding somewhere in watch.

If they came in overwhelming numbers, they might push the enemy group to a desperate corner.

And by then, their hostages/idols might be in danger.

Tricky... Tricky.

Wiggins quickly contacted his son, who, in turn, agreed to go on the mission.

Sure enough, a tiger must birth another tiger.

His son had made him proud too. And

Though he admitted that Old Gia's children were indeed more talented, his son wasn't all too far behind too.

At least here in the country of Vardos, acetal people had already seen his son's vibrant potential.

His son has made a man for himself over the years and is now a Company commander, overseeing 250 people who go by the name the Red Scorpions.

His company consisted of 4 platoons, which were all strong too.

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Back to the matter at hand, his 23-year-old son and 5 others from his son's group will team with himself and 9 others.

As for his old rivals, they didn't want to miss this matter, feeling it might be a heavy one, especially since it concerned a now national problem.

So each of them was coming with 15 people too.

The police commissioner and a few superiors from public defense would also be sending in 20 people, some cops, and some FBI.

Already, many people were waiting to meet the mysterious guests alongside Elric.

When the call came in, it was already late afternoon.

And in a blink of an eye, the hours had turned, and the day slowly faded to darkness.

9:48 PM.

Everyone heard a familiar yet unfamiliar sound approaching above.

Whoop. Whoop. Whoop!~

A stream of choppers was fast approaching.

Was it them?