

Be Honest! 436

Chapter 436 A Terrifying Existence

Left, right, front, back, and center, the Academy members fought with vigor, though it wasn't without some injuries... especially to the disciples.

After all, though some had already begun killing creatures these past few weeks, it was important to know the number they attacked wasn't as nearly as these.

After killing creatures surrounding them, the disciples had no time to breathe, as several creatures made sneak attacks, some smacking them hard, others grabbing their feet, and some stabbing their bodies mercilessly.

Luckily the grandmaster had given them strange pins to clip on their chest pockets.

The moment any demonic attack was plunged toward their heart, it would bounce off their chests or back.

On their ear, there was a strange diamond pebble that stuck to their lobe like magic.

This pebble would also prevent any head or neck attacks. So no one would have to worry about a sneak attack borrowing through their skulls.

Of course, these items were only given to them because this mission was special. It will probably be the last time such a gesture is made since these safety items can be purchased in the Academy using their points or academy money.

But during this mission, why not protect the other body parts?

The answer was simple... For experience. Only pain can allow one to recall every mistake.

Ahhhh!

Jung Hou yelled, before swiping his attack and backflipping in pain. He stared at his bleeding thought and cursed.

Dammit!

The eyeball creature can release spiky thorns?"

Jung Hou made a mental note, burning all knowledge in his brain. As cultivators, don't forget their brains were far superior to normal, with photographic memories that could remember anything they put their mind to.

Jung Hou twirled his giant Scalpel in the air, slashing the many thorns coming his way.

That's right, as a heinous doctor, he prepared his weapon to be a scalpel rather than a sword.

There were 3 other disciples from the Hou clan, who also chose medical tools as their weapons.

Someone had a giant syringe that could not only be used to fight but could also suck in its enemy into the tube part and keep them there like a vacuum machine.

As time goes on, they can also invent their own techniques or special moves, and perhaps create manuals too.

Another person had giant scissors, and the other person, who was a Nurse under the Hou clam, prepared her weapon to be a bandage.

Don't look down on the simple bandage roll in her hand. It moved like a serpent, curling around its prey until it mummified it.

Let's not forget it could divide itself like the enemy's many thorns, releasing burning heavenly qi on the enemies it touched.

Everyone was giving their all, fighting with their best. Yet, now and then, their eyes would fall on a particular sight that was about to unfold.

Even the nearby creatures seemed to feel the crackling air and added nit step in between the big boss and the daring human who opposed him.

The big boss was the big boss...

The moment he released his aura, several weaker monsters fainted, and even some disciples felt a heavy weight pressing them down.

"Pair up!" Haru's voice bellowed. In no time the disciples formed teams of two's and three's. Everyone would have everyone's back. Those who could resist paired with those who felt pressured.

My God! I think you should take a look at

It was terrible. Even those in the mansion could faintly feel the pressure coming from the big boss.

Endo stared at the protective barrier above the mansion grimly.

"Everyone, prepare yourselves! Under no circumstance must you cross over the symbols on the ground!"

Soon, the barrier would fall. If they wanted to die then be his guest.

Emily and the others nodded heavily, while still turning their attraction to the big finale ahead.

From the moment they saw the mysterious Dorian, he gave off the power of being untouchable. Even his shadow counterpart was superior. So don't blame them for being overly curious about how strong he truly was.

Of course, perhaps because of his age, they still had doubts about whether he could handle such a terrifying monster on his own.

As for those who have been trapped here for hundreds of years, they couldn't help feeling uneasy the more they watched. Especially Princess Catherina and her good lackey, Mabel.

They had a hunch that if Dorian died or got too injured their hope of leaving this place would fly away.

Dammit!

How can they let this happen? Looking at Endo, they wasted no time cursing and ordering him about.

"What sort of fake unity are you all displaying here? Why don't the rest help him out? Of course, you have to stay here and protect us. But why don't the others outside rush to stand behind him? Or do you all want him to get injured or something?"

"Hey!... Her Highness Catherina is talking to you! Don't act like you're deaf. I tell you that you must answer-"

Pah. Pah!

Endo lightly moved his hands, and the next thing they knew, he had tapped the pressure points on their necks.

What?!

Both girls tried speaking but found no sound coming echoing out.

With trembling hands, they pointed at Endo, cursing as loud as they could. Sadly, it made everyone feel they were watching a silent movie.

"Noisy."

Endo frowned, finding himself repeating Dorian's usual slogan.

No wonder the Grandmaster was irked by too much talking. The other disciples by his side nodded, feeling Elder Endo did the right thing.

They had the urge to feed these women to the creatures whenever they spoke.

"The Grandmaster doesn't need anyone's help. He is an existence far scarier than anything here... Don't worry, it will be over soon."

Really?

Rudolf inwardly questioned with scrutiny, turning his attention to the big battle.

Soon, his scrutiny turned to disbelief, and then to fear, watching the mighty final boss go from being arrogant to begging for his life with snot oozing down his nose.

This... This...

Who was the real monster here?

Chapter 437 The System's Boasting

General Bathalotio writhed in agony, convulsing at Dorian's every move.

Dammit!

He thought he could smash this puny human to bits with his strength.

Though he expected the battle to be short, he didn't envision him being the one pinned down.

"You lowly spawn! Do you know who this great one is?!"

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Dorian's smile seemed to grow creepier, as he used the back end of his sword to hammer General Bathalotio's head, almost giving him a concussion.

Hah.

A demon having a concussion. It seemed unbelievable, but Dorian had the ability to turn the impossible into reality.

What sort of human was this? And why did it seem that the more it spoke, the more the human enjoyed beating it to a pulp?... I mean... are humans allowed to be this inhuman?

General Bathalotio wanted to cry but had no tears. A seething anger surged within its being, mingling with a Profound sense of frustration and helplessness.

This human world was the only one it knew.

For decades and centuries turned, it had grown accustomed to existing dominance, sowing fear, and reveling in the suffering of mortals.

But now, it found itself on the receiving end of a relentless assault. How can he not feel aggrieved?

Dorian twirled his sword, using the sharp end of the blade to begin his stabbing phase.

"Wait! Wait! Wai-... Ahhhh~... Son of a b**ch! Don't think you can get away with-"

~Ptchui. Ptchui. Ptchui.

Dorian stabbed everywhere, spraying green blood like a lunatic.

Well, that's how it seemed in Bathalatio's eyes.

F***! F***! F***!

Bathalatio released all sorts of curses, before crossing over to begging for its life. Even the other surviving creatures fighting the academy members were also shocked by the sight.

Was this still the big boss who made them tremble at every corner of this place?

Shameless! These underworld creatures were superior to humans. So why beg?

Of course, some scoffed at this thought in mine but were the first to turn around and beg the sect disciples and elders to let them go.

Hey... one must live to fight another day, no?

Stab. Stab. Slice. Slice. Cut. Cut.

Everyone watched Dorian's hands move like a machine's.

R.I.P Bro.

Even from a distance, Elric and the others were speechless. Their initial worry had now been replaced with disbelief and pity for the poor thing.

However, it wasn't long before their eyes no longer focused on Dorian, but on themselves instead.

~Brack!

The barrier was breaking at an alarming rate, and everyone subconsciously stayed away from the circle's edges.

Some didn't even wait for Endo to speak, already reminding others to stay in the drawn circle lest they put them all in danger!

"Get ready," Endo instructed the other disciples. And soon, hundreds of creatures flooded in.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

Pah! Boom! Slash! Pah!

The scene was gruesome, with all sorts of creatures either attacking to eat them through the circle's barrier or attacking Endo's group.

Damn!

Rudolf's ball rolled up and down his throat, feeling he would never forget this fight in his life!

What was a man? This was a man!

All his outdoor broadcasting and adventures he partook in earlier were nothing compared to this.

Common sense told him to stay away after they got rescued. But intuition directed him otherwise.

Rudolf's body vibrated solemnly.

'This is it... This is what I've always been meant to be!... A fighting magician!' I think you should take a look at

Boom!

The battle happened like a blockbuster, with many no longer feeling fear. Emily felt it was only unfortunate that there wasn't any popcorn.

Wouldn't that have been best?

Alas... What a waste of potential.

Tick-Tock Tick-Tock.

The clock was ticking and the former red sun had almost turned pure purple.

The majority of underworld beings here were so weak compared to the academy members.

Sure. For humans, they were terribly strong. Loki and his underworld friends probably didn't mind that they were so weak since no exorcists exist in this world.

Over 60% of creatures here were too weak, while another 35% were slightly better. Only 5% of creatures here were truly a threat to the academy disciples giving them hard times and heavy blows.

That's why they started by trying to force these bigger bosses to fight them when their energy was at its max. Now that they were dead, killing off the smaller fries was a piece of cake.

[7 minutes.] Dorian telepathically reminded the group.

7 minutes might seem like a lot if it truly wasn't.

"Go to sleep."

Slash!

Bathalatio didn't know how and when he lost consciousness only felt a strange heat burn his body to ashes and suck him into a tiny talisman paper.

That's correct.

Every creature they've taken care of here was wicked into a single paper placed on their weapons.

It's important to know that they haven't exorcized these creatures. These creatures would only get regenerated after a while.

So they first had to trap them all, so as not to waste time.

In a flash, Dorian appeared in another far corner of the space.

He was in the true heart of this creepy land. He was in Bathalatio's liar.

There it is!

Dorian's eyes fell on the floating orb the size of a marble.

'Can it be done?'

The system nodded. [Host. If I were an ordinary system, it would be impossible. However, my master is super powerful, equipping me with enough strength to handle this much.] The system boasted.

"Hmmm... You talk too much. Just get it done."

#Why is its host always mean?

Sigh...

The orb had a drop of blood belonging to a Dark Lord. It should belong to one of the princes but it didn't know who.

Still, why did it seem like its host already knew who owned the blood? Or was it just its imagination?

Make no mistake.

A single drop of blood from such a powerful demon could turn even a plant into a giant Kraken with its own intelligence.

Having such an artifact in a lesser system would corrupt the system and kill it completely.

Luckily for its host, its master was super strong.

Hahahahaha!~

The system smiled happily, having no negative reactions after Dorian kept the orb in its body.

Heh.

Its master was mighty!

Chapter 438 Finally Over!

Placing the orb in the system's space, Dorian wasn't too surprised the system could handle the dark energy from the orb.

After all, its master was a being that sent him here without all these powerful underworld princes knowing. Even Loki had been oblivious to this until recently.

This only proved its master was one whose power was unfathomable.

"Good." Dorian smiled slightly.

The stronger the system's master, the more convenient it was for him to act as he wished.

Rumble. Rumble. Rumble.~

The ground began shaking the moment the orb was taken, and Dorian knew it was time to go.

Swish!

He appeared next to the others, watching them kill off the last handful of creatures left.

3 minutes more.

"Endo, the ground will soon collapse. Keep our guests afloat. Everyone else stands in formation!"

Pointing his weapon at the center, everyone also did the same. They knew the focus wasn't per say on their weapon, but on the talisman papers attached to them.

"WenDogartium Pletarius!"

ZMMM!

Like a scene from Ghostbusters, they released all carnage and ghoulish voices at the center of the formation.

The creatures that had been sucked in earlier were now released and squished into the formation's confined space.

"Foolish Mortals! We can never die here!"

"Bahahhahahahahahaha~... Soon we will regenerate. Soon, we will be renewed!"

Dorian increased his chanting power, causing them to wail in agony.

So noisy. For once, he would like for creatures he took care of to go quietly. Was that too much to ask?

The creatures were all gathered at the center in a matter of seconds, but that wasn't all that got sucked in by the formation.

"Dad, look!" Jenny pointed at the insane tornado above the formation that began sucking in the rotting grounds, soils and everything else.

F***!

Even the hills and mountains were not saved either.

How scary.

Everyone shuddered watching the massive space turn into nothing.

You don't understand.

With the purple sky above and the lands below disappearing, they soon found themselves above a dark abyss.

Imagine yourself floating above an empty space the size of several cities. You cannot see the bottom of the hole, only feeling its eeriness from afloat.

Luckily, the purple sun did give them some illumination. Or else if the place truly went dark with absolute lights out, they didn't know whether they would freak out to the point of death or faint.

Ghu Dwo gritted his teeth, trying to calm himself from being distracted.

Though his son, Ghu Sota was there, he felt he should always lead by example, proving his might as one of the top Academy disciples.

That's right. According to the last academy showdown, Ghu Dwo ranked 7th among the thousands.

His son ranked 33rd. It wasn't bad, seeing as there were thousands of disciples present.

Of course, the inner Academy disciples were roughly 1,300 in number, while everyone else was in the outer Academy.

Ghu Dwo was the 7th on the Inner sect list, and he intended to maintain his position amongst the top 10, which gave him so many uncountable benefits within the sect.

Of course, it also made him a bigger celebrity and role model who was always watched by many within the Academy.

To Ghu Dwo, his goal for becoming strong was to always protect his clan, his family and his friends. That's why he gave it his all in everything he did.

With the monsters he killed all out from his talisman paper, he quickly did away with his weapon, clasp his hands together in deep focus.

"Shwshwshwshwshwshw~"

The more he chanted, the thicker the layer of sweat on his forehead.

Ghu Dwo felt the burden of the greedy formation that struggled to contain the evil massive space using divine heavenly power. I think you should take a look at

As exorcists, they were mediums through which this divine power could flow through.

Bam!

Some people dropped to their knees while still floating in the air, but dared not stop their chanting.

Endo was the person responsible for keeping them all afloat.

Gritting his teeth, he too focused on the task, putting extra invisible flooring below those who weaken.

Tick-tock. Tick-tock.

Dorian stared at the purple moon that was almost at its pique color, knowing they only had 10 more seconds to get out, but there were still 4 more hills to suck in.

It seems he would have to use a bit of his reserve power to quicken things up.

Vmmmm!

Everyone noticed the formations change, as it sucked in items 3 times faster than before.

Come on.

8 seconds more... one of the hills vanished.

6 seconds more... another one went out.

4 seconds more... the 3rd one got sucked in.

2 seconds... the final one was drawn.

Done.

2 seconds left no time to waste!

Dorian swirled his fingers, and a golden tornado enveloped them all. Bianca and the others weren't expecting such a change, placing their hands over their faces in defense.

However, what surprised them the most, was the feel of grass on their feet.

What's going on? Opening their eyes, they found themselves in the same graveyard sight they vanished.

For Bassona and the others, although the slight looked slightly different, they still recognized it was the place where all their troubles began.

Free?... Were they truly free?

They had no time to question, as they saw Dorian moving his fingers crazily.

It looked like the trouble wasn't over yet.

Hup. Hup. Hup. Hup!

His fingers were so fast they left after images.

1 second more...

Dorian quickly activated the formation he placed around the gravesite earlier.

Everyone only watched the little shed uproot ground and twist itself anti-clockwise with a rapid spin, sucking all underworld energy around the grave sight.

With only 7 seconds left, Dorian and the others began their true exorcism, compressing the creatures and everything else into a tiny ball before watching golden chains from the chains wrap themselves around the ball.

The grounds rumbled, the air grew chillier, and the screams of a thousand creatures made many hunchbacks with their hands on their ears.

Make it stop! Make it stop!

They felt their eardrums would soon blow. Apart from the disturbing vibrations from the voices, it also gave them ominous feelings in their hearts.

F***!

Even Bassano's group felt they would have nightmares after this.

But luckily for them, Dorian was working on a tight schedule.

"Be gone!"

Poor!

The evil ball vanished like a burst bubble, and the earlier purple moon was now as they usually recognized it - pale bluish white.

So... Was it over?

Chapter 439 Ashes To Ashes

Everyone stared at Dorian anxiously.

"Was it over?"

"Hmmm."

Hooray!

Many went into jubilation, jumping into the air and hugging each other greatly.

Chris was so happy to return to his modern era of video games, swearing to cherish life more.

In fact, he would've loved to drop down and kiss the grass and ground below his feet. But after walking amid rotting grounds in that space for what seemed like an eternity, Chris just couldn't do it anymore.

He has been psychologically damaged by his experience so no one should blame him for not kissing the ground.

Looking at everyone so immersed in jubilation, Dorian chuckled lightly, turning his attention to Bassano.

What a smart man. Everyone else in his group was merry, except him. He probably knew the reason deep in his heart.

"You feel it, don't you?"

Eh?

Feel what? Suddenly, the merry noises quieted down, as all eyes moved between Bassano and Dorian.

"Yes." Bassano nodded deeply. "I feel I'm dying."

"What? Dying?" The princess and the others were taken aback, suddenly feeling ominous at heart.

"You! You! You!... Are we also dying? Did you know rescuing us will lead to our deaths?!"

"Hmm."

Doriam's words sent chills down their spines.

"You Bastard! Did we ask you to rescue us?"

"Who said we wanted to leave that space if it meant dying out here?"

"That's right! Put us back in! At least over there we stand a chance of living longer!"

Emotions swirled as many argued with watery eyes, now feeling the changes within them. What was worse was that as they spoke, they began aging so rapidly that it made Elric's group take several steps back.

"Enough!" The now 40-year-old-looking Bassano roared. "We should be thanking him rather than yelling."

Bassano wasn't stupid.

From the mouths of these strangers, he got to know a little bit about what happens to humans after they die.

However, knowing their souls have been tainted with too much evil energy throughout the years, only an exorcist can set them free and return their souls to where they're supposed to go upon death.

Bassano knew there was no way they would survive once they left. For him, death was a sure thing.

Of course, for those who entered the space 100 years ago, you have to know that they were around the ages of 15 to 37.

So the youngest should now be 115 years old.

Well, bear in mind that many have died since 100 years ago. The youngest amongst them was the princess at 119 years old.

It's possible to still be alive in today's world.

However, the Grandmaster did say all two food and water they had been consuming while in there, might seem good on the surface but was actually poison, one that made their souls more edible to underworld creatures.

It was then that an idea clicked in Bassano's mind. These creatures can't eat those who first come into the space.

Recalling his experiences he realized that any new members coming in would all survive for the first 30 or so years in the space before they tragically get killed.

But these creatures were so good at disguising this fact because they chased and scared the newbies to death at every turn.

They also bit off their limbs, to make it more realistic too. But now that Bassano thought about it, the whole thing was flawed since the veterans who stayed longer in the space died first.

The longer one eats and drinks within the space, the sweeter their mortal souls were for consumption. I think you should take a look at

Again, one has to know that the more scared people are when they enter the space, the better the meal would taste after 30 years too.

It was all one big sick joke made but a bastard who everyone wanted a piece of.

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Chris and the others were also taken aback realizing that even though they were trapped in that space, they would be eaten until another 30 years.

So what were they so panicked about?

Of course, while scaring them, they could also fall off cliffs and die. So they still had to be careful with themselves.

They could also get their arms bitten off, as well as their legs

Everyone felt this revelation was just too cruel.

Though some people didn't care and wanted to go back into the space, many people realized it was better for them to be free from it all

Perhaps now they could have peace.

Wiggins stared at the 90-year-old-looking Bassano, feeling it a pity for such a great mind to have waited his life in that space.

"Dad, look!" Julius nudged Wiggins. "His face is cracking."

Cracking?

Yes. Bassano soon had uncountable lines form on his body, as it began cracking and turning into dust.

With a warm smile, he faced his death bravely. "Thank you."

Everyone watched his ashes fall to the ground with teary eyes. Even Rudolf felt pain from it all.

And following in Bassano's footsteps was Merlin.

"Hey, Chris... I've got hope for you kid. Make me proud."

Chris kept his hand over his voice, feeling hot tears pour down his face.

Those in Bassano's group who entered the space 200 years ago, all vanished in a blink of an eye.

Soon, those in the Princess's group also began to fall.

Some did not reach very old ages, since they decayed when their appointed death day was supposed to be.

Looking at her 40-year-old self, the princess was shocked to find her body cracking too.

"No! No! You can save me! In the name of the queen, I order you to save me!"

Poor!

She turned into dust, and Mabel and a few others by her side screamed in fear, trying to run away.

Mabel felt it was the doing of this boy that made them grow old.

Monster!

They left one monster world to enter another. But how far could they run?

Her back quickly became hunched, and her footsteps shaky and light

In a few seconds, she changed from a 40-year-old woman to 50, 60 and finally 70.

"My chest."

Mabel cried out, feeling immense pain take hold of her. No... she didn't want to diet.

Poof!

From ashes they came to ashes they shall return.

They were all dead.

Chapter 440 A Miracle!

In the woods separated by the shallow stream, several people stood in pitched tents, anxiously staring at the strange mist on the other side.

The mist came from nowhere, with no warning whatsoever, and the surprising thing was that it only surrounded the forest terrain across the shallow stream.

Another strange fact was that the stream curved around the mysterious space, as though trying to make the hills an island from the rest of the world.

The stream was only ankle-deep, but it always looked deeper from a distance.

However, the situation that kept many worried was that they hadn't heard a word from their superiors and comrades who followed those eastern people into the mist on the other side.

They tried reaching their Walkie Talkies but everything was static, with no signal at all.

Damn! If not for their orders instructing them not to go in until 4 PM, they would have already rushed in to check things out.

Their superiors told them that no matter the situation, they must remain still and await their arrival. Those were their orders. Additionally, they were to prevent anyone from going in too.

"Hey, Mac." An anxious voice called. "Do you think they're alright? They wouldn't be kidnapped or anything, right?"

"Nonsense!" Mac yelled maybe to hide his anxiety. "Who are our leaders? They aren't children. If something should've gone wrong, they would've released the signals already. Besides, both our military forces and police forces are surrounding corners of the space. Don't forget that the stream curves and divides the space from the outside like an island. I'm sure any moment from now, they'll be out!"

Mac looked at his watch, noting that the time was 3:47 PM.

Only 13 minutes more before they can rush in and check the situation for themselves.

The only man hastily ran his fingers through his hair, looking at the mist deep in thought.

But suddenly, something unscientific happened.

~Vmmm!

The mist began clearing in a blink of an eye, as though someone was sucking it away. But that would be impossible, right?

They lived in a Scientific society!

At the same time, they heard the sounds of rowdy people approaching the sight.

"Dammit! Journalists!"

"Why the bloody hell are these people out here so early in the morning? Here to catch up with the latest scoop to get secret videos to post online?"

F***!

Mac threw his cigarette into a tray, quickly communicating with those closest to the bunch of noisy people. "I want them far away from the sight, do you hear me? There better not be any video or photo leakage from their side or it will be your heads! Get the police on this one too!"

Very quickly, the other side moved, stopping the nosy reporters from coming any closer.

"Damn you people! We know my rights! We can be here and anywhere in this place for as long as we want!"

"No. No. You can't take our cameras! You all are bullying too much!"

"Damn it! Isn't this police brutality? You pushed me just now!" Yelled someone who intentionally tripped on their own.

"You scumbags don't have any good news yet, right? Or else why won't you let us go in?"

"That's it! I must write about this incident! Don't think you'll be able to go free after trying to obstruct true justice!"

"Pssst... Hey... hey... okay. I know we started on the wrong foot, but how about we make a deal? All I want is the latest scoop and I'll be out of your way."

"You bastards are trying to stop us from seeing the truth. Yes! You bastards are really working hard to find these groups but are chilling on the scene instead. No. I must report this matter live, let the world judge you all!"

"Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.~"

From threats to bribery, crying, pleading, and cursing, the media personnel who were stopped tried all sorts of methods to get past the group to no avail. I think you should take a look at

The situation was reported to Mac and others in command, who wished to strangle these reporters to death.

Putting his Walkie Talkie down, Mac cursed under his breath.

"Damn, this country and its freedom of speech policy. They should control who the hell has freedom of speech. Those news-sucking bastards will definitely turn anything they see into a blockbuster movie, only bringing more hate to us."

With no news from his superiors, no signs of the missing people, and more drama from the media, Mac and many others felt they were walking on thin ice here. But when all hope seemed lost, a Miracle happened.

Eh?

Mac tilted his head and slowly reached for his gun, seeing several silhouettes appear from the other side.

It could be their leaders or could be an enemy. One must always be prepared.

"Everyone, don't make a move."

Time froze in place as everyone felt their breathing grow heavier.

The silhouettes grew bolder and bolder, before becoming clearer and clearer with every passing second, and soon, someone's exclamation made their hearts feel at ease.

"It's them! It's them! They are back!"

Back?

3: 59 AM.

Bahahhahahahahah~

Mac slapped his thigh and briskly walked towards the group who were now crossing over the shallow stream.

But wait!

Mac's eyes enlarged in disbelief.

Are his eyes deceiving him? Or was he truly seeing the missing live streamers?

Woooooo~

Mac, a grown man, wanted to cry and kiss them all after thinking of everything they have been through just to find them.

F***!

His house was egged and even his neighbors' children wanted to know why he wasn't doing a good job of finding these very popular live broadcasters.

The entire nation and even a majority of the world was wondering why their police and military forces were trash.

These people jumped at them as though they owned them just because their salaries came from taxpayers' money.

These few days have been a nightmare to Mac, one he never wished to go through again. He never wished for anyone to be kidnapped or missing, lest such a situation repeats itself.

For sure, after today, the country will definitely come down on kidnapped and missing people cases 50 times more.

Those in the business will definitely be cursing at whoever 'kidnapped' the group of missing live streamers.

It is because of this incident that their usual trafficking will become almost nonexistent.

The news has been so big for days that no matter what news channel one puts on, they will always report the matter, bringing 'new' information to light, like the thoughts of interviewed passerbys.

But now it was over. The missing streamers have all returned!

'Take that, media!'