

## Be Honest! 446

Chapter 446 The Missing Timmy

--Oakland Town--

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6:15 P.M

The dark hours would soon be upon the land as many moved distractedly, no one knowing what they were thinking.

Over the past few weeks, more and more people became distracted, getting into accidents and forgetting themselves in a daze.

A sense of fear overtook them although they didn't know why exactly they were so afraid.

They've never had to fear their parents/grandparents/elder relatives before. So why the change now?

Deep down although they sensed something wrong, they dared not let their thoughts wander into a psychotic rampage of idiotic conclusions.

This is a world of science.

Any meaningless and ridiculous thoughts could send them to a looney bin to be looked up for heaven knows when.

Today, Helga crossed the road with her friends, reaching the fields and skipping across the meadows.

These city folks might look down on their little farming town but she loved it quite a bit.

The city was tight and full of too many people, with little to no places for her to have fun like this.

The scene here was beautiful, the butterflies were fluttering, the trees vibrant and the air fresher.

Why, she could smell the grass stalks and flower perfume that thickened the air wonderfully.

It was already a quarter past 6.

14-year-old Helga knew she shouldn't be running along the train tracks in these troubling times when the sun was about to go down, but she didn't want to go back home and face her grandma.

"I'm telling you all. There's something really messed up with my grandma. She just isn't the same after returning."

"My Grandpa too" A curly-haired teen exclaimed, feeling a chill run down his spine.

The other children also nodded, recalling how odd their grandparents have been after returning. And the more they spoke, the more they realized how familiar all their returned elders acted.

"Last night when everyone was smiling, I don't know if it was because I was having a bad feeling, he opened my eyes to take a peek only to see my Grandma standing over me with saliva dripping down her mouth. It was creepy." Helga paused. "You don't know how much I prayed to the God of Science to make it past the night."

To her, it was truly a miracle.

"My grandpas did the same too. In my case, he was caught waking up and blatantly asked me to go to sleep while he stayed standing over me like that."

The boy also thanked the God of Science for letting him see today.

Well, with how common their grandparent's behaviors were, they began wondering if it's a common trait with people who become so old.

Maybe they were sleepwalking or facing some serious case of creepy dementia?

Even for teens their age, they thought rationally, not belonging to anything superstitiously possible.

"You know what? My grandmama also likes to stare at an open space and laugh by herself too. It's just that whenever I try seeing her front face, she stops her laughter."

It's true.

Helga has only seen her Grandmother laughing from the back.

When her grandmother laughed, her shoulders would raise high and her body would twist weirdly.

They say laughing and smoking can make one feel young again. So could that be the reason? Helga has tried to tell her parents something is wrong with her nana.

But it seems in the world of adults, she was being ridiculous.

Her parents had already taken her nana for a full checkup and apart from the previous ailments that plagued her nana, nothing new showed up.

What more could she say?

"Hey, did you hear? Timmy and his family suddenly abandoned their grandparents and are nowhere to be found now."

"Eh? That can't be right. In my opinion, they didn't abandon the grandparents but are missing!"

Jumping often on the train tracks, the boy still trusted his intuition.

He didn't know why he felt that way, but he knew Timmy and his family very well.

He found it too hard to believe the grandparent's stories of them running to the big city and leaving them behind.

Something wasn't adding up. He could feel it in his bones.

It has something to do with Timmy's grandparents, and now he was also becoming suspicious of his grandfather who suddenly decided to leave the Home and stay with them for a while.

As someone who wanted to become a police officer, he felt his grandfather was displaying psychotic behavior.

But he dared say such a thing to his parents... well, his mother's trusty slippers would locate the back of his head no matter how he ran.

Today he must find a way to sleep with his parents and let them face his grandfather hovering over their sleeping bodies at night.

That's right. I think you should take a look at

His parents were still counting on him because they were not the ones always at home with his grandfather.

To his parents sleep was very important so when it's lights out, you best believe they were snoring away to sleepyland.

Heh.

He didn't believe they wouldn't take when feeling his grandfather's intense gaze during the night.

Looking at his good friends and buddies, Gregory thinned his lips and faced them seriously.

"The adults don't believe us. So it's up to us to save their butts."

"Save their butts? From what?"

"Gregory gave everyone a side-eye look. "I have no evidence and am purely going on about it with guesses. But if my hunch is correct, Timmy and his parents are dead."

"What?" Helga and the rest gasped with pale faces. "Dead? Like in the movies?"

"Idiot. What other kind of death is there? If Greg is right, then the grandparents might have been the ones who killed Timmy, buried his body somewhere in the backyard and created evidence that made it look like the family fled."

But the question is why.

Why would they go out to such lengths in their old age?

Could it be when you're old, you have a unique bucket list you want to be done before you die?

Either way, Timmy's grandparents were one of the first to go missing and return.

Timmy had once told Greg how scared he was becoming after his grandparents arrived.

The first sign was their excess consumption of plain wheat stalks. They would chew buckets of it at a time, as though it was some delicacy.

The next sign was their constant laughing throughout the day.

Why did their bodies twitch so strangely? And why didn't they want anyone seeing their faces when they laughed?

Up next would have to be their obvious lack of sleep.

Think about it. At night they spend the time staring over them, their grandchildren like owls. And during the day they don't see them sleep.

It could be a hard case of insomnia. There are studies of people with insomnia having only 1~3 hours of sleep a day, finding it hard to sleep at all.

Perhaps it has something to do with that. But what are the odds that so many people have insomnia all at once and act the same?

When Timmy told him about his worries, he tried calling Timmy down, thinking Timmy had a wild imagination.

But this was Gregory's biggest regret as a 14-year-old boy.

He didn't take his friend's dilemma seriously. And now, he had a pounding feeling in his guilt that Timmy was dead.

Learning from his mistakes, he dared not allow any of his friends to fall victim to their deranged grandparents.

Something was seriously wrong, and it was up to them, the neighborhood kids, to save their town from their psychotic grandparents.

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"Has everyone brought the stuff?"

Helga and the others tightened their grip on their backpacks.

"Yeah. It's all here."

Gregory nodded. "Good. Let's do a count. I've got the vinegar. You said they seemed too repulsed by it, right?"

"Yeah! My grandpop's almost flung his plate of food once when my man wanted to pour vinegar on his salad. His growl was very weird too, like animals."

"Good detailing, Ross. Keep it up."

"Yeah, boss!" Ross flashed his crooked teeth laced with braces, proud to be complimented.

Very quickly, they checked their supplies and prepared for whatever attacks that their grandparents might have.

Following Timmy's grandparents' psychotic symptoms, they estimated what stage their own grandparents fell in.

Some people also felt their time was almost up, as their grandparents' behaviors had already reached the last stage before the big disappearance.

Gregory was adamant that they save themselves before their grandparents strike.

"Why don't we involve the police in Linda's matter?"

"No way. The police would just turn us down like the last time. I think they too know it's weird, but there's just no evidence to back it up. What's more, there are over 200 grandparents who have returned after getting missing. So how will they find the time to watch every house all the time?"

Helga frowned.

There were just too many people to watch. So the police have their hands full.

"Gentlemen... ladies..." We are alone in this. It's up to us to protect our parents."

Chapter 447 The General!

"Gentlemen... ladies... the battle is near," Gregory said, as though he was a war veteran.

Too many hero movies have shaped him into what he was now.

As a 'General' for today's matter, he spoke to his subordinates, dishing cautionary words from time to time.

'Mailang."

"Yes, boss," one of the girls replied.

"From your grandma's symptoms, it will soon be time before she falls into a psychotic well of her making. Timmy isn't the only one who's gotten missing in our group. Based on what we know, I figure it will happen tonight or before the end of the week."

The little 13-year-old girl in brown pigtails thinned her lips, nodding heavily.

Her hands become sweaty when thinking this could be the last day she lives if the boss's guess is right. Maybe she might live for another day or 2 before her grandma snaps.

Who knew the world could be so scary?

What about her dream of marrying the Iglooman in her favorite superhero movie?

It's just not fair!

Sniff. Sniff.

Mailang suddenly felt mature, as though she had grown up overnight.

Welp. If this was indeed her last night, she might as well watch a bit of her favorite show and daydream of her TV crush for a bit before it's too late.

Sigh...

No wonder adults say like is short... Too short if you asked her.

Greg (short for Gregory), placed both hands-on

Mailang's shoulders with a stern look.



"If we can, we will try to get our parents to agree to a sleepover. These are dark times, Mailang. Dark times... The military camp is counting on you to be strong."

Eh?

Military camp? Although MaiLang didn't understand it all, she knew her boss was a man (kid) who didn't like repeating himself.

What's more, he had the most experience in things like these thanks to his incredible level of research (action movie watching.)

Damn!

Their boss was amazing!

Do you know he was the only one among them who has watched grown action movies that their parents refused them to watch?

The boss somehow got the code for parental guidance and would switch it from time to time when his parents were at work or when they were deep asleep.

Just because they were small town folks didn't mean they didn't have laptops and access to the internet.

Gregory was a smart one, knowing his mother's password to her computer too.

And when he was done with whatever he was up to, he would wipe the computer's history clean.

This has been going on since he turned 11. Gregory was now 14 and had a deep love for military or cool rescue mission movies.

It's one of the reasons everyone looked up to him in awe. He seemed to always know everything. His 'street' credibility was too impeccable. So how can they not make him their leader?

Damn.

Their boss was so awesome.

"Remember, keep your weapons close. And remember, you need to get your parents to slee-"  
Gregory got distracted, sensing something in the distance.

"Shhh~" He cautioned, placing his hands over Mailang's mouth and using a finger from another hand to gesture the need for silence.

Eh?

What could've gotten the boss so on edge? The children wanted to know but were quick on their feet to fall back and hide in a matter of seconds.

Look! Over there! Gregory gestured with his head and fingers.

Obediently, everyone followed his gaze only to see hundreds of elderly folks walking strongly into the woods.

As they walked, their shoulders jumped up and down, and their faces stared to the skies laughing for whatever reason no one seems to know.

It was too weird.

The atmosphere spoke volumes of absurdity, as some began limping and moving strangely to an unfamiliar rhythm.

"I see my granddad... But since when did he start limping?"

"AH! I see my grandpops!"

"Shhhh! Keep your voice down!" Helga cautioned, placing her hand over Ross's mouth. "The boss said they have become psychotic. If we draw attention to ourselves, do you know if they will attack us here? By the way, my grandmama is also there, to the left."

Helga felt the need to also point out the fact that her grandmother was there too. For some reason she didn't want to be left out of those locating their grandparents.

In the end, she was still a child.

"Download the information into your mind. We must not be caught by them. You might think yelling is the best option to call for help in times like these, but what I'm telling you'll be doing is known as Overrated Academia."

Overrated Academia?

"What does that mean?"

"In honest words for you simpletons, it means no matter what we see, we must be quiet."

"Ooooh~" I think you should take a look at

Many nodded, amazed by their leader's use of heavy grammar again.

Tsk.

As expected of their leader.

He knows everything!

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Like so, the children kept a good distance from the group of mysterious elders, following a few steps behind the last elder.

Were they afraid? Yes!

But for the safety of their parents and this town, they must find the truth out for themselves.

"Crazy eyes, Blue toes, Cutesy Daisy... you go find a cop and bring them over. We'll keep following them and keep on their toes."

"Yes, boss."

Like soldiers, all 3 nodded and ran away cautiously, not wanting to be discovered by the elders.

Go get the cops...

Go get the cops...

Go get the cops...

They repeated the words severally as though they would forget them if not careful.

Greg's last warning also sounded alarm bells in their heads.

No matter what, they must tell a cop who wasn't too old.

After all, they were afraid that any older cops would be in cahoots with these murderous senior citizens.

In the meantime, the children on Greg's side had already crossed a valley and ran lightly on the slope facing them.

The path was covered by tall grass, the blades of which hung across the path dripping low.

They knew exactly where they were.

They were on the Old Gusta farm.

Here, there were hills of wheat, corn and other high-stalk crops planted on the vast space.

The town wasn't dubbed as one of the most lucrative farm towns for nothing.

Visitors could easily get lost and trapped in the maize fields if not careful, since the crop stalks were u credibly higher causing one to lose a sense of direction.

But for those who grew up here and used the entire town as their playground for mischief and adventure, they knew how to find their way out with ease.

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"They're going into the maze fields," Ross commented as the group was still on a slightly elevated terrain, hiding behind large rocks and peering down.

At least from their spot, they could see a little into the maze... But once the elders left the maze perimeters and headed too far in, it would be impossible.

"Boss, do we follow them in?"

"No. That's too dangerous, corporate. There are more of them and few of us. If anything goes wrong in there, it will take too long for any backup to arrive." Gregory observed. "I said we're going to protect this town. But for us to do it, we must stay alive. You got that?"

"Loud and clear, General." They said in a whispery tone.

"But General... I mean boss... if we don't follow them, how are we going to know what they're doing? Will our coming here be for nothing?"

Although they were scared, they really wanted to see what they were up against.

Plus, they had to admit that in these dangerous times, they also had their adventure senses fully activated and satisfied. It was like a tomb raider movie... except there might be a lot of psycho killing in it.

Let things go like this? Even he was unwilling.

Gregory squinted his eyes, his gaze roaming between the elders another far distance into the maze.

"They're headed for the center."

"Good speculation, boss. So how do we attach them?"

How. How. How.

Gregory quickly scanned their surroundings, finally focusing on a sharp-edged slope adjacent to them.

They were often told not to play around; its edges were sharp like boxes and not as easy to get on as the curved slope they were on.

But on this matter, do they have a choice?

Judging from his calculations, that box hill would be the only place that will give them a good view of the maze field's center.

"Boss, you're not thinking of--"

"Yeah. The box hill. We have to use it."

It's a dangerous hill because it grew naturally, as though someone had been snatching giant boxes one after another to the top.

The edges were as straight as a cliff's. That's why it was dangerous.

If you fall from one box level to another, you're bound to get heavy injuries.

Damn.

"Come on. This isn't the time to act chicken. We've got to go to higher ground on the box hill before the elders reach the center."

And they had to do it fast.

It was already 7:01 P.M.

By 8:30ish, the darkness will completely cover the land.

Chapter 448 We See You~

"Eye-eye, Boss!"

The kids didn't want any time debating, as they sneakily followed Gregory.

They were still hiding from the elders, so they didn't have time to waste.

It's just that they couldn't help wondering why these elders who they have known all their lives were suddenly so fast when moving.

Augh~

Everyone braced themselves once they reached the base of the slope they called Box Hill. But they weren't done with their adventures just yet.

Damn. They wished they had hats to mimic their favorite

"It's steep. Be careful."

"Right, boss." Many answered, inwardly swallowing hard.

Perhaps to grownups, it doesn't look so difficult to do. But for kids like themselves, they felt like Indiana Jones climbing the temple of Zoom.

Good guy.

Gritting their teeth and looking at the slowly setting sun, everyone felt a sense of urgency.

The box hill was like many boxes placed on each other from big to small like a pyramid.

The edges were so steep that they had to create human ladders and climb on each other to get onto the box above.

The hill was a little bare, mostly filled with large on top of each box surface.

"Ah!" Someone exclaimed, as she just missed a step and almost fell to the lower box level.

"Got you!" Ross quickly grabbed her, hoping the elders didn't hear her yelling.

Everyone breathing grew heavy as they leaned behind several large rocks with their chests raising high and low from time to time.

"Did they see us?"

Helga peering between 2 rocks shook her head. "They didn't stop to look. My papa says old people don't hear well, so maybe that's why."

"So we're safe?"

"Looks that way."

"Focus."

Reaching the top, everyone took cover, peering down into the maze's center.



So far so good.

"Look! The boss was right! They were heading for the center after all."

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It was so strange.

As the figures gathered, a sense of malevolence filled the air.

They began to sway from side to side with their faces obscured as they still kept their heads lowered from the setting sun.

What the hell were they doing?

Then suddenly, the children saw something unbelievable!

Hahahahahahahahahahahahaha~

A guttural fleet of laughter echoed through the air, growing louder with each passing moment.

Every clang of laughter made their spines tingle and their palms sweaty.

No one needed to speak, as they all thinned their lips promising not to scream.

Their eyes widened alongside the changing and twitching nodes of the elders down below.

Where are they dreaming? Were they truly seeing what they were seeing in this science-filled world? Good heavens of Science!

~Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

A crackling noise followed with every twitch the elders made, a noise so loud they could hear it from their hiding places.

Can human bodies contort that way? What are you? Rubber man?

One of the children wet themselves, as they watched the most gruesome nightmarish thing of their lives, but it didn't end there.

The elders who were laughing with themselves, abruptly raised their heads, revealing unnatural smiles that stretched to their ears with sharp teeth that covered 2/3rds of their faces.

Blugh~

Several children couldn't take it, turning to the side and puking in disgust.

Have you seen anything so ugly?

They had only seen a far away passing glimpse of the hideous faces, yet it was enough to make them puke out everything they had for lunch.

"What are they? They're not our grandpa--!"

Someone exclaimed in a panic, but Gregory was quick to cup their mouth with his hands.

"I-I... we've got to be quiet."

Do you think he too isn't freaking out too?

Mommy...

They just realized the world wasn't as scientific as it seemed. But the feeling of eeriness only grew stronger when the creatures all turned their necks their way.

Some moved unnaturally, like a doll's head doing a slow slow, facing them.

Oh No! They've been discovered! I think you should take a look at

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Go! Go! Go

All warning bells echoed in everyone's mind, as they quickly made a run for, not caring if they got injured on their way down.

Some held hands running away, while others flared their hands in the air, crying as they foresaw their impending doom... especially those who knew their time was almost up.

"Boss, boss! I just don't know if I'll have the strength. Did you see that thing? How do I protect my mom and dad from it?"

You have no idea how scared the experience made them.

Many were speaking, not knowing they have now developed a deep stuttering problem.

Their eyes jumped maniacally, as though paranoid and their foreheads were now full of sweat.

Gregory tried to calm them as much as he could though he too felt it was an impossible battle.

Sorry, his brain was still trying to comprehend how such things exist in their world.

The worst thing of it all was that he knew no one would believe them.

If anything, people might say they have mental problems or have a crazy sense of imagination.

Don't think because they're kids they don't know about what happens when you get sent to the Looney bin.

It's a place adults swear never to go, as you leave even more broken than you entered.

Even Gregory had chills just thinking of the few movies he secretly watched concerning people who enter such places.

They get locked up and tied to a chair or bed to be injected with strange fluids by creepy doctors and nurses.

In one movie, a guy was framed and sent in there by his wife and brother who wanted his fortune.

The things he witnessed there completely broke the man. At some point, they even illegally used him as a lab rat for underground experiments.

His parents think he was afraid of the family doctor because he was afraid of pointed needles, but his real fear came from the many evil doctors and nurses he saw on TV.

To him, they were just pretending and looking for an opportunity to give him a shot at their special fluid before kidnapping him for good.

That's why when he visited a doctor, even a dentist, he was as vigilant as a hawk.

Of course, rather than telling his parents his true fears, he would rather die with the problems inside unless it was his last hope.

After all, if he comes clean, this means he won't be able to watch adult-rated jam-packed action movies anymore.

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"We've got to tell someone !" Helga advised still shaking in her shoes. "We've got to tell an adult. The poli-"

"No!" Gregory roared. "If we do say anything, we will be the ones locked up while those things roam free and terrorize our town. Do you want that to happen? Do you want your mom and dad to

enter their bellies? Listen up! Like in Power Rangers, we have just become the world's latest heroes. It's up to us to save the day. Even if we tell someone, or must be someone who can believe us easily."

Plunging through the farmlands and woods, the group ran fell, ran, fell and ran away looking back from time to time

Bam!

Helga stashed into something soft but sturdy and almost fell on her butt.

"Officer Macy! Officer Trey!"

It was as if these officers were emitting heavenly light from the God of Science, as they seemed to glow in their hour of need.

Wooooo~

The children were crying, not caring about their dignity.

Back up was here!

Both Macy and Trey looked at each other, wondering what sort of trauma could cause the children to cry, twitch and shake so much.

They knew these fellows all too well in this old town.

These children were not like big city folks that cry at every turn.

No.

These kids had grit and courage to do things, always getting a good scolding from their papas and mamas.

Just look at little Benjy. The poor guy had soiled himself in the pants which was too bizarre.

Officer Macy tilted to the side and spoke into her walkie. "This is Macy, we seem to be in a real situation over here~ I'm afraid we're gonna need some backup in case."

Her accent and her large cowboy police hat gave her a unique feel to any meeting her for the first time.

Macy frowned. Could it be a serial killer was on the loose?

Did they accidentally watch the killing of an innocent victim nearby?

No! To the children, it was worse than that.

"Breathe... Breathe... don't worry we've got you now. Just tell us what you saw."

Although the children swore not to tell the real truth, Officer Han Macy and Officer Li Trey were warm to them at this moment, making them want to trust them a little to believe their story.

Suddenly, their words get stuck in their throats, seeing another officer they recognized.

Only, he was also an elder, who is now limping like the other elders in the field.

"Now, now, now... children~... What could have shaken it up so nicely?~ A big cat in the woods~A bug?..."

"Deputy Officer Mcgoil, sir!" Macy and Trey were very respectful, wanting to help the limping senior officer over.

But in a place they couldn't see, the senior officer suddenly gave a look to the children that drained all the color in their faces.

[... We--See-You]

Chapter 449 Two Forces

The children didn't know how they found themselves out of the woods and back in the community.

Everything was a blur to them when following the officers out.

They desperately wanted to tell Macy and Trey to be careful around the old officer. But who would believe them, kids?

What's more, the elderly officer has been working in the police force since his young days so he had an impeccable reputation that wasn't to be questioned.

So to wake up one day and suddenly say such a person was planning to go on a killing spree was enough to make many adults roll their eyes heavenward.

As though Macy and Trey were afraid the children would run off again after dark the officers dropped every one of them at their homes.

Everyone had a gloomy expression, as they could only look to their leader Greg with worry, fear, and also a determination to stay alive.

Greg whispered to them one by one. "Make sure to use your weapons if it gets dangerous. Don't forget to scream at the top of your lungs."

Worst cases they could scream for help and tell another story if saved.

Perhaps they could say they saw a burglar at home since no one would believe them after being rescued.

The important thing is to be saved and not end up in the bellies of these terrible monsters wearing human skin.

Everyone was shaking like a leaf and still hadn't been able to calm down when dropped off.

The plan for a sleepover would definitely not commence seeing as they were already in a lot of trouble as it is.

"Ross? Is that you? Where have you been? Your curfew is 6 PM and yet you're showing up at 8:42? Thank you all for bringing my little Ross home, officers."

A woman dressed in a green shirt and pants with a stylish blanket over her shoulders rushed out to greet them.

One could tell from her baggy eyes just how worried she was about her son's lateness.

No matter how crazy Ross can get, he never stays out after curfew. The same went for the other children.

Their leader Greg always made sure they returned before then.

That's why many parents liked Greg and saw him as a good leader and role model too.

In his class, Greg was the class representative. He was also a person who had impeccable grades and one who gave public speeches during school periods.

Even during parent-teacher occasions, he would speak on behalf of his class and sometimes on behalf of the student body as a whole.

It was amazing that Greg was born brilliant, naughty, confident and had the right attributes to make him a naturally born leader.

When Parents saw Greg, they would point at him and tell their children to strive to become someone similar to him.

In this community, Greg was the boss among the many children similar in age to him.

And even then, he had his own division of little soldiers, like in the army.

No one knows who told Greg about these things, but he said he read it in some book and adopted eye principles, so it made sense.



Anyway, the friends with Greg here are those in his innermost circle, the ones in his first division.

The other divisions also answer to them

Greg was like a leader king sitting on his throne.

Sometimes, he would organize ways against the older kids, who had gangs of their own too.

Don't think being a leader was simple.

No way!

Greg had to help out whenever any of the older kids messed with his own.

It was a whole war that went on, with older kids in high school wanting to beat them in lone farm areas and corn fields too.

The bullying got so bad at one point that Greg had the children use their ultimate weapons... their parents.

With some who have never cried before, now shedding tears.

Though they didn't tell their parents why they were crying and acting fearful, it was enough to get the word out.

Soon, several parents noticed their children were acting the same, as though scared of a bigger fish in the ocean.

You have to know that some people in his group also lived with their elder brothers and sisters in the enemy group.

So when their parents weren't looking, he had his people pass on a message to their leader.

That's right.

He was blackmailing them just like in the many action and military movies he watched.

If they kept bullying his people, he would let every kid spill the beans in an even more exaggerated way that would cause their parents to not give these high schoolers enough money or cool items they always wanted.

That's right.

No parties, no money for shopping, no TV, no internet (Wifi password will be changed), and a heap load of farm work to discipline them straight.

Hehehehehe~

They will be grounded for months!

Gregory has long noticed how advantageous it was to be a kid, but unless necessary, he wouldn't abuse his advantages, since it was also embarrassing to act like that, shedding fake tears here and there.

They weren't city folks or big-town people. If they made a fuss about every little thing, even their parents would wonder how they raised such weaklings.

In life, don't expect to be rescued every single time from Godzilla like some fake titty damsel in distress with blond hair and short shorts.

Their parents wanted them to be resourceful, know how to save themselves and not always wait for others to solve their problems for them.

In their place, the tougher you are, the more respect and street cred you get.

Anyway, the blackmailing worked so perfectly that in the end the leader of those high school bastards had to sign a peace treaty with him, negotiating for a whole 6 months of peace and no bullying whatsoever

Although it was just 6 months, Gregory knew they couldn't overdo it and ask for more. I think you should take a look at

But that was fine too.

At least during these 6 months, they would bide their time and toughen themselves up for the rough days ahead.

Like a military Commander, Gregory already planned to have them work out crazily, though the only workouts he knew were those taught in hick during gym class, and the few he glimpsed from movies.

Alas... a kid has got to do what a kid has got to do.

"What happened to you, Ross?"

Ross's mother's pupils dilated at an alarming rate.

"Has my son caused any trouble? Why is he shaking so much? I've never seen him so frightened before. Do you know what is going on with him? Ross! Your grandpa and I have been worried sick."

Grandpa?

Ross shook even more when hearing his mother's words.

Were the old people already back home?

Ross was one of the first people to be dropped off and lived relatively closer to where they were coming from.

So how did they get back before them? How did they do it?

This didn't make any sense.

Gregory and the others were becoming more and more afraid, wondering what other capabilities the monsters in human skin had.

Tightly holding his mom's hands, Ross lifted his head anxiously.

Dad isn't back yet from his 3-day trip outside the town. So it was just Mom and his older brother.

"Mom... can you and big brother sleep with me tonight?"

His mother was taken aback, never having seen the strange fear in her son's eyes.

The fear was too real and heavy, like someone thrown into the wilderness grabbing on a single straw to hold themselves up.

She knew Devon her 16 years old son would definitely refuse since he liked staying in his room with those damn headphones on, blasting music that could make the deaf wish they were deafened even more.

Seeing Ross's state, his mother gritted her teeth and swore to fulfill his wish.

Tonight, both 13-year-old and 16-year-old sons will sleep in her bedroom.

If the older one didn't want to, well, she made more than many ways to make him bend against his will.

Who asked him to be the child while she was the parent?

If you think you're so grown, then go build a house of your own.

Hmph!

Teenagers...

"Thank you, officers... you have a good day now."

Greg sighed in relief, seeing as Ross and many of the children were smart enough to get their parents and siblings to sleep with them tonight.

Maybe if the numbers are great, they might stand a chance of truly winning.

They just have to remember to keep their weapons closer.

Maybe put the vinegar under the bed or under the pillow.

There was also another thing their children had to do.

It's something they developed on their own, sort of like a warning or bat signal like in Batman.

'OU-OU-OU!~'

Each child had a broad metal sheet wrapped around like a loudspeaker.

Placing it close to their mouths, they opened their windows and cried out like owls in the night.

Let the word spread to the other divisions that there was danger closer than anyone thought.

Although they won't know exactly what the danger is, these owl cries signified impending danger in their homes. So sleep with one eye open tonight.

Ross's brother, who was about to change the music in his earphones, suddenly paused after hearing his brother's owl cries.

As an agent working for the high school faction, he also knew a few things about his brother's group.

Eh?

Danger in the home? What's going on?

Regardless of how much he teased his little brother and caught him, that was his Goddamn little brother!

If there was really anything endangering his life or that of his mom, he as the elder brother would step up to the task.

Seeing as their mom went to take a shower and their grandpa who was out on the porch, Daven quickly headed to Ross's room.

"Spill it, dweeb. What the hell is going on."

Chapter 450 Forced Become One!-2

~Whopp. Whoop. Whoop. Whoop. Whoop~

In a plane high up in the sky, Dorian and many others sat cross-legged as they awaited arrival in the mysterious town.

Well, the town didn't have an airport to itself, as it shared airports with another town and village just 30 minutes away after leaving the town's entryway.

The airport was in the far outskirts and was very small, to say the least.

No matter where they wanted to go, the planes would first take them to any of the 4 main airports before connecting them to other flights.

Yeah.

It was funny to say that for the little farm town, only a handful of people have gotten on the plane in this lifetime.

These people include those whose businesses required them to move, like Ross's father.

He too was a farmer, but he was mostly a merchant and a middleman who aided in transporting most of the town's crops to outsiders.

This place wasn't dubbed a farming town for nothing. There were also factories here that turned their products into items you buy in the stores.

Hey, it was pretty amazing!

Sometimes, they also went out via plane to visit loved ones who no longer live in their small town.

It was indeed rare, as there were quite a handful of people who had never been in a plane in all their lives.

It can be seen just how smart it was to have the town and several other small communities share the same airport.

At least it's not a complete loss to the airlines.

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In the private jet, everyone focused on cultivating, as they closed their eyes and breathed silently.

What were they going to face? They had no idea. However, with the Grandmaster by their side, they didn't fear.

The pilot was the most confused, having never seen such quiet passengers before.

The stewardess was also taken aback by their strangeness that she had to gossip with the pilot mid-flight when giving him his food.

"I'm telling you they aren't normal. I passed with the food tray just as scheduled but everyone was sitting cross-legged and with their eyes closed."

They went leaning against the airplane seats but seated at a sharply angled position.

Heck.

The stewardess felt that if their back got any straighter, it would snap like a frozen rubber band without elasticity.

Seeing their eyes closed but their bodies not in a resting position, the stewardess began contemplating whether they were asleep or not.

As per protocol, if they were asleep during mealtime, she wasn't to disturb them. She could only pass later again to distribute their meals.

Waiting is what she did.

She waited and waited, but didn't see a single person open their eyes.

A flight like this had 2 mealtimes... the first was to share snacks and drinks and the last served heavier meals since the flight was 6 hours and 45 minutes.

As time went by, the stewardess began feeling something was more and more off.

From the moment these people stepped onto the plane, they stayed in the same position for more than 4 hours now without even shaking their heads or twitching their hands.

Is this normal?

Good Heavens! They won't be dead, right?



The stewardess had no choice but to take out her compact mirror from her purse and place it underneath someone's nostrils.

Phew~

Seeing the slight fog form on the mirror, the stewardess thanked the God of Science and slowly backed away like a thief in the night.

Heading back to the pilot's cockpit, she relayed her findings, putting the man at ease.

He too was a little afraid, not wanting to fly a plane transporting dead passengers.

Never in his life has a flown people who were so quiet before.

Do you realize that none of them had ordered anything?

To have a private jet meant they were a well-to-do group.

When on board, there were some perks they should enjoy like drinking champagne, eating exquisite food and so on.

You have to know that even though they have 2 official mealtimes for these VIP members, the customers could order whatever was on the menu whenever they liked.

It was odd that they were on a private jet yet they didn't even bother taking pictures or doing anything that would dub them as ordinary.

Welp. Provided they are alive and kicking with no issues, who cared about their strangeness?

"Continue keeping an eye on them until we land." I think you should take a look at

"Yes, Captain Slovic." The stewardess replied leaving the cockpit and heading back to the onboard VIP bar to watch them from there.

She thought her actions earlier were concealed, but Butler Sheng knew she placed that mirror underneath his nose but didn't care.

2 more hours before arrival.

There was still a long way to go.

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Back in the town, the parents and adults had no idea just how tense the place had become.

-OU-OU-OU-OU!

The owl signal went off, echoing across the vast lands from all homes having children.

It was almost like the scene of dogs barking nonstop in 101 Dalmatians when the puppies first went missing.

No matter how much some parents tried to pull their children away from the windows, the children would rush back and yell the owl cries as fiercely as they could.

Even if some did not know the exact danger they might face, they still abided by the Code.

It simply meant that when you hear the owl cry, pass on the same owl cry immediately and keep vigilant.

This way, everyone can get the word.

In turn, those from the high school group were also very tense, as they quickly protected themselves and their households, swearing to stay vigilant too.

Although they fought a lot with Greg, they knew how brilliant this mind was.

For him to give out orders like this meant there must be something wrong going on.

A serial killer on the loose?

Many thought so, especially within this dark period of elders going missing and strangely returning.

Something just wasn't right. They could feel it, but didn't know what it was exactly.

But from the looks of things, Greg and his gang might be the only ones who found the truth and are worried for everyone's safety.

Many high schoolers were quick to corner their younger siblings for the truth. Of course, Davon was among them.

With a fiery look, he pinned his brother by the door, lowering his face menacingly. But seeing Ross's hesitation only fueled his anger even more.

"Dweeb, I'm only going to ask you once. After that, I'll punch you till you talk, and don't think I'll be afraid of you telling Mom! Now... spill it out! I want to know the hell is going on?"

Ross suddenly gained power, as he pushed Davon away animatedly. "Get away, Davon! You don't understand. How can you understand?"

Seeing Ross's eyes dart about the space maniacally and unfocused, Davon became more and more worried.

He knew if he let this matter slide the impending danger could be greater than he thought.

F\*\*\*! He has never seen his little brother so on edge.

Gritting his teeth, Davon placed a firm hand on Ross, twirling him around and again looking straight in the eyes.

"Ross! I am your older brother! No matter how we fight, we are family, understand?... I'm simply saying you don't have to do it alone!"

For the first time, Ross felt his older brother wasn't so annoying.

Davin typically gave him veggies and annoyed the hell out of him constantly. But at this moment, Davon was like a true older brother to him.

He was right. It would be better to have him on board, though Ross would never tell the exact truth lest his brother thinks he was going kookoo.

"Alright." Ross agreed with a heavy and slow nod. "Davon... What I'm about to say might seem crazy, but we saw it with our own eyes... It's about Timmy."

"Timmy?" Davon frowned. "The one who is said to have left his grandparents behind with his family?"

"Yes. That Timmy. Deep down, you know that story is full of crap."

Davon nodded, saying he didn't believe it either.

If not for the police speaking about evidence here and there, he would have thought it was a joke.

He knew that family very well. So how can they just up and leave like that?

"Timmy and his parents are dead... and the ones who did it were his grandparents."

WHAT?

Davon almost couldn't believe it.

His mind had already come up with all sorts of theories, concluding that Gregory and the rest must've stumbled upon the grandparents burying the bodies. But what Ross said next made Davon feel true horror.

"Grandpa was with them. And it seems he too is planning to kill us all!"

Davon's body trembled, thinking of how weird his grandfather had been acting of late.

"Are you sure? Do you know what you're saying?"

"Yes." Ross's face was stern. "He will come for us all."